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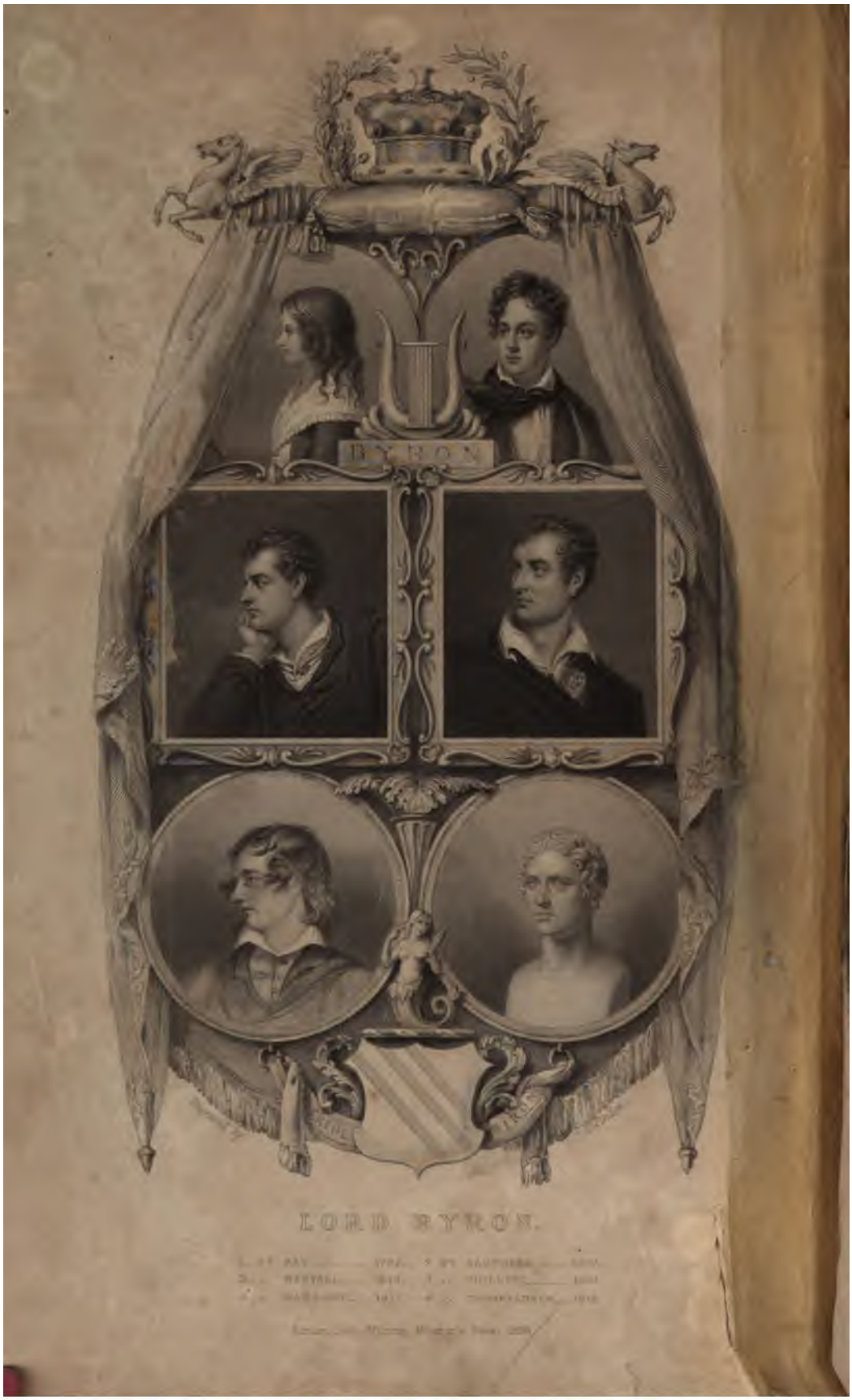

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AND PRAISE AND BLAME FALL ON HIS EAR ALIKE,
NOW DULL IN DEATH. YES, BYRON, THOU ART GONE,
GONE LIKE A STAR THAT THROUGH THE FIRMAMENT
SHOT AND WAS LOST, IN ITS ECCENTRIC COURSE
DAZZLING, PERPLEXING. YET THY HEART, METHINKS,
WAS GENEROUS, NOBLE—NOBLE IN ITS SCORN
OF ALL THINGS LOW OR LITTLE; NOTHING THERE
SORDID OR SERVILE. IF IMAGINED WRONGS
PURSUED THEE, URGING THEE SOMETIMES TO DO
THINGS LONG REGRETTED, OFT, AS MANY KNOW,
NONE MORE THAN I, THY GRATITUDE WOULD BUILD
ON SLIGHT FOUNDATIONS: AND, IF IN THY LIFE
NOT HAPPY, IN THY DEATH THOU SURELY WERT,
THY WISH ACCOMPLISH'D; DYING IN THE LAND
WHERE THY YOUNG MIND HAD CAUGHT ETHEREAL FIRE,
DYING IN GREECE, AND IN A CAUSE SO GLORIOUS!

"THOU ART GONE;
AND HE WHO WOULD ASSAIL THEE IN THY GRAVE,
OH, LET HIM PAUSE! FOR WHO AMONG US ALL,
TRIED AS THOU WERT—EVEN FROM THINE EARLIEST YEARS,
WHEN WANDERING, YET UNSPOILT, A HIGHLAND BOY—
TRIED AS THOU WERT, AND WITH THY SOUL OF FLAME;
PLEASURE, WHILE YET THE DOWN WAS ON THY CHEEK,
UPLIFTING, PRESSING, AND TO LIPS LIKE THINE,
HER CHARMED CUP—AH, WHO AMONGST US ALL
COULD SAY HE HAD NOT ERR'D AS MUCH, AND MORE?"

ROGERS.

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LETTERS AND JOURNALS

OF

LORD BYRON:

WITH NOTICES OF HIS LIFE,

BY

THOMAS MOORE.

TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

December, 1829.

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE FIRST EDITION.[1]

[January, 1830.]

In presenting these Volumes to the public I should have felt, I own, considerable diffidence, from a sincere distrust in my own powers of doing justice to such a task, were I not well convinced that there is in the subject itself, and in the rich variety of materials here brought to illustrate it, a degree of attraction and interest which it would be difficult, even for hands the most unskilful, to extinguish. However lamentable were the circumstances under which Lord Byron became estranged from his country, to his long absence from England, during the most brilliant period of his powers, we are indebted for all those interesting Letters which compose the greater part of the Second Volume of this work, and which will be found equal, if not superior, in point of vigour, variety, and liveliness, to any that have yet adorned this branch of our literature.

What has been said of Petrarch, that "his correspondence and verses together afford the progressive interest of a narrative in which the poet is always identified with the man," will be found applicable, in a far greater degree, to Lord Byron, in whom the literary and the personal character were so closely interwoven, that to have left his works without the instructive commentary which his Life and Correspondence afford, would have been equally an injustice both to himself and to the world.[2]

[1] [The original edition was in two volumes, 4to.]

[2] ["These Letters are among the best in our language. They are less affected than those of Pope and Walpole; they have more matter in them than those of Cowper. Knowing that many of them were not written merely for the gentleman to whom they were directed, but were general epistles meant to be read by a large circle, we expected to find them clever and spirited, but deficient in ease. We have been agreeably disappointed; and we must confess, that if the epistolary style of Lord Byron was artificial, it was a rare and admirable instance of that highest art, which cannot be distinguished from nature." —*Edinburgh Rev.* 1831.

"These letters cannot be perused without producing an enlarged estimation of the deceased poet's talents and accomplishments. They render it hardly doubtful that had his life been prolonged, he would have taken his place in the very first rank of our prose literature also. Here are numberless brief and rapid specimens of narrative, serious and comic, distinguished by a masterly combination of simplicity, energy, and grace, — of critical disquisition, at once ingenious and profound, — of satire both stern and playful, not surpassed in modern days; and, above all, here are transcripts of mental emotion in all possible varieties, worthy of him who was equally at home in the darkest passion of Harold, and the airiest levity of Beppo." — *Quart. Rev.* 1830.]

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE FIRST EDITION.

[December, 1830.]

THE favourable reception which I ventured to anticipate for the First Volume of this Work has been, to the full extent of my expectations, realised; and I may without scruple thus advert to the success it has met with, being well aware that to the interest of the subject and the materials, not to any merit of the editor, such a result is to be attributed. Among the less agreeable, though not least valid, proofs of this success may be counted the attacks which, from more than one quarter, the Volume has provoked; — attacks angry enough, it must be confessed, but, from their very anger, impotent, and, as containing nothing whatever in the shape either of argument or fact, not entitled, I may be pardoned for saying, to the slightest notice.

Of a very different description, both as regards the respectability of the source from whence it comes, and the mysterious interest involved in its contents, is a document which made its appearance soon after the former Volume[1], and which I have annexed, without a single line of comment, to the present; — contenting myself, on this painful subject, with entreating the reader's attention to some extracts, as beautiful as they are, to my mind, convincing, from an unpublished pamphlet of Lord Byron, which will be found in the following pages.[2]

Sanguinely as I was led to augur of the reception of our First Volume, of the success of that which we now present to the public I am disposed to feel even still more confident. Though self-banished from England, it was plain that to England alone Lord Byron continued to look, throughout the remainder of his days, not only as the natural theatre of his literary fame, but as the tribunal to which all his thoughts, feelings, virtues, and frailties were to be referred; and the exclamation of Alexander, "Oh, Athenians, how much it costs me to obtain your praises!" might have been, with equal truth, addressed by the noble exile to his countrymen. To keep the minds of the English public for ever occupied about him, — if not with his merits, with his faults; if not in applauding, in blaming him, — was, day and night, the constant ambition of his soul; and in the correspondence he so regularly maintained with his publisher, one of the chief mediums through which this object was to be effected lay. Mr. Murray's house being then, as now, the resort of most of those literary men who are, at the same time, men of the world, his Lordship knew that whatever particulars he might wish to make public concerning himself would, if transmitted to that quarter, be sure to circulate from thence throughout society. It was on this presumption that he but rarely, as we shall find him more than once stating, corresponded with any others of his friends at home; and to the mere accident of my having been, myself, away from England, at the time, was I indebted for the numerous and no less inte-

[1] It is almost unnecessary to apprise the reader that the paragraph at p. 416. beginning "How groundless," &c. was written *before* the appearance of this extraordinary paper.

[2] [See p. 661. and also Works, p. 801.]

TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

December, 1829.

NOTICES

OF THE

LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

1788—1798.

THE BYRON FAMILY. — NEWSTEAD. — BIRTH OF THE POET. — LONDON. — ABERDEEN. — DEATH OF HIS FATHER. — LACHIN-Y-GAIR. — MARY DUFF. — SUCCESSION TO THE TITLE. — REMOVAL TO NEWSTEAD.

It has been said of Lord Byron, that "he was prouder of being a descendant of those Byrons of Normandy, who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, than of having been the author of Childe Harold and Manfred." This remark is not altogether unfounded in truth. In the character of the noble Poet, the pride of ancestry was undoubtedly one of the most decided features; and, as far as antiquity alone gives lustre to descent, he had every reason to boast of the claims of his race. In Doomsday-book, the name of Ralph de Burun ranks high among the tenants of land in Nottinghamshire; and in the succeeding reigns, under the title of Lords of Horestan Castle[1], we find his descendants holding considerable possessions in Derbyshire; to which, afterwards, in the time of Edward I., were added the lands of Rochdale in Lancashire. So extensive, indeed, in those early times, was the landed wealth of the family, that the partition of their property, in Nottinghamshire alone, has been sufficient to establish some of the first families of the county.

Its antiquity, however, was not the only distinction by which the name of Byron came recommended to its inheritor; those personal merits and accomplishments, which form the best ornament of a genealogy, seem to have been displayed in no ordinary degree by some of his ancestors. In one of his own early poems, alluding to the achievements of his race, he commemorates, with much satisfaction, those "mail-covered barons" among them,

> 'who proudly to battle
> Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain.'

Adding,

> 'Near Askalon's towers John of Horiston slumbers;
> Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.'

As there is no record, however, as far as I can discover, of any of his ancestors having been engaged in the Holy Wars, it is possible that he may have had no other authority for this notion than the tradition which he found connected with certain strange groups of heads, which are represented on the old panel-work, in some of the chambers at Newstead. In one of these groups, consisting of three heads, strongly carved and projecting from the panel, the centre figure evidently represents a Saracen or Moor, with an European female on one side of him, and a Christian soldier on the other. In a second group, which is in one of the bedrooms, the female occupies the centre, while on each side is the head of a Saracen, with the eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Of the exact meaning of these figures there is nothing certain known; but the tradition is, I understand, that they refer to some love-adventure, in which one of those crusaders, of whom the young poet speaks, was engaged.[2]

Of the more certain, or, at least, better known exploits of the family, it is sufficient, perhaps, to say, that, at the siege of Calais

[1] "In the park of Horseley," says Thoroton, in his History of Nottinghamshire, "there was a castle, some of the ruins whereof are yet visible, called Horestan Castle, which was the chief mansion of his (Ralph de Burun's) successors."

[2] ["The first is, perhaps, an ecclesiastical allegory, descriptive of the Saracen and the Christian warrior contending for the liberation of the church; the other may have been the old favourite ecclesiastical story of Susannah and the elders."— GALT.]

under Edward III., and on the fields, memorable in their respective eras, of Cressy, Bosworth, and Marston Moor[1], the name of the Byrons reaped honours both of rank and fame, of which their young descendant has, in the verses just cited, shown himself proudly conscious.

It was in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries, that, by a royal grant, the church and priory of Newstead, with the lands adjoining, were added to the other possessions of the Byron family.[2] The favourite upon whom these spoils of the ancient religion were conferred, was the grand nephew of the gallant soldier who fought by the side of Richmond at Bosworth, and is distinguished from the other knights of the same Christian name in the family, by the title of "Sir John Byron the Little, with the great beard." A portrait of this personage was one of the few family pictures with which the walls of the abbey, while in the possession of the noble poet, were decorated.

At the coronation of James I. we find another representative of the family selected as an object of royal favour,—the grandson of Sir John Byron the Little, being, on this occasion, made a knight of the Bath. There is a letter to this personage, preserved in Lodge's Illustrations, from which it appears, that notwithstanding all these apparent indications of prosperity, the inroads of pecuniary embarrassment had already begun to be experienced by this ancient house. After counselling the new heir as to the best mode of getting free of his debts, "I do therefore advise you," continues the writer[3], "that so soon as you have, in such sort as shall be fit, finished your father's funerals, to dispose and disperse that great household, reducing them to the number of forty or fifty, at the most, of all sorts; and, in my opinion, it will be far better for you to live for a time in Lancashire rather than in Notts, for many good reasons that I can tell you when we meet, fitter for words than writing."

From the following reign (Charles I.) the nobility of the family date its origin. In the year 1643, Sir John Byron, great grandson of him who succeeded to the rich domains of Newstead, was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster; and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those by which this nobleman deserved the gratitude of his royal master.[4] Through almost every page of the History of the Civil Wars, we trace his name in connection with the varying fortunes of the king, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last. "Sir John Biron," says the writer of Colonel Hutchinson's Memoirs, "afterwards Lord Biron, and all his brothers, bred up in arms, and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king's." There is also, in the answer which Colonel Hutchinson, when governor of Nottingham, returned, on one occasion, to his cousin-german, Sir Richard Byron, a noble tribute to the valour and fidelity of the family. Sir Richard having sent to prevail on his relative to surrender the castle, received for answer, that "except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Biron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken."

Such are a few of the gallant and distinguished personages, through whom the name and honours of this noble house have been transmitted. By the maternal side also Lord Byron had to pride himself on a line of ancestry as illustrious as any that Scotland can boast,—his mother, who was one of the Gordons of Gight, having been a descendant of that Sir William Gordon who was the third son of the Earl of Huntley, by the daughter of James I.

After the eventful period of the Civil Wars, when so many individuals of the house of Byron distinguished themselves,—there having been no less than seven brothers of that family on the field at Edgehill,—the

[1] [See BYRONIANA.]

[2] The priory of Newstead had been founded and dedicated to God and the Virgin, by Henry II.; and its monks, who were canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, appear to have been peculiarly the objects of royal favour, no less in spiritual than in temporal concerns. During the lifetime of the fifth Lord Byron, there was found in the lake at Newstead,—where it is supposed to have been thrown for concealment by the monks,—a large brass eagle, in the body of which, on its being sent to be cleaned, was discovered a secret aperture, concealing within it a number of old legal papers connected with the rights and privileges of the foundation. At the sale of the old lord's effects in 1776-7, this eagle, together with three candelabra, found at the same time, was purchased by a watchmaker of Nottingham (by whom the concealed manuscripts were discovered), and having from his hands passed into those of Sir Richard Kaye, a prebendary of Southwell, forms at present a very remarkable ornament of the cathedral of that place. A curious document, said to have been among those found in the eagle, is now in the possession of Colonel Wildman, containing a grant of full pardon from Henry V. of every possible crime (and there is a tolerably long catalogue enumerated) which the monks might have committed previous to the 8th of December preceding:—"*Murdris*, per ipsos *post decimum nonum diem Novembris* ultimo præteritum perpetratis, si quæ fuerint, *exceptis*."

[3] Gilbert, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury.

[4] [For a copious memoir of the first Lord Byron, see BYRONIANA.]

celebrity of the name appears to have died away for near a century. It was about the year 1750, that the shipwreck and sufferings of Mr. Byron[1] (the grandfather of the illustrious subject of these pages) awakened, in no small degree, the attention and sympathy of the public. Not long after, a less innocent sort of notoriety attached itself to two other members of the family,—one, the grand uncle of the Poet, and the other, his father. The former, in the year 1765, stood his trial before the House of Peers[2] for killing, in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour Mr. Chaworth; and the latter, having carried off to the Continent the wife[3] of Lord Carmarthen, on the noble marquis obtaining a divorce from the lady, married her. Of this short union one daughter only was the issue, the Honourable Augusta Byron, now the wife of Colonel Leigh.

In reviewing thus cursorily the ancestors, both near and remote, of Lord Byron, it cannot fail to be remarked how strikingly he combined in his own nature some of the best and, perhaps, worst qualities that lie scattered through the various characters of his predecessors,—the generosity, the love of enterprise, the high-mindedness of some of the better spirits of his race, with the irregular passions, the eccentricity, and daring recklessness of the world's opinion, that so much characterised others.

The first wife of the father of the poet having died in 1784, he, in the following year, married Miss Catherine Gordon, only child and heiress of George Gordon, Esq. of Gight. In addition to the estate of Gight, which had, however, in former times, been much more extensive, this lady possessed, in ready money, bank shares, &c. no inconsiderable property; and it was known to be solely with a view of relieving himself from his debts, that Mr. Byron paid his addresses to her. A circumstance related, as having taken place before the marriage of this lady, not only shows the extreme quickness and vehemence of her feelings, but, if it be true that she had never at the time seen Captain Byron, is not a little striking. Being at the Edinburgh theatre one night when the character of Isabella was performed by Mrs. Siddons, so affected was she by the powers of this great actress, that, towards the conclusion of the play, she fell into violent fits and was carried out of the theatre, screaming loudly, "Oh, my Biron, my Biron!"[4]

On the occasion of her marriage there appeared a ballad by some Scotch rhymer, which has been lately reprinted in a collection of the "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland[5];" and as it bears testimony both to the reputation of the lady for wealth, and that of her husband for rakery and extravagance, it may be worth extracting:—

MISS GORDON OF GIGHT.

O whare are ye gaen, bonny Miss Gordon?
O whare are ye gaen, sae bonny an' braw?
Ye've married, ye've married wi' Johnny Byron,
To squander the lands o' Gight awa'.

This youth is a rake, frae England he's come;
The Scots dinna ken his extraction ava;
He keeps up his misses, his landlord he duns,
That's fast drawen' the lands o' Gight awa'.
O whare are ye gaen, &c.

The shooten' o' guns, an' rattlin' o' drums,
The bugle in woods, the pipes i' the ha',
The beagles a howlin', the hounds a growlin';
These soundings will soon gar Gight gang awa'.
O whare are ye gaen, &c.

Soon after the marriage, which took place, I believe, at Bath, Mr. Byron and his lady removed to their estate in Scotland; and it was not long before the prognostics of this ballad-maker began to be realised. The extent of that chasm of debt, in which her fortune was to be swallowed up, now opened upon the eyes of the ill-fated heiress. The creditors of Mr. Byron lost no time in pressing their demands; and not only was the whole of her ready money, bank shares, fisheries, &c., sacrificed to satisfy them, but a large

[1] Afterwards Admiral.—[See BYRONIANA.]

[2] [In Westminster-hall, the 16th and 17th of April. For an authentic report of this interesting trial, see BYRONIANA.]

[3] [Amelia D'Arcy, baroness Conyers, daughter of Robert, fourth earl of Holderness. By her death, January 26th, 1784, the ancient barony of Conyers descended to her eldest son by her first husband, Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds.]

[4] [Mrs. Siddons's first appearance at the Edinburgh theatre, in the part of Isabella, in Southern's tragedy of the Fatal Marriage, was on the 3d of June, 1784. "At one time," says a critic, "she melts the audience with pity; at another, she harrows up the soul with terror—

From all sides the house, hark the cry how it swells!
While the boxes are torn with most heart-piercing yells.
The misses all faint, it becomes them so vastly,
And their cheeks are so red that they never look ghastly.
Even ladies advanced to their grand climacteries
Are often led out in a fit of hysterics:
The screams are wide-wafted east, west, south, and north,
Loud echo prolongs them on both sides the Forth."
Scot's Mag. 1784.

Mr. Campbell says, that "the over-heated houses which she drew occasioned illness to many individuals, and that the medical faculty of Edinburgh owed her a token of their regard, seeing that their practice was increased by a prevalent indisposition, which got the name of *the Siddons fever*."]

[5] [Edited by Peter Buchan of Peterhead, 1825.]

sum raised by mortgage on the estate for the same purpose. In the summer of 1786, she and her husband left Scotland to proceed to France; and in the following year the estate of Gight itself was sold, and the whole of the purchase money applied to the further payment of debts, — with the exception of a small sum vested in trustees for the use of Mrs. Byron, who thus found herself, within the short space of two years, reduced from competence to a pittance of 150*l.* per annum.[1]

From France Mrs. Byron returned to England at the close of the year 1787; and on the 22d of January, 1788, gave birth, in Holles Street, London, to her first and only child, George Gordon Byron. The name of Gordon was added in compliance with a condition imposed by will on whoever should become husband of the heiress of Gight; and at the baptism of the child, the Duke of Gordon, and Colonel Duff of Fetteresso, stood godfathers.

In reference to the circumstance of his being an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions some curious coincidences in his family, which, to a mind disposed as his was to regard every thing connected with himself as out of the ordinary course of events, would naturally appear even more strange and singular than they are. "I have been thinking," he says, "of an odd circumstance. My daughter (1), my wife (2), my half-sister (3), my mother (4), my sister's mother (5), my natural daughter (6), and myself (7), are, or were, all *only* children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers) had only my half-sister by that second marriage, (herself, too, an only child,) and my father had only me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one* family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost." He then adds, characteristically, "But the fiercest animals have the fewest numbers in their litters, as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison."

From London, Mrs. Byron proceeded with her infant to Scotland; and, in the year 1790, took up her residence in Aberdeen, where she was soon after joined by Captain Byron. Here for a short time they lived together in lodgings at the house of a person named Anderson, in Queen Street. But their union being by no means happy, a separation took place between them, and Mrs. Byron removed to lodgings at the other end of the street.[2] Notwithstanding this schism, they for some time continued to visit, and even to drink tea with each other; but the elements of discord were strong on both sides, and their separation was, at last, complete and final. He would frequently, however, accost the nurse and his son in their walks, and expressed a strong wish to have the child for a day or two, on a visit with him. To this request Mrs. Byron was, at first, not very willing to accede; but, on the representation of the nurse, that "if he kept the boy one night, he would not do so another," she consented. The event proved as the nurse had predicted; on inquiring next morning after the child, she was told by Captain Byron that he had had quite enough of his young visiter, and she might take him home again.

It should be observed, however, that Mrs.

[1] The following particulars respecting the amount of Mrs. Byron's fortune before marriage, and its rapid disappearance afterwards, are, I have every reason to think, from the authentic source to which I am indebted for them, strictly correct: —

"At the time of the marriage, Miss Gordon was possessed of about 3000*l.* in money, two shares of the Aberdeen Banking Company, the estates of Gight and Monkshill, and the superiority of two salmon fishings on Dee. Soon after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Gordon in Scotland, it appeared that Mr. Byron had involved himself very deeply in debt, and his creditors commenced legal proceedings for the recovery of their money. The cash in hand was soon paid away, — the bank shares were disposed of at 600*l.*, (now worth 5000*l.*) — timber on the estate was cut down and sold to the amount of 1500*l.* — the farm of Monkshill and superiority of the fishings, affording a freehold qualification, were disposed of at 480*l.*; and, in addition to these sales, within a year after the marriage, 8000*l.* was borrowed upon a mortgage on the estate, granted by Mrs. Byron Gordon to the person who lent the money.

"In March, 1786, a contract of marriage in the Scotch form was drawn up and signed by the parties. In the course of the summer of that year, Mr. and Mrs. Byron left Gight, and never returned to it; the estate being, in the following year, sold to Lord Haddo for the sum of 17,850*l.*, the whole of which was applied to the payment of Mr. Byron's debts, with the exception of 1122*l.*, which remained as a burden on the estate, (the interest to be applied to paying a jointure of 55*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* to Mrs. Byron's grandmother, the principal reverting, at her death, to Mrs. Byron,) and 3000*l.* vested in trustees for Mrs. Byron's separate use, which was lent to Mr. Carsewell of Ratharllet, in Fifeshire."

"A strange occurrence," says another of my informants, "took place previous to the sale of the lands. All the doves left the house of Gight and came to Lord Haddo's, and so did a number of herons, which had built their nests for many years in a wood on the banks of a large loch, called the Hagberry Pot. When this was told to Lord Haddo, he pertinently replied, 'Let the birds come, and do them no harm, for the land will soon follow;' which it actually did."

[2] It appears, that she several times changed her residence during her stay at Aberdeen, as there are two other houses pointed out, where she lodged for some time; one situated in Virginia Street, and the other, the house of a Mr. Leslie, I think, in Broad Street.

Byron, at this period, was unable to keep more than one servant, and that, sent as the boy was on this occasion to encounter the trial of a visit, without the accustomed superintendence of his nurse, it is not so wonderful that he should have been found, under such circumstances, rather an unmanageable guest. That as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats, he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his "silent rages" (as he himself has described them), seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance.

But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbreaks, — in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c., — there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task. The female attendant of whom we have spoken, as well as her sister, May Gray, who succeeded her, gained an influence over his mind against which he very rarely rebelled; while his mother, whose capricious excesses, both of anger and of fondness, left her little hold on either his respect or affection, was indebted solely to his sense of filial duty for any small portion of authority she was ever able to acquire over him.

By an accident which, it is said, occurred at the time of his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its natural position, and this defect (chiefly from the contrivances employed to remedy it) was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his early years. The expedients used at this period to restore the limb to shape, were adopted by the advice, and under the direction, of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom Dr. Livingstone of Aberdeen corresponded on the subject; and his nurse, to whom fell the task of putting on these machines or bandages, at bedtime, would often, as she herself told my informant, sing him to sleep, or tell him stories and legends, in which, like most other children, he took great delight. She also taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the Psalms; and the first and twenty-third Psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory.[1] It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that through the care of this respectable woman, who was herself of a very religious disposition, he attained a far earlier and more intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Writings than falls to the lot of most young people. In a letter which he wrote to Mr. Murray, from Italy, in 1821, after requesting of that gentleman to send him, by the first opportunity, a Bible, he adds— "Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old, — that is to say, the Old Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a boy, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796."

The malformation of his foot was, even at this childish age, a subject on which he showed peculiar sensitiveness. I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow, that the person who nursed his wife, and who still lives in his family, used often to join the nurse of Byron when they were out with their respective charges, and one day said to her, as they walked together, "What a pretty boy Byron is! what a pity he has such a leg!" On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child's eyes flashed with anger, and striking at her with a little whip which he held in his hand, he exclaimed impatiently, "Dinna speak of it!" Sometimes, however, as in after life, he could talk indifferently and even jestingly of this lameness; and there being another little boy in the neighbourhood, who had a similar defect in one of his feet, Byron would say, laughingly, "Come and see the twa laddies with the twa club feet going up the Broad Street."

Among many instances of his quickness and energy at this age, his nurse mentioned a little incident that one night occurred, on her taking him to the theatre to see the "Taming of the Shrew." He had attended to the performance, for some time, with silent interest; but, in the scene between Catherine and Petruchio, where the following dialogue takes place, —

[1] ["As they have been to many millions of other children. Out of those lessons arose, long afterwards, the 'Hebrew Melodies;' but for them never would they have been written, though Byron had studied Lowth on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews all his life." — PROFESSOR WILSON.]

Cath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then, you lie, — it is the blessed sun, —

little Geordie (as they called the child), starting from his seat, cried out boldly, "But I say it is the moon, sir."

The short visit of Captain Byron to Aberdeen has already been mentioned, and he again passed two or three months in that city, before his last departure for France. On both occasions, his chief object was to extract still more money, if possible, from the unfortunate woman whom he had beggared; and so far was he successful, that, during his last visit, narrow as were her means, she contrived to furnish him with the money necessary for his journey to Valenciennes[1], where, in the following year, 1791, he died. Though latterly Mrs. Byron would not see her husband, she entertained, it is said, a strong affection for him to the last; and on those occasions, when the nurse used to meet him in her walks, would inquire of her with the tenderest anxiety as to his health and looks. When the intelligence of his death, too, arrived, her grief, according to the account of this same attendant, bordered on distraction, and her shrieks were so loud as to be heard in the street.[2] She was, indeed, a woman full of the most passionate extremes, and her grief and affection were bursts as much of temper as of feeling. To mourn at all, however, for such a husband was, it must be allowed, a most gratuitous stretch of generosity. Having married her, as he openly avowed, for her fortune alone, he soon dissipated this, the solitary charm she possessed for him, and was then unmanful enough to taunt her with the inconveniences of that penury which his own extravagance had occasioned.

When not quite five years old, young Byron was sent to a day-school at Aberdeen, taught by Mr. Bowers[3], and remained there, with some interruptions, during a twelvemonth, as appears by the following extract from the day-book of the school: —

George Gordon Byron.
19th November, 1792.
19th November, 1793 — paid one guinea.

The terms of this school for reading were only five shillings a quarter, and it was evidently less with a view to the boy's advance in learning than as a cheap mode of keeping him quiet that his mother had sent him to it. Of the progress of his infantine studies at Aberdeen, as well under Mr. Bowers as under the various other persons that instructed him, we have the following interesting particulars communicated by himself, in a sort of journal which he once began, under the title of "My Dictionary," and which is preserved in one of his manuscript books.

"For several years of my earliest childhood, I was in that city, but have never revisited it since I was ten years old. I was sent, at five years old, or earlier, to a school kept by a Mr. Bowers, who was called '*Bodsy* Bowers, by reason of his dapperness. It was a school for both sexes. I learned little except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables ('God made man' — 'Let us love him'), by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress, at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundaries of my first year's accomplishments were detected, my ears boxed, (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters,) and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor. He was a very devout, clever, little clergyman, named Ross, afterwards minister of one of the kirks (*East*, I think). Under him I made astonishing progress; and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured pains-taking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was *history;* and, why I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus in the Roman History, put into my hands the first. Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterwards I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a tutor. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid Presbyterian also. With him I began Latin in Ruddiman's Grammar, and continued till I went to the Grammar School, (*Scoticè*, 'Scuhle;' *Aberdonicè*, 'Squeel,') where I threaded all the

[1] By her advances of money to Mr. Byron (says an authority I have already cited) on the two occasions when he visited Aberdeen, as well as by the expenses incurred in furnishing the floor occupied by her, after his death, in Broad Street, she got in debt to the amount of 300*l.*, by paying the interest on which her income was reduced to 135*l.* On this, however, she contrived to live without increasing her debt; and on the death of her grandmother, when she received the 1122*l.* set apart for that lady's annuity, discharged the whole.

[2] [For an interesting letter, written by Mrs. Byron, on hearing of the death of her husband, see BYRONIANA.]

[3] In Long Acre. The present master of this school is Mr. David Grant, the ingenious editor of a collection of "Battles and War Pieces," and of a work of much utility, entitled "Class Book of Modern Poetry."

classes to the *fourth*, when I was recalled to England (where I had been hatched) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this handwriting, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr. Duncan of the same city: I don't think he would plume himself much upon my progress. However, I wrote much better then than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation of one kind or another have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank. The grammar-school might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages under age. It was divided into five classes, taught by four masters, the chief teaching the fourth and fifth himself. As in England, the fifth, sixth forms, and monitors, are heard by the head masters."

Of his class-fellows at the grammar-school there are many, of course, still alive, by whom he is well remembered[1]; and the general impression they retain of him is, that he was a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy — passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his school-fellows — to a remarkable degree venturous and fearless, and (as one of them significantly expressed it) "always more ready to give a blow than take one." Among many anecdotes illustrative of this spirit, it is related that once, in returning home from school, he fell in with a boy who had on some former occasion insulted him, but had then got off unpunished — little Byron, however, at the time, promising to "pay him off" whenever they should meet again. Accordingly, on this second encounter, though there were some other boys to take his opponent's part, he succeeded in inflicting upon him a hearty beating. On his return home, breathless, the servant inquired what he had been about, and was answered by him with a mixture of rage and humour, that he had been paying a debt, by beating a boy according to promise; for that he was a Byron, and would never belie his motto, "*Trust Byron.*"

He was, indeed, much more anxious to distinguish himself among his school-fellows by prowess in all sports[2] and exercises, than by advancement in learning. Though quick, when he could be persuaded to attend, or had any study that pleased him, he was in general very low in the class, nor seemed ambitious of being promoted any higher. It is the custom, it seems, in this seminary, to invert, now and then, the order of the class, so as to make the highest and lowest boys change places, — with a view, no doubt, of piquing the ambition of both. On these occasions, and only these, Byron was sometimes at the head, and the master, to banter him, would say, "Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again."[3]

During this period, his mother and he made, occasionally, visits among their friends, passing some time at Fetteresso, the seat of his godfather, Colonel Duff, (where the child's delight with a humorous old butler, named Ernest Fidler, is still remembered,) and also at Banff, where some near connections of Mrs. Byron resided.

In the summer of the year 1796, after an attack of scarlet-fever, he was removed by his mother for change of air into the Highlands; and it was either at this time, or in the following year, that they took up their residence at a farm-house in the neighbourhood of Ballater, a favourite summer resort for health and gaiety, about forty miles up the Dee from Aberdeen. Though this house, where they still show with much pride the bed in which young Byron slept, has become naturally a place of pilgrimage for the worshippers of genius, neither its own appearance, nor that of the small bleak valley in which it stands, is at all worthy of being associated with the memory of a poet. Within a short distance of it, however, all those features of wildness and beauty, which mark the course of the Dee through the Highlands, may be commanded. Here the dark summit of Lachin-y-gair stood towering before the eyes of the future bard; and the verses in which, not many years afterwards, he commemorated this sublime object, show that, young as he was, at the time, its "frowning glories" were not unnoticed by him.[4]

[1] The old porter, too, at the College, "minds weel" the little boy, with the red jacket and nankeen trowsers, whom he has so often turned out of the College court-yard.

[2] "He was," says one of my informants, "a good hand at marbles, and could drive one farther than most boys. He also excelled at 'Bases,' a game which requires considerable swiftness of foot.

["So ran they all as they had been at base,
They being chaced that did others chace." — SPENSER.]

[3] On examining the quarterly lists kept at the grammar-school of Aberdeen, in which the names of the boys are set down according to the station each holds in his class, it appears that in April of the year 1794, the name of Byron, then in the second class, stands twenty-third in a list of thirty-eight boys. In the April of 1798, however, he had risen to be fifth in the fourth class, consisting of twenty-seven boys, and had got ahead of several of his contemporaries, who had previously always stood before him.

[4] Notwithstanding the lively recollections expressed in this poem, it is pretty certain, from the testimony of his nurse, that he never was at the mountain itself, which stood some miles distant from his residence, more than twice.

"Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar-star;
For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar."

To the wildness and grandeur of the scenes, among which his childhood was passed, it is not unusual to trace the first awakening of his poetic talent. But it may be questioned whether this faculty was ever so produced. That the charm of scenery, which derives its chief power from fancy and association, should be much felt at an age when fancy is yet hardly awake, and associations but few, can with difficulty, even making every allowance for the prematurity of genius, be conceived. The light which the poet sees around the forms of nature is not so much in the objects themselves as in the eye that contemplates them; and Imagination must first be able to lend a glory to such scenes, before she can derive inspiration *from* them. As materials, indeed, for the poetic faculty, when developed, to work upon, these impressions of the new and wonderful retained from childhood, and retained with all the vividness of recollection which belongs to genius, may form, it is true, the purest and most precious part of that aliment, with which the memory of the poet feeds his imagination. But still, it is the newly-awakened power within him that is the source of the charm; — it is the force of fancy alone that, acting upon his recollections, impregnates, as it were, all the past with poesy. In this respect, such impressions of natural scenery as Lord Byron received in his childhood must be classed with the various other remembrances which that period leaves behind — of its innocence, its sports, its first hopes and affections — all of them reminiscences which the poet afterwards converts to his use, but which no more *make* the poet than — to apply an illustration of Byron's own — the honey can be said to make the bee that treasures it.[1]

When it happens — as was the case with Lord Byron in Greece — that the same peculiar features of nature, over which Memory has shed this reflective charm, are reproduced before the eyes under new and inspiring circumstances, and with all the accessories which an imagination, in its full vigour and wealth, can lend them, then, indeed, do both the past and present combine to make the enchantment complete; and never was there a heart more borne away by this confluence of feelings than that of Byron. In a poem, written about a year or two before his death[2], he traces all his enjoyment of mountain scenery to the impressions received during his residence in the Highlands; and even attributes the pleasure which he experienced in gazing upon Ida and Parnassus, far less to classic remembrances, than to those fond and deep-felt associations by which they brought back the memory of his boyhood and Lachin-y-gair.

"He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

In a note appended to this passage, we find him falling into that sort of anachronism in the history of his own feelings, which I have above adverted to as not uncommon, and referring to childhood itself that love of mountain prospects, which was but the after result of his imaginative recollections of that period.[3]

"From this period" (the time of his residence in the Highlands) "I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe." His love of solitary rambles, and

[1] ["No more — no more — Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower."
Don Juan, c. i. st. 214.]

[2] The Island.

[3] ["Perhaps he did; for either in contemplating a present, or meditating on an absent beautiful scene in nature, we always do, in unconscious confusion, blend, as Wordsworth says of his own delight in the groves, 'our present feelings with our past'; and thus is constituted one full and entire emotion. But neither Mr. Moore — poet as he is of a high, let us say of the highest order — nor any other man, can pretend either to tell or know with what feelings Lord Byron looked on Lachin-y-gair for the first time, and on the sea of mountains rolling away up from Ballater to the Linn of Dee. There must have been awakenings, and risings, and swellings of the divine spirit within him, that owed not — could not owe — their birth to the power of association."—WILSON.]

his taste for exploring in all directions, led him not unfrequently so far, as to excite serious apprehensions for his safety. While at Aberdeen, he used often to steal from home unperceived; — sometimes he would find his way to the sea-side; and once, after a long and anxious search, they found the adventurous little rover struggling in a sort of morass or marsh, from which he was unable to extricate himself.

In the course of one of his summer excursions up Dee-side, he had an opportunity of seeing still more of the wild beauties of the Highlands than even the neighbourhood of their residence at Ballatrech afforded, — having been taken by his mother through the romantic passes that lead to Invercauld, and as far up as the small water-fall, called the Linn of Dee. Here his love of adventure had nearly cost him his life. As he was scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, some heather caught his lame foot, and he fell. Already he was rolling downward, when the attendant luckily caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed.

It was about this period, when he was not quite eight years old, that a feeling partaking more of the nature of love than it is easy to believe possible in so young a child, took, according to his own account, entire possession of his thoughts, and showed how early in this passion, as in most others, the sensibilities of his nature were awakened.[1] The name of the object of this attachment was Mary Duff; and the following passage from a journal, kept by him in 1813, will show how freshly, after an interval of seventeen years, all the circumstances of this early love still lived in his memory:

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Co°.'[2] And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject — to *me* — and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the merest children. I had and have been attached fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plain-stones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way.

"How the deuce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl were so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder-stroke — it nearly choked me — to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the *recollection* (*not* the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it or me? or remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory — her brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see *her now;* the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months. . . .

"I think my mother told the circumstances (on my hearing of her marriage) to the Parkynses, and certainly to the Pigot family, and probably mentioned it in her

[1] Dante, we know, was but nine years old when, at a May-day festival, he saw and fell in love with Beatrice; and Alfieri, who was himself a precocious lover, considers such early sensibility to be an unerring sign of a soul formed for the fine arts: "Effetti," he says, in describing the feelings of his own first love, "che poche persone intendono, e pochissime provano: ma a quei soli pochissimi è concesso l' uscir dalla folla vulgare in tutte le umane arti." Canova used to say, that he perfectly well remembered having been in love when but five years old.

[2] [Robert Cockburn, Esq., an eminent wine-merchant of Edinburgh, now of London.]

answer to Miss A., who was well acquainted with my childish *penchant*, and had sent the news on purpose for *me*,—and thanks to her!

"Next to the beginning, the conclusion has often occupied my reflections, in the way of investigation. That the facts are thus, others know as well as I, and my memory yet tells me so, in more than a whisper. But, the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered to assign any cause for this precocity of affection."

Though the chance of his succession to the title of his ancestors was for some time altogether uncertain—there being, so late as the year 1794, a grandson of the fifth lord still alive—his mother had, from his very birth, cherished a strong persuasion that he was destined not only to be a lord, but "a great man." One of the circumstances on which she founded this belief was, singularly enough, his lameness;—for what reason it is difficult to conceive, except that, possibly (having a mind of the most superstitious cast), she had consulted on the subject some village fortune-teller, who, to ennoble this infirmity in her eyes, had linked the future destiny of the child with it.

By the death of the grandson of the old lord at Corsica in 1794, the only claimant, that had hitherto stood between little George and the immediate succession to the peerage, was removed; and the increased importance which this event conferred upon them was felt not only by Mrs. Byron, but by the young future Baron of Newstead himself. In the winter of 1797, his mother having chanced, one day, to read part of a speech spoken in the House of Commons, a friend who was present said to the boy, "We shall have the pleasure, some time or other, of reading your speeches in the House of Commons."—"I hope not," was his answer: "if you read any speeches of mine, it will be in the House of Lords."

The title, of which he thus early anticipated the enjoyment, devolved to him but too soon. Had he been left to struggle on for ten years longer, as plain George Byron, there can be little doubt that his character would have been, in many respects, the better for it. In the following year (May 19. 1798.) his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, died at Newstead Abbey, having passed the latter years of his strange life in a state of austere and almost savage seclusion. It is said, that the day after little Byron's accession to the title, he ran up to his mother and asked her, "whether she perceived any difference in him since he had been made a lord, as he perceived none himself:"—a quick and natural thought; but the child little knew what a total and talismanic change had been wrought in all his future relations with society, by the simple addition of that word before his name. That the event, as a crisis in his life, affected him, even at that time, may be collected from the agitation which he is said to have manifested on the important morning, when his name was first called out in school with the title of "Dominus" prefixed to it. Unable to give utterance to the usual answer "adsum," he stood silent amid the general stare of his school-fellows, and, at last, burst into tears.

The cloud, which, to a certain degree, undeservedly, his unfortunate affray with Mr. Chaworth had thrown upon the character of the late Lord Byron, was deepened and confirmed by what it, in a great measure, produced,—the eccentric and unsocial course of life to which he afterwards betook himself. Of his cruelty to Lady Byron[1], before her separation from him, the most exaggerated stories are still current in the neighbourhood; and it is even believed that, in one of his fits of fury, he flung her into the pond at Newstead. On another occasion, it is said, having shot his coachman for some disobedience of orders, he threw the corpse into the carriage to his lady, and mounting the box, drove off himself. These stories are, no doubt, as gross fictions as some of those of which his illustrious successor was afterwards made the victim; and a female servant of the old lord, still alive, in contradicting both tales as scandalous fabrications, supposes the first to have had its origin in the following circumstance:—A young lady, of the name of Booth, who was on a visit at Newstead, being one evening with a party who were diverting themselves in front of the abbey, Lord Byron by accident pushed her into the basin which receives the cascades; and out of this little incident, as my informant very plausibly conjectures, the tale of his attempting to drown Lady Byron may have been fabricated.

After his lady had separated from him, the entire seclusion in which he lived gave full scope to the inventive faculties of his neighbours. There was no deed, however dark or desperate, that the village gossips were not ready to impute to him; and two grim images of satyrs, which stood in his gloomy garden, were, by the fears of those who had caught a glimpse of them, dignified by the name of "the old lord's devils." He was known always to go armed; and it is related that, on some particular occasion,

[1] [This lady was the daughter and heir of Charles Shaw, Esq. of Besthorpe-hall, Norfolk. She was married in March, 1747, and died July 5th, 1788.]

when his neighbour, the late Sir John Warren[1], was admitted to dine with him, there was a case of pistols placed, as if forming a customary part of the dinner service, on the table.

During his latter years, the only companions of his solitude — besides that colony of crickets, which he is said to have amused himself with rearing and feeding[2] — were old Murray, afterwards the favourite servant of his successor, and the female domestic, whose authority I have just quoted, and who, from the station she was suspected of being promoted to by her noble master, received generally through the neighbourhood the appellation of "Lady Betty."

Though living in this sordid and solitary style, he was frequently, as it appears, much distressed for money; and one of the most serious of the injuries inflicted by him upon the property was his sale of the family estate of Rochdale in Lancashire, of which the mineral produce was accounted very valuable. He well knew, it is said, at the time of the sale, his inability to make out a legal title; nor is it supposed that the purchasers themselves were unacquainted with the defect of the conveyance. But they contemplated, and, it seems, actually did realise, an indemnity from any pecuniary loss, before they could, in the ordinary course of events, be dispossessed of the property. During the young lord's minority, proceedings were instituted for the recovery of this estate, and as the reader will learn hereafter with success.

At Newstead[3], both the mansion and the grounds around it were suffered to fall helplessly into decay; and among the few monuments of either care or expenditure which their lord left behind, were some masses of rockwork, on which much cost had been thrown away, and a few castellated buildings on the banks of the lake and in the woods. The forts upon the lake were designed to give a naval appearance to its waters; and frequently, in his more social days, he used to amuse himself with sham fights, — his vessels attacking the forts, and being cannonaded by them in return. The largest of these vessels had been built for him at some sea-port on the eastern coast, and, being conveyed on wheels over the forest to Newstead, was supposed to have fulfilled one of the prophecies of Mother Shipton, which declared that "when a ship laden with *ling* should cross over Sherwood Forest, the Newstead estate would pass from the Byron family." In Nottinghamshire, "ling" is the term used for *heather;* and, in order to bear out Mother Shipton and spite the old lord, the country people, it is said, ran along by the side of the vessel, heaping it with heather all the way.

This eccentric peer, it is evident, cared but little about the fate of his descendants. With his young heir in Scotland he held no communication whatever; and if at any time he happened to mention him, which but rarely occurred, it was never under any other designation than that of "the little boy who lives at Aberdeen."

On the death of his grand-uncle, Lord Byron having become a ward of chancery, the Earl of Carlisle, who was in some degree connected with the family, being the son of the deceased lord's sister[4], was appointed his guardian; and in the autumn of 1798, Mrs. Byron and her son, attended by their faithful May Gray, left Aberdeen for Newstead.[5] Previously to their departure, the furniture of the humble lodgings which they

[1] [Sir John Borlase Warren, G.C.B., admiral of the white, died in February, 1822.]

[2] To this Lord Byron used to add, on the authority of old servants of the family, that on the day of their patron's death, these crickets all left the house simultaneously, and in such numbers, that it was impossible to cross the hall without treading on them.

[3] [Horace Walpole, who visited Newstead in 1760, says, "It is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the eastern cistern of the convent, and their arms on it; a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned; the present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds worth of which have been cut near the house. In recompense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the damage done to the navy, and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining, but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor. — Newstead delighted me. There is grace and Gothic indeed, — good chambers, and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions.—*Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 31.]

[4] [Isabella Byron; married, first, to Henry, fourth earl of Carlisle, and, secondly, to Sir William Musgrave, bart. of Heaton Castle, Cumberland. — See BYRONIANA.]

[5] ["It would be difficult to imagine a transition more fitted, in all its circumstances, to stamp lasting traces on such a mind as Byron's. He passed, as at the changing of a theatrical scene, from very nearly the one extreme of outward show to the other — from a shabby Scotch 'flat' to a palace; and one that, with all its accompaniments of landscape and tradition, could not but stimulate to the highest pitch a spirit naturally solemn, already not lightly tinged with superstition, and in which the pride of ancestry had been planted from the cradle, striking the deeper root, because of the forlornness and squalor of every thing hitherto about him — anger, and resentment, and jealousy, the sense of injustice and indignity, and a haughty, sullen shame, all combining with, and moulding its earliest growth." — *Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

had occupied was, with the exception of the plate and linen, which Mrs. Byron took with her, sold, and the whole sum that the effects of the mother of the Lord of Newstead yielded was 74*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*

From the early age at which Byron was taken to Scotland, as well as from the circumstance of his mother being a native of that country, he had every reason to consider himself — as, indeed, he boasts in Don Juan — "half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one." We have already seen how warmly he preserved through life his recollection of the mountain scenery in which he was brought up; and in the passage of Don Juan, to which I have just referred, his allusion to the romantic bridge of Don, and to other localities of Aberdeen, shows an equal fidelity and fondness of retrospect: —

As Auld Lang Syne brings Scotland, one and all,
  Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,
  All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
  Like Banquo's offspring; — floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine;
I care not — 'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne." [1]

He adds in a note, "The Brig of Don, near the 'auld town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon stream, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age: —

"'Brig of Balgownie, *black* 's your wa',
Wi' a wife's *ae son*, and a mear's ae foal,
Down ye shall fa'.'" [2]

To meet with an Aberdonian was, at all times, a delight to him; and when the late Mr Scott[3], who was a native of Aberdeen, paid him a visit at Venice in the year 1819, in talking of the haunts of his childhood, one of the places he particularly mentioned was Wallace-nook, a spot where there is a rude statue of the Scottish chief still standing. From first to last, indeed, these recollections of the country of his youth never forsook him. In his early voyage into Greece, not only the shapes of the mountains, but the kilts and hardy forms of the Albanese, — all, as he says, "carried him back to Morven;" and, in his last fatal expedition, the dress which he himself chiefly wore at Cephalonia was a tartan jacket.

Cordial, however, and deep as were the impressions which he retained of Scotland, he would sometimes in this, as in all his other amiable feelings, endeavour perversely to belie his own better nature; and, when under the excitement of anger or ridicule, persuade not only others, but even himself, that the whole current of his feelings ran directly otherwise. The abuse with which, in his anger against the Edinburgh Review, he overwhelmed every thing Scotch, is an instance of this temporary triumph of wilfulness; and, at any time, the least association of ridicule with the country or its inhabitants was sufficient, for the moment, to put all his sentiment to flight. A friend of his once described to me the half-playful rage into which she saw him thrown, one day, by a heedless girl, who remarked that she thought he had a little of the Scotch accent. "Good God, I hope not!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure I have n't. I would rather the whole d—d country was sunk in the sea — I the Scotch accent!"

To such sallies, however, whether in writing or conversation, but little weight is to be allowed, — particularly, in comparison with those strong testimonies which he has left on record of his fondness for his early home; and while, on his side, this feeling so indelibly existed, there is, on the part of the people of Aberdeen, who consider him as almost their fellow-townsman, a correspondent warmth of affection for his memory and name. The various houses where he resided in his youth are pointed out to the traveller; to have seen him but once is a recollection boasted of with pride; and the Brig of Don, beautiful in itself, is invested, by his mere mention of it, with an additional charm. Two or three years since, the sum of five pounds was offered to a person in Aberdeen for a letter which he had in his possession, written by Captain Byron a few days before his death; and, among the memorials of the young poet, which are treasured up by individuals of that place, there is one which it would have not a little amused himself to hear of, being no less characteristic a relic than an old china saucer, out of which he had bitten a large piece, in a fit of passion, when a child.

[1] [See Works, p. 707.]

[2] The correct reading of this legend is, I understand, as follows: —
"Brig o' Balgownie, *wight* (strong) is thy wa';
Wi' a wife's ae son on a mare's ae foal,
Down shalt thou fa'."

[3] [Mr. John Scott, author of "A Visit to Paris, 1814," "Paris Revisited, 1815," &c. He was killed in a duel in 1821.]

CHAPTER II.

1798—1801.

NEWSTEAD. — GUARDIANSHIP OF LORD CARLISLE. — CHARACTER OF THE LATE LORD BYRON. — EMPIRIC AT NOTTINGHAM. — MRS. BYRON'S PENSION. — REMOVAL TO LONDON. — DR. BAILLIE. — DULWICH. — DR. GLENNIE. — TRAITS OF CHARACTER. — MARGARET PARKER. — "FIRST DASH INTO POETRY."

It was in the summer of 1798, as I have already said, that Lord Byron, then in his eleventh year, left Scotland with his mother and nurse, to take possession of the ancient seat of his ancestors. In one of his latest letters, referring to this journey, he says, "I recollect Loch Leven as it were but yesterday —I saw it in my way to England in 1798." They had already arrived at the Newstead toll-bar, and saw the woods of the Abbey stretching out to receive them, when Mrs. Byron, affecting to be ignorant of the place, asked the woman of the toll-house to whom that seat belonged. She was told that the owner of it, Lord Byron, had been some months dead. "And who is the next heir?" asked the proud and happy mother. "They say," answered the woman, "it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen."—"And this is he, bless him!" exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to contain herself, and turning to kiss with delight the young lord, who was seated on her lap.

Even under the most favourable circumstances, such an early elevation to rank would be but too likely to have a dangerous influence on the character; and the guidance under which young Byron entered upon his new station was, of all others, the least likely to lead him safely through its perils and temptations. His mother, without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiled him by indulgence, and irritated, or—what was still worse—amused him by her violence. That strong sense of the ridiculous, for which he was afterwards so remarkable, and which showed itself thus early, got the better even of his fear of her; and when Mrs. Byron, who was a short and corpulent person, and rolled considerably in her gait, would, in a rage, endeavour to catch him, for the purpose of inflicting punishment, the young urchin, proud of being able to outstrip her, notwithstanding his lameness, would run round the room, laughing like a little Puck, and mocking at all her menaces. In a few anecdotes of his early life which he related in his "Memoranda," though the name of his mother was never mentioned but with respect, it was not difficult to perceive that the recollections she had left behind—at least those that had made the deepest impression—were of a painful nature. One of the most striking passages, indeed, in the few pages of that Memoir which related to his early days, was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness, on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him "a lame brat."[1] As all that he had felt strongly through life was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that an expression such as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly we find, in the opening of his drama, "The Deformed Transformed,"

> *Bertha.* Out, hunchback!
> *Arnold.* I was born so, mother![2]

It may be questioned, indeed, whether that whole drama was not indebted for its origin to this single recollection.

While such was the character of the person under whose immediate eye his youth was passed, the counteraction which a kind and watchful guardian might have opposed to such example and influence was almost wholly lost to him. Connected but remotely with the family, and never having had any opportunity of knowing the boy, it was with much reluctance that Lord Carlisle originally undertook the trust; nor can we wonder that, when his duties as a guardian brought him acquainted with Mrs. Byron, he should be deterred from interfering more than was absolutely necessary for the child by his fear of coming into collision with the violence and caprice of the mother.

Had even the character which the last lord left behind been sufficiently popular to pique his young successor into an emulation of his good name, such a salutary rivalry of the dead would have supplied the place of living examples; and there is no mind in which such an ambition would have been more likely to spring up than that of Byron. But unluckily, as we have seen, this was not the case; and not only was so fair a stimulus to good conduct wanting, but a rivalry of a very different nature substituted in its place. The strange anecdotes told of the last lord by the country people, among whom his fierce and solitary habits had procured for

[1] ["She would pass from passionate caresses to the expulsion of actual disgust; 'then' (we quote from a letter written by one of her relations in Scotland) 'devour him with kisses again, and swear his eyes were as beautiful as his father's.'" — *Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

[2] [See Works, p. 300.]

him a sort of fearful renown, were of a nature livelily to arrest the fancy of the young poet, and even to waken in his mind a sort of boyish admiration for singularities which he found thus elevated into matters of wonder and record. By some it has been even supposed that in these stories of his eccentric relative his imagination found the first dark outlines of that ideal character, which he afterwards embodied in so many different shapes, and ennobled by his genius. But however this may be, it is at least far from improbable that, destitute as he was of other and better models, the peculiarities of his immediate predecessor should, in a considerable degree, have influenced his fancy and tastes. One habit, which he seems early to have derived from this spirit of imitation, and which he retained through life, was that of constantly having arms of some description about or near him—it being his practice, when quite a boy, to carry, at all times, small loaded pistols in his waistcoat pockets. The affray, indeed, of the late lord with Mr. Chaworth had, at a very early age, by connecting duelling in his mind with the name of his race, led him to turn his attention to this mode of arbitrament; and the mortification which he had, for some time, to endure at school, from insults, as he imagined, hazarded on the presumption of his physical inferiority, found consolation in the thought that a day would yet arrive when the law of the pistol would place him on a level with the strongest.

On their arrival from Scotland, Mrs. Byron, with the hope of having his lameness removed, placed her son under the care of a person who professed the cure of such cases, at Nottingham. The name of this man, who appears to have been a mere empirical pretender, was Lavender; and the manner in which he is said to have proceeded was by first rubbing the foot over, for a considerable time, with handsful of oil, and then twisting the limb forcibly round, and screwing it up in a wooden machine. That the boy might not lose ground in his education during this interval, he received lessons in Latin from a respectable schoolmaster, Mr. Rogers, who read parts of Virgil and Cicero with him, and represents his proficiency to have been, for his age, considerable. He was often, during his lessons, in violent pain, from the torturing position in which his foot was kept; and Mr. Rogers one day said to him, "It makes me uncomfortable, my Lord, to see you sitting there in such pain as I *know* you must be suffering."—"Never mind, Mr. Rogers," answered the boy; "you shall not see any signs of it in *me*."

This gentleman, who speaks with the most affectionate remembrance of his pupil, mentions several instances of the gaiety of spirit with which he used to take revenge on his tormentor, Lavender, by exposing and laughing at his pompous ignorance. Among other tricks, he one day scribbled down on a sheet of paper all the letters of the alphabet, put together at random, but in the form of words and sentences, and, placing them before this all-pretending person, asked him gravely what language it was. The quack, unwilling to own his ignorance, answered confidently, "Italian,"—to the infinite delight, as it may be supposed, of the little satirist in embryo, who burst into a loud, triumphant laugh, at the success of the trap which he had thus laid for imposture.

With that mindfulness towards all who had been about him in his youth, which was so distinguishing a trait in his character, he, many years after, when in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, sent a message, full of kindness, to his old instructor, and bid the bearer of it tell him, that, beginning from a certain line in Virgil which he mentioned, he could recite twenty verses on, which he well remembered having read with this gentleman, when suffering all the time the most dreadful pain.

It was about this period, according to his nurse, May Gray, that the first symptom of any tendency towards rhyming showed itself in him; and the occasion which she represented as having given rise to this childish effort was as follows:—An elderly lady, who was in the habit of visiting his mother, had made use of some expression that very much affronted him; and these slights, his nurse said, he generally resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which, she imagined, took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her original insult to the boy, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him in a most terrible passion—that he could not bear the sight of her," &c. &c.—and then broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green,
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon.

It is possible that these rhymes may have been caught up at second-hand; and he himself, as will presently be seen, dated his

"first dash into poetry," as he calls it, a year later:—but the anecdote altogether, as containing some early dawnings of character, appeared to me worth preserving.

The small income of Mrs. Byron received at this time the addition—most seasonable, no doubt, though on what grounds accorded I know not—of a pension on the Civil List, of 300*l.* a year. The following is a copy of the King's warrant for the grant:—(Signed)

"GEORGE R.

"WHEREAS we are graciously pleased to grant unto Catharine Gordon Byron, widow, an annuity of 300*l.*, to commence from 5th July, 1799, and to continue during pleasure: our will and pleasure is, that, by virtue of our general letters of Privy Seal, bearing date 5th November, 1760, you do issue and pay out of our treasure, or revenue in the receipt of the exchequer, applicable to the uses of our civil government, unto the said Catharine Gordon Byron, widow, or her assignees, the said annuity, to commence from 5th July, 1799, and to be paid quarterly, or otherwise, as the same shall become due, and to continue during our pleasure; and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at our Court of St. James's, 2d October, 1799, 39th year of our reign.

"By His Majesty's command,
(Signed) "W. PITT.
"S. DOUGLAS.[1]

"EDW^D. ROBERTS, Dep. Cler^us. Pellium."

Finding but little benefit from the Nottingham practitioner, Mrs. Byron, in the summer of the year 1799, thought it right to remove her boy to London, where, at the suggestion of Lord Carlisle, he was put under the care of Dr. Baillie.[2] It being an object, too, to place him at some quiet school, where the means adopted for the cure of his infirmity might be more easily attended to, the establishment of the late Dr. Glennie at Dulwich, was chosen for that purpose; and as it was thought advisable that he should have a separate apartment to sleep in, Dr. Glennie had a bed put up for him in his own study. Mrs. Byron, who had remained a short time behind him at Newstead, on her arrival in town took a house upon Sloane Terrace; and, under the direction of Dr. Baillie, one of the Messrs Sheldrake[3] was employed to construct an instrument for the purpose of straightening the limb of the child. Moderation in all athletic exercises was, of course, prescribed; but Dr. Glennie found it by no means easy to enforce compliance with this rule, as, though sufficiently quiet when along with him in his study, no sooner was the boy released for play, than he showed as much ambition to excel in all exercises as the most robust youth of the school;—"an ambition," adds Dr. Glennie, in a communication with which he favoured me a short time before his death, "which I have remarked to prevail in general in young persons labouring under similar defects of nature."[4]

Having been instructed in the elements of Latin grammar according to the mode of teaching adopted at Aberdeen, the young student had now unluckily to retrace his steps, and was, as is too often the case, retarded in his studies and perplexed in his recollections, by the necessity of toiling through the rudiments again in one of the forms prescribed by the English schools. "I found him enter upon his tasks," says Dr. Glennie, "with alacrity and success. He was playful, good-humoured, and beloved by his companions. His reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age, and in my study he found many books open to him, both to please his taste and gratify his curiosity; among others a set of our poets from Chaucer to Churchill, which I am almost tempted to say he had more than once perused from beginning to end. He showed at this age an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures, upon which he seemed delighted to converse with me, especially after our religious exercises of a Sunday evening; when he would reason upon the facts contained in the Sacred Volume with every appearance of belief in the divine truths which they

[1] [The right hon. Sylvester Douglas, afterwards Lord Glenbervie. When in his 78th year, his lordship published a translation of the first canto of Forteguerris "Ricciardetto." He died in 1823.]

[2] [The illustrious physician, Dr. Matthew Baillie—brother to the poetess Joanna Baillie, and brother-in-law to Lord Chief Justice Denman—died in 1823.]

[3] In a letter addressed lately by Mr. Sheldrake to the editor of a Medical Journal, it is stated that the person of the same name who attended Lord Byron at Dulwich owed the honour of being called in to a mistake, and effected nothing towards the remedy of the limb. The writer of the letter adds, that he was himself consulted by Lord Byron four or five years afterwards, and though unable to undertake the cure of the defect, from the unwillingness of his noble patient to submit to restraint or confinement, was successful in constructing a sort of shoe for the foot, which in some degree alleviated the inconvenience under which he laboured.

[4] "Quoique," says Alfieri, speaking of his school-days, "je fusse le plus petit de tous les *grands* qui se trouvaient au second appartement où j'étais descendu, c'était précisément mon infériorité de taille, d'âge, et de force, qui me donnait plus de courage, et m'engageait à me distinguer."

unfold. That the impressions," adds the writer, "thus imbibed in his boyhood, had, notwithstanding the irregularities of his after life, sunk deep into his mind, will appear, I think, to every impartial reader of his works in general; and I never have been able to divest myself of the persuasion that, in the strange aberrations which so unfortunately marked his subsequent career, he must have found it difficult to violate the better principles early instilled into him."

It should have been mentioned, among the traits which I have recorded of his still earlier years, that, according to the character given of him by his first nurse's husband, he was, when a mere child, "particularly inquisitive and puzzling about religion."

It was not long before Dr. Glennie began to discover — what instructors of youth must too often experience — that the parent was a much more difficult subject to deal with than the child. Though professing entire acquiescence in the representations of this gentleman, as to the propriety of leaving her son to pursue his studies without interruption, Mrs. Byron had neither sense nor self-denial enough to act up to these professions; but, in spite of the remonstrances of Dr. Glennie, and the injunctions of Lord Carlisle, continued to interfere with and thwart the progress of the boy's education in every way that a fond, wrong-headed, and self-willed mother could devise. In vain was it stated to her that, in all the elemental parts of learning which are requisite for a youth destined to a great public school, young Byron was much behind other youths of his age, and that, to retrieve this deficiency, the undivided application of his whole time would be necessary. Though appearing to be sensible of the truth of these suggestions, she not the less embarrassed and obstructed the teacher in his task. Not content with the interval between Saturday and Monday, which, contrary to Dr. Glennie's wish, the boy generally passed at Sloane Terrace, she would frequently keep him at home a week beyond this time, and, still further to add to the distraction of such interruptions, collected around him a numerous circle of young acquaintances, without exercising, as may be supposed, much discrimination in her choice. "How, indeed, could she?" asks Dr. Glennie — "Mrs. Byron was a total stranger to English society and English manners; with an exterior far from prepossessing, an understanding where nature had not been more bountiful, a mind almost wholly without cultivation, and the peculiarities of northern opinions, northern habits, and northern accent, I trust I do no great prejudice to the memory of my countrywoman, if I say Mrs. Byron was not a Madame de Lambert, endowed with powers to retrieve the fortune, and form the character and manners, of a young nobleman, her son."

The interposition of Lord Carlisle, to whose authority it was found necessary to appeal, had more than once given a check to these disturbing indulgences. Sanctioned by such support, Dr. Glennie even ventured to oppose himself to the privilege, so often abused, of the usual visits on a Saturday; and the scenes which he had to encounter on each new case of refusal were such as would have wearied out the patience of any less zealous and conscientious schoolmaster. Mrs. Byron, whose paroxysms of passion were not, like those of her son, "silent rages," would, on all these occasions, break out into such audible fits of temper as it was impossible to keep from reaching the ears of the scholars and the servants; and Dr. Glennie had, one day, the pain of overhearing a school-fellow of his noble pupil say to him, "Byron, your mother is a fool;" to which the other answered gloomily, "I know it." In consequence of all this violence and impracticability of temper, Lord Carlisle at length ceased to have any intercourse with the mother of his ward; and on a further application from the instructor, for the exertion of his influence, said "I can have nothing more to do with Mrs. Byron, — you must now manage her as you can."[1]

Among the books that lay accessible to the boys in Dr. Glennie's study was a pamphlet written by the brother of one of his most intimate friends, entitled, "Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Juno on the coast of Aracan, in the year 1795." The writer[2] had been the second officer of the ship, and the account which he had sent home to his friends of the sufferings of himself and his fellow-passengers had appeared to them so touching and strange, that they determined to publish it. The pamphlet attracted but little, it seems, of public attention, but among the young students of Dulwich Grove it was a favourite study; and the impression which it left on the retentive mind of Byron

[1] ["This was a most unfortunate occurrence, and yet we do not see that it is possible to attach any serious blame to Lord Carlisle's conduct — at least until we reach a later stage of the story. The immediate consequence, however, was, that Lord Byron's mind continued to expand and ripen under the same unhappy influences which had withered the bloom of his infancy." — *Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

[2] [William Mackery, son of the Rev. Thomas Mackery, minister of Lairg, in Sutherlandshire.]

e had some share, perhaps, in
; that curious research through all
ıs Accounts of Shipwrecks upon
y which he prepared himself to
h such power a scene of the same
n in Don Juan. The following
incident, mentioned by the author
ımphlet, has been adopted, it will
ith but little change either of phrase
stance, by the poet: —
ose who were not immediately near
v little, unless by their cries. Some
hard, and died in great agony; but
; always those whose strength was
ıired that died the easiest, though,
cases, it might have been so. I/
ly remember the following instances.
's servant, a stout and healthy boy,
y and almost without a groan;
ther of the same age, but of a less
appearance, held out much longer.
of these unfortunate boys differed
nother respect highly deserving of
Their fathers were both in the fore-
the lads were taken ill. The
Mr. Wade's boy hearing of his son's
swered with indifference, 'that he
nothing for him,' and left him to
The other, when the accounts
him, hurried down, and watching
urable moment, crawled on all-fours
weather gunwale to his son, who
e mizen rigging. By that time, only
four planks of the quarter-deck
just over the weather-quarter
nd to this spot the unhappy man
on, making him fast to the rail to
is being washed away. Whenever
as seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped the foam from his lips; and, if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, then raised the body, gazed wistfully at it, and, when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvass, sunk down and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs, when a wave broke over him."[1]

It was probably during one of the vacations of this year, that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy. "My first dash into poetry," he says, "was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her — her dark eyes — her long eye-lashes — her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve — she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death.

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owing is Lord Byron's version of this touch-
; and it will be felt, I think, by every reader,
ne of the instances in which poetry must be
eld the palm to prose. There is a pathos in
nces of the seaman's recital, which the ar-
tre and rhyme were sure to disturb, and
d, no verses, however beautiful, could half
and powerfully express: —

e two fathers in this ghastly crew,
h them their two sons, of whom the one
robust and hardy to the view,
ied early; and when he was gone,
t messmate told his sire, who threw
ce on him, and said, 'Heaven's will be done,
othing,' and he saw him thrown
ep without a tear or groan.

father had a weaklier child,
cheek, and aspect delicate;
y bore up long, and with a mild
ent spirit held aloof his fate;
aid, and now and then he smiled,
in a part from off the weight
reasing on his father's heart,
eep, deadly thought, that they must part.

"And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth — but in vain.

"The boy expired — the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast:
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering."

DON JUAN, *Canto* II.

In the collection of "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," to which Lord Byron so skilfully had recourse for the technical knowledge and facts out of which he has composed his own powerful description, the reader will find the account of the loss of the Juno here referred to.

My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness[1], and seeing but little of me, for family reasons), knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy — a very dull one.[2]

"I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the *transparent* beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow — all beauty and peace.

"My passion had its usual effects upon me — I could not sleep — I could not eat — I could not rest: and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again, being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

He had been nearly two years under the tuition of Dr. Glennie, when his mother, discontented at the slowness of his progress — though being, herself, as we have seen, the principal cause of it — entreated so urgently of Lord Carlisle to have him removed to a public school, that her wish was at length acceded to; and "accordingly," says Dr. Glennie, "to Harrow he went, as little prepared as it is natural to suppose from two years of elementary instruction, thwarted by every art that could estrange the mind of youth from preceptor, from school, and from all serious study."

This gentleman saw but little of Lord Byron after he left his care; but, from the manner in which both he and Mrs. Glennie spoke of their early charge, it was evident that his subsequent career had been watched by them with interest; that they had seen even his errors through the softening medium of their first feeling towards him, and had never, in his most irregular aberrations, lost the traces of those fine qualities which they had loved and admired in him when a child. Of the constancy, too, of this feeling, Dr. Glennie had to stand no ordinary trial, having visited Geneva in 1817, soon after Lord Byron had left it, when the private character of the poet was in the very crisis of its unpopularity, and when, among those friends who knew that Dr. Glennie had once been his tutor, it was made a frequent subject of banter with this gentleman that he had not more strictly disciplined his pupil, or, to use their own words, "made a better boy of him."

About the time when young Byron was removed, for his education, to London, his nurse May Gray left the service of Mrs. Byron and returned to her native country, where she died about three years since. She had married respectably, and in one of her last illnesses was attended professionally by Dr. Ewing of Aberdeen, who, having been always an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Byron, was no less surprised than delighted to find that the person under his care had for so many years been an attendant on his favourite poet. With avidity, as may be supposed, he noted down from the lips of his patient all the particulars she could remember of his Lordship's early days; and it is to the communications with which this gentleman has favoured me, that I am indebted for many of the anecdotes of that period which I have related.

As a mark of gratitude for her attention to him, Byron had, in parting with May Gray, presented her with his watch, — the first of which he had ever been possessor. This watch the faithful nurse preserved fondly through life, and, when she died, it was given by her husband to Dr. Ewing, by whom, as a relic of genius, it is equally valued. The affectionate boy had also presented her with a full-length miniature of himself, which was painted by Kay of Edinburgh, in the year 1795, and which represents him standing with a bow and arrows in his hand, and a profusion of hair falling over his shoulders. This curious little drawing has likewise passed into the possession of Dr. Ewing.

The same thoughtful gratitude was evinced by Byron towards the sister of this woman, his first nurse, to whom he wrote some years after he left Scotland, in the most cordial terms, making inquiries of her welfare, and informing her, with much joy, that he had at last got his foot so far restored as to be able to put on a common boot, — "an event for which he had long anxiously wished, and which he was sure would give her great pleasure."

[1] [This lady, daughter of M. Doublette, a Dutch gentleman, was married at the Hague, in 1743, to Robert D'Arcy, fourth Earl of Holderness. Upon his death, in 1778, the earldom became extinct, and what remained of his estate, together with the barony of Conyers, descended to his only daughter, the first wife of the Poet's father. Lady Holderness died in London, October, 1801, aged eighty.]

[2] [See Works, p. 376.]

In the summer of the year 1801 he accompanied his mother to Cheltenham, and the account which he himself gives of his sensations at that period[1] shows at what an early age those feelings that lead to poetry had unfolded themselves in his heart. A boy, gazing with emotion on the hills at sunset, because they remind him of the mountains among which he passed his childhood, is already, in heart and imagination, a poet. It was during their stay at Cheltenham that a fortune-teller, whom his mother consulted, pronounced a prediction concerning him which, for some time, left a strong impression on his mind. Mrs. Byron had, it seems, in her first visit to this person, (who, if I mistake not, was the celebrated fortune-teller, Mrs. Williams,) endeavoured to pass herself off as a maiden lady. The sibyl, however, was not so easily deceived; — she pronounced her wise consulter to be not only a married woman, but the mother of a son who was lame, and to whom, among other events which she read in the stars, it was predestined that his life should be in danger from poison before he was of age, and that he should be twice married, — the second time, to a foreign lady. About two years afterwards he himself mentioned these particulars to the person from whom I heard the story, and said that the thought of the first part of the prophecy very often occurred to him. The latter part, however, seems to have been the *nearer* guess of the two.

CHAPTER III.

1801—1805.

HARROW. — ANECDOTES OF SCHOOL LIFE. — BOYISH FRIENDSHIPS. — PEEL. — GEORGE SINCLAIR. — CLAYTON. — LORD CLARE. — WILDMAN. — WILLIAM HARNESS. — EARLY CORRESPONDENCE. — HARROW CHURCH YARD. — BYRON'S TOMB. — SUMMER HOLIDAYS. — BATH. — NOTTINGHAM AND ANNESLEY. — MISS CHAWORTH. — SOUTHWELL.

To a shy disposition, such as Byron's was in his youth — and such as, to a certain degree, it continued all his life — the transition from a quiet establishment, like that of Dulwich Grove, to the bustle of a great public school, was sufficiently trying. Accordingly, we find from his own account, that, for the first year and a half, he "hated Harrow." The activity, however, and sociableness of his nature soon conquered this repugnance; and, from being, as he himself says, "a most unpopular boy," he rose at length to be a leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school.

For a general notion of his dispositions and capacities at this period, we could not have recourse to a more trustworthy or valuable authority than that of the Rev. Dr. Drury, who was at this time head master of the school, and to whom Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for Dr. Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the poet and the master. From this venerable scholar I have received the following brief but important statement of the impressions which his early intercourse with the young noble left upon him: —

"Mr. Hanson, Lord Byron's solicitor, consigned him to my care at the age of 13½, with remarks, that his education had been neglected; that he was ill prepared for a public school, but that he thought there was a *cleverness* about him. After his departure I took my young disciple into my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by enquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect; — and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. In the first place, it was necessary to attach him to an elder boy, in order to familiarise him with the objects before him, and with some parts of the system in which he was to move. But the information he received from his conductor gave him no pleasure, when he heard of the advances of some in the school, much younger than himself, and conceived by his own deficiency that he should be degraded, and humbled, by being placed below them. This I discovered, and having committed him to the care of one of the masters, as his tutor, I assured him he should not be placed till, by diligence, he might rank with those of his own age. He was pleased with this assurance, and felt himself on easier terms with his associates; — for a degree of shyness hung about him for some time. His manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable; — on that principle I acted. After some continuance at Harrow, and when the powers of his mind had begun to expand, the late Lord Carlisle, his relation, desired to see me in town; — I waited on his Lordship. His object was to inform me of Lord Byron's expectations of property when he came of age, which he represented as contracted, and to inquire respecting his abilities. On the former circumstance I

[1] See page 8.

made no remark; as to the latter, I replied, 'He has talents, my Lord, which will *add lustre to his rank*.' 'Indeed!!!' said his Lordship, with a degree of surprise, that, according to my feeling, did not express in it all the satisfaction I expected.

"The circumstance to which you allude, as to his declamatory powers, was as follows. The upper part of the school composed declamations, which, after a revisal by the tutors, were submitted to the master: to him the authors repeated them, that they might be improved in manner and action, before their public delivery. I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition; as, in the earlier part of his delivery, did Lord Byron. But, to my surprise, he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure: —he came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, why he had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him; and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed."

In communicating to me these recollections of his illustrious pupil, Dr. Drury has added a circumstance which shows how strongly, even in all the pride of his fame, that awe with which he had once regarded the opinions of his old master still hung around the poet's sensitive mind: —

"After my retreat from Harrow, I received from him two very affectionate letters. In my occasional visits subsequently to London, when he had fascinated the public with his productions, I demanded of him, why, as in *duty bound*, he had sent none to me? 'Because,' said he, 'you are the only man I never wish to read them:'—but, in a few moments, he added—'What do you think of the Corsair?'"

I shall now lay before the reader such notices of his school-life as I find scattered through the various note-books he has left behind. Coming, as they do, from his own pen, it is needless to add, that they afford the liveliest and best records of this period that can be furnished.

"Till I was eighteen years old (odd as it may seem) I had never read a review. But while at Harrow, my general information was so great on modern topics as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from *Reviews*, because I was never *seen* reading[1], but always idle, and in mischief, or at play. The truth is, that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, and yet never *met* with a Review, which is the only reason I know of why I should not have read them. But it is true; for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh by my ludicrous astonishment in asking them '*What is* a Review?' To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more, I was better acquainted with that same; but the first I ever read was in 1806–7.

"At school I was (as I have said) remarked for the extent and readiness of my *general* information; but in all other respects idle, capable of great sudden exertions, (such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters, of course with such prosody as it pleased God,) but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical; and Dr. Drury, my grand patron, (our head master,) had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action.[2] I remember that my first declamation astonished him into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal. My first Harrow verses, (that is, English, as exercises, a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus,) were received by him but coolly. No one had the least notion that I should subside into poesy.

"Peel, the orator and statesman[3], ('that was, or is, or is to be,') was my form-fellow,

[1] [Here on Sir Walter Scott's copy of Byron's Life is the following MS. note:—"Blockheads never can find out how folks cleverer than themselves came by their information. They never know what is done at dressing-time, meal-time even—or in how few minutes they can get at the sense of many pages."]

[2] For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement sages,—such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm. On one of these public occasions, when it was arranged that he should take the part of Drances, and young Peel that of Turnus, Lord Byron suddenly changed his mind, and preferred the speech of Latinus,—fearing, it was supposed, some ridicule from the inappropriate taunt of Turnus, "Ventosâ in linguâ, *pedibusque fugacibus istis*."

[3] [Now the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, 1838.]

and we were both at the top of our remove (a public school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, *out* of school, I was always *in* scrapes, and *he never;* and *in school*, he *always* knew his lesson, and I rarely,—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c., I think I was *his* superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.

"The prodigy of our school-days was George Sinclair[1] (son of Sir John); he made exercises for half the school (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it. * * * He was a friend of mine, and in the same remove, and used at times to beg me to let him do my exercise,—a request always most readily accorded upon a pinch, or when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. On the other hand, he was pacific and I savage; so I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others when it was necessary, as a point of honour and stature, that he should so chastise;—or we talked politics, for he was a great politician, and were very good friends. I have some of his letters, written to me from school, still.[2]

"Clayton was another school-monster of learning, and talent, and hope; but what has become of him I do not know. He was certainly a genius.

"My school friendships were with me *passions*[3], (for I was always violent,) but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare[4] begun one of the earliest, and lasted longest—being only interrupted by distance—that I know of. I never hear the word '*Clare*' without a beating of the heart even *now*, and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5, ad infinitum."

The following extract is from another of his manuscript journals:—

"At Harrow, I fought my way very fairly.[5] I think I lost but one battle out of seven; and that was to H——;—and the rascal did not win it, but by the unfair treatment of his own boarding-house, where we boxed: I had not even a second. I never forgave him; and I should be sorry to meet him now, as I am sure we should quarrel. My most memorable combats were with Morgan, Rice, Rainsford, and Lord Jocelyn,—but we were always friendly afterwards. I was a most unpopular boy, but *led* latterly, and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Dr. Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since. Dr. Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently too, was the best, the kindest, (and yet strict, too,) friend I ever had—and I look upon him still as a father.

"P. Hunter, Curzon, Long, and Tatersall, were my principal friends. Clare, Dorset, C^s. Gordon, De Bath, Claridge, and J^no. Wingfield, were my juniors and favourites, whom I spoilt by indulgence. Of all human beings, I was, perhaps, at one time, the most attached to poor Wingfield, who died at Coimbra, 1811, before I returned to England."[6]

[1] [Now (1838) Sir George Sinclair, M. P. for Caithness: he succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, the well known president of the board of agriculture, &c. &c., in December, 1832.]

[2] His letters to Mr. Sinclair, in return, are unluckily lost,—one of them, as this gentleman tells me, having been highly characteristic of the jealous sensitiveness of his noble schoolfellow, being written under the impression of some ideal slight, and beginning, angrily, "Sir."

[3] On a leaf of one of his note-books, dated 1808, I find the following passage from Marmontel, which no doubt struck him as applicable to the enthusiasm of his own youthful friendships:—L'amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les cloîtres."—*Contes Moraux.*

[4] [John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare, born June 2. 1792. His father, whom he succeeded in 1802, was for many years Lord Chancellor of Ireland.]

[5] Mr. D'Israeli, in his ingenious work "On the Literary Character," has given it as his opinion, that a disinclination to athletic sports and exercises will be, in general, found among the peculiarities which mark a youthful genius. In support of this notion he quotes Beattie, who thus describes his ideal minstrel:—

"Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped."

His highest authority, however, is Milton, who says of himself,

"When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing."

Such general rules, however, are as little applicable to the dispositions of men of genius as to their powers. If, in the instances which Mr. D'Israeli adduces, an indisposition to bodily exertion was manifested, as many others may be cited in which the directly opposite propensity was remarkable. In war, the most turbulent of exercises, Æschylus, Dante, Camoens, and a long list of other poets, distinguished themselves; and, though it may be granted that Horace was a bad rider, and Virgil no tennis-player, yet, on the other hand, Dante was, we know, a falconer as well as swordsman; Tasso, expert both as swordsman and dancer; Alfieri, a great rider; Klopstock, a skaiter; Cowper, famous, in his youth, at cricket and foot-ball, and Lord Byron, pre-eminent in all sorts of exercises.

[6] [The Hon. John Wingfield, of the Coldstream guards, brother to Lord Powerscourt. He died of a fever, May

One of the most striking results of the English system of education is, that while in no country are there so many instances of manly friendships early formed and steadily maintained, so in no other country, perhaps, are the feelings towards the parental home so early estranged[1], or, at the best, feebly cherished. Transplanted as boys are from the domestic circle, at a time of life when the affections are most disposed to cling, it is but natural that they should seek a substitute for the ties of home[2] in those boyish friendships which they form at school, and which, connected as they are with the scenes and events over which youth threw its charm, retain ever after the strongest hold upon their hearts. In Ireland, and I believe also in France, where the system of education is more domestic, a different result is accordingly observable: — the paternal home comes in for its due and natural share of affection, and the growth of friendships, out of this domestic circle, is proportionably diminished.

To a youth like Byron, abounding with the most passionate feelings, and finding sympathy with only the ruder parts of his nature at home, the little world of school afforded a vent for his affections, which was sure to call them forth in their most ardent form. Accordingly, the friendships which he contracted, both at school and college, were little less than what he himself describes them, "passions." The want he felt at home of those kindred dispositions, which greeted him among "Ida's social band," is thus strongly described in one of his early poems[3]: —

"Is there no cause beyond the common claim,
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers, Friendship will be doubly dear
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home:
Those hearts, dear Ida, have I found in thee,
A home, a world, a paradise to me."

This early volume, indeed, abounds with the most affectionate tributes to his school-fellows. Even his expostulations to one of them, who had given him some cause for complaint, are thus tenderly conveyed: —

"You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You know me unaltered by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

"You knew — but away with the vain retrospection,
The bond of affection no longer endures.
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours."

The following description of what he felt after leaving Harrow, when he encountered in the world any of his old school-fellows, falls far short of the scene which actually occurred but a few years before his death in Italy, — when, on meeting with his friend, Lord Clare, after a long separation, he was affected almost to tears by the recollections which rushed on him.

"If chance some well remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advance to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me yet a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were all forgotten when my friend was found."

It will be seen, by the extracts from his memorandum-book, which I have given, that

14. 1811. On hearing of the loss of his beloved school-fellow, Lord Byron added the following stanza to the first canto of Childe Harold: —

"And thou, my friend! — since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain —
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?"]

[1] ["We must dissent from this opinion, and, in doing so, we believe we may safely appeal to the personal experience of our readers of all classes. But the observation, even had it been just, might as well have been omitted in a life of Lord Byron, who certainly had no parental home from which his feelings could have been estranged by any possible system of education. The sweet sources of veneration had never flowed for him, and the charities of fraternal intercourse, nature's earliest and best antidotes to selfishness, he had never known."—*Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

[2] ["At eight or nine years of age the boy goes to school. From that moment he becomes a stranger in his father's house. The course of parental kindness is interrupted. The smiles of his mother, those tender admonitions, and the solicitous care of both his parents, are no longer before his eyes — year after year he feels himself more detached from them, till at last he is so effectually weaned from the connection, as to find himself happier any where than in their company."—*Cowper, Letters.*]

[3] Even previously to any of these school friendships, he had formed the same sort of romantic attachment to a boy of his own age, the son of one of his tenants at Newstead; and there are two or three of his most juvenile poems, in which he dwells no less upon the inequality than the warmth of this friendship. Thus: —

"Let Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with Vice combined.

"And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth,
Yet envy not this gaudy state,
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

"Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.
"November, 1802."

Mr. Peel was one of his contemporaries at Harrow; and the following interesting anecdote of an occurrence in which both were concerned, has been related to me by a friend of the latter gentleman, in whose words I shall endeavour as nearly as possible to give it.

While Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant, some few years older, whose name was ******, claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain:—****** not only subdued him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation, was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight ****** with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if ****** would be pleased to tell him "how many stripes he meant to inflict?"—"Why," returned the executioner, "you little rascal, what is that to you?"—"Because if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half!"

There is a mixture of simplicity and magnanimity in this little trait which is truly heroic; and however we may smile at the friendships of boys, it is but rarely that the friendship of manhood is capable of any thing half so generous.

Among his school favourites a great number, it may be observed, were nobles or of noble family—Lords Clare and Delawarr[1], the Duke of Dorset[2], and young Wingfield; and that their rank may have had some share in first attracting his regard to them, might appear from a circumstance mentioned to me by one of his school-fellows, who, being monitor one day, had put Lord Delawarr on his list for punishment. Byron hearing of this, came up to him, and said, "Wildman, I find you've got Delawarr on your list—pray don't lick him."—"Why not?"—Why, I don't know—except that he is a brother peer. But pray don't." It is almost needless to add, that his interference, on such grounds, was any thing but successful. One of the few merits, indeed, of public schools is, that they level, in some degree, these artificial distinctions, and that, however the peer may have his revenge in the world afterwards, the young plebeian is, for once, at least, on something like an equality with him.

It is true that Lord Byron's high notions of rank were, in his boyish days, so little disguised or softened down, as to draw upon him, at times, the ridicule of his companions; and it was at Dulwich, I think, that from his frequent boast of the superiority of an old English barony over all the later creations of the peerage, he got the nickname among the boys, of "the Old English baron." But it is a mistake to suppose that, either at school or afterwards, he was at all guided in the selection of his friends by aristocratic sympathies. On the contrary, like most very proud persons, he chose his intimates in general from a rank beneath his own, and those boys whom he ranked as *friends* at school were mostly of this description; while the chief charm that recommended to him his younger favourites was their inferiority to himself in age and strength, which enabled him to indulge his generous pride by taking upon himself, when necessary, the office of their protector.

Among those whom he attached to himself by this latter tie, one of the earliest (though he has omitted to mention his name) was William Harness[3], who at the time of his entering Harrow was ten years of age, while Byron was fourteen. Young Harness, still lame from an accident of his childhood, and but just recovered from a severe illness, was ill fitted to struggle with the difficulties of a public school; and Byron, one day, seeing him bullied by a boy much older and stronger than himself, interfered and took his part. The next day, as the little fellow was standing alone, Byron came to him and said, "Harness, if any one bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him, if I can." The young champion kept

[1] [George-John, fifth Earl Delawarr, born October, 1791, succeeded his father, July, 1795. In an unpublished letter of Lord Byron, dated Harrow, Nov. 4. 1802, he says, "Lord Delawarr is considerably younger than me, but the most good-tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the universe: to all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of a woman) of being remarkably handsome. Delawarr and myself are, in a manner, connected; for one of my forefathers in Charles the First's time, married into their family."—See BYRONIANA.]

[2] [George-John-Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, born Nov. 1793. This amiable nobleman was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, Feb. 1815. See *post*, Letter, No. 217.]

[3] [Mr. Harness is now minister of Regent Square Church. He has published "Sermons on the Sacrament," the "Connexion of Christianity with Happiness," &c.]

his word, and they were from this time, notwithstanding the difference of their ages, inseparable friends. A coolness, however, subsequently arose between them, to which and to the juvenile friendship it interrupted, Lord Byron, in a letter addressed to Harness six years afterwards, alludes with so much kindly feeling, so much delicacy and frankness, that I am tempted to anticipate the date of the letter, and give an extract from it here.

"We both seem perfectly to recollect, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, the hours we once passed together, and I assure you, most sincerely, they are numbered among the happiest of my brief chronicle of enjoyment. I am now *getting into years*, that is to say, I was *twenty* a month ago, and another year will send me into the world to run my career of folly with the rest. I was then just fourteen,—you were almost the first of my Harrow friends, certainly the *first* in my esteem, if not in date; but an absence from Harrow for some time, shortly after, and new connections on your side, and the difference in our conduct (an advantage decidedly in your favour) from that turbulent and riotous disposition of mine, which impelled me into every species of mischief,—all these circumstances combined to destroy an intimacy, which affection urged me to continue, and memory compels me to regret. But there is not a circumstance attending that period, hardly a sentence we exchanged, which is not impressed on my mind at this moment. I need not say more,—this assurance alone must convince you, had I considered them as trivial, they would have been less indelible. How well I recollect the perusal of your 'first flights!' There is another circumstance you do not know;—the *first lines* I ever attempted at Harrow were addressed to *you*. You were to have seen them; but Sinclair had the copy in his possession when we went home;—and, on our return, we were *strangers*. They were destroyed, and certainly no great loss; but you will perceive from this circumstance my opinions at an age when we cannot be hypocrites.

"I have dwelt longer on this theme than I intended, and I shall now conclude with what I ought to have begun. We were once friends,—nay, we have always been so, for our separation was the effect of chance, not of dissension. I do not know how far our destinations in life may throw us together, but if opportunity and inclination allow you to waste a thought on such a hare-brained being as myself, you will find me at least sincere, and not so bigoted to my faults as to involve others in the consequences. Will you sometimes write to me? I do not ask it often; and, if we meet, let us be what we *should* be, and what we *were*."

Of the tenaciousness with which, as we see in this letter, he clung to all the impressions of his youth, there can be no stronger proof than the very interesting fact, that, while so little of his own boyish correspondence has been preserved, there were found among his papers almost all the notes and letters which his principal school favourites, even the youngest, had ever addressed to him; and, in some cases, where the youthful writers had omitted to date their scrawls, his faithful memory had, at an interval of years after, supplied the deficiency. Among these memorials, so fondly treasured by him, there is one which it would be unjust not to cite, as well on account of the manly spirit that dawns through its own childish language, as for the sake of the tender and amiable feeling which, it will be seen, the re-perusal of it, in other days, awakened in Byron:—

"TO THE LORD BYRON, &c. &c.

"Harrow on the Hill, July 28. 1805.

"Since you have been so unusually unkind to me, in calling me names whenever you meet me, of late, I must beg an explanation, wishing to know whether you choose to be as good friends with me as ever. I must own that, for this last month, you have entirely cut me,—for, I suppose, your new cronies. But think not that I will (because you choose to take into your head some whim or other) be always going up to you, nor do, as I observe certain other fellows doing, to regain your friendship; nor think that I am your friend either through interest, or because you are bigger and older than I am. No,—it never was so, nor ever shall be so. I was only your friend, and am so still,—unless you go on in this way, calling me names whenever you see me. I am sure you may easily perceive I do not like it; therefore, why should you do it, unless you wish that I should no longer be your friend? And why should I be so, if you treat me unkindly? I have no interest in being so. Though you do not let the boys bully me, yet if *you* treat me unkindly, that is to me a great deal worse.

"I am no hypocrite, Byron, nor will I, for your pleasure, ever suffer you to call me names, if you wish me to be your friend. If not, I cannot help it. I am sure no one can say that I will cringe to regain a friendship that you have rejected. Why should I do so? Am I not your equal? Therefore, what interest can I have in doing so? When we meet again in the world, (that is, if you

choose it,) *you* cannot advance or promote *me*, nor I you. Therefore I beg and entreat of you, if you value my friendship,—which, by your conduct, I am sure I cannot think you do,—not to call me the names you do, nor abuse me. Till that time, it will be out of my power to call you friend. I shall be obliged for an answer as soon as it is convenient; till then

"I remain yours,

* *

"I cannot say your friend."

Endorsed on this letter, in the handwriting of Lord Byron, is the following:—

"This and another letter were written at Harrow, by my *then*, and I hope *ever*, beloved friend, Lord **, when we were both school-boys, and sent to my study in consequence of some childish misunderstanding,—the only one which ever arose between us. It was of short duration, and I retain this note solely for the purpose of submitting it to his perusal, that we may smile over the recollection of the insignificance of our first and last quarrel.

"BYRON."

In a letter, dated two years afterwards, from the same boy[1], there occurs the following characteristic trait:—"I think, by your last letter, that you are very much piqued with most of your friends; and, if I am not much mistaken you are a little piqued with me. In one part you say, 'There is little or no doubt a few years, or months, will render us as politely indifferent to each other as if we had never passed a portion of our time together.' Indeed Byron, you wrong me, and I have no doubt—at least, I hope—you wrong yourself."

As that propensity to self-delineation, which so strongly pervades his maturer works is, to the full, as predominant in his early productions, there needs no better record of his mode of life, as a school-boy, than what these fondly circumstantial effusions supply. Thus the sports he delighted and excelled in are enumerated:—

"Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
Together we impell'd the flying ball,
. . . . . .
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green, declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant waters bore;
In every element, unchang'd, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name."

The danger which he incurred in a fight with some of the neighbouring farmers—an event well remembered by some of his school-fellows—is thus commemorated:—

"Still I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life;
High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue:
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of the impending blow.
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
The grovelling savage rolled upon the sand."

Some feud, it appears, had arisen on the subject of the cricket-ground, between these "clods" (as in school-language they are called) and the boys, and one or two skirmishes had previously taken place. But the engagement here recorded was accidentally brought on by the breaking up of school and the dismissal of the volunteers from drill, both happening, on that occasion, at the same hour. This circumstance accounts for the use of the musket, the butt-end of which was aimed at Byron's head, and would have felled him to the ground, but for the interposition of his friend Tatersal[2], a lively, high-spirited boy, whom he addresses here under the name of Davus.

Notwithstanding these general habits of play and idleness, which might seem to indicate a certain absence of reflection and feeling, there were moments when the youthful poet would retire thoughtfully within

[1] There are, in other letters of the same writer, some curious proofs of the passionate and jealous sensibility of Byron. From one of them, for instance, we collect that he had taken offence at his young friend's addressing him "my dear Byron," instead of "my dearest;" and from another, that his jealousy had been awakened by some expressions of regret which his correspondent had expressed at the departure of Lord John Russell for Spain:—

"You tell me," says the young letter-writer, "that you never knew me in such an agitation as I was when I wrote my last letter; and do you not think I had reason to be so? I received a letter from you on Saturday, telling me you were going abroad for six years in March, and on Sunday John Russell set off for Spain. Was not that sufficient to make me rather melancholy? But how can you possibly imagine that I was more agitated on John Russell's account, who is gone for a few months, and from whom I shall hear constantly, than at your going for six years to travel over most part of the world, when I shall hardly ever hear from you, and perhaps may never see you again?

"It has very much hurt me your telling me that you might be excused if you felt rather jealous at my expressing more sorrow for the departure of the friend who was with me, than of that one who was absent. It is quite impossible you can think I am more sorry for John's absence than I shall be for yours;—I shall therefore finish the subject."

[2] [The Rev. John Cecil Tatersal, B. A. of Christ Church, Oxford. He died, Dec. 1812, at Hall's-Place, Kent, in his twenty-fourth year.]

himself, and give way to moods of musing uncongenial with the usual cheerfulness of his age. They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's tomb[1];" and here, they say, he used to sit for hours wrapt up in thought, — brooding lonelily over the first stirrings of passion and genius in his soul, and occasionally, perhaps, indulging in those bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when little more than fifteen years of age, he wrote these remarkable lines: —

> "My epitaph shall be my name alone;
> If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
> Oh may no other fame my deeds repay!
> That, only that, shall single out the spot,
> By that remember'd, or with that forgot."

In the autumn of 1802, he passed a short time with his mother at Bath, and entered, rather prematurely, into some of the gaieties of the place. At a masquerade given by Lady Riddel, he appeared in the character of a Turkish boy, — a sort of anticipation, both in beauty and costume, of his own young Selim, in "The Bride." On his entering into the house, some person in the crowd attempted to snatch the diamond crescent from his turban, but was prevented by the prompt interposition of one of the party. The lady who mentioned to me this circumstance, and who was well acquainted with Mrs. Byron at that period, adds the following remark in the communication with which she has favoured me: — "At Bath I saw a good deal of Lord Byron, — his mother frequently sent for me to take tea with her. He was always very pleasant and droll, and, when conversing about absent friends, showed a slight turn for satire, which after-years, as is well known, gave a finer edge to."

We come now to an event in his life which, according to his own deliberate persuasion, exercised a lasting and paramount influence over the whole of his subsequent character and career.

It was in the year 1803 that his heart, already twice, as we have seen, possessed with the childish notion that it loved, conceived an attachment which — young as he was, even then, for such a feeling — sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life.[2] That unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting, is a truth, however sad, which unluckily did not require this instance to confirm it.[3] To the same cause, I fear, must be traced the perfect innocence and romance which distinguish this very early attachment to Miss Chaworth from the many others that succeeded, without effacing it in his heart; — making it the only one whose details can be entered into with safety, or whose results, however darkening their influence on himself, can be dwelt upon with pleasurable interest by others.

On leaving Bath, Mrs. Byron took up her abode, in lodgings, at Nottingham, — Newstead Abbey being at that time let to Lord Grey de Ruthen, — and during the Harrow vacations of this year, she was joined there by her son. So attached was he to Newstead, that even to be in its neighbourhood was a delight to him; and, before he became acquainted with Lord Grey, he used sometimes to sleep, for a night, at the small house near the gate, which is still known by the name of "The Hut."[4] An intimacy, however, soon sprung up between him and his noble tenant, and an apartment in the abbey was from thenceforth always at his service. To the family of Miss Chaworth, who resided at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead, he had been made known, some time before, in London, and now renewed his acquaintance with them. The young heiress herself combined with the many worldly advantages that encircled

[1] To this tomb he thus refers in the "Childish Recollections," as printed in his first unpublished volume: —

> "Oft when, oppress'd with sad, foreboding gloom,
> I sat reclin'd upon our favourite tomb."

[2] ["That this affair gave a colour to all his future life we do not in the slightest degree believe. It was his own mind that gave the colour to the affair. It was his disposition to aim always at unattainable things. If he had married this idol, he would very soon have drawn the same conclusion respecting her, which he drew respecting all the objects of his more successful pursuit: —

> 'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
> And they who know it best deplore it most;
> When all is won that all desire to woo,
> The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost.'" —
> *Westminster Rev.*]

[3] ["Neither this nor a thousand other instances — begging Mr. Moore's pardon — can confirm the truth of any such senseless assertion. If unsuccessful, mean unrequited loves — which here they manifestly must do — then all observation and all experience show that generally they are transient. It must be so. It is altogether unnatural to cling hopelessly to any passion — of love or hate. It must die. If it lived long intensely, it would kill the soul of the sufferer. If it live long languidly, then we must not call it lasting; for languor is one thing and passion is another: and what right to the name of passion has a vague, aimless feeling, that now and then, to the touch of some accidental association, lifts its head up from sleep, and then lays it down again on the pillow of oblivion?" — WILSON.]

[4] I find this circumstance, of his having occasionally slept at the Hut, though asserted by one of the old servants, much doubted by others.

her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at the period of which we are speaking that the young poet, who was then in his sixteenth year, while the object of his admiration was about two years older, seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting; — six short summer weeks which he now passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life.

He used, at first, though offered a bed at Annesley, to return every night to Newstead, to sleep; alleging as a reason that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths, — that he fancied "they had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel, and would come down from their frames at night to haunt him."[1] At length, one evening, he said gravely to Miss Chaworth and her cousin, "In going home last night I saw a *bogle*;" — which Scotch term being wholly unintelligible to the young ladies, he explained that he had seen a *ghost*, and would not therefore return to Newstead that evening. From this time he always slept at Annesley during the remainder of his visit, which was interrupted only by a short excursion to Matlock and Castleton, in which he had the happiness of accompanying Miss Chaworth and her party, and of which the following interesting notice appears in one of his memorandum-books: —

"When I was fifteen years of age, it happened that, in a cavern in Derbyshire, I had to cross in a boat (in which two people only could lie down) a stream which flows under a rock, with the rock so close upon the water as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferryman (a sort of Charon) who wades at the stern, stooping all the time. The companion of my transit was M. A. C., with whom I had been long in love, and never told it, though *she* had discovered it without. I recollect my sensations, but cannot describe them, and it is as well. We were a party, a Mr. W., two Miss W.s, Mr. and Mrs. Cl—ke, Miss R. and *my* M. A. C. Alas! why do I say MY? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers, — it would have joined lands broad and rich, it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder), and — and — and — *what* has been the result?"

In the dances of the evening at Matlock, Miss Chaworth, of course, joined, while her lover sat looking on, solitary and mortified. It is not impossible, indeed, that the dislike which he always expressed for this amusement may have originated in some bitter pang, felt in his youth, on seeing "the lady of his love" led out by others to the gay dance from which he was himself excluded. On the present occasion, the young heiress of Annesley having had for her partner (as often happens at Matlock) some person with whom she was wholly unacquainted, on her resuming her seat, Byron said to her pettishly, "I hope you like your friend?" The words were scarce out of his lips when he was accosted by an ungainly-looking Scotch lady, who rather boisterously claimed him as "cousin," and was putting his pride to the torture with her vulgarity, when he heard the voice of his fair companion retorting archly in his ear, "I hope *you* like your friend?"

His time at Annesley was mostly passed in riding with Miss Chaworth and her cousin, sitting in idle reverie, as was his custom, pulling at his handkerchief, or in firing at a door which opens upon the terrace, and which still, I believe, bears the marks of his shots. But his chief delight was in sitting to hear Miss Chaworth play; and the pretty Welsh air, "Mary Anne," was (partly, of course, on account of the name) his especial favourite. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the heart of her he loved was occupied by another; — that, as he himself expresses it,

> "Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
> Even as a brother — but no more."

Neither is it, indeed, probable, had even her affections been disengaged, that Lord Byron would, at this time, have been selected as the object of them. A seniority of two years gives to a girl, "on the eve of womanhood," an advance into life with which the boy keeps no proportionate pace. Miss Chaworth looked upon Byron as a mere school-boy. He was in his manners, too, at that period, rough and odd, and (as I have heard from more than one quarter) by no means popular among girls of his own age. If, at any moment, however, he had flattered

[1] It may possibly have been the recollection of these pictures that suggested to him the following lines in the Siege of Corinth: —

"Like the figures on arras that gloomily glare,
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown."

[See Works, p. 127.]

himself with the hope of being loved by her, a circumstance mentioned in his "Memoranda," as one of the most painful of those humiliations to which the defect in his foot had exposed him, must have let the truth in, with dreadful certainty, upon his heart. He either was told of, or overheard, Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, "Do you think I could care any thing for that lame boy?" This speech, as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead.

The picture which he has drawn of his youthful love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, "The Dream," shows how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old hall at Annesley, under the name of "the antique oratory," will long call up to fancy the "maiden and the youth" who once stood in it: while the image of the "lover's steed," though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less conduce to the general charm of the scene, and share a portion of that light which only genius could shed over it.[1]

He appears already, at this boyish age, to have been so far a proficient in gallantry as to know the use that may be made of the trophies of former triumphs in achieving new ones; for he used to boast, with much pride, to Miss Chaworth, of a locket which some fair favourite had given him, and which probably may have been a present from that pretty cousin, of whom he speaks with such warmth in one of the notices already quoted. He was also, it appears, not a little aware of his own beauty, which, notwithstanding the tendency to corpulence derived from his mother, gave promise, at this time, of that peculiar expression into which his features refined and kindled afterwards.

With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth once more in the succeeding year, and took his last farewell of her (as he himself used to relate) on that hill near Annesley[2] which, in his poem of "The Dream," he describes so happily as "crowned with a peculiar diadem." No one, he declared, could have told how *much* he felt — for his countenance was calm, and his feelings restrained. "The next time I see you," said he in parting with her, "I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth[3]," — and her answer was, "I hope so." It was before this interview that he wrote, with a pencil, in a volume of Madame de Maintenon's letters, belonging to her, the following verses, which have never, I believe, before been published[4]: —

"Oh Memory, torture me no more,
The present's all o'ercast;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
In mercy veil the past.
Why bring those images to view
I henceforth must resign?
Ah! why those happy hours renew,
That never can be mine?
Past pleasure doubles present pain,
To sorrow adds regret,
Regret and hope are both in vain,
I ask but to — forget."

In the following year, 1805, Miss Chaworth was married to his successful rival, Mr. John Musters; and a person who was present when the first intelligence of the event was communicated to him, thus describes the manner in which he received it. — "I was present when he first heard of the marriage. His mother said, 'Byron, I have some news for you.' — 'Well, what is it?' —

[1] ["This is beautifully expressed, and the sentiment is true to nature; but we cannot think it peculiarly applicable to the 'Dream.' The old hall of Annesley is not a common object, in itself, and still less so is 'the ancient oratory.' 'A maiden and a youth,' are doubtless common objects; but have not such common objects many millions of times — are they not the only themes, of all most impassioned song? As to the lover's 'steed,' — no more poetical animal going than a horse! Had his lordship been about to mount a mule, or take his departure on a donkey, it might have required all his genius to throw an undying lustre over 'that object' and 'that event.' The reader might have thought of Peter Bell. With regard to the race-ground of Nottingham, as a portion of the earth's surface, it is not unromantic, but quite the reverse; merely as a race-ground, it will be neither the better nor the worse of Byron's 'Dream.' Let Mr. Moore, the next time he philosophises on the power of poetical genius to shed undying lustre on 'the commonest objects and events,' turn from Byron in all his glory, to Wordsworth in all his — and then he will be just to Nature and to her chosen Bard."—*Blackwood*, 1830.]

[2] Among the unpublished verses of his in my possession, I find the following fragment, written not long after this period: —

"Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests, warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

"Now no more, the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling,
Makes ye seem a heaven to me."

[See Works, p. 384.]

[3] The lady's husband, for some time, took her family name.

[4] These stanzas, I have since found, are not Lord Byron's, but the production of Lady Tuite, and are contained in a volume published by her Ladyship in the year 1795. — *Second Edition.*

'Take out your handkerchief first, for you will want it.'—'Nonsense!'—'Take out your handkerchief, I say.' He did so, to humour her. 'Miss Chaworth is married.' An expression very peculiar, impossible to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket, saying, with an affected air of coldness and nonchalance, 'Is that all?'—'Why, I expected you would have been plunged in grief!'—He made no reply, and soon began to talk about something else."

His pursuits at Harrow continued to be of the same truant description during the whole of his stay there;—"always," as he says himself, "cricketing, rebelling[1], *rowing*, and in all manner of mischiefs." The "rebelling," of which he here speaks, (though it never, I believe, proceeded to any act of violence,) took place on the retirement of Dr. Drury from his situation as head master, when three candidates for the vacant chair presented themselves,—Mark Drury, Evans, and Butler. On the first movement to which this contest gave rise in the school, young Wildman was at the head of the party for Mark Drury, while Byron at first held himself aloof from any. Anxious, however, to have him as an ally, one of the Drury faction said to Wildman—"Byron, I know, will not join, because he doesn't choose to act second to any one, but, by giving up the leadership to him, you may at once secure him." This Wildman accordingly did, and Byron took the command of the party.

The violence with which he opposed the election of Dr. Butler on this occasion (chiefly from the warm affection which he had felt towards the last master) continued to embitter his relations with that gentleman during the remainder of his stay at Harrow. Unhappily their opportunities of collision were the more frequent from Byron's being a resident in Dr. Butler's house. One day the young rebel, in a fit of defiance, tore down all the gratings from the window in the hall; and when called upon by his host to say why he had committed this violence, answered, with stern coolness, "Because they darkened the hall." On another occasion he explicitly, and so far manfully, avowed to this gentleman's face the pique he entertained against him. It has long been customary, at the end of a term, for the master to invite the upper boys to dine with him; and these invitations are generally considered as, like royal ones, a sort of command. Lord Byron, however, when asked, sent back a refusal, which rather surprising Dr. Butler, he, on the first opportunity that occurred, inquired of him, in the presence of the other boys, his motive for this step:—"Have you any other engagement?"—"No, sir."—"But you must have *some* reason, Lord Byron."—"I have."—"What is it?"—"Why, Dr. Butler," replied the young peer, with proud composure, "if you should happen to come into my neighbourhood when I was staying at Newstead, I certainly should not ask you to dine with me, and therefore feel that I ought not to dine with *you*."[2]

The general character which he bore among the masters at Harrow was that of an idle boy, who would never learn anything; and, as far as regarded his tasks in school, this reputation was, by his own avowal, not ill-founded. It is impossible, indeed, to look through the books which he had then in use, and which are scribbled over with clumsy interlined translations, without being struck with the narrow extent of his classical attainments. The most ordinary Greek words have their English signification scrawled under them, showing too plainly that he was not sufficiently familiarised with their meaning to trust himself without this aid. Thus, in his Xenophon we find *νεοι*, *young*—*σωμασιν*, *bodies*—*ανθρωποις τοις αγαθοις*, *good men*, &c. &c.—and even in the volumes of Greek plays which he presented to the library on his departure, we observe, among other instances, the common word *χρυσος* provided with its English representative in the margin.

But, notwithstanding his backwardness in the mere verbal scholarship, on which so large and precious a portion of life is wasted[3], in all that general and miscellaneous knowledge which is alone useful in the world, he was making rapid and even wonderful progress. With a mind too inquisitive and excursive to be imprisoned within statutable limits, he flew to subjects that interested his already manly tastes, with a zest which it is

[1] Gibbon, in speaking of public schools, says—"The mimic scene of a rebellion has displayed, in their true colours, the ministers and patriots of the rising generation." Such prognostics, however, are not always to be relied on;—the mild, peaceful Addison was, when at school, the successful leader of a *barring-out*.

[2] This anecdote, which I have given on the testimony of one of Lord Byron's schoolfellows, Dr. Butler himself assures me, has but very little foundation in fact.—*Second Edition.*

[3] It is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that very imperfectly."—*Cowley, Essays.*

"Would not a Chinese, who took notice of our way of breeding, be apt to imagine that all our young gentlemen were designed to be teachers and professors of the dead languages of foreign countries, and not to be men of business in their own?"—*Locke on Education.*

in vain to expect that the mere pedantries of school could inspire; and the irregular, but ardent, snatches of study which he caught in this way, gave to a mind like his an impulse forwards, which left more disciplined and plodding competitors far behind. The list, indeed, which he has left on record of the works, in all departments of literature, which he thus hastily and greedily devoured before he was fifteen years of age, is such as almost to startle belief, — comprising, as it does, a range and variety of study, which might make much older "helluones librorum" hide their heads.

Not to argue, however, from the powers and movements of a mind like Byron's, which might well be allowed to take a privileged direction of its own, there is little doubt, that to *any* youth of talent and ambition, the plan of instruction pursued in the great schools and universities of England, wholly inadequate as it is to the intellectual wants of the age[1], presents an alternative of evils not a little embarrassing. Difficult, nay, utterly impossible, as he will find it, to combine a competent acquisition of useful knowledge with that round of antiquated studies which a pursuit of scholastic honours requires, he must either, by devoting the whole of his attention and ambition to the latter object, remain ignorant on most of those subjects upon which mind grapples with mind in life, or by adopting, as Lord Byron and other distinguished persons have done, the contrary system, consent to pass for a dunce or idler in the schools, in order to afford himself even a chance of attaining eminence in the world.

From the memorandums scribbled by the young poet in his school-books, we might almost fancy that, even at so early an age, he had a sort of vague presentiment that everything relating to him would one day be an object of curiosity and interest. The date of his entrance at Harrow[2], the names of the boys who were, at that time, monitors, the list of his fellow pupils under Doctor Drury[3], — all are noted down with a fond minuteness, as if to form points of retrospect in his after-life; and that he sometimes referred to them with this feeling will appear from one touching instance. On the first leaf of his "Scriptores Græci," we find, in his schoolboy hand, the following memorial: — "George Gordon Byron, Wednesday, June 26th, A. D. 1805, 3 quarters of an hour past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, 3d school, — Calvert, monitor; Tom Wildman on my left hand and Long on my right. Harrow on the Hill." On the same leaf, written five years after, appears this comment: —

> "Eheu fugaces, Posthume! Posthume!
> Labuntur anni."

"B. January 9th, 1809. — Of the four persons whose names are here mentioned, one is dead, another in a distant climate, *all* separated, and not five years have elapsed since they sat together in school, and none are yet twenty-one years of age."

The vacation of 1804[4] he passed with his mother at Southwell, to which place she had removed from Nottingham, in the summer of this year, having taken the house on the Green called Burgage Manor. There is a Southwell play-bill extant, dated August 8th, 1804, in which the play is announced as bespoke "by Mrs. and Lord Byron." The gentleman, from whom the house where they resided was rented, possesses a library of some extent, which the young poet, he says, ransacked with much eagerness on his first coming to Southwell; and one of the books that most particularly engaged and interested him was, as may be easily believed, the life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

CHAPTER IV.

1805—1807.

TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE. — COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS. — VISIT TO SOUTHWELL. — THE PIGOTS. — FAMILY QUARREL. — VOLUME OF POEMS IN THE PRESS. — VISIT TO HARROWGATE. — SOUTHWELL PRIVATE THEATRICALS. — PUBLICATION OF THE POEMS SUPPRESSED. — TRAITS OF CHARACTER AND DISPOSITION. — PUBLICATION OF "HOURS OF IDLENESS." — HABITS AND MODE OF LIFE.

In the month of October, 1805, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and his feelings on the change from his beloved

[1] "A finished scholar may emerge from the head of Westminster or Eton in total ignorance of the business and conversation of English gentlemen in the latter end of the eighteenth century." — *Gibbon*.

[2] "Byron, Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex, Alumnus Scholæ Lyonensis primus in anno Domini 1801, Ellison Duce."

"Monitors, 1801. — Ellison, Royston, Hunxman, Rashleigh, Rokeby, Leigh."

[3] "Drury's Pupils, 1804. — Byron, Drury, Sinclair, Hoare, Bolder, Annesley, Calvert, Strong, Acland, Gordon, Drummond."

[4] During one of the Harrow vacations, he passed some time in the house of the Abbé de Roufigny, in Took's-court, for the purpose of studying the French language; but he was, according to the Abbé's account, very little given to study, and spent most of his time in boxing, fencing, &c., to the no small disturbance of the reverend teacher and his establishment.

Ida to this new scene of life are thus described by himself:—

"When I first went up to college, it was a new and a heavy-hearted scene for me: firstly, I so much disliked leaving Harrow, that though it was time (I being seventeen), it broke my very rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained. I always *hated* Harrow till the last year and a half, but then I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford, and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world, that it half broke my spirits. My companions were not unsocial, but the contrary—lively, hospitable, of rank and fortune, and gay far beyond my gaiety. I mingled with, and dined, and supped, &c., with them; but, I know not how, it was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life to feel that I was no longer a boy."[1]

But though, for a time, he may have felt this sort of estrangement at Cambridge, to remain long without attaching himself was not in his nature; and the friendship which he now formed with a youth named Eddleston, who was two years younger than himself, even exceeded in warmth and romance all his schoolboy attachments. This boy, whose musical talents first drew them together, was, at the commencement of their acquaintance, one of the choir at Cambridge, though he afterwards, it appears, entered into a mercantile line of life; and this disparity in their stations was by no means without its charm for Byron, as gratifying at once both his pride and good-nature, and founding the tie between them on the mutually dependent relations of protection on the one side, and gratitude and devotion on the other;—the only relations[2], according to Lord Bacon, in which the little friendship that still remains in the world is to be found. It was upon a gift presented to him by Eddleston, that he wrote those verses entitled "The Cornelian," which were printed in his first, unpublished volume, and of which the following is a stanza:

"Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have for my weakness oft reproved me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize,
For I am sure the giver loved me."[3]

Another friendship, of a less unequal kind, which had been begun at Harrow, and which he continued to cultivate during his first year at Cambridge, is thus interestingly dwelt upon in one of his journals:—

"How strange are my thoughts!—The reading of the song of Milton, 'Sabrina fair,' has brought back upon me—I know not how or why—the happiest, perhaps, days of my life (always excepting, here and there, a Harrow holiday in the two latter summers of my stay there) when living at Cambridge with Edward Noel Long[4], afterwards of the Guards,—who, after having served honourably in the expedition to Copenhagen (of which two or three thousand scoundrels yet survive in plight and pay), was drowned early in 1809, on his passage to Lisbon with his regiment in the St. George transport, which was run foul of in the night by another transport. We were rival swimmers—fond of riding—reading—and of conviviality. We had been at Harrow together; but—*there*, at least—his was a less boisterous spirit than mine. I was always cricketing—rebelling—fighting—*rowing* (from *row*, not *boat*-rowing, a different practice), and in all manner of mischiefs; while he was more sedate and polished. At Cambridge—both of Trinity—my spirit rather softened, or his roughened, for we became very great friends. The description of Sabrina's seat[5] reminds me of our rival feats in *diving*. Though Cam's is not a very translucent wave, it was fourteen feet deep, where we use to dive for, and pick up—having thrown them in on purpose—plates, eggs, and even shillings. I remember, in particular, there was the stump of a tree (at least ten or twelve feet deep) in the bed of the river, in a spot where we bathed most commonly, round which I used to cling, and 'wonder how the devil I came there.'

"Our evenings we passed in music (he was musical, and played on more than one instrument, flute and violoncello), in which I was audience; and I think that our chief beverage was soda-water. In the day we rode, bathed, and lounged, reading occasionally. I remember our buying, with vast alacrity, Moore's new quarto[6] (in 1806), and reading it together in the evenings.

[1] ["Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Ah! happy years! once more, who would not be a boy?" *Childe Harold*, c. ii. st. 23.]

[2] Between superior and inferior, "whose fortunes (as he expresses it) comprehend the one and the other."

[3] [See Works, p. 398.]

[4] [The Cleon of "Childish Recollections:"—
"Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See honest, open, generous Cleon stand;
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene:
On the same day our studious race begun;
On the same day our studious course was run."—
Works, p. 404.]

[5] ["Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair," &c.]

[6] ["Epistles, Odes, and other Poems; by Thomas Moore, Esq."]

"We only passed the summer together; —Long had gone into the Guards during the year I passed in Notts, away from college. *His* friendship, and a violent, though *pure*, love and passion—which held me at the same peroid—were the then romance of the most romantic peroid of my life.

* * * * *

"I remember that, in the spring of 1809, Hobhouse laughed at my being distressed at Long's death, and amused himself with making epigrams upon his name, which was susceptible of a pun—*Long, short,* &c. But three years after, he had ample leisure to repent it, when our mutual friend, and his, Hobhouse's, particular friend, Charles Matthews, was drowned also, and he himself was as much affected by a similar calamity. But *I* did not pay him back in puns and epigrams, for I valued Matthews too much myself to do so; and, even if I had not, I should have respected his griefs.

"Long's father wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised—but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good amiable being as rarely remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted. Yet, although a cheerful companion, he had strange melancholy thoughts sometimes. I remember once that we were going to his uncle's, I think—I went to accompany him to the door merely, in some Upper or Lower Grosvenor or Brook Street, I forget which, but it was in a street leading out of some square,—he told me that, the night before, he 'had taken up a pistol—not knowing or examining whether it was loaded or no—and had snapped it at his head, leaving it to chance whether it might or might not be charged.' The letter, too, which he wrote me on leaving college to join the Guards, was as melancholy in its tenour as it could well be on such an occasion. But he showed nothing of this in his deportment, being mild and gentle;—and yet with much turn for the ludicrous in his disposition. We were both much attached to Harrow, and sometimes made excursions there together from London to revive our schoolboy recollections."[1]

These affecting remembrances are contained in a Journal which he kept during his residence at Ravenna, in 1821, and they are rendered still more touching and remarkable by the circumstances under which they were noted down. Domesticated in a foreign land, and even connected with foreign conspirators, whose arms, at the moment he was writing, were in his house, he could yet thus wholly disengage himself from the scene around him, and borne away by the current of memory into other times, live over the lost friendships of his boyhood again. An English gentleman (Mr. Wathen) who called upon him, at one of his residences in Italy, having happened to mention in conversation that he had been acquainted with Long, from that moment Lord Byron treated him with the most marked kindness, and talked with him of Long, and of his amiable qualities, till (as this gentleman says) the tears could not be concealed in his eyes.

In the summer of this year (1806) he, as usual, joined his mother at Southwell,—among the small, but select, society of which place he had, during his visits, formed some intimacies and friendships, the memory of which is still cherished there fondly and proudly. With the exception, indeed, of the brief and bewildering interval which he passed, as we have seen, in the company of Miss Chaworth, it was at Southwell alone that an opportunity was ever afforded him of profiting by the bland influence of female society, or of seeing what woman is in the true sphere of her virtues, home. The amiable and intelligent family of the Pigots received him within their circle as one of themselves; and in the Rev. John Becher[2] the youthful poet found not only an acute and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. There were also one or two other families—as the Leacrofts, the Housons—among whom his talents and vivacity made him always welcome; and the proud shyness with which, through the whole of his minority, he kept aloof from all intercourse with the neighbouring gentlemen seems to have been entirely familiarised away by the small, cheerful society of Southwell. One of the most intimate and valued of his friends, at this period, has given me the following account of her first acquaintance with him:—"The first time I was introduced to him was at a party at his mother's, when he was so shy that she was forced to send for him three times before she could persuade him

[1] ["—— ere you silver lamp of night
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend
Above the dear-loved peaceful seat,
Which once contained our youth's retreat;
And then with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle in the festive crew."
Lines to E. N. Long, Esq. See Works, p. 414.]

[2] A gentleman who has since honourably distinguished himself by his philanthropic plans and suggestions for that most important object, the amelioration of the condition of the poor. [Now prebendary of Southwell, and author of several valuable works on the Constitution of Friendly Societies, the regulation of Prisons and Penitentiaries, &c.]

to come into the drawing-room, to play with the young people at a round game. He was then a fat bashful boy, with his hair combed straight over his forehead, and extremely like a miniature picture that his mother had painted by M. de Chambruland. The next morning Mrs. Byron brought him to call at our house, when he still continued shy and formal in his manner. The conversation turned upon Cheltenham, where we had been staying, the amusements there, the plays, &c.; and I mentioned that I had seen the character of Gabriel Lackbrain very well performed. His mother getting up to go, he accompanied her, making a formal bow, and I, in allusion to the play, said, "Good by, Gaby." His countenance lighted up, his handsome mouth displayed a broad grin, all his shyness vanished, never to return, and, upon his mother's saying 'Come, Byron, are you ready?'—no, she might go by herself, he would stay and talk a little longer; and from that moment he used to come in and go out at all hours, as it pleased him, and in our house considered himself perfectly at home."

To this lady was addressed the earliest letter from his pen that has fallen into my hands. He corresponded with many of his Harrow friends,—with Lord Clare, Lord Powerscourt[1], Mr. William Peel[2], Mr. William Bankes[3], and others. But it was then little foreseen what general interest would one day attach to these schoolboy letters; and accordingly, as I have already had occasion to lament, there are but few of them now in existence. The letter, of which I have spoken, to his Southwell friend, though containing nothing remarkable, is perhaps for that very reason worth insertion, as serving to show, on comparing it with most of its successors, how rapidly his mind acquired confidence in its powers. There is, indeed, one charm for the eye of curiosity in his juvenile manuscripts, which they necessarily want in their printed form; and that is the strong evidence of an irregular education which they exhibit,—the unformed and childish handwriting, and, now and then, even defective spelling, of him who, in a very few years after, was to start up one of the giants of English literature.

LETTER I. TO MISS PIGOT.

Burgage Manor, August 29, 1804.

"I received the arms, my dear Miss Pigot, and am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. It is impossible I should have any fault to find with them. The sight of the drawings gives me great pleasure for a double reason,—in the first place, they will ornament my books, in the next, they convince me that *you* have not entirely *forgot* me. I am, however, sorry you do not return sooner—you have already been gone an *age*. I perhaps may have taken my departure for London before you come back; but, however, I will hope not. Do not overlook my watch-riband and purse, as I wish to carry them with me. Your note was given me by Harry, at the play, whither I attended Miss L—— and Dr. S———; and now I have sat down to answer it before I go to bed. If I am at Southwell when you return,—and I sincerely hope you will soon, for I very much regret your absence,—I shall be happy to hear you sing my favourite, 'The Maid of Lodi.' My mother, together with myself, desires to be affectionately remembered to Mrs. Pigot, and, believe me, my dear Miss Pigot, I remain your affectionate friend,

"BYRON."

"P.S. If you think proper to send me any answer to this, I shall be extremely happy to receive it. Adieu.

"P.S. 2d. As you say you are a novice in the art of knitting, I hope it don't give you too much trouble. Go on *slowly*, but surely. Once more, adieu."

We shall often have occasion to remark the fidelity to early habits and tastes by which Lord Byron, though in other respects so versatile, was distinguished. In the juvenile letter, just cited, there are two characteristics of this kind which he preserved unaltered during the remainder of his life;—namely, his punctuality in immediately answering letters, and his love of the simplest ballad music. Among the chief favourites to which this latter taste led him at this time were the songs of the Duenna, which he had the good taste to delight in; and some of his Harrow contemporaries still remember the joyousness with which, when dining with his friends at the memorable mother Barnard's, he used to roar out, "This bottle's the sun of our table."

His visit to Southwell this summer was interrupted, about the beginning of August, by one of those explosions of temper on the part of Mrs. Byron, to which, from his earliest childhood, he had been but too well accustomed, and in producing which his own

[1] [Richard Wingfield, fifth viscount Powerscourt. His lordship was born September, 1790, and died August, 1823.]

[2] [The Right Honourable William Yates Peel, member of parliament for Tamworth, 1830.]

[3] [William Bankes, Esq., the well known Eastern traveller.]

rebel spirit was not always, it may be supposed, entirely blameless. In all his portraits of himself, so dark is the pencil which he employs, that the following account of his own temper, from one of his journals, must be taken with a due portion of that allowance for exaggeration, which his style of self-portraiture, "overshadowing even the shade," requires.

"In all other respects," (he says, after mentioning his infant passion for Mary Duff,) "I differed not at all from other children, being neither tall nor short, dull nor witty, of my age, but rather lively — except in my sullen moods, and then I was always a Devil. They once (in one of my silent rages) wrenched a knife from me, which I had snatched from table at Mrs. B.'s dinner (I always dined earlier), and applied to my breast; — but this was three or four years after, just before the late Lord B.'s decease.

"My *ostensible* temper has certainly improved in later years; but I shudder, and must, to my latest hour, regret the consequence of it and my passions combined. One event — but no matter — there are others not much better to think of also — and to them I give the preference. . . . .

"But I hate dwelling upon incidents. My temper is now under management — rarely *loud*, and *when* loud, never deadly. It is when silent, and I feel my forehead and my cheek *paling*, that I cannot control it; and then . . . . .but unless there is a woman (and not any or every woman) in the way, I have sunk into tolerable apathy."

Between a temper at all resembling this, and the loud hurricane bursts of Mrs. Byron, the collision, it may be supposed, was not a little formidable; and the age at which the young poet was now arrived, when — as most parents feel — the impatience of youth begins to champ the bit, would but render the occasions for such shocks more frequent. It is told, as a curious proof of their opinion of each other's violence, that, after parting one evening in a tempest of this kind, they were known each to go privately that night to the apothecary's, inquiring anxiously whether the other had been to purchase poison, and cautioning the vender of drugs not to attend to such an application, if made.

It was but rarely, however, that the young lord allowed himself to be provoked into more than a passive share in these scenes. To the boisterousness of his mother he would oppose a civil and, no doubt, provoking silence, — bowing to her but the more profoundly the higher her voice rose in the scale. In general, however, when he perceived that a storm was at hand, in flight lay his only safe resource. To this summary expedient he was driven at the period of which we are speaking; but not till after a scene had taken place between him and Mrs. Byron, in which the violence of her temper had proceeded to lengths, that, however outrageous they may be deemed, were not, it appears, unusual with her. The poet, Young, in describing a temper of this sort, says —

> "The cups and saucers, in a whirlwind sent,
> Just intimate the lady's discontent."

But poker and tongs were, it seems, the missiles which Mrs. Byron preferred, and which she, more than once, sent resounding after her fugitive son. In the present instance, he was but just in time to avoid a blow aimed at him with the former of these weapons, and to make a hasty escape to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood; where, concerting the best means of baffling pursuit, he decided upon an instant flight to London. The letters, which I am about to give, were written, immediately on his arrival in town, to some friends at Southwell, from whose kind interference in his behalf, it may fairly be concluded that the blame of the quarrel, whatever it may have been, did not rest with him. The first is to Mr. Pigot, a young gentleman about the same age as himself, who had just returned, for the vacation, from Edinburgh, where he was, at that time, pursuing his medical studies.

LETTER 2. TO MR. PIGOT.

"16. Piccadilly, August 9. 1806.

"My dear Pigot,

"Many thanks for your amusing narrative of the last proceedings of my amiable Alecto, who now begins to feel the effects of her folly. I have just received a penitential epistle, to which, apprehensive of pursuit, I have despatched a moderate answer, with a *kind* of promise to return in a fortnight; — this, however *(entre nous)*, I never mean to fulfil. Her soft warblings must have delighted her auditors, her higher notes being particularly musical, and on a calm moonlight evening would be heard to great advantage. Had I been present as a spectator, nothing would have pleased me more; but to have come forward as one of the 'dramatis personæ' — St. Dominic defend me from such a scene! Seriously, your mother has laid me under great obligations, and you, with the rest of your family, merit my warmest thanks for your kind connivance at my escape from 'Mrs. Byron *furiosa*.'

"Oh! for the pen of Ariosto to rehearse, in epic, the scolding of that momentous eve, — or rather, let me invoke the shade of Dante to inspire me, for none but the

author of the Inferno could properly preside over such an attempt. But, perhaps, where the pen might fail, the pencil would succeed. What a group!—Mrs. B. the principal figure; you cramming your ears with cotton, as the only antidote to total deafness; Mrs. ——— in vain endeavouring to mitigate the wrath of the lioness robbed of her whelp; and last, though not least, Elizabeth and *Wousky*, — wonderful to relate! — both deprived of their parts of speech, and bringing up the rear in mute astonishment. How did S. B. receive the intelligence? How many *puns* did he utter on so *facetious* an event? In your next inform me on this point, and what excuse you made to A. You are probably, by this time, tired of deciphering this hieroglyphical letter;—like Tony Lumpkin, you will pronounce mine to be 'a d——d up and down hand.' All Southwell, without doubt, is involved in amazement. Apropos, how does my blue-eyed nun, the fair **? Is she '*robed in sable garb of woe?*'

"Here I remain at least a week or ten days; previous to my departure you shall receive my address, but what it will be I have not determined. My lodgings must be kept secret from Mrs. B. You may present my compliments to her, and say any attempt to pursue me will fail, as I have taken measures to retreat immediately to Portsmouth, on the first intimation of her removal from Southwell. You may add, I have now proceeded to a friend's house in the country, there to remain a fortnight.

"I have now *blotted* (I must not say written) a complete double letter, and in return shall expect a *monstrous budget*. Without doubt, the dames of Southwell reprobate the pernicious example I have shown, and tremble lest their *babes* should disobey their mandates, and quit, in dudgeon, their mammas on any grievance. Adieu. When you begin your next, drop the 'lordship,' and put 'Byron' in its place. Believe me yours, &c. "BYRON."

From the succeeding letters, it will be seen that Mrs. Byron was not behind hand, in energy and decision, with his young Lordship, but immediately on discovering his flight, set off after him.

LETTER 3. TO MISS PIGOT.

"London, August 10. 1806.

"My dear Bridget,

"As I have already troubled your brother with more than he will find pleasure in deciphering, you are the next to whom I shall assign the employment of perusing this second epistle. You will perceive from my first, that no idea of Mrs. B.'s arrival had disturbed me at the time it was written; *not* so the present, since the appearance of a note from the *illustrious cause* of my *sudden decampment* has driven the 'natural ruby from my cheeks,' and completely blanched my woe-begone countenance. This gunpowder intimation of her arrival (confound her activity!) breathes less of terror and dismay than you will probably imagine, from the volcanic temperament of her ladyship; and concludes with the comfortable assurance of all *present motion* being prevented by the fatigue of her journey, for which my *blessings* are due to the rough roads and restive quadrupeds of his Majesty's highways. As I have not the smallest inclination to be chased round the country, I shall e'en make a merit of necessity; and since, like Macbeth, 'they've tied me to the stake, I cannot fly,' I shall imitate that valorous tyrant, and 'bear-like fight the course,' all escape being precluded. I can now engage with less disadvantage, having drawn the enemy from her intrenchments, though, like the *prototype* to whom I have compared myself, with an excellent chance of being knocked on the head. However, 'lay on Macduff, and d——d be he who first cries, Hold, enough.'

"I shall remain in town for, at least, a week, and expect to hear from *you* before its expiration. I presume the printer has brought you the offspring of my *poetic mania*. Remember in the first line to read '*loud* the winds whistle,' instead of 'round,' which that blockhead Ridge has inserted by mistake, and makes nonsense of the whole stanza. Addio!—Now to encounter my *Hydra*. Yours ever."

LETTER 4. TO MR. PIGOT.

"London, Sunday, midnight, August 10. 1806.

"Dear Pigot,

"This *astonishing* packet will, doubtless, amaze you; but having an idle hour this evening, I wrote the enclosed stanzas, which I request you will deliver to Ridge, to be printed *separate* from my other compositions, as you will perceive them to be improper for the perusal of ladies; of course, none of the females of your family must see them. I offer 1000 apologies for the trouble I have given you in this and other instances. Yours truly."

LETTER 5. TO MR. PIGOT.

"Piccadilly, August 16. 1806.

"I cannot exactly say with Cæsar, 'Veni, vidi, vici:' however, the most important part of his laconic account of success applies to my present situation; for, though Mrs. Byron took the *trouble* of '*coming*,' and

'*seeing*,' yet your humble servant proved the *victor*. After an obstinate engagement of some hours, in which we suffered considerable damage, from the quickness of the enemy's fire, they at length retired in confusion, leaving behind the artillery, field equipage, and some prisoners: their defeat is decisive for the present campaign. To speak more intelligibly, Mrs. B. returns immediately, but I proceed, with all my laurels, to Worthing, on the Sussex coast; to which place you will address (to be left at the post office) your next epistle. By the enclosure of a second *gingle of rhyme*, you will probably conceive my muse to be *vastly prolific;* her inserted production was brought forth a few years ago, and found by accident on Thursday among some old papers. I have recopied it, and, adding the proper date, request that it may be printed with the rest of the family. I thought your sentiments on the last bantling would coincide with mine, but it was impossible to give it any other garb, being founded on *facts*. My stay at Worthing will not exceed three weeks, and you may *possibly* behold me again at Southwell the middle of September.

"Will you desire Ridge to suspend the printing of my poems till he hears further from me, as I have determined to give them a new form entirely. This prohibition does not extend to the two last pieces I have sent with my letters to you. You will excuse the *dull vanity* of this epistle, as my brain is a *chaos* of absurd images, and full of business, preparations, and projects.

"I shall expect an answer with impatience; —believe me, there is nothing at this moment could give me greater delight than your letter.

LETTER 6. TO MR. PIGOT.

"London, August 18. 1806.

"I am just on the point of setting off for Worthing, and write merely to request you will send that *idle scoundrel Charles* with my horses immediately; tell him I am excessively provoked he has not made his appearance before, or written to inform me of the cause of his delay, particularly as I supplied him with money for his journey. On *no* pretext is he to postpone his *march* one day longer; and if, in obedience to the caprices of Mrs. B. (who, I presume, is again spreading desolation through her little monarchy), he thinks proper to disregard my positive orders, I shall not, in future, consider him as my servant. He must bring the surgeon's bill with him, which I will discharge immediately on receiving it. Nor can I conceive the reason of his not acquainting Frank with the state of my unfortunate quadrupeds. Dear Pigot, forgive this *petulant* effusion, and attribute it to the idle conduct of that *precious* rascal, who, instead of obeying my injunctions, is sauntering through the streets of that *political Pandemonium*, Nottingham. Present my remembrances to your family and the Leacrofts, and believe me, &c.

"P. S. I delegate to *you* the unpleasant task of despatching him on his journey—Mrs. B.'s orders to the contrary are not to be attended to: he is to proceed first to London, and then to Worthing, without delay. Every thing I have *left* must be sent to London. My *Poetics you* will *pack up* for the same place, and not even reserve a copy for yourself and sister, as I am about to give them an *entire new form:* when they are complete, you shall have the *first fruits*. Mrs. B. on no account is to *see* or touch them. Adieu."

LETTER 7. TO MR. PIGOT.

"Little Hampton, August 26. 1806.

"I this morning received your epistle, which I was obliged to send for to Worthing, whence I have removed to this place, on the same coast, about eight miles distant from the former. You will probably not be displeased with this letter, when it informs you that I am 30,000*l.* richer than I was at our parting, having just received intelligence from my lawyer that a cause has been gained at Lancaster assizes, which will be worth that sum by the time I come of age. Mrs. B. is, doubtless, acquainted of this acquisition, though not apprised of its exact *value*, of which she had better be ignorant; for her behaviour under any sudden piece of favourable intelligence, is, if possible, more ridiculous than her detestable conduct on the most trifling circumstances of an unpleasant nature. You may give my compliments to her, and say that her detaining my servant's things shall only lengthen my absence; for unless they are immediately despatched to 16. Piccadilly, together with those which have been so long delayed, belonging to myself, she shall never again behold my *radiant countenance* illuminating her gloomy mansion. If they are sent, I may probably appear in less than two years from the date of my present epistle.

"Metrical compliment is an ample reward for my strains: you are one of the few votaries of Apollo who unite the sciences over which that deity presides. I wish you to send my poems to my lodgings in London immediately, as I have several alterations and some additions to make; *every* copy must be sent, as I am about to *amend* them, and you shall soon behold them in all their glory. I hope you have kept them from that

upas tree, that antidote to the arts, Mrs. B. *Entre nous*,—you may expect to see me soon. Adieu. Yours ever."

From these letters it will be perceived that Lord Byron was already engaged in preparing a collection of his poems for the press. The idea of printing them first occurred to him in the parlour of that cottage which, during his visits to Southwell, had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the poems of Burns, when young Byron said that "he, too, was a poet sometimes, and would write down for her some verses of his own which he remembered." He then, with a pencil, wrote those lines, beginning "In thee I fondly hoped to clasp[1]," which were printed in his first unpublished volume, but are not contained in the editions that followed. He also repeated to her the verses I have already referred to, "When to this airy hall my fathers' voice[2]," so remarkable for the anticipations of his future fame that glimmer through them.

From this moment the desire of appearing in print took entire possession of him;—though, for the present, his ambition did not extend its views beyond a small volume for private circulation. The person to whom fell the honour of receiving his first manuscripts was Ridge, the bookseller, at Newark; and while the work was printing, the young author continued to pour fresh materials into his hands, with the same eagerness and rapidity that marked the progress of all his maturer works.

His return to Southwell, which he announced in the last letter we have given, was but for a very short time. In a week or two after he again left that place, and, accompanied by his young friend Mr. Pigot, set out for Harrowgate. The following extracts are from a letter written by the latter gentleman, at the time, to his sister.

"Harrowgate is still extremely full; Wednesday (to-day) is our ball-night, and I meditate going into the room for an hour, although I am by no means fond of strange faces. Lord B., you know, is even more shy than myself; but for an hour this evening I will shake it off. * * * How do our theatricals proceed? Lord Byron can say *all* his part, and I *most* of mine. He certainly acts it inimitably. Lord B. is now *poetising*, and, since he has been here, has written some very pretty verses.[3] He is very good in trying to amuse me as much as possible, but it is not in my nature to be happy without either female society or study. * * * There are many pleasant rides about here, which I have taken in company with Bo'swain, who, with Brighton[4], is universally admired. *You* must read this to Mrs. B., as it is a little *Tony Lumpkinish*. Lord B. desires some space left: therefore, with respect to all the comedians *elect*, believe me to be," &c. &c.

To this letter the following note from Lord Byron was appended:—

"My dear Bridget,

"I have only just dismounted from my *Pegasus*, which has prevented me from descending to *plain* prose in an epistle of greater length to your *fair* self. You regretted, in a former letter, that my poems were not more extensive; I now for your satisfaction announce that I have nearly doubled them, partly by the discovery of some I conceived to be lost, and partly by some new productions. We shall meet on Wednesday next; till then believe me yours affectionately. "BYRON.

"P. S.—Your brother John is seized with a poetic mania, and is now rhyming away at the rate of three lines *per hour*—so much for *inspiration!* Adieu!"

By the gentleman, who was thus early the companion and intimate of Lord Byron, and who is now pursuing his profession with the success which his eminent talents deserve, I have been favoured with some further recollections of their visit together to Harrowgate, which I shall take the liberty of giving in his own words:—

"You ask me to recall some anecdotes of the time we spent together at Harrowgate in the summer of 1806, on our return from college, he from Cambridge, and I from Edinburgh; but so many years have elapsed since then, that I really feel myself as if recalling a distant dream. We, I remember, went in Lord Byron's own carriage, with post-horses; and he sent his groom with two saddle-horses, and a beautifully formed, very ferocious, bull-mastiff, called Nelson, to meet us there. Boatswain[5] went by the side of his valet Frank on the box, with us.

[1] This precious pencilling is still, of course, preserved. [For a fac-simile of it, see Works, p. 1.]

[2] [See Works, p. 378.]

[3] The verses "To a beautiful Quaker," in his first volume, were written at Harrowgate. [See Works, p. 397.]

[4] A horse of Lord Byron's:—the other horse that he had with him at this time was called Sultan.

[5] The favourite dog, on which Lord Byron afterwards wrote the well-known epitaph. [See Works, p. 539.]

"The bull-dog, Nelson, always wore a muzzle, and was occasionally sent for into our private room, when the muzzle was taken off, much to my annoyance, and he and his master amused themselves with throwing the room into disorder. There was always a jealous feud between this Nelson and Boatswain; and whenever the latter came into the room while the former was there, they instantly seized each other: and then, Byron, myself, Frank, and all the waiters that could be found, were vigorously engaged in parting them,—which was in general only effected by thrusting poker and tongs into the mouths of each. But, one day, Nelson unfortunately escaped out of the room without his muzzle, and going into the stable-yard fastened upon the throat of a horse from which he could not be disengaged. The stable-boys ran in alarm to find Frank, who taking one of his Lord's Wogdon's pistols, always kept loaded in his room, shot poor Nelson through the head, to the great regret of Byron.

"We were at the Crown Inn, at Low Harrowgate. We always dined in the public room, but retired very soon after dinner to our private one; for Byron was no more a friend to drinking than myself. We lived retired, and made few acquaintance; for he was naturally shy, *very* shy; which people who did not know him mistook for pride. While at Harrowgate he accidentally met with Professor Hailstone from Cambridge, and appeared much delighted to see him. The professor was at Upper Harrowgate: we called upon him one evening to take him to the theatre, I think,—and Lord Byron sent his carriage for him, another time, to a ball at the Granby. This desire to show attention to one of the professors of his college is a proof that, though he might choose to satirise the mode of education in the university, and to abuse the antiquated regulations and restrictions to which undergraduates are subjected, he had yet a due discrimination in his respect for the individuals who belonged to it. I have always, indeed, heard him speak in high terms of praise of Hailstone, as well as of his master, Bishop Mansel[1], of Trinity College, and of others whose names I have now forgotten.

"Few people understood Byron; but I know that he had naturally a kind and feeling heart, and that there was not a single spark of malice in his composition."[2]

The private theatricals alluded to in the letters from Harrowgate were, both in prospect and performance, a source of infinite delight to him, and took place soon after his return to Southwell. How anxiously he was expected back by all parties, may be judged from the following fragment of a letter which was received by his companion during their absence from home:—

"Tell Lord Byron that, if any accident should retard his return, his mother desires he will write to her, as she shall be *miserable* if he does not arrive the day he fixes. Mr. W. B. has written a card to Mrs. H. to offer for the character of 'Henry Woodville,'—Mr. and Mrs. *** not approving of their son's taking a part in the play: but I believe he will persist in it. Mr. G. W. says, that sooner than the party should be disappointed, *he* will take any part,—sing—dance—in short, do any thing to oblige. Till Lord Byron returns, nothing can be done; and positively he must not be later than Tuesday or Wednesday."

We have already seen that, at Harrow, his talent for declamation was the only one by which Lord Byron was particularly distinguished; and in one of his note-books he adverts, with evident satisfaction, both to his school displays and to the share which he took in these representations at Southwell:—

"When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides Harrow speeches (in which I shone), I enacted Penruddock in the Wheel of Fortune, and Tristram Fickle in Allingham's farce of the Weathercock, for three nights (the duration of our compact), in some private theatricals at Southwell in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and the whole went off with great effect upon our good-natured audience."

It may, perhaps, not be altogether trifling to observe, that, in thus personating with such success two heroes so different, the young poet displayed both that love and power of versatility by which he was afterwards impelled, on a grander scale, to present himself under such opposite aspects to the world;—the gloom of Penruddock, and the whim of Tristram, being types, as it were, of the two extremes, between which his own character, in after-life, so singularly vibrated.

These representations, which form a memorable era at Southwell, took place about

[1] [Dr. William Mansel was, in 1790, appointed to the headship of Trinity College, by Mr. Pitt; and in 1808 he was indebted to the influence of his pupil, Mr. Perceval, for his promotion to the see of Bristol. He died in 1820.]

[2] Lord Byron and Dr. Pigot continued to be correspondents for some time, but, after their parting this autumn, they never met again.

the latter end of September, in the house of Mr. Leacroft, whose drawing-room was converted into a neat theatre on the occasion, and whose family contributed some of the fair ornaments of its boards. The prologue which Lord Byron furnished, and which may be seen in his "Hours of Idleness[1]," was written by him between stages, on his way from Harrowgate. On getting into the carriage at Chesterfield, he said to his companion, "Now, Pigot, I'll spin a prologue for our play;" and before they reached Mansfield, he had completed his task,—interrupting, only once, his rhyming reverie, to ask the proper pronunciation of the French word *début*," and, on being told it, exclaiming, in the true spirit of Byshe, "Ay, that will do for rhyme to *new*."

The epilogue on the occasion was from the pen of Mr. Becher[2];" and for the purpose of affording to Lord Byron, who was to speak it, an opportunity of displaying his powers of mimicry, consisted of good-humoured portraits of all the persons concerned in the representation. Some intimation of this design having got among the actors, an alarm was felt instantly at the ridicule thus in store for them; and to quiet their apprehensions, the author was obliged to assure them that if, after having heard his epilogue at rehearsal, they did not, of themselves, pronounce it harmless, and even request that it should be preserved, he would most willingly withdraw it. In the mean time, it was concerted between this gentleman and Lord Byron that the latter should, on the morning of rehearsal, deliver the verses in a tone as innocent and as free from all point as possible,—reserving his mimicry, in which the whole sting of the pleasantry lay, for the evening of representation. The desired effect was produced;—all the personages of the green-room were satisfied, and even wondered how a suspicion of waggery could have attached itself to so well-bred a production. Their wonder, however, was of a different nature a night or two after, when, on hearing the audience convulsed with laughter at this same composition, they discovered, at last, the trick which the unsuspected mimic had played on them, and had no other resource than that of joining in the laugh which his playful imitation of the whole dramatis personæ excited.[3]

The small volume of poems, which he had now for some time been preparing, was, in the month of November, ready for delivery to the select few among whom it was intended to circulate; and to Mr. Becher the first copy of the work was presented.[4] The influence which this gentleman had, by his love of poetry, his sociability and good sense, acquired at this period over the mind of Lord Byron, was frequently employed by him in guiding the taste of his young friend, no less in matters of conduct than of literature; and the ductility with which this influence was yielded to, in an instance I shall have to mention, will show how far from untractable was the natural disposition of Byron, had he more frequently been lucky enough to fall into hands that "knew the stops" of the instrument, and could draw out its sweetness as well as its strength.

In the wild range which his taste was now allowed to take through the light and miscellaneous literature of the day, it was but natural that he should settle with most pleasure on those works from which the feelings of his age and temperament could extract their most congenial food; and, accordingly, Lord Strangford's Camoëns[5] and Little's Poems[6] are said to have been, at

[1] [See Works, p. 398.] [2] [See BYRONIANA.]

[3] [For a detailed account of the Southwell Theatricals see BYRONIANA.]

[4] Of this edition, which was in quarto, and consisted but of a few sheets, there are only two, or, at the utmost, three copies in existence.

[5] ["Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore."
English Bards, &c., Works, p. 426.

Lord Strangford's "Poems from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoëns," appeared in 1803. "Lord Strangford throughout his whole translation," say the Edinburgh reviewers, "if he has not wilfully misrepresented, has entirely misconceived the character of Camoëns, and this misconception leads him into continual errors. There is nothing in Camoëns to make a girl blush; his feelings were delicate, and he wrote as he felt. Whether it be owing to the general deterioration of morals, or whether it be that young persons commence authorship at an earlier age than heretofore, whilst their fancy is as yet unchastised by experience, it is a melancholy truth, that delicacy is almost excluded from the species of poetry now before us. The young author of the present day suffers his mind to wander without restraint or control; and the extravagant creatures of a prurient imagination, tricked out in all the tinsel and frippery of the modern poet's effeminate vocabulary, are thoughtlessly put into the hands of youth, by those who would have been shocked at the far less seducing danger of a downright obscenity."—Vol. vi. p. 46.]

[6] ["Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are [hush'd?
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust."
English Bards, &c., Works, p. 425.]

this period, his favourite study. To the indulgence of such a taste his reverend friend very laudably opposed himself, — representing with truth, (as far, at least, as the latter author is concerned,) how much more worthy models, both in style and thought, he might find among the established names of English literature. Instead of wasting his time on the ephemeral productions of his contemporaries, he should devote himself, his adviser said, to the pages of Milton and of Shakspeare, and, above all, seek to elevate his fancy and taste by the contemplation of the sublimer beauties of the Bible. In the latter study, this gentleman acknowledges that his advice had been, to a great extent, anticipated, and that with the poetical parts of the Scripture he found Lord Byron deeply conversant: — a circumstance which corroborates the account given by his early master, Dr. Glennie, of his great proficiency in scriptural knowledge while yet but a child under his care.

To Mr. Becher, as I have said, the first copy of his little work was presented; and this gentleman, in looking over its pages, among many things to commend and admire, as well as some almost too boyish to criticise, found one poem in which, as it appeared to him, the imagination of the young bard had indulged itself in a luxuriousness of colouring beyond what even youth could excuse. Immediately, as the most gentle mode of conveying his opinion, he sat down and addressed to Lord Byron some expostulatory verses on the subject[1], to which an answer, also in verse[2], was returned by the noble poet as promptly, with, at the same time, a note in plain prose, to say that he felt fully the justice of his reverend friend's censure, and that, rather than allow the poem in question to be circulated, he would instantly recall all the copies that had been sent out, and cancel the whole impression. On the very same evening this prompt sacrifice was carried into effect; — Mr. Becher saw every copy of the edition burned, with the exception of that which he retained in his own possession, and another which had been despatched to Edinburgh, and could not be recalled.

This trait of the young poet speaks sufficiently for itself; — the sensibility, the temper, the ingenuous pliableness which it exhibits, show a disposition capable, by nature, of every thing we most respect and love.

Of a no less amiable character were the feelings that, about this time, dictated the following letter; — a letter which it is impossible to peruse without acknowledging the noble candour and conscientiousness of the writer: —

LETTER 8. TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

"Southwell, Notts, February 6. 1807.

"My dearest Clare,

"Were I to make all the apologies necessary to atone for my late negligence, you would justly say you had received a petition instead of a letter, as it would be filled with prayers for forgiveness; but instead of this, I will acknowledge my *sins* at once, and I trust to your friendship and generosity rather than to my own excuses. Though my health is not perfectly re-established, I am out of all danger, and have recovered every thing but my spirits, which are subject to depression. You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarr, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow (nearly two years ago), which you will recollect was rather '*en cavalier*.' Since that period, I have discovered he was treated with injustice both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have therefore made all the reparation in my power, by apologising for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success; indeed I never expected any answer, but desired one for form's sake; *that* has not yet arrived, and most probably never will. However, I have *eased* my own *conscience* by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, *even unintentionally*, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury, and there the affair must end. Whether we renew our intimacy or not is of very trivial consequence.

"My time has lately been much occupied with very different pursuits. I have been *transporting* a servant[3], who cheated me, — rather a disagreeable event; — performing in private theatricals; — publishing a volume of poems (at the request of my friends, for their perusal); — making love, — and taking physic. The two last amusements have not had the best effect in the world; for my attentions have been divided amongst so many fair damsels, and the drugs I swallow are of such variety in their composition, that between Venus and Æsculapius I am

[1] [See BYRONIANA.] [2] [See Works, p. 402.]

[3] His valet, Frank.

harassed to death. However, I have still leisure to devote some hours to the recollections of past, regretted friendships, and in the interval to take the advantage of the moment, to assure you how much I am, and ever will be, my dearest Clare,

"Your truly attached and sincere

"BYRON."

Considering himself bound to replace the copies of his work which he had withdrawn, as well as to rescue the general character of the volume from the stigma this one offender might bring upon it, he set instantly about preparing a second edition for the press, and, during the ensuing six weeks, continued busily occupied with his task. In the beginning of January we find him forwarding a copy to his friend, Dr. Pigot, in Edinburgh :—

LETTER 9. TO MR. PIGOT.

"Southwell, Jan. 13. 1807.

"I ought to begin with *sundry* apologies, for my own negligence, but the variety of my avocations in *prose* and *verse* must plead my excuse. With this epistle you will receive a volume of all my *Juvenilia*, published since your departure: it is of considerably greater size than the *copy* in your possession, which I beg you will destroy, as the present is much more complete. That *unlucky* poem to my poor Mary[1] has been the cause of some animadversion from *ladies in years*. I have not printed it in this collection, in consequence of my being pronounced a most *profligate sinner*, in short, a '*young Moore*,' by ———, your * * * friend. I believe, in general, they have been favourably received, and surely the age of their author will preclude *severe* criticism. The adventures of my life from sixteen to nineteen, and the dissipation into which I have been thrown in London, have given a voluptuous tint to my ideas; but the occasions which called forth my muse could hardly admit any other colouring. This volume is *vastly* correct and miraculously chaste. Apropos, talking of love, * * * * * * *

"If you can find leisure to answer this farrago of unconnected nonsense, you need not doubt what gratification will accrue from your reply to yours ever," &c.

To his young friend, Mr. William Bankes, who had met casually with a copy of the work, and wrote him a letter conveying his opinion of it, he returned the following answer :—

LETTER 10. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"Southwell, March 6. 1807.

"Dear Bankes,

"Your critique is valuable for many reasons: in the first place, it is the only one in which flattery has borne so slight a part; in the *next*, I am *cloyed* with insipid compliments. I have a better opinion of your judgment and ability than your *feelings*. Accept my most sincere thanks for your kind decision, not less welcome, because totally unexpected. With regard to a more exact estimate, I need not remind you how few of the *best poems*, in our language, will stand the test of *minute* or *verbal* criticism: it can, therefore, hardly be expected the effusions of a boy (and most of these pieces have been produced at an early period) can derive much merit either from the subject or composition. Many of them were written under great depression of spirits, and during severe indisposition:—hence the gloomy turn of the ideas. We coincide in opinion that the '*poësies érotiques*' are the most exceptionable; they were, however, grateful to the *deities*, on whose altars they were offered —more I seek not.

"The portrait of Pomposus[2] was drawn at Harrow, after a *long sitting*; this accounts for the resemblance, or rather the *caricatura*. He is *your* friend, he *never was mine*—for both our sakes I shall be silent on this head. The *collegiate* rhymes[3] are not personal—one of the notes may appear so, but could not be omitted. I have little doubt they will be deservedly abused—a just punishment for my unfilial treatment of so excellent an Alma Mater. I sent you no copy, lest *we* should be placed in the situation of *Gil Blas* and the *Archbishop* of Grenada; though running some hazard from the experiment, I wished your *verdict* to be unbiassed. Had my '*Libellus*' been presented previous to your letter, it would have appeared a species of bribe to purchase compliment. I feel no hesitation in saying, I was more anxious to hear your critique, however severe, than the praises of the *million*. On the same day I was

[1] Of this "Mary," who is not to be confounded either with the heiress of Annesley, or "Mary" of Aberdeen, all I can record is, that she was of a humble, if not equivocal, station in life,—that she had long, light golden hair, of which he used to show a lock, as well as her picture, among his friends; and that the verses in his "Hours of Idleness," entitled "To Mary, on receiving her Picture," were addressed to her. [See Works, p. 387.]

[2] [See Works, p. 404.]

[3] ["Thoughts suggested by a College Examination." — See Works, p. 397.]

honoured with the encomiums of *Mackenzie*, the celebrated author of the 'Man of Feeling.'[1] Whether *his* approbation or *yours* elated me most, I cannot decide.

"You will receive my *Juvenilia*,—at least all yet published. I have a large volume in manuscript, which may in part appear hereafter; at present I have neither time nor inclination to prepare it for the press. In the spring I shall return to Trinity, to dismantle my rooms, and bid you a final adieu. The *Cam* will not be much increased by my *tears* on the occasion. Your further remarks, however *caustic* or bitter, to a palate vitiated with the *sweets of adulation*, will be of service. Johnson has shown us that *no poetry* is perfect; but to correct mine would be an Herculean labour. In fact I never looked beyond the moment of composition, and published merely at the request of my friends. Notwithstanding so much has been said concerning the 'Genus irritabile vatum,' we shall never quarrel on the subject—poetic fame is by no means the 'acme' of my wishes.—Adieu. Yours ever,

"BYRON."

This letter was followed by another, on the same subject, to Mr. Bankes, of which, unluckily, only the annexed fragment remains:—

* * * * * *

"For my own part, I have suffered severely in the decease of my two greatest friends, the only beings I ever loved (females excepted); I am therefore a solitary animal, miserable enough, and so perfectly a citizen of the world, that whether I pass my days in Great Britain or Kamschatka, is to me a matter of perfect indifference. I cannot evince greater respect for your alteration than by immediately adopting it—this shall be done in the next edition. I am sorry your remarks are not more frequent, as I am certain they would be equally beneficial. Since my last, I have received two critical opinions from Edinburgh, both too flattering for me to detail. One is from Lord Woodhouselee[2], at the head of the Scotch literati, and a most *voluminous* writer (his last work is a Life of Lord Kaimes); the other from Mackenzie, who sent his decision a second time, more at length. I am not personally acquainted with either of these gentlemen, nor ever requested their sentiments on the subject: their praise is voluntary, and transmitted through the medium of a friend, at whose house they read the productions.

"Contrary to my former intention, I am now preparing a volume for the public at large: my amatory pieces will be exchanged, and others substituted in their place. The whole will be considerably enlarged, and appear the latter end of May. This is a hazardous experiment; but want of better employment, the encouragement I have met with, and my own vanity, induce me to stand the test, though not without *sundry palpitations*. The book will circulate fast enough in this country, from mere curiosity, what I prin——"[3]

* * * * *

The following modest letter accompanied a copy which he presented to Mr. Falkner, his mother's landlord:—

LETTER 11. TO MR. FALKNER.

"Sir,

"The volume of little pieces which accompanies this, would have been presented before, had I not been apprehensive that Miss Falkner's indisposition might render such trifles unwelcome. There are some errors of the printer which I have not had time to correct in the collection: you have it thus, with 'all its imperfections on its head,' a heavy weight, when joined with the faults of its author. Such 'Juvenilia,' as they can claim no great degree of approbation, I may venture to hope, will also escape the severity of uncalled for, though perhaps *not* undeserved, criticism.

"They were written on many and various occasions, and are now published merely for the perusal of a friendly circle. Believe me, sir, if they afford the slightest amusement to yourself and the rest of my *social* readers, I shall have gathered all the *bays* I ever wish to adorn the head of yours, very truly,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—I hope Miss F. is in a state of recovery."

Notwithstanding this unambitious declaration of the young author, he had that within which would not suffer him to rest so easily; and the fame he had now reaped within a limited circle made him but more eager to try his chance on a wider field. The hundred copies of which this edition consisted were hardly out of his hands, when

[1] [Mr. Mackenzie died in January 1831, at the advanced age of eighty-six.]

[2] [Alexander Frazer Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, one of the Senators of the College of Justice in Scotland. Besides the Life of Lord Kaimes, he published "Elements of General History," "Essay on the Principles of Translation," &c. He died in 1813. His "Universal History," in six vols., appeared in 1834.]

[3] Here the imperfect sheet ends.

resh activity he went to press again, his first published volume, "The of Idleness," made its appearance. new pieces which he had written in terim were added, and no less than of those contained in the former e omitted;—for what reason does not learly appear, as they are, most of equal, if not superior, to those re-

one of the pieces, reprinted in the rs of Idleness," there are some alter- and additions, which, as far as they e supposed to spring from the known s of the poet respecting birth, are s. This poem, which is entitled aph on a Friend[1]," appears, from the am about to give, to have been, in its l state, intended to commemorate the of the same lowly-born youth, to some affectionate verses, cited in a ling page, were addressed:—

gh low thy lot, since in a cottage born,
les did thy humble name adorn;
, far dearer was thy artless love
all the joys wealth, fame, and friends could prove."

, in the altered form of the epitaph, not his passage, but every other containing lusion to the low rank of his young nion, is omitted; while, in the added the introduction of such language as

That, though thy sire lament his failing line,"

calculated to give an idea of the s station in life, wholly different from hich the whole tenour of the original h warrants. The other poem, too, I have mentioned, addressed evidently same boy, and speaking in similar of the "lowness" of his "lot," is, in Hours of Idleness," altogether omitted. he grew more conscious of his high , as he approached to manhood, is not bable; and this wish to sink his early ship with the young cottager may have result of that feeling.

his visits to Southwell were, after this , but few and transient, I shall take esent opportunity of mentioning such laneous particulars respecting his habits ode of life, while there, as I have been o collect.

ough so remarkably shy, when he first to Southwell, this reserve, as he grew acquainted with the young people of ace, wore off; till, at length, he became uenter of their assemblies and dinner- s, and even felt mortified if he heard out to which he was not invited. His r, however, at new faces still continued; and if, while at Mrs. Pigot's, he saw strangers approaching the house, he would instantly jump out of the window to avoid them. This natural shyness concurred with no small degree of pride to keep him aloof from the acquaintance of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whose visits, in more than one instance, he left unreturned;—some under the plea that their ladies had not visited his mother; others, because they had neglected to pay him this compliment sooner. The true reason, however, of the haughty distance, at which, both now and afterwards, he stood apart from his more opulent neighbours, is to be found in his mortifying consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank, and the proud dread of being made to feel this inferiority by persons to whom, in every other respect, he knew himself superior. His friend, Mr. Becher, frequently expostulated with him on this unsociableness; and to his remonstrances, on one occasion, Lord Byron returned a poetical answer, so remarkably prefiguring the splendid burst, with which his own volcanic genius opened upon the world, that as the volume containing the verses is in very few hands, I cannot resist the temptation of giving a few extracts here:—

"Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind,—
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind,
And I will not descend to a world I despise.

"Did the Senate or Camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me at once to go forth;
And, when infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance, I may strive to distinguish my birth.

"*The fire, in the cavern of Ætna conceal'd,*
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;—
At length, in a volume terrific revealed,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

"*Oh thus, the desire in my bosom for fame*
Bids me live but to hope for Posterity's praise;
Could I soar, with the Phœnix, on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

"For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave?
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath,—
Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave!"[2]

In his hours of rising and retiring to rest he was, like his mother, always very late; and this habit he never altered during the remainder of his life. The night, too, was at this period, as it continued afterwards, his favourite time for composition; and his first visit in the morning was generally paid to the fair friend who acted as his amanuensis, and to whom he then gave whatever new products of his brain the preceding night

[1] [See Works, p. 377.]

[2] [See Works, p. 410.]

might have inspired. His next visit was usually to his friend Mr Becher's, and from thence to one or two other houses on the Green, after which the rest of the day was devoted to his favourite exercises. The evenings he usually passed with the same family, among whom he began his morning, either in conversation, or in hearing Miss Pigot play upon the piano-forte, and singing over with her a certain set of songs which he admired [1], — among which the "Maid of Lodi," (with the words, "My heart with love is beating,") and "When Time who steals our years away," were, it seems, his particular favourites. He appears, indeed, to have, even thus early, shown a decided taste for that sort of regular routine of life, — bringing round the same occupations at the stated periods, — which formed so much the system of his existence during the greater part of his residence abroad.

Those exercises, to which he flew for distraction in less happy days, formed his enjoyment now; and between swimming, sparring, firing at a mark, and riding [2], the greater part of his time was passed. In the last of these accomplishments he was by no means very expert. As an instance of his little knowledge of horses, it is told, that, seeing a pair one day pass his window, he exclaimed, "What beautiful horses! I should like to buy them." — "Why, they are your own, my Lord," said his servant. Those who knew him, indeed, at that period, were rather surprised, in after-life, to hear so much of his riding; — and the truth is, I am inclined to think, that he was at no time a very adroit horseman.

In swimming and diving we have already seen, by his own accounts, he excelled; and a lady in Southwell, among other precious relics of him, possesses a thimble which he borrowed of her one morning, when on his way to bathe in the Greet, and which, as was testified by her brother, who accompanied him, he brought up three times successively from the bottom of the river. His practice of firing at a mark was the occasion, once, of some alarm to a very beautiful young person, Miss Houson, — one of that numerous list of fair ones by whom his imagination was dazzled while at Southwell. A poem relating to this occurrence, which may be found in his unpublished volume, is thus introduced: — "As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies, passing near the spot, were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them, to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning." [3]

Such a passion, indeed, had he for arms of every description, that there generally lay a small sword by the side of his bed, with which he used to amuse himself, as he lay awake in the morning, by thrusting it through his bed-hangings. The person who purchased this bed at the sale of Mrs. Byron's furniture, on her removal to Newstead, gave out — with the view of attaching a stronger interest to the holes in the curtains — that they were pierced by the same sword with which the old lord had killed Mr. Chaworth, and which his descendant always kept as a memorial by his bedside. Such is the ready process by which fiction is often engrafted upon fact; — the sword in question being a most innocent and bloodless weapon, which Lord Byron, during his visits at Southwell, used to borrow of one of his neighbours.

His fondness for dogs — another fancy which accompanied him through life — may be judged from the anecdotes already given, in the account of his expedition to Harrowgate. Of his favourite dog Boatswain, whom he has immortalised in verse [4], and by whose side it was once his solemn purpose to be buried, some traits are told, indicative, not only of intelligence, but of a generosity of spirit, which might well win for him the affections of such a master as Byron. One of these I shall endeavour to relate as nearly as possible as it was told to me. Mrs. Byron had a fox-terrier, called Gilpin, with whom her son's dog, Boatswain, was perpetually at war [5], taking every opportunity of attacking and worrying him so violently, that it was very much apprehended he would kill the animal. Mrs. Byron therefore sent off her terrier to a tenant at Newstead; and on the departure of Lord Byron for Cambridge, his "friend" Boatswain, with two other dogs, was intrusted to the care of a servant till his return. One morning the servant was much alarmed by the disappearance of

[1] Though always fond of music, he had very little skill in the performance of it. "It is very odd," he said, one day, to this lady, — "I sing much better to your playing than to any one else's."—"That is," she answered, "because I play to your singing." — In which few words, by the way, the whole secret of a skilful accompanier lies.

[2] Cricketing, too, was one of his most favourite sports; and it was wonderful, considering his lameness, with what speed he could run. "Lord Byron (says Miss Pigot, in a letter, to her brother, from Southwell) is just gone past the window with his bat on his shoulder to cricket, which he is as fond of as ever."

[3] [See Works, p. 388.]

[4] [Ib. p. 539.]

[5] In one of Miss Pigot's letters, the following notice of these canine feuds occurs: — "Boatswain has had another battle with Tippoo at the House of Correction, and came off conqueror. Lord B. brought Bo'sen to our window this morning, when Gilpin, who is almost always here, got into an amazing fury with him."

Boatswain, and throughout the whole of the day he could hear no tidings of him. At last, towards evening, the stray dog arrived, accompanied by Gilpin, whom he led immediately to the kitchen fire, licking him and lavishing upon him every possible demonstration of joy. The fact was, he had been all the way to Newstead to fetch him; and having now established his former foe under the roof once more, agreed so perfectly well with him ever after, that he even protected him against the insults of other dogs (a task which the quarrelsomeness of the little terrier rendered no sinecure), and, if he but heard Gilpin's voice in distress, would fly instantly to his rescue.

In addition to the natural tendency to superstition, which is usually found connected with the poetical temperament, Lord Byron had also the example and influence of his mother, acting upon him from infancy, to give his mind this tinge. Her implicit belief in the wonders of second sight, and the strange tales she told of this mysterious faculty, used to astonish not a little her sober English friends; and it will be seen, that, at so late a period as the death of his friend Shelley, the idea of fetches and forewarnings impressed upon him by his mother had not wholly lost possession of the poet's mind. As an instance of a more playful sort of superstition I may be allowed to mention a slight circumstance told me of him by one of his Southwell friends. This lady had a large agate bead with a wire through it, which had been taken out of a barrow, and lay always in her work-box. Lord Byron asking one day what it was, she told him that it had been given her as an amulet, and the charm was, that as long as she had this bead in her possession, she should never be in love. "Then give it to me," he cried, eagerly, "for that's just the thing I want." The young lady refused;—but it was not long before the bead disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said, she never should see her amulet again.

Of his charity and kind-heartedness he left behind him at Southwell—as, indeed, at every place, throughout life, where he resided any time—the most cordial recollections. "He never," says a person, who knew him intimately at this period, "met with objects of distress without affording them succour." Among many little traits of this nature, which his friends delight to tell, I select the following,—less as a proof of his generosity, than from the interest which the simple incident itself, as connected with the name of Byron, presents. While yet a school-boy, he happened to be in a bookseller's shop at Southwell, when a poor woman came in to purchase a Bible. The price, she was told by the shopman, was eight shillings. "Ah, dear sir," she exclaimed, "I cannot pay such a price; I did not think it would cost half the money." The woman was then, with a look of disappointment, going away,—when young Byron called her back, and made her a present of the Bible.

In his attention to his person and dress, to the becoming arrangement of his hair, and to whatever might best show off the beauty with which nature had gifted him, he manifested, even thus early, his anxiety to make himself pleasing to that sex who were, from first to last, the ruling stars of his destiny. The fear of becoming, what he was naturally inclined to be, enormously fat, had induced him, from his first entrance at Cambridge, to adopt, for the purpose of reducing himself, a system of violent exercise and abstinence, together with the frequent use of warm baths. But the embittering circumstance of his life,—that, which haunted him like a curse, amidst the buoyancy of youth, and the anticipations of fame and pleasure, was, strange to say, the trifling deformity of his foot. By that one slight blemish (as in his moments of melancholy he persuaded himself) all the blessings that nature had showered upon him were counterbalanced. His reverend friend, Mr. Becher, finding him one day unusually dejected, endeavoured to cheer and rouse him, by representing, in their brightest colours, all the various advantages with which Providence had endowed him,—and, among the greatest, that of "a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind."—"Ah, my dear friend," said Byron, mournfully,—"if *this* (laying his hand on his forehead) places me above the rest of mankind, *that* (pointing to his foot) places me far, far below them."

It sometimes, indeed, seemed as if his sensitiveness on this point led him to fancy that he was the only person in the world afflicted with such an infirmity. When that accomplished scholar and traveller, Mr. D. Baillie[1], who was at the same school with him at Aberdeen, met him afterwards at Cambridge, the young peer had then grown so fat that, though accosted by him familiarly as his school-fellow, it was not till he mentioned his name that Mr. Baillie could recognise him. "It is odd enough, too, that you shouldn't know me," said Byron—"I thought nature had set such a mark upon me, that I could never be forgot."

[1] [David Baillie, Esq. of Hailes-hall, Wiltshire.]

But, while this defect was such a source of mortification to his spirit, it was also, and in an equal degree, perhaps, a stimulus: — and more especially in whatever depended upon personal prowess or attractiveness, he seemed to feel himself piqued by this stigma, which nature, as he thought, had set upon him, to distinguish himself above those whom she had endowed with her more "fair proportion." In pursuits of gallantry he was, I have no doubt, a good deal actuated by this incentive; and the hope of astonishing the world, at some future period, as a chieftain and hero, mingled little less with his young dreams than the prospect of a poet's glory. "I will, some day or other," he used to say, when a boy, "raise a troop,—the men of which shall be dressed in black, and ride on black horses. They shall be called 'Byron's Blacks,' and you will hear of their performing prodigies of valour."

I have already adverted to the exceeding eagerness with which, while at Harrow, he devoured all sorts of learning,—excepting only that which, by the regimen of the school, was prescribed for him. The same rapid and multifarious course of study he pursued during the holidays; and, in order to deduct as little as possible from his hours of exercise, he had given himself the habit, while at home, of reading all dinner-time.[1] In a mind so versatile as his, every novelty, whether serious or light, whether lofty or ludicrous, found a welcome and an echo; and I can easily conceive the glee — as a friend of his once described it to me — with which he brought to her, one evening, a copy of Mother Goose's Tales, which he had bought from a hawker that morning, and read, for the first time, while he dined.

CHAPTER V.

1807—1808.

CAMBRIDGE. — MEMORANDA OF READINGS. —DETACHED POEMS. — 'THE NEWSTEAD OAK.' — 'VERSES TO MY SON.' — 'PRAYER OF NATURE.' — THE ROCHDALE CAUSE. — VISIT TO SOUTHWELL. — DEATH OF EDLESTON. — COLLEGE ANECDOTES. — CORRESPONDENCE. — SUCCESS OF THE POEMS. — REVIEW OF WORDSWORTH. — DISSIPATIONS OF LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE. — PROJECTED TOUR TO THE HIGHLANDS. — COMMENCEMENT OF 'BOSWORTH FIELD,' AN EPIC.

I SHALL now give, from a memorandum-book begun by him this year, the account, as I find it hastily and promiscuously scribbled out, of all the books in various departments of knowledge, which he had already perused at a period of life when few of his school-fellows had yet travelled beyond their *longs* and *shorts*. The list is, unquestionably, a remarkable one;—and when we recollect that the reader of all these volumes was, at the same time, the possessor of a most retentive memory, it may be doubted whether, among what are called the regularly educated, the contenders for scholastic honours and prizes, there could be found a single one who, at the same age, has possessed any thing like the same stock of useful knowledge.

"LIST OF HISTORICAL WRITERS WHOSE WORKS I HAVE PERUSED IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.[2]

"*History of England.*— Hume, Rapin, Henry, Smollet, Tindal, Belsham, Bisset, Adolphus, Holinshed, Froissart's Chronicles (belonging properly to France).

"*Scotland.*—Buchanan, Hector Boethius, both in the Latin.

"*Ireland.*—Gordon.

"*Rome.*—Hooke, Decline and Fall by Gibbon, Ancient History by Rollin (including an account of the Carthaginians, &c.), besides Livy, Tacitus, Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Julius Cæsar, Arrian, Sallust.

"*Greece.* — Mitford's Greece, Leland's Philip, Plutarch, Potter's Antiquities, Xenophon, Thucydides, Herodotus.

"*France.*—Mezeray, Voltaire.

"*Spain.*—I chiefly derived my knowledge of old Spanish History from a book called the Atlas, now obsolete. The modern history, from the intrigues of Alberoni down to the Prince of Peace, I learned from its connection with European politics.

"*Portugal.*—From Vertot; as also his account of the Siege of Rhodes,—though the last is his own invention, the real facts being totally different.— So much for his Knights of Malta.

"*Turkey.*—I have read Knolles, Sir Paul

[1] "It was the custom of Burns," says Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of that poet, "to read at table."

[2] ["Few young men at College, Mr. Moore thinks, had read so much: we think so too: we may make large deductions from it, and still think so. There is, however, a way of scouting through books, which some people call reading, and we are afraid much of the reading here set down was of that description. 'The utility of reading,' says Horne Tooke, 'depends not on the swallow, but on the digestion.'"—*Westminster Rev.*, 1830.]

Rycaut, and Prince Cantemir[1], besides a more modern history, anonymous. Of the Ottoman History I know every event, from Tangralopi, and afterwards Othman I., to the peace of Passarowitz, in 1718,—the battle of Cutzka, in 1739, and the treaty between Russia and Turkey in 1790.

"*Russia.*—Tooke's Life of Catherine II., Voltaire's Czar Peter.

"*Sweden.*—Voltaire's Charles XII., also Norberg's Charles XII.—in my opinion the best of the two.[2]—A translation of Schiller's Thirty Years' War, which contains the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus, besides Harte's Life of the same Prince.[3] I have somewhere, too, read an account of Gustavus Vasa, the deliverer of Sweden, but do not remember the author's name.

"*Prussia.*—I have seen, at least, twenty Lives of Frederick II., the only prince worth recording in Prussian annals. Gillies, his own Works, and Thiebault,—none very amusing. The last is paltry, but circumstantial.

"*Denmark*—I know little of. Of Norway I understand the natural history, but not the chronological.

"*Germany.*—I have read long histories of the house of Suabia, Wenceslaus, and, at length, Rodolph of Hapsburgh and his *thick-lipped* Austrian descendants.

"*Switzerland.*—Ah! William Tell, and the battle of Morgarten, where Burgundy was slain.

"*Italy.*—Davila, Guicciardini, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the battle of Pavia, Massaniello, the revolutions of Naples, &c. &c.

"*Hindostan.*—Orme and Cambridge.

"*America.*—Robertson, Andrews' American War.

"*Africa*—merely from travels, as Mungo Park, Bruce.

"BIOGRAPHY.

"Robertson's Charles V.—Cæsar, Sallust (Catiline and Jugurtha), Lives of Marlborough and Eugene, Tekeli, Bonnard, Buonaparte, all the British Poets, both by Johnson and Anderson, Rousseau's Confessions, Life of Cromwell, British Plutarch, British Nepos, Campbell's Lives of the Admirals, Charles XII., Czar Peter, Catherine II., Henry Lord Kaimes, Marmontel, Teignmouth's Sir William Jones, Life of Newton, Belisaire, with thousands not to be detailed.

"LAW.

"Blackstone, Montesquieu.

"PHILOSOPHY.

"Paley, Locke, Bacon, Hume, Berkeley, Drummond, Beattie, and Bolingbroke. Hobbes I detest.

"GEOGRAPHY.

"Strabo, Cellarius, Adams, Pinkerton, and Guthrie.

"POETRY.

"All the British Classics as before detailed, with most of the living poets, Scott, Southey, &c.—Some French in the original, of which the Cid is my favourite.—Little Italian.—Greek and Latin without number;—these last I shall give up in future.—I have translated a good deal from both languages, verse as well as prose.

"ELOQUENCE.

"Demosthenes, Cicero, Quintilian, Sheridan, Austin's Chironomia, and Parliamentary Debates from the Revolution to the year 1742.

"DIVINITY.

"Blair, Porteus, Tillotson, Hooker,—all very tiresome. I abhor books of religion, though I reverence and love my God, without the blasphemous notions of sectaries, or belief in their absurd and damnable heresies, mysteries, and Thirty-nine Articles.

"MISCELLANIES.

"Spectator, Rambler, World, &c. &c.—Novels by the thousand.

"All the books here enumerated I have taken down from memory. I recollect reading them, and can quote passages from any mentioned. I have, of course, omitted several in my catalogue; but the greater part of the above I perused before the age of fifteen. Since I left Harrow, I have become idle and conceited, from scribbling rhyme and making love to women.

"B.—Nov. 30. 1807.

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[1] ["He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mention'd in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Knôllês, where few shine
Save Solyman, the glory of their line."
Don Juan, c. v. st. 147.]

[2] [Norberg was a native of Sweden. His Life of Charles XII., which is rather a collection of useful materials, than a well-digested narrative, was published in 1740, in two volumes folio.]

[3] [Dr. Walter Harte was tutor to Lord Chesterfield's natural son, Mr. Stanhope. His History of Gustavus Adolphus appeared in 1759. "Harte," said Dr. Johnson, "was excessively vain. Poor man! he left London the day of the publication of his book, that he might be out of the way of the great praise he was to receive; and he was ashamed to return, when he found how ill his book had succeeded: it was unlucky in coming out on the same day with Robertson's History of Scotland."—*Boswell*, vol. viii. p. 53.]

"I have also read (to my regret at present) above four thousand novels, including the works of Cervantes, Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, Mackenzie, Sterne, Rabelais, and Rousseau, &c. &c. The book, in my opinion, most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well read, with the least trouble, is "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes I ever perused. But a superficial reader must take care, or his intricacies will bewilder him. If, however, he has patience to go through his volumes, he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty other works with which I am acquainted,—at least in the English language."[1]

To this early and extensive study of English writers may be attributed that mastery over the resources of his own language with which Lord Byron came furnished into the field of literature, and which enabled him, as fast as his youthful fancies sprung up, to clothe them with a diction worthy of their strength and beauty. In general, the difficulty of young writers, at their commencement, lies far less in any lack of thoughts or images, than in that want of a fitting organ to give those conceptions vent, to which their unacquaintance with the great instrument of the man of genius, his native language, dooms them. It will be found, indeed, that the three most remarkable examples of early authorship, which, in their respective lines, the history of literature affords—Pope, Congreve, and Chatterton—were all of them persons self-educated[2], according to their own intellectual wants and tastes, and left, undistracted by the worse than useless pedantries of the schools, to seek, in the pure "well of English undefiled," those treasures of which they accordingly so very early and intimately possessed themselves.[3] To these three instances may now be added, virtually, that of Lord Byron, who, though a disciple of the schools, was, intellectually speaking, *in* them, not *of* them, and who, while his comrades were prying curiously into the graves of dead languages, betook himself to the fresh, living sources of his own[4], and from thence drew those rich, varied stores of diction, which have placed his works, from the age of two-and-twenty upwards, among the most precious depositories of the strength and sweetness of the English language that our whole literature supplies.

In the same book that contains the above record of his studies, he has written out, also from memory, a "List of the different poets, dramatic or otherwise, who have distinguished their respective languages by their productions." After enumerating the various poets, both ancient and modern, of Europe, he thus proceeds with his catalogue through other quarters of the world:—

"*Arabia.*—Mahomet, whose Koran contains most sublime poetical passages, far surpassing European poetry.

"*Persia.*—Ferdousi[5], author of the Shah Nameh, the Persian Iliad—Sadi[6], and Hafiz, the immortal Hafiz, the oriental Anacreon. The last is reverenced beyond any bard of ancient or modern times by the Persians, who resort to his tomb near Shiraz, to celebrate his memory. A splendid copy of his works is chained to his monument.[7]

[1] ["Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation: but there is a great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind. It is the only book that ever took me out of bed two hours sooner than I wished to rise."—JOHNSON. *Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 135., and vi. p. 70.]

[2] "I took to reading by myself," says Pope, "for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm. I followed every where, as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life." It appears, too, that he was himself aware of the advantages which this free course of study brought with it: "Mr. Pope," says Spence, "thought himself the better, in some respects for not having had a regular education. He (as he observed in particular) read originally for the sense, whereas we are taught, for so many years, to read only for words."

[3] Before Chatterton was twelve years old, he wrote a catalogue, in the same manner as Lord Byron, of the books he had already read, to the number of seventy. Of these the chief subjects were history and divinity.

[4] The perfect purity with which the Greeks wrote their own language was, with justice, perhaps, attributed by themselves to their entire abstinence from the study of any other. "If they became learned," says Ferguson, "it was only by studying what they themselves had produced."

[5] ["Ferdousi died A. D. 1021. He is the Homer of the Persians, and his verses are as familiar among the military class, as if their preservation depended merely upon oral tradition. The practice of reciting them before engaging in battle, proves that he enjoys as high a reputation among his countrymen as the poets of ancient Greece, or the bards of Northern Europe."—*Quart. Rev.* vol. xxxvi. p. 362.]

[6] [Sadi was born at Scheraz in 1175, educated at Damascus, and died at the age of 120. Of his works, the Gûlistân, or Flower Garden, consisting of short tales, anecdotes, and apologues, is most known to European readers. A translation into English, by Francis Gladwin, in two volumes, 4to, appeared in 1808-9.]

[7] ["Hafiz is the universal favourite of the Persians, who visit his tomb in parties, to do honour to his memory, by strewing flowers and pouring out libations of the choicest wines. The great Latin poet has said,—

'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' &c.

"*America.* — An epic poet has already appeared in that hemisphere, Barlow, author of the Columbiad, — not to be compared with the works of more polished nations. [1]

"*Iceland, Denmark, Norway,* were famous for their Skalds. Among these Lodburgh was one of the most distinguished. His Death Song breathes ferocious sentiments, but a glorious and impassioned strain of poetry.

"*Hindostan* is undistinguished by any great bard, — at least the Sanscrit is so imperfectly known to Europeans, we know not what poetical relics may exist.

"*The Birman Empire.* — Here the natives are passionately fond of poetry, but their bards are unknown.

"*China.* — I never heard of any Chinese poet but the Emperor Kien Long, and his Ode to *Tea.* [2] What a pity their philosopher Confucius did not write poetry, with his precepts of morality!

"*Africa.* — In Africa some of the native melodies are plaintive, and the words simple and affecting; but whether their rude strains of nature can be classed with poetry, as the songs of the bards, the Skalds of Europe, &c. &c., I know not.

"This brief list of poets I have written down from memory, without any book of reference; consequently some errors may occur, but I think, if any, very trivial. The works of the European, and some of the Asiatic, I have perused, either in the original or translations. In my list of English I have merely mentioned the greatest; — to enumerate the minor poets would be useless, as well as tedious. Perhaps Gray, Goldsmith, and Collins, might have been added, as worthy of mention, in a *cosmopolite* account. But as for the others, from Chaucer down to Churchill, they are 'voces et præterea nihil;' — sometimes spoken of, rarely read, and never with advantage. Chaucer, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on him, I think obscene and contemptible: — he owes his celebrity merely to his antiquity, which he does not deserve so well as Pierce Plowman, or Thomas of Ercildoune. English living poets I have avoided mentioning; — we have none who will not survive their productions. Taste is over with us; and another century will sweep our empire, our literature, and our name, from all but a place in the annals of mankind.

"November 30. 1807. "BYRON."

Among the papers of his in my possession are several detached poems (in all nearly six hundred lines), which he wrote about this period, but never printed — having produced most of them after the publication of his "Hours of Idleness." The greater number of these have little, besides his name, to recommend them; but there are a few that, from the feelings and circumstances that gave rise to them, will, I have no doubt, be interesting to the reader.

And Hafiz, with the same confidence of genius, thus claims lasting fame for his works: — 'Blithely sing, O Hafiz; you have uttered odes, you have strung pearls, and Heaven has enriched you with the crown of the Pleiades.' He is unquestionably the Horace of the East, and, notwithstanding the difference of national manners, he is the oriental writer with whose works a European scholar will most wish to become familiar." — SIR JOHN MALCOLM.]

[1] [An edition of the "Columbiad" appeared in London in 1809, and is thus noticed by the Edinburgh Reviewers: — "Mr. Barlow, we are afraid, will not be the Homer of his country; and will never take his place among the enduring poets either of the old or of the new world. As to the Americans, their want of literature is to be ascribed, not to the immaturity of their progress in civilization, but to the nature of the occupations in which they are generally engaged. These federal republicans bear no sort of resemblance to the Greeks of the days of Homer, or the Italians of the age of Dante; but are very much such people as the modern traders of Manchester, Liverpool, or Glasgow. They have all a little Latin whipped into them in their youth; and read Shakspeare, Pope, and Milton, as well as bad English novels, in their days of courtship and leisure. They are just as likely to write epic poems, therefore, as the inhabitants of our trading towns at home." Vol. xv. p. 24. At one time Barlow was a red-hot republican. In 1792, he published the "Conspiracy of Kings," and in 1798 composed a song for the celebration of the 4th of July, in which he prays that God may

"Save the guillotine,
Till England's king and queen
Her power shall prove."

In 1811, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the French court; and being, in the following year, invited to a conference with the Emperor Napoleon at Wilna, he fell a victim to the severity of the climate, and died, Dec. 22. in an obscure village of Poland, in the neighbourhood of Cracow.]

[2] [Kien Long encouraged literature, by cultivating it in his own person; and some of his poetical compositions are considered to possess intrinsic merit. The most celebrated is this "Ode in Praise of drinking Tea," which was published by the imperial edict in thirty-two different types and characters, and has been painted on all the tea-pots in the empire. The following verbal translation is by Sir John Barrow: — "On a slow fire set a tripod, whose colour and texture show its long use; fill it with clear snow water; boil it as long as would be necessary to turn fish white, and crayfish red; throw it upon the delicate leaves of choice tea, in a cup of yooé" (a particular sort of porcelain); "let it remain as long as the vapour rises in a cloud, and leaves only a thin mist floating on the surface. At your ease, drink this precious liquor, which will chase away the five causes of trouble. We can taste and feel, but not describe, the state of repose produced by a liquor thus prepared." — *Travels in China,* p. 280. In 1795, Kien Long, when his reign had reached the unusual term of sixty years, resigned the throne to his son. He died in 1799.]

When he first went to Newstead, on his arrival from Aberdeen, he planted, it seems, a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea that as *it* flourished so should *he*. Some six or seven years after, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed. In this circumstance, which happened soon after Lord Grey de Ruthen left Newstead, originated one of these poems, which consists of five stanzas, but of which the few opening lines will be a sufficient specimen :—

" Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine ;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

" Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride ;
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears, —
Thy decay, not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

" I left thee, my Oak, and since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire," &c. &c.[1]

The subject of the verses that follow is sufficiently explained by the notice which he has prefixed to them ; and, as illustrative of the romantic and almost lovelike feeling which he threw into his school friendships, they appeared to me, though rather quaint and elaborate, to be worth preserving.

" Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it the following stanzas :—

" Here once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply traced ;
Few were her words, — but yet though few,
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

" Deeply she cut — but, not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed, —
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

" Repentance placed them as before ;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name ;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
That Friendship thought it still the same.

" Thus might the record now have been ;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever !"[2]

The same romantic feeling of friendship breathes throughout another of these poems, in which he has taken for the subject the ingenious thought " L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes," and concludes every stanza with the words, " Friendship is Love without his wings." Of the nine stanzas of which this poem consists, the three following appear the most worthy of selection :—

" Why should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled ?
Days of delight may still be mine,
Affection is *not* dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth,
Celestial consolation brings ;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat, —
' Friendship is Love without his wings ! '

" Seat of my youth ! thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy ;
My bosom glows with former fire, —
In mind again a boy.
Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path delights me still,
Each flower a double fragrance flings ;
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say,
' Friendship is Love without his wings ! '

" My Lycus ! wherefore dost thou weep ?
Thy falling tears restrain ;
Affection for a time may sleep,
But, oh, 'twill wake again.
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wish'd intercourse how sweet !
From this my hope of rapture springs,
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
' Friendship is Love without his wings ! ' "[3]

Whether the verses I am now about to give are, in any degree, founded on fact, I have no accurate means of determining. Fond as he was of recording every particular of his youth, such an event, or rather era, as is here commemorated, would have been, of all others, the least likely to pass unmentioned by him ;—and yet neither in conversation nor in any of his writings do I remember even an allusion to it.[4] On the

[1] [See Works, p. 536. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor of Newstead, took possession, he one day said to the servant who was with him, ' Here is a fine young oak ; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.' — ' I hope not, sir,' replied the man ; ' for it's the one my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.' The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it ; and it is already regularly enquired after by strangers, as ' THE BYRON OAK.']

[2] [See Works, p. 537.]

[3] [Ibid. p. 412.]

[4] The only circumstance I know, that bears even remotely on the subject of this poem, is the following. About a year or two before the date affixed to it, he wrote to his mother, from Harrow (as I have been told by a person to whom Mrs. Byron herself communicated the circumstance), to say, that he had lately had a good deal of uneasiness on account of a young woman, whom he knew to have been a favourite of his late friend, Curzon, and who, finding herself, after his death, in a state of progress towards maternity, had declared Lord Byron was the father of her child. This, he positively assured his mother, was not the case ; but, believing, as he did firmly, that the child belonged to Curzon, it was his wish

ther hand, so entirely was all that he wrote, —making allowance for the embellishments f fancy,—the transcript of his actual life nd feelings, that it is not easy to suppose a oem, so full of natural tenderness, to have een indebted for its origin to imagination lone.

" TO MY SON!

" Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy Father's heart, my Boy!

" And thou canst lisp a father's name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same,
No self-reproach — but, let me cease —
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

" Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

" Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no — though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy —
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

" Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

" Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

" B——, 1807." [1]

But the most remarkable of these poems one of a date prior to any I have given, ing written in December, 1806, when he as not yet nineteen years old. It contains, as will be seen, his religious creed at that period, and shows how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind.

" THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

" Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.
No shrine I seek, to sects unknown,
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own,
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.
Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile.
Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?
Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?
Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?
Shall those who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime —
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?
Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of Æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:
Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

at it should be brought up with all possible care, and , therefore, entreated that his mother would have the dness to take charge of it. Though such a request ght well (as my informant expresses it) have discomsed a temper more mild than Mrs. Byron's, she notthstanding answered her son in the kindest terms, ring that she would willingly receive the child as soon it was born, and bring it up in whatever manner he ired. Happily, however, the infant died almost immeiately, and was thus spared the being a tax on the good ature of any body. — [But see Don Juan, c. xvi. st. 61.]

[1] In this practice of dating his juvenile poems he folwed the example of Milton, who (says Johnson), "by fixing the dates to his first compositions, a boast of hich the learned Politian had given him an example, seems to commend the earliness of his own compositions to the notice of posterity."

The following trifle, written also by him in 1807, has never, as far as I know, appeared in print: —

" EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL, A CARRIER, " WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

" John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier*, who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more — so was *carried* at last;
For, the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, — so he 's now *carri-on*.

" B——, Sept. 1807."

To Thee, my God, to Thee I call;
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
If, when this dust to dust restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored,
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!
But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs, I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.
To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

"29th Dec. 1806. BYRON."

In another of these poems, which extends to about a hundred lines, and which he wrote under the melancholy impression that he should soon die, we find him concluding with a prayer in somewhat the same spirit. After bidding adieu to all the favourite scenes of his youth [1], he thus continues, —

"Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heav'n:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's throne; —
To him address thy trembling prayer;
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.
Father of Light, to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die. 1807."

We have seen, by a former letter, that the law proceedings for the recovery of his Rochdale property had been attended with success in some trial of the case at Lancaster. The following note to one of his Southwell friends, announcing a second triumph of the cause, shows how sanguinely and, as it turned out, erroneously, he calculated on the results.

"Feb. 9. 1807.

"Dear ———,

"I have the pleasure to inform you we have gained the Rochdale cause a second time, by which I am £60,000 *plus*. Yours ever, "BYRON."

In the month of April we find him still at Southwell, and addressing to his friend, Dr. Pigot, who was at Edinburgh, the following note [2]: —

"Southwell, April, 1807.

"My dear Pigot,

"Allow me to congratulate you on the success of your first examination—'*Courage, mon ami.*' The title of Doctor will do wonders with the damsels. I shall most probably be in Essex or London when you arrive at this d——d place, where I am detained by the publication of my *rhymes*.

"Adieu. — Believe me yours very truly,
"BYRON.

"P. S. Since we met, I have reduced myself by violent exercise, *much* physic, and *hot* bathing, from 14 stone 6 lb. to 12 stone 7 lb. In all I have lost 27 pounds. Bravo! — what say you?"

His movements and occupations for the remainder of this year will be best collected from a series of his own letters, which I am enabled, by the kindness of the lady to whom they were addressed, to give. Though these letters are boyishly [3] written, and a good deal of their pleasantry is of that conventional kind which depends more upon phrase than thought, they will yet, I think, be found curious and interesting, not only as enabling us to track him through this period of his life, but as throwing light upon various little traits of character, and laying open to us the first working of his hopes and fears while waiting, in suspense, the opinions that were to decide, as he thought, his future fame.

[1] Annesley is, of course, not forgotten among the number: —

"And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise and rivers roll between
The rural spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream," &c. &c.

[2] It appears from a passage in one of Miss Pigot's letters to her brother, that Lord Byron sent, through this gentleman, a copy of his poems to Mr. Mackenzie, the author of the Man of Feeling: — "I am glad you mentioned Mr. Mackenzie's having got a copy of Lord B.'s poems, and what he thought of them — Lord B. was so *much* pleased!"

In another letter, the fair writer says, — "Lord Byron desired me to tell you that the reason you did not hear from him was because his publication was not so forward as he had flattered himself it would have been. I told him, 'he was no more to be depended on than a woman,' which instantly brought the softness of that sex into his countenance, for he blushed exceedingly."

[3] He was, indeed, a thorough boy, at this period, in every respect: — "Next Monday" (says Miss Pigot) "is our great fair. Lord Byron talks of it with as much pleasure as little Henry, and declares he will ride in the round-about, — but I think he will change his mind."

The first of the series, which is without date, appears to have been written before he had left Southwell. The other letters, it will be seen, are dated from Cambridge and from London.

LETTER 12. TO MISS PIGOT.

"June 11. 1807.

"Dear Queen Bess,

"*Savage* ought to be *immortal:*—though not a *thorough-bred bull-dog*, he is the finest puppy I ever *saw*, and will answer much better; in his great and manifold kindness he has already bitten my fingers, and disturbed the *gravity* of old Boatswain, who is *grievously discomposed*. I wish to be informed what he *costs*, his *expenses*, &c. &c., that I may indemnify Mr. G——. My thanks are *all* I can give for the trouble he has taken, make a *long speech*, and conclude it with 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.[1] I am out of practice, so *deputize* you as a legate,—*ambassador* would not do in a matter concerning the *Pope*, which I presume this must, as the *whole* turns upon a *Bull*. Yours,

"BYRON.

"P. S. I write in bed."

LETTER 13. TO MISS PIGOT.

"Cambridge, June 30. 1807.

"'Better late than never, Pal,'" is a saying of which you know the origin, and as it is applicable on the present occasion, you will excuse its conspicuous place in the front of my epistle. I am almost superannuated here. My old friends (with the exception of a very few) all departed, and I am preparing to follow them, but remain till Monday to be present at three *Oratorios*, two *Concerts*, a *Fair*, and a Ball. I find I am not only *thinner* but *taller* by an inch since my last visit. I was obliged to tell every body my *name*, nobody having the least recollection of my *visage*, or person. Even the hero of my *Cornelian* (who is now sitting *vis-à-vis*, reading a volume of my *Poetics*) passed me in Trinity walks without recognising me in the least, and was thunderstruck at the alteration which had taken place in my countenance, &c. &c. Some say I look *better*, others *worse*, but all agree I am *thinner*,—more I do not require. I have lost two pounds in my weight since I left your *cursed*, *detestable*, and *abhorred* abode of *scandal*[2], where, excepting yourself and John Becher, I care not if the whole race were consigned to the *Pit* of *Acheron*, which I would visit in person rather than contaminate my *sandals* with the polluted dust of Southwell. *Seriously*, unless obliged by the *emptiness* of my purse to revisit Mrs. B., you will see me no more.

"On Monday I depart for London. I quit Cambridge with little regret, because our *set* are *vanished*, and my *musical protégé* before mentioned has left the choir, and is stationed in a mercantile house of considerable eminence in the metropolis. You may have heard me observe he is exactly to an hour two years younger than myself. I found him grown considerably, and as you will suppose, very glad to see his former *Patron*. He is nearly my height, very *thin*, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know;—I hope I shall never have occasion to change it. Every body here conceives me to be an *invalid*. The University at present is very gay from the fêtes of divers kinds. I supped out last night, but eat (or ate) nothing, sipped a bottle of claret, went to bed at two, and rose at eight. I have commenced early rising, and find it agrees with me. The Masters and the Fellows all very *polite*, but look a little *askance*—don't much admire *lampoons*—truth always disagreeable.

"Write, and tell me how the inhabitants of your *Menagerie* go *on*, and if my publication goes *off* well: do the quadrupeds *growl?* Apropos, my bull-dog is deceased—'Flesh both of cur and man is grass.' Address your answer to Cambridge. If I am gone, it will be forwarded. Sad news just arrived—Russians beat—a bad set, eat nothing but *oil*, consequently must melt before a *hard fire*. I get awkward in my academic habiliments for want of practice. Got up in a window to hear the oratorio at St. Mary's, popped down in the middle of the *Messiah*, tore a *woeful* rent in the back of my best black silk gown, and damaged an egregious pair of

[1] He here alludes to an odd fancy or trick of his own;—whenever he was at a loss for something to say, he used always to gabble over "1 2 3 4 5 6 7."

[2] Notwithstanding the abuse which, evidently more in sport than seriousness, he lavishes, in the course of these letters, upon Southwell, he was, in after days, taught to feel that the hours which he had passed in this place were far more happy than any he had known afterwards. In a letter written not long since to his servant, Fletcher, by a lady who had been intimate with him, in his young days, at Southwell, there are the following words:—"Your poor, good master always called me 'Old Piety,' when I preached to him. When he paid me his last visit, he said, 'Well, good friend, I shall never be so happy again as I was in old Southwell.' His real opinion of the advantages of this town, as a place of residence, will be seen in a subsequent letter, where he most strenuously recommends it, in that point of view, to Mr. Dallas.

breeches. Mem.—never tumbled from a church window during service. Adieu, dear ****! do not remember me to any body: —to *forget* and be forgotten by the people of Southwell is all I aspire to."

LETTER 14. TO MISS PIGOT.

"Trin. Coll. Camb. July 5. 1807.

"Since my last letter I have determined to reside *another year* at Granta, as my rooms, &c. &c. are finished in great style, several old friends come up again, and many new acquaintances made; consequently my inclination leads me forward, and I shall return to college in October if still *alive*. My life here has been one continued routine of dissipation—out at different places every day, engaged to more dinners, &c. &c. than my *stay* would permit me to fulfil. At this moment I write with a bottle of claret in my *head* and *tears* in my *eyes;* for I have just parted with my '*Cornelian*,' who spent the evening with me. As it was our last interview, I postponed my engagement to devote the hours of the *Sabbath* to friendship: —Edleston and I have separated for the present, and my mind is a chaos of hope and sorrow. To-morrow I set out for London: you will address your answer to 'Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street,' where I *sojourn* during my visit to the metropolis.

"I rejoice to hear you are interested in my *protégé;* he has been my *almost constant* associate since October, 1805, when I entered Trinity College. His *voice* first attracted my attention, his *countenance* fixed it, and his *manners* attached me to him for ever. He departs for a *mercantile house* in *town* in October, and we shall probably not meet till the expiration of my minority, when I shall leave to his decision either entering as a *partner* through my interest, or residing with me altogether. Of course he would in his present frame of mind prefer the *latter*, but he may alter his opinion previous to that period;—however, he shall have his choice. I certainly love him more than any human being, and neither time nor distance have had the least effect on my (in general) changeable disposition. In short, we shall put *Lady E. Butler* and *Miss Ponsonby*[1] to the blush, *Pylades* and *Orestes* out of countenance, and want nothing but a catastrophe like *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, to give *Jonathan* and *David* the 'go by.' He certainly is perhaps more attached to *me* than even I am in return. During the whole of my residence at Cambridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing *one* tiresome moment, and separated each time with increasing reluctance. I hope you will one day see us together. He is the only being I esteem, though I *like* many.[2]

"The Marquis of Tavistock[3] was down the other day; I supped with him at his tutor's—entirely a Whig party. The opposition muster strong here now, and Lord Hartington[4], the Duke of Leinster[5], &c. &c. are to join us in October, so every thing will be *splendid*. The *music* is all over at present. Met with another '*accidency*'—upset a

[1] [It was about the year 1779, that Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby first associated themselves to live in retirement. It was thought desirable to separate two individuals who appeared to encourage each other's eccentricities, and after their first departure together, they were brought back to their respective relations, but soon effected a second elopement. The place of their retreat in the Vale of Llangollen, was only confided to a female servant, and they lived for years unknown to their neighbours by any other appellation, except "the Ladies of the Vale." Lady Eleanor Butler died at Llangollen, in June, 1829.]

[2] It may be as well to mention here the sequel of this enthusiastic attachment. In the year 1811 young Edleston died of a consumption; and the following letter, addressed by Lord Byron to the mother of his fair Southwell correspondent, will show with what melancholy faithfulness, among the many his heart had then to mourn for, he still dwelt on the memory of his young college friend:—

"Cambridge, Oct. 28. 1811.

"Dear Madam,

"I am about to write to you on a silly subject, and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a *cornelian*, which some years ago I consigned to Miss Pigot, indeed *gave* to her, and now I am going to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is *dead*, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss Pigot should have preserved it, I must, under these circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me at No. 8. St. James's Street, London, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well. As she was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him that formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the giver of that cornelian died in May last of a consumption, at the age of twenty-one, making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relatives that I have lost between May and the end of August.

"Believe me, dear Madam, yours very sincerely,

"BYRON.

"P. S. I go to London to-morrow."

The cornelian heart was, of course, returned, and Lord Byron, at the same time, reminded that he had left it with Miss Pigot as a deposit, *not* a gift.

[3] [Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, born 13th May, 1788; married in 1808, Anna Maria, daughter of Charles, third earl of Harrington.]

[4] [William-Spencer Cavendish, born May, 1790, now Duke of Devonshire.]

[5] [Augustus-Frederick Fitzgerald, Duke of Leinster; born August, 1791.]

butter-boat in the lap of a lady—look'd very *blue*—*spectators* grinned—'curse 'em!' Apropos, sorry to say, been *drunk* every day, and not quite *sober* yet—however, touch no meat, nothing but fish, soup, and vegetables, consequently it does me no harm—sad dogs all the *Cantabs*. Mem.—*we mean* to reform next January. This place is a *monotony of endless variety*—like it—hate Southwell. Has Ridge sold well? or do the ancients demur? What ladies have bought?

"Saw a girl at St. Mary's the image of Anne ***, thought it was her—all in the wrong—the lady stared, so did I—I *blushed*, so did *not* the lady,—sad thing—wish women had *more modesty*. Talking of women, puts me in mind of my terrier Fanny—how is she? Got a headach, must go to bed, up early in the morning to travel. My *protégé* breakfasts with me; parting spoils my appetite—excepting from Southwell. Mem. *I hate Southwell*. Yours, &c.

LETTER 15. TO MISS PIGOT.

"Gordon's Hotel, July 13. 1807.

"You write most excellent epistles—a fig for other correspondents, with their nonsensical apologies for '*knowing nought about it*,'—you send me a delightful budget. I am here in a perpetual vortex of dissipation (very pleasant for all that), and, strange to tell, I get thinner, being now below eleven stone considerably. Stay in town a *month*, perhaps six weeks, trip into Essex, and then, as a favour, *irradiate* Southwell for three days with the light of my countenance; but nothing shall ever make me *reside* there again. I positively return to Cambridge in October; we are to be uncommonly gay, or in truth I should *cut* the University. An extraordinary circumstance occurred to me at Cambridge; a girl so very like ** made her appearance, that nothing but the most *minute inspection* could have undeceived me. I wish I had asked if *she* had ever been at H ***

"What the devil would Ridge have? is not fifty in a fortnight, before the advertisements, a sufficient sale? I hear many of the London booksellers have them, and Crosby has sent copies to the principal watering places. Are they liked or not in Southwell? * * * * * I wish Boatswain had *swallowed* Damon! How is Bran? by the immortal gods, Bran ought to be a *Count* of the *Holy Roman Empire*.

"The intelligence of London cannot be interesting to you, who have rusticated all your life—the annals of routs, riots, balls and boxing-matches, cards and crim. cons., parliamentary discussion, political details, masquerades, mechanics, Argyle Street Institution and aquatic races, love and lotteries, Brookes's and Buonaparte, opera-singers and oratorios, wine, women, wax-work, and weathercocks, can't accord with your *insulated* ideas of decorum and other *silly expressions* not inserted in *our vocabulary*.

"Oh! Southwell, Southwell, how I rejoice to have left thee, and how I curse the heavy hours I dragged along, for so many months, among the Mohawks who inhabit your kraals!—However, one thing I do not regret, which is having *pared off* a sufficient quantity of flesh to enable me to slip into 'an eel-skin,' and vie with the *slim* beaux of modern times; though I am sorry to say, it seems to be the mode amongst *gentlemen* to grow *fat*, and I am told I am at least fourteen pound below the fashion. However, I *decrease* instead of enlarging, which is extraordinary, as *violent* exercise in London is impracticable; but I attribute the *phenomenon* to our *evening squeezes* at public and private parties. I heard from Ridge this morning (the 14th, my letter was begun yesterday): he says the poems go on as well as can be wished; the seventy-five sent to town are circulated, and a demand for fifty more complied with, the day he dated his epistle, though the advertisements are not yet half published. Adieu.

"P. S. Lord Carlisle, on receiving my poems, sent, before he opened the book, a tolerably handsome letter:—I have not heard from him since. His opinions I neither know nor care about: if he is the least insolent, I shall enrol him with *Butler*[1] and the other worthies. He is in Yorkshire, poor man! and very ill! He said he had not had time to read the contents, but thought it necessary to acknowledge the receipt of the volume immediately. Perhaps the Earl '*bears no brother near the throne*,'—*if so*, I will make his *sceptre* totter *in his hands*.—Adieu!"

LETTER 16. TO MISS PIGOT.

"August 2. 1807.

"London begins to disgorge its contents—town is empty—consequently I can scribble at leisure, as occupations are less numerous. In a fortnight I shall depart to fulfil a country engagement; but expect two epistles from you previous to that period. Ridge does not proceed rapidly in Notts—very possible.

[1] In the collection of his Poems printed for private circulation, he had inserted some severe verses on Dr. Butler, which he omitted in the subsequent publication, —at the same time explaining why he did so, in a note little less severe than the verses.

In town things wear a more promising aspect, and a man whose works are praised by *reviewers*, admired by *duchesses*, and sold by every bookseller of the metropolis, does not dedicate much consideration to *rustic readers*. I have now a review before me, entitled 'Literary Recreations,' where my *bardship* is applauded far beyond my deserts. I know nothing of the critic, but think *him* a very discerning gentleman, and *myself* a devilish *clever* fellow. His critique pleases me particularly, because it is of great length, and a proper quantum of censure is administered, just to give an agreeable *relish* to the praise. You know I hate insipid, unqualified, common-place compliment. If you would wish to see it, order the 13th Number of 'Literary Recreations' for the last month. I assure you I have not the most distant idea of the writer of the article — it is printed in a periodical publication — and though I have written a paper (a review of Wordsworth [1]), which appears in the same work, I am ignorant of every other person concerned in it — even the editor, whose name I have not heard. My cousin, Lord Alexander Gordon, who resided in the same hotel, told me his mother, her Grace of Gordon [2], requested he would introduce my *Poetical* Lordship to her *Highness*, as she had bought my volume, admired it exceedingly, in common with the rest of the fashionable world, and wished to claim her relationship with the author. I was unluckily engaged on an excursion for some days afterwards; and, as the Duchess was on the eve of departing for Scotland, I have postponed my introduction till the winter, when I shall favour the lady, *whose taste I shall not dispute*, with my most sublime and edifying conversation. She is now in the Highlands, and Alexander took his departure, a few days ago, for the same *blessed* seat of '*dark rolling winds*.'

"Crosby, my London publisher, has disposed of his second importation, and has sent to Ridge for a *third* — at least so he says. In every bookseller's window I see my *own name*, and *say nothing*, but enjoy my fame in secret. My last reviewer kindly requests me to alter my determination of writing no more; and 'A Friend to the Cause of Literature' begs I will *gratify* the *public* with some new work 'at no very distant period.' Who would not be a bard? — that is to say, if all critics would be so polite. However, the others will pay me off, I doubt not, for this *gentle* encouragement. If so, have at 'em? By the by, I have written at my intervals of leisure, after two in the morning, 380 lines in blank verse, of Bosworth Field. I have luckily got Hutton's account. [3] I shall extend the poem to eight or ten books, and shall have finished it in a year. Whether it will be published or not must depend on circumstances. So much for *egotism!* My *laurels* have turned my brain, but the *cooling acids* of forthcoming criticisms will probably restore me to *modesty*.

"Southwell is a damned place — I have done with it — at least in all probability; excepting yourself, I esteem no one within its precincts. You were my only *rational* companion; and in plain truth, I had more respect for you than the whole *bevy*, with whose foibles I amused myself in compliance with their prevailing propensities. You gave yourself more trouble with me and my manuscripts than a thousand *dolls* would have done. Believe me, I have not forgotten your good nature in *this circle* of *sin*, and one day I trust I shall be able to evince my gratitude. Adieu, yours, &c.

"P. S. Remember me to Dr. P."

LETTER 17. TO MISS PIGOT.

"London, August 11. 1807.

"On Sunday next I set off for the Highlands. [4] A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we

[1] This first attempt of Lord Byron at reviewing (for it will be seen that he, once or twice afterwards, tried his hand at this least poetical of employments) is remarkable only as showing how plausibly he could assume the established tone and phraseology of these minor judgment-seats of criticism. For instance: — "The volumes before us are by the author of Lyrical Ballads, a collection which has not undeservedly met with a considerable share of public applause. The characteristics of Mr. Wordsworth's muse are simple and flowing, though occasionally inharmonious, verse, — strong and sometimes irresistible appeals to the feelings, with unexceptionable sentiments. Though the present work may not equal his former efforts, many of the poems possess a native elegance," &c. &c. &c. If Mr. Wordsworth ever chanced to cast his eye over this article, how little could he have suspected that under that dull prosaic mask lurked one who, in five short years from thence, would rival even *him* in poetry. [The Review in question will be found among the Miscellaneous Prose Pieces appended to the Life.]

[2] [The witty Duchess of Gordon, born Miss Maxwell of Monteith, died in April, 1812.]

[3] ["The Battle of Bosworth Field; to which is prefixed a History of Richard III.'s Life till he assumed the regal power." A new edition of this work, with additions by the indefatigable John Nichols, appeared in 1813.]

[4] This plan (which he never put in practice) had been talked of by him before he left Southwell, and is thus noticed in a letter of his fair correspondent to her brother: — "How can you ask if Lord B. is going to visit the Highlands in the summer? Why, don't *you* know that he never knows his own mind for ten minutes together? I tell him he is as fickle as the winds, and as uncertain as the waves."

shall leave it, and proceed in a *tandem* (a species of open carriage) through the western passes to Inverary, where we shall purchase *shelties*, to enable us to view places inaccessible to *vehicular conveyances*. On the coast we shall hire a vessel, and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides; and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only 300 miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at *Hecla*. This last intention you will keep a secret, as my nice *mamma* would imagine I was on a Voyage of *Discovery*, and raise the accustomed *maternal warwhoop*.

"Last week I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tacks made on the way, of three miles! You see I am in excellent training in case of a *squall* at sea. I mean to collect all the Erse traditions, poems, &c. &c., and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring under the denomination of '*The Highland Harp*,' or some title equally *picturesque*. Of Bosworth Field, one book is finished, another just began. It will be a work of three or four years, and most probably never *conclude*. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? they would be written at least with *fire*. How is the immortal Bran? and the Phœnix of canine quadrupeds, Boatswain? I have lately purchased a thorough-bred bull-dog, worthy to be the coadjutor of the aforesaid celestials — his name is *Smut!* — 'Bear it, ye breezes, on your *balmy* wings.'

"Write to me before I set off, I conjure you, by the fifth rib of your grandfather. Ridge goes on well with the books — I thought that worthy had not done much in the country. In town they have been very successful; Carpenter (Moore's publisher) told me a few days ago they sold all theirs immediately, and had several enquiries made since, which, from the books being gone, they could not supply. The Duke of York, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Duchess of Gordon, &c. &c., were among the purchasers; and Crosby says, the circulation will be still more extensive in the winter, the summer season being very bad for a sale, as most people are absent from London. However, they have gone off extremely well altogether. I shall pass very near you on my journey through Newark, but cannot approach. Don't tell this to Mrs. B., who supposes I travel a different road. If you have a letter, order it to be left at Ridge's shop, where I shall call, or the post-office, Newark, about six or eight in the evening. If your brother would ride over, I should be devilish glad to see him — he can return the same night, or sup with us and go home the next morning — the Kingston Arms is my inn.

"Adieu, yours ever,

"BYRON."

LETTER 18. TO MISS PIGOT.

"Trinity College, Cambridge, October 26. 1807.

"My dear Elizabeth,

"Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning for the last two days at hazard [1], I take up my pen to inquire how your highness and the rest of my female acquaintance at the seat of archiepiscopal grandeur go on. I know I deserve a scolding for my negligence in not writing more frequently; but racing up and down the country for these last three months, how was it possible to fulfil the duties of a correspondent? Fixed at last for six weeks, I write, as *thin* as ever (not having gained an ounce since my reduction), and rather in better humour; — but, after all, Southwell was a detestable residence. Thank St. Dominica, I have done with it: I have been twice within eight miles of it, but could not prevail on myself to *suffocate* in its heavy atmosphere. This place is wretched enough — a villanous chaos of din and drunkenness, nothing but hazard and burgundy, hunting, mathematics, and Newmarket, riot and racing. Yet it is a paradise compared with the eternal dulness of Southwell. Oh! the misery of doing nothing but make *love*, *enemies*, and *verses*.

"Next January, (but this is *entre nous only*, and pray let it be so, or my maternal persecutor will be throwing her tomahawk at any of my curious projects,) I am going to *sea* for four or five months, with my cousin Captain Bettesworth, who commands the Tartar, the finest frigate in the navy. I have seen most scenes, and wish to look at a naval life. We are going probably to the Mediterranean, or to the West Indies, or — to the d—l; and if there is a possibility of taking me to the latter, Bettesworth will

[1] We observe here, as in other parts of his early letters, that sort of display and boast of rakishness which is but too common a folly at this period of life, when the young aspirant to manhood persuades himself that to be profligate is to be manly. Unluckily, this boyish desire of being thought worse than he really was, remained with Lord Byron, as did some other feelings and foibles of his boyhood, long after the period when, with others, they are past and forgotten; and his mind, indeed, was but beginning to outgrow them, when he was snatched away.

do it; for he has received four and twenty wounds in different places, and at this moment possesses a letter from the late Lord Nelson, stating Bettesworth as the only officer in the navy who had more wounds than himself.[1]

"I have got a new friend, the finest in the world, a *tame bear*. When I brought him here, they asked me what I meant to do with him, and my reply was, 'he should *sit for a fellowship*.' Sherard will explain the meaning of the sentence, if it is ambiguous. This answer delighted them not. We have several parties here, and this evening a large assortment of jockeys, gamblers, boxers, authors, parsons, and poets, sup with me, — a precious mixture, but they go on well together; and for me, I am a *spice* of every thing except a jockey; by the bye, I was dismounted again the other day.

Thank your brother in my name for his treatise. I have written 214 pages of a novel, — one poem of 380 lines[2], to be published (without my name) in a few weeks, with notes, — 560 lines of Bosworth Field, and 250 lines of another poem in rhyme, besides half a dozen smaller pieces. The poem to be published is a Satire. *Apropos*, I have been praised to the skies in the Critical Review[3], and abused greatly in another publication.[4] So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the book: it keeps up controversy, and prevents it being forgotten. Besides, the first men of all ages have had their share, nor do the humblest escape; — so I bear it like a philosopher. It is odd two opposite critiques came out on the same day, and out of five pages of abuse, my censor only quotes *two lines* from different poems, in support of his opinion. Now, the proper way to *cut up*, is to quote long passages, and make them appear absurd, because simple allegation is no proof. On the other hand, there are seven pages of praise, and more than *my modesty* will allow, said on the subject. Adieu.

"P.S. Write, write, write!!!"

[1] [Captain George-Edward-Byron Bettesworth, born in 1781, was the son of a clergyman in the north of England. In the short space of eight years from his first entering the service as a boy, he had risen by his merit to the post of Commander. When the above letter was written, he had just been appointed to the Tartar frigate, in which he was killed in the May following, while engaging with some Danish gun-boats off Bergen. He had recently married Lady Hannah-Althea Grey, sister to Earl Grey; who afterwards married the right hon. Edward Ellice.]

[2] The poem afterwards enlarged and published under the title of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It appears from this that the ground-work of that satire had been laid some time before the appearance of the article in the Edinburgh Review.

CHAPTER VI.

1808.

CAMBRIDGE. — ACQUAINTANCE WITH MR. DALLAS. — EARLY SCEPTICISM. — ANECDOTES OF CHARLES SKINNER MATTHEWS. — CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. DALLAS — MR. HENRY DRURY — AND MR. HARNESS. — ANECDOTES.

It was at the beginning of the following year that an acquaintance commenced between Lord Byron and a gentleman, related to his family by marriage, Mr. Dallas[5] — the author of some novels, popular, I believe, in their day, and also of a sort of Memoir of the noble Poet, published soon after his death, which, from being founded chiefly on original correspondence, is the most authentic and trustworthy of any that have yet appeared. In the letters addressed by Lord Byron to this gentleman, among many details, curious in a literary point of view, we find, what is much more important for our present purpose, some particulars illustrative of the opinions which he had formed, at this time of his life, on the two subjects most connected with the early formation of character — morals and religion.

It is but rarely that infidelity or scepticism finds an entrance into youthful minds. That readiness to take the future upon trust, which is the charm of this period of life, would naturally, indeed, make it the season of belief as well as of hope. There are also then, still fresh in the mind, the impressions of early religious culture, which even in those who begin soonest to question their faith, give way but slowly to the encroachments of doubt, and, in the mean time, extend the benefit of their moral restraint over a portion of life when it is acknowledged such restraints are most necessary. If exemption from the

[3] Sept. 1807. This Review, in pronouncing upon the young author's future career, showed itself somewhat more "prophet-like" than the great oracle of the North. In noticing the Elegy on Newstead Abbey, the writer says, "We could not but hail, with something of prophetic rapture, the hope conveyed in the closing stanza: —

"Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray," &c. &c.

[4] The first number of a monthly publication called "The Satirist," in which there appeared afterwards some low and personal attacks upon him.

[5] [Captain George-Anson Byron, of the royal navy, father of the present Lord Byron, had married the sister of Mr. Dallas.]

checks of religion be, as infidels themselves allow [1], a state of freedom from responsibility dangerous at all times, it must be peculiarly so in that season of temptation, youth, when the passions are sufficiently disposed to usurp a latitude for themselves, without taking a licence also from infidelity to enlarge their range. It is, therefore, fortunate that, for the causes just stated, the inroads of scepticism and disbelief should be seldom felt in the mind till a period of life when the character, already formed, is out of the reach of their disturbing influence, — when, being the result, however erroneous, of thought and reasoning, they are likely to partake of the sobriety of the process by which they were acquired, and being considered but as matters of pure speculation, to have as little share in determining the mind towards evil as, too often, the most orthodox creed has, at the same age, in influencing it towards good.

While, in this manner, the moral qualities of the unbeliever himself are guarded from some of the mischiefs that might, at an earlier age, attend such doctrines, the danger also of his communicating the infection to others is, for reasons of a similar nature, considerably diminished. The same vanity or daring which may have prompted the youthful sceptic's opinions, will lead him likewise, it is probable, rashly and irreverently to avow them, without regard either to the effect of his example on those around him, or to the odium which, by such an avowal, he entails irreparably on himself. But, at a riper age, these consequences are, in general, more cautiously weighed. The infidel, if at all considerate of the happiness of others, will naturally pause before he chases from their hearts a hope of which his own feels the want so desolately. If regardful only of himself, he will no less naturally shrink from the promulgation of opinions which, in no age, have men uttered with impunity. In either case there is a tolerably good security for his silence; — for, should benevolence not restrain him from making converts of others, prudence may, at least, prevent him from making a martyr of himself.

Unfortunately, Lord Byron was an exception to the usual course of such lapses. With him, the canker showed itself "in the morn and dew of youth," when the effect of such "blastments" is, for every reason, most fatal, — and, in addition to the real misfortune of being an unbeliever at any age, he exhibited the rare and melancholy spectacle of an unbelieving schoolboy. The same prematurity of developement which brought his passions and genius so early into action, enabled also to anticipate this worst, dreariest result of reason; and at the very time of life when a spirit and temperament like his most required control, those checks, which religious prepossessions best supply, were almost wholly wanting.

We have seen, in those two Addresses to the Deity which I have selected from among his unpublished poems, and still more strongly in a passage of the Catalogue of his Studies, at what a boyish age the authority of all systems and sects was avowedly shaken off by his inquiring spirit. Yet, even in these, there is a fervour of adoration mingled with his defiance of creeds, through which the piety implanted in his nature (as it is deeply in all poetic natures) unequivocally shows itself; and had he then fallen within the reach of such guidance and example as would have seconded and fostered these natural dispositions, the licence of opinion into which he afterwards broke loose might have been averted. His scepticism, if not wholly removed, might have been softened down into that humble doubt, which, so far from being inconsistent with a religious spirit, is, perhaps, its best guard against presumption and uncharitableness; and, at all events, even if his own views of religion had not been brightened or elevated, he would have learned not wantonly to cloud or disturb those of others. But there was no such monitor near him. After his departure from Southwell, he had not a single friend or relative to whom he could look up with respect; but was thrown alone on the world, with his passions and his pride, to revel in the fatal discovery which he imagined himself to have made of the nothingness of the future, and the all-paramount claims of the present. By singular ill fortune, too, the individual who, among all his college friends, had taken the strongest hold on his admiration and affection, and whose loss he afterwards lamented with brotherly tenderness, was, to the same extent as himself, if not more strongly, a sceptic. Of this remarkable young man, Matthews, who was so early snatched away, and whose career in after-life, had it been at all answerable to the extraordinary promise of his youth, must have

[1] "Look out for a people entirely destitute of religion: if you find them at all, be assured that they are but few degrees removed from brutes." — HUME.

The reader will find this avowal of Hume turned eloquently to the advantage of religion in a Collection of Sermons, entitled, "The Connexion of Christianity with Human Happiness," written by one of Lord Byron's earliest and most valued friends, the Rev. William Harness.

placed him upon a level with the first men of his day, a memoir was, at one time, intended to be published by his relatives; and to Lord Byron, among others of his college friends, application for assistance in the task was addressed. The letter which this circumstance drew forth from the noble poet, besides containing many amusing traits of his friend, affords such an insight into his own habits of life at this period, that, though infringing upon the chronological order of his correspondence, I shall insert it here.

LETTER 19. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9bre 12. 1820.

"What you said of the late Charles Skinner Matthews has set me to my recollections; but I have not been able to turn up any thing which would do for the purposed Memoir of his brother, — even if he had previously done enough during his life to sanction the introduction of anecdotes so merely personal. He was, however, a very extraordinary man, and would have been a great one. No one ever succeeded in a more surpassing degree than he did as far as he went. He was indolent, too; but whenever he stripped, he overthrew all antagonists. His conquests will be found registered at Cambridge, particularly his *Downing* one, which was hotly and highly contested, and yet easily *won*. Hobhouse was his most intimate friend, and can tell you more of him than any man. William Bankes also a great deal. I myself recollect more of his oddities than of his academical qualities, for we lived most together at a very idle period of *my* life. When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow, to which I had become attached during the two last years of my stay there; wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford (there were no rooms vacant at Christ-church); wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds, and consequently about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop. So that, although I knew Matthews, and met him often *then* at Bankes's, (who was my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron,) and at Rhode's, Milnes's, Price's, Dick's, Macnamara's, Farrell's, Galley Knight's, and others of that *set* of contemporaries, yet I was neither intimate with him nor with any one else, except my old schoolfellow Edward Long (with whom I used to pass the day in riding and swimming), and William Bankes, who was good-naturedly tolerant of my ferocities.

"It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to *reside* for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of Hobhouse, who, after hating me for two years, because I wore a *white hat*, and a *grey* coat, and rode a *grey* horse (as he says himself), took me into his good graces because I had written some poetry. I had always lived a good deal, and got drunk occasionally, in their company — but now we became really friends in a morning. Matthews, however, was not at this period resident in College. I met *him* chiefly in London, and at uncertain periods at Cambridge. Hobhouse, in the mean time, did great things: he founded the Cambridge 'Whig Club' (which he seems to have forgotten), and the 'Amicable Society,' which was dissolved in consequence of the members constantly quarrelling, and made himself very popular with 'us youth,' and no less formidable to all tutors, professors, and heads of Colleges. William Bankes was gone; while he stayed, he ruled the oast — or rather the *roasting* — and was father of all mischiefs.

"Matthews and I, meeting in London, and elsewhere, became great cronies. He was not good tempered — nor am I — but with a little tact his temper was manageable, and I thought him so superior a man, that I was willing to sacrifice something to his humours, which were often, at the same time, amusing and provoking. What became of his *papers* (and he certainly had many), at the time of his death, was never known. I mention this by the way, fearing to skip it over, and *as* he *wrote* remarkably well, both in Latin and English. We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and *Monks'* dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visiters, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the *skull-cup*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house, in our conventual garments. Matthews always denominated me 'the Abbot,' and never called me by any other name in his good humours, to the day of his death. The harmony of these our symposia was somewhat interrupted, a few days after our assembling, by Matthews's threatening to throw Hobhouse out of a *window*, in consequence of I know not what commerce of jokes ending in this epigram. Hobhouse came to me and said, that 'his respect and regard for me as host would not permit him to call out any of my guests, and that he should go to town next morning.' He did. It was in vain that I represented to him that

the window was not high, and that the turf under it was particularly soft. Away he went.

"Matthews and myself had travelled down from London together, talking all the way incessantly upon one single topic. When we got to Loughborough, I know not what chasm had made us diverge for a moment to some other subject, at which he was indignant. 'Come,' said he, 'don't let us break through — let us go on as we began, to our journey's end;' and so he continued, and was as entertaining as ever to the very end. He had previously occupied, during my year's absence from Cambridge, my rooms in Trinity, with the furniture; and Jones, the tutor, in his odd way, had said, on putting him in, 'Mr. Matthews, I recommend to your attention not to damage any of the moveables, for Lord Byron, Sir, is a young man of *tumultuous passions*.' Matthews was delighted with this; and whenever anybody came to visit him, begged them to handle the very door with caution; and used to repeat Jones's admonition in his tone and manner. There was a large mirror in the room, on which he remarked, 'that he thought his friends were grown uncommonly assiduous in coming to *see him*, but he soon discovered that they only came to *see themselves*.' Jones's phrase of '*tumultuous passions*,' and the whole scene, had put him into such good humour, that I verily believe that I owed to it a portion of his good graces.

"When at Newstead, somebody by accident rubbed against one of his white silk stockings, one day before dinner; of course the gentleman apologised. 'Sir,' answered Matthews, 'it may be all very well for you, who have a great many silk stockings, to dirty other people's; but to me, who have only this *one pair*, which I have put on in honour of the Abbot here, no apology can compensate for such carelessness; besides, the expense of washing.' He had the same sort of droll sardonic way about every thing. A wild Irishman, named Farrell, one evening beginning to say something at a large supper at Cambridge, Matthews roared out 'Silence!' and then, pointing to Farrell, cried out, in the words of the oracle, '*Orson is endowed with reason*.' You may easily suppose that Orson lost what reason he had acquired, on hearing this compliment. When Hobhouse published his volume of poems, the Miscellany (which Matthews *would* call the '*Miss-sell-any*'), all that could be drawn from him was, that the preface was 'extremely like *Walsh*.' Hobhouse thought this at first a compliment; but we never could make out what it was [1], for all we know of *Walsh* is his Ode to King William [2], and Pope's epithet of '*knowing Walsh*.' [3] When the Newstead party broke up for London, Hobhouse and Matthews, who were the greatest friends possible, agreed, for a whim, to *walk together* to town. They quarrelled by the way, and actually walked the latter half of their journey, occasionally passing and repassing, without speaking. When Matthews had got to Highgate, he had spent all his money but three-pence halfpenny, and determined to spend that also in a pint of beer, which I believe he was drinking before a public-house, as Hobhouse passed him (still without speaking) for the last time on their route. They were reconciled in London again.

"One of Matthews's passions was 'the Fancy;' and he sparred uncommonly well. But he always got beaten in rows, or combats with the bare fist. In swimming, too, he swam well; but with *effort* and *labour*, and *too high* out of the water; so that Scrope Davies and myself, of whom he was therein somewhat emulous, always told him that he would be drowned if ever he came to a difficult pass in the water. He was so; but surely Scrope and myself would have been most heartily glad that

"'the Dean had lived,
And our prediction proved a lie.'

"His head was uncommonly handsome, very like what *Pope's* was in his youth.

"His voice, and laugh, and features, are strongly resembled by his brother Henry's, if Henry be *he* of *King's College*. His passion for boxing was so great, that he actually wanted me to match him with Dogherty (whom I had backed and made the match for against Tom Belcher), and I saw them spar together at my own lodgings with the gloves on. As he was bent upon it, I would have backed

[1] The only thing remarkable about Walsh's preface is, that Dr. Johnson praises it as "very judicious," but is, at the same time, silent respecting the poems to which it is prefixed.

[2] [No "Ode" under this title is to be found in Walsh's Poems. Lord Byron had, no doubt, in mind "The Golden Age Restored;" a composition in which, says Dr. Johnson, "there was something of humour, while the facts were recent; but it now strikes no longer."]

[3] ["——— Granville the polite,
And *knowing Walsh*, would tell me I could write."

"About fifteen," says Pope, "I got acquainted with Mr. Walsh. He used to encourage me much, and tell me, that there was one way left of excelling: for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct; and he desired me to make that my study and aim." — SPENCE.]

Dogherty to please him, but the match went off. It was of course to have been a private fight, in a private room.

"On one occasion, being too late to go home and dress, he was equipped by a friend (Mr. Baillie, I believe,) in a magnificently fashionable and somewhat exaggerated shirt and neckcloth. He proceeded to the Opera, and took his station in Fops' Alley. During the interval between the opera and the ballet, an acquaintance took his station by him and saluted him: 'Come round,' said Matthews, 'come round.'—'Why should I come round?' said the other; 'you have only to turn your head — I am close by you.' — 'That is exactly what I cannot do,' said Matthews; 'don't you see the state I am in?' pointing to his buckram shirt collar and inflexible cravat, — and there he stood with his head always in the same perpendicular position during the whole spectacle.

"One evening, after dining together, as we were going to the Opera, I happened to have a spare Opera ticket (as subscriber to a box), and presented it to Matthews. 'Now, sir,' said he to Hobhouse afterwards, 'this I call *courteous* in the Abbot — another man would never have thought that I might do better with half a guinea than throw it to a door-keeper; — but here is a man not only asks me to dinner, but gives me a ticket for the theatre.' These were only his oddities, for no man was more liberal, or more honourable in all his doings and dealings, than Matthews. He gave Hobhouse and me, before we set out for Constantinople, a most splendid entertainment, to which we did ample justice. One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Somebody popped upon him in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand — and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to *dine with his hat on*. This he called his '*hat* house,' and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal-times.

"When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge for a row with a tradesman named 'Hiron,' Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening,

> "'Ah me! what perils do environ
> The man who meddles with *hot Hiron*.'

"He was also of that band of profane scoffers who, under the auspices of * * * *, used to rouse Lort Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity; and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out, 'I know you, gentlemen, I know you!' were wont to reply, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good *Lort*'—'Good *Lort* deliver us!' (Lort was his christian name.) As he was very free in his speculations upon all kinds of subjects, although by no means either dissolute or intemperate in his conduct, and as I was no less independent, our conversation and correspondence used to alarm our friend Hobhouse to a considerable degree.

"You must be almost tired of my packets, which will have cost a mint of postage.

"Salute Gifford and all my friends.

"Yours, &c."

As already, before his acquaintance with Mr. Matthews commenced, Lord Byron had begun to bewilder himself in the mazes of scepticism, it would be unjust to impute to this gentleman any further share in the formation of his noble friend's opinions than what arose from the natural influence of example and sympathy; — an influence which, as it was felt perhaps equally on both sides, rendered the contagion of their doctrines, in a great measure, reciprocal. In addition, too, to this community of sentiment on such subjects, they were both, in no ordinary degree, possessed by that dangerous spirit of ridicule, whose impulses even the pious cannot always restrain, and which draws the mind on, by a sort of irresistible fascination, to disport itself most wantonly on the brink of all that is most solemn and awful. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, in such society, the opinions of the noble poet should have been, at least, accelerated in that direction to which their bias already leaned; and though he cannot be said to have become thus confirmed in these doctrines, — as neither now, nor at any time of his life, was he a confirmed unbeliever, — he had undoubtedly learned to feel less uneasy under his scepticism, and even to mingle somewhat of boast and of levity with his expression of it. At the very first onset of his correspondence with Mr. Dallas, we find him proclaiming his sentiments on all such subjects with a flippancy and confidence far different from the tone in which he had first ventured on his doubts, — from that fervid sadness, as of a heart loth to part with its illusions, which breathes through every line of those prayers, that, but a year before, his pen had traced.

Here again, however, we should recollect, there must be a considerable share of allowance for his usual tendency to make the most and the worst of his own obliquities. There occurs, indeed, in his first letter to Mr. Dallas, an instance of this strange ambition, — the very reverse, it must be allowed, of hypocrisy, — which led him to court, rather than avoid, the reputation of profligacy, and

to put, at all times, the worst face on his own character and conduct. His new correspondent having, in introducing himself to his acquaintance, passed some compliments on the tone of moral and charitable feeling which breathed through one of his poems, had added, that it "brought to his mind another noble author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion of which forgiveness is a prominent principle, the great and good Lord Lyttleton, whose fame will never die. His son," adds Mr. Dallas, "to whom he had transmitted genius, but not virtue, sparkled for a moment and went out like a star,—and with him the title became extinct." To this Lord Byron answers in the following letter:—

LETTER 20. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street, Jan. 20. 1808.

"Sir,

"Your letter was not received till this morning, I presume from being addressed to me in Notts., where I have not resided since last June; and as the date is the 6th, you will excuse the delay of my answer.

"If the little volume you mention has given pleasure to the author of *Percival* and *Aubrey*, I am sufficiently repaid by his praise. Though our periodical censors have been uncommonly lenient, I confess a tribute from a man of acknowledged genius is still more flattering. But I am afraid I should forfeit all claim to candour, if I did not decline such praise as I do not deserve; and this is, I am sorry to say, the case in the present instance.

"My compositions speak for themselves, and must stand or fall by their own worth or demerit: *thus far* I feel highly gratified by your favourable opinion. But my pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept, your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly: you mention the two Lords Lyttleton in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person who is now addressing you has been frequently compared to the *latter*. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honour has, and I trust ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action, I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity. How far justice may have dictated this accusation, I cannot pretend to say; but, like the *gentleman* to whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am. However, to quit myself (the worst theme I could pitch upon), and return to my poems, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, and I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of rendering them in person. A second edition is now in the press, with some additions and considerable omissions; you will allow me to present you with a copy. The Critical, Monthly, and Anti-Jacobin Reviews have been very indulgent; but the Eclectic has pronounced a furious Philippic, not against the *book* but the *author*, where you will find all I have mentioned asserted by a reverend divine who wrote the critique.

Your name and connection with our family have been long known to me, and I hope your person will be not less so: you will find me an excellent compound of a 'Brainless' and a 'Stanhope.'[1] I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this, for my hand is almost as bad as my character; but you will find me, as legibly as possible,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"BYRON."

There is here, evidently, a degree of pride in being thought to resemble the wicked Lord Lyttleton; and, lest his known irregularities should not bear him out in the pretension, he refers mysteriously, as was his habit, to certain untold events of his life, to warrant the parallel.[2] Mr. Dallas, who seems to have been but little prepared for such a reception of his compliments, escapes out of the difficulty by transferring to the young lord's "candour" the praise he had so thanklessly bestowed on his morals in general; adding, that from the design Lord Byron had expressed in his preface of resigning the service of the Muses for a different vocation, he had "conceived him bent on pursuits which lead to the character of a legislator and statesman;—had imagined him at one of the universities, training himself to habits of reasoning and eloquence, and storing up a large fund of history and law." It is in reply

[1] Characters in the novel called *Percival*.

[2] This appeal to the imagination of his correspondent was not altogether without effect.—"I considered," says Mr. Dallas, "these letters, *though evidently grounded on some occurrences in the still earlier part of his life*, rather as *jeux d'esprit* than as a true portrait."

to this letter that the exposition of the noble poet's opinions, to which I have above alluded, is contained.

LETTER 21. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Dorant's, January 21. 1808.

"Sir,

"Whenever leisure and inclination permit me the pleasure of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a personal acquaintance with one whose mind has been long known to me in his writings.

"You are so far correct in your conjecture, that I am a member of the University of Cambridge, where I shall take my degree of A.M. this term; but were reasoning, eloquence, or virtue, the objects of my search, Granta is not their metropolis, nor is the place of her situation an 'El Dorado,' far less an Utopia. The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam, and their pursuits limited to the church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

"As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical department; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the classics, I know about as much as most school-boys after a discipline of thirteen years; of the law of the land as much as enables me to keep 'within the statute'—to use the poacher's vocabulary. I did study the 'Spirit of Laws' and the Law of Nations; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempts at so useless an accomplishment:—of geography, I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot;—of mathematics, enough to give me the headach without clearing the part affected;—of philosophy, astronomy, and metaphysics, more than I can comprehend[1]; and of common sense so little, that I mean to leave a Byronian prize at each of our 'Almæ Matres' for the first discovery,—though I rather fear that of the longitude will precede it.

"I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment: so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the το καλον. [In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion, I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven.] I hold virtue, in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle.[2] I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity, and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked* George Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed.

I remain," &c.

Though such was, doubtless, the general cast of his opinions at this time, it must be recollected, before we attach any particular importance to the details of his creed, that, in addition to the temptation, never easily resisted by him, of displaying his wit at the expense of his character, he was here addressing a person who, though, no doubt, well meaning, was evidently one of those officious, self-satisfied advisers, whom it was the delight of Lord Byron at all times to astonish and *mystify*. The tricks which, when a boy, he played upon the Nottingham quack, Lavender, were but the first of a long series with which, through life, he amused himself, at the expense of all the numerous quacks whom his celebrity and sociability drew around him.

The terms in which he speaks of the university in this letter agree in spirit with many passages both in the "Hours of Idleness," and his early Satire, and prove that, while Harrow was remembered by him with more affection, perhaps, than respect, Cambridge had not been able to inspire him with either. This feeling of distaste to his "nursing mother" he entertained in common with some of the most illustrious names of English literature. So great was Milton's hatred to Cambridge, that he had even conceived, says Warton, a dislike to the face of the country,—to the fields in its neighbourhood. The poet Gray thus speaks of the same university:—"Surely, it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known

[1] He appears to have had in his memory "Voltaire's lively account of Zadig's learning: "Il savait de la métaphysique ce qu'on en a su dans tous les âges,—c'est à dire, fort peu de chose," &c.

[2] The doctrine of Hume, who resolves all virtue into sentiment.—See his "Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals."

by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, 'The wild beasts of the deserts shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there,'" &c. &c. The bitter recollections which Gibbon retained of Oxford, his own pen has recorded; and the cool contempt by which Locke avenged himself on the bigotry of the same seat of learning is even still more memorable.[1]

In poets such distasteful recollections of their collegiate life may well be thought to have their origin in that antipathy to the trammels of discipline, which is not unusually observable among the characteristics of genius, and which might be regarded, indeed, as a sort of instinct, implanted in it for its own preservation, if there be any truth in the opinion that a course of learned education is hurtful to the freshness and elasticity of the imaginative faculty. A right reverend writer[2], but little to be suspected of any desire to depreciate academical studies, not only puts the question, "Whether the usual forms of learning be not rather injurious to the true poet, than really assisting to him?" but appears strongly disposed to answer it in the affirmative, — giving, as an instance, in favour of this conclusion, the classic Addison, who, "as appears," he says, "from some original efforts in the sublime, allegorical way, had no want of natural talents for the greater poetry, — which yet were so restrained and disabled by his constant and superstitious study of the old classics, that he was, in fact, but a very ordinary poet."

It was, no doubt, under some such impression of the malign influence of a collegiate atmosphere upon genius, that Milton, in speaking of Cambridge, gave vent to the exclamation, that it was "a place quite incompatible with the votaries of Phœbus," and that Lord Byron, versifying a thought of his own, in the letter to Mr. Dallas just given, declares,

> "Her Helicon is duller than her Cam."

The poet Dryden, too, who, like Milton, had incurred some mark of disgrace at Cambridge, seems to have entertained but little more veneration for his Alma Mater; and the verses in which he has praised Oxford at the expense of his own university[3] were, it is probable, dictated much less by admiration of the one than by a desire to spite and depreciate the other.

Nor is it genius only that thus rebels against the discipline of the schools. Even the tamer quality of Taste, which it is the professed object of classical studies to cultivate, is sometimes found to turn restive under the pedantic *manège* to which it is subjected. It was not till released from the duty of reading Virgil as a task, that Gray could feel himself capable of enjoying the beauties of that poet; and Lord Byron was, to the last, unable to vanquish a similar prepossession, with which the same sort of school association had inoculated him, against Horace.

> — "Though Time hath taught
> My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
> Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
> By the impatience of my early thought,
> That, with the freshness wearing out before
> My mind could relish what it might have sought,
> If free to choose, I cannot now restore
> Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.
>
> "Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
> Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
> To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
> To comprehend, but never love thy verse."
>
> *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.

To the list of eminent poets, who have thus left on record their dislike and disapproval of the English system of education, are to be added the distinguished names of Cowley, Addison, and Cowper; while, among the cases which, like those of Milton and Dryden, practically demonstrate the sort of inverse ratio that may exist between college honours and genius, must not be forgotten those of Swift, Goldsmith, and Churchill, to every one of whom some mark of incompetency was affixed by the respective universities, whose annals they adorn. When, in addition, too, to this rather ample catalogue of poets, whom the universities have sent forth either disloyal or dishonoured, we come to number over such names as those of Shakspeare and of Pope, followed by Gay, Thomson, Burns, Chatterton, &c., all of whom have attained their respective stations of eminence, without instruction or sanction from any college whatever, it forms altogether, it must be owned, a large portion of the poetical world, that must be subducted from the sphere of that nursing influence which

[1] See his Letter to Anthony Collins, 1703-4, where he speaks of "those sharp heads, which were for damning his book, because of its discouraging the staple commodity of the place, which in his time was called *hogs' shearing*."

[2] Hurd, "Discourses on Poetical Imitation."

[3] ["Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother-university:
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age."
Dryden's Prologue to the University of Oxford.]

the universities are supposed to exercise over the genius of the country.[1]

The following letters, written at this time, contain some particulars which will not be found uninteresting.

LETTER 22. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

"Dorant's Hotel, Jan. 13. 1808.

"My dear Sir,

"Through the stupidity of my servants, or the porter of the house, in not showing you up stairs (where I should have joined you directly), prevented me the pleasure of seeing you yesterday, I hoped to meet you at some public place in the evening. However, my stars decreed otherwise, as they generally do, when I have any favour to request of them. I think you would have been surprised at my figure, for, since our last meeting, I am reduced four stone in weight. I then weighed fourteen stone seven pound, and now only *ten stone and a half*. I have disposed of my *superfluities* by means of hard exercise and abstinence.

"Should your Harrow engagements allow you to visit town between this and February, I shall be most happy to see you in Albemarle Street. If I am not so fortunate, I shall endeavour to join you for an afternoon at Harrow, though, I fear, your cellar will by no means contribute to my cure. As for my worthy preceptor, Dr. B., our encounter would by no means prevent the *mutual endearments* he and I were wont to lavish on each other. We have only spoken once since my departure from Harrow in 1805, and then he politely told Tatersall I was not a proper associate for his pupils. This was long before my strictures in verse; but, in plain *prose*, had I been some years older, I should have held my tongue on his perfections. But, being laid on my back, when that schoolboy thing was written—or rather dictated—expecting to rise no more, my physician having taken his sixteenth fee, and his prescription, I could not quit this earth without leaving a memento of my constant attachment to Butler in gratitude for his manifold good offices.[2]

"I meant to have been down in July; but thinking my appearance, immediately after the publication, would be construed into an insult, I directed my steps elsewhere. Besides, I heard that some of the boys had got hold of my Libellus, contrary to my wishes certainly, for I never transmitted a single copy till October, when I gave one to a boy, since gone, after repeated importunities. You will, I trust, pardon this egotism. As you had touched on the subject I thought some explanation necessary. Defence I shall not attempt, 'Hic murus aheneus esto, nil conscire sibi'—and 'so on' (as Lord Baltimore said on his trial for a rape)—I have been so long at Trinity as to forget the conclusion of the line; but though I cannot finish my quotation, I will my letter, and entreat you to believe me, gratefully and affectionately, &c.

"P. S. I will not lay a tax on your time by requiring an answer, lest you say, as Butler said to Tatersall (when I had written his reverence an impudent epistle on the expression before mentioned), viz. 'that I wanted to draw him into a correspondence.'"

LETTER 23. TO MR. HARNESS.

"Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street, Feb. 11. 1808.

"My dear Harness,

"As I had no opportunity of returning my verbal thanks, I trust you will accept my written acknowledgments for the compliment you were pleased to pay some production of my unlucky muse last November,—I am induced to do this not less from the pleasure I feel in the praise of an old schoolfellow, than from justice to you, for I had heard the story with some slight variations. Indeed, when we met this morning, Wing-

[1] ["No system of national education ever was, or will be, planned with reference to minds such as Mr. Moore seems not merely chiefly, but exclusively, to be thinking of in this diatribe. The grand object is to prepare men for the discharge of those duties which society has a right to demand from its members; and, original genius being so rare as hitherto it always has been, the functions which cannot be discharged in the absence of that extraordinary gift are not entitled to be mainly, or even directly, considered. We are very far from maintaining that the established system ought not to be considerably modified: the classical literature of antiquity is no longer entitled to hold the exclusive place which belonged to it in the age of our scholastic and academical foundations; but it is not by such unguarded attacks as this, that the course of rational improvement is at all likely to be forwarded. They can serve no better purpose than to irritate or discourage the existing race of teachers (than whom a more meritorious or worse-paid class of men cannot be named), and to pamper self-complacency, petulance, and the silly ambition of knowing a little of every thing, in a rising generation, already more than enough tinged with such phantasies."—*Quarterly Review*, 1831.

"The only bald part of this Biography is that which relates to Byron's college life; nor can we approve of its spirit. Mr. Moore is too well acquainted with literary history, to fall into any blunders of commission; but he has fallen,—not perhaps unpurposely—into not a few of omission, and strives, most ineffectually, to make us believe, that because Byron did no good at Cambridge, no other young poet of a high order could do any,—and that the Genius Loci is adverse to all inspiration."—*Blackwood*, 1830.]

[2] [See Works, p. 383.]

field had not undeceived me; but he will tell you that I displayed no resentment in mentioning what I had heard, though I was not sorry to discover the truth. Perhaps you hardly recollect, some years ago, a short, though, for the time, a warm friendship between us. Why it was not of longer duration I know not. I have still a gift of yours in my possession, that must always prevent me from forgetting it. I also remember being favoured with the perusal of many of your compositions, and several other circumstances very pleasant in their day, which I will not force upon your memory, but entreat you to believe me, with much regret at their short continuance, and a hope they are not irrevocable.

"Yours very sincerely, &c.
"BYRON."

I have already mentioned the early friendship that subsisted between this gentleman and Lord Byron, as well as the coolness that succeeded it. The following extract from a letter with which Mr. Harness favoured me, in placing at my disposal those of his noble correspondent, will explain the circumstances that led, at this time, to their reconcilement; and the candid tribute, in the concluding sentences, to Lord Byron, will be found not less honourable to the reverend writer himself than to his friend.

"A coolness afterwards arose, which Byron alludes to in the first of the accompanying letters, and we never spoke during the last year of his remaining at school, nor till after the publication of his 'Hours of Idleness.' Lord Byron was then at Cambridge; I, in one of the upper forms, at Harrow. In an English theme I happened to quote from the volume, and mention it with praise. It was reported to Byron that I had, on the contrary, spoken slightingly of his work and of himself, for the purpose of conciliating the favour of Dr. Butler, the master, who had been severely satirised in one of the poems. Wingfield, who was afterwards Lord Powerscourt, a mutual friend of Byron and myself, disabused him of the error into which he had been led, and this was the occasion of the first letter of the collection. Our intimacy was renewed, and continued from that time till his going abroad. Whatever faults Lord Byron might have had towards others, to myself he was always uniformly affectionate. I have many slights and neglects towards him to reproach myself with; but I cannot call to mind a single instance of caprice or unkindness, in the whole course of our friendship, to allege against him."

CHAPTER VII.

1808.

CAMBRIDGE. — EDINBURGH REVIEW ON "HOURS OF IDLENESS." — ITS EFFECT. — DISSIPATIONS OF LONDON, CAMBRIDGE, AND BRIGHTON. — PUGILISM. — RESIDENCE AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY. — CORRESPONDENCE. — PROJECT OF VISITING INDIA. — SUPPOSED RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN ROUSSEAU AND BYRON. — BOATSWAIN'S MONUMENT. — JOE MURRAY. — ANECDOTES. — COMMENCEMENT OF "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS." — LORD BYRON'S MAJORITY.

IN the spring of this year (1808) appeared the memorable critique upon the "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review. That he had some notice of what was to be expected from that quarter, appears by the following letter to his friend, Mr. Becher.

LETTER 24. TO MR. BECHER.

"Dorant's Hotel, Feb. 26. 1808.

"My dear Becher,

"Now for Apollo. I am happy that you still retain your predilection, and that the public allow me some share of praise. I am of so much importance that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the Edinburgh Review. This I had from the authority of a friend who has seen the proof and manuscript of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none; and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. It is, however, something to be noticed, as they profess to pass judgment only on works requiring the public attention. You will see this when it comes out; — it is, I understand, of the most unmerciful description; but I am aware of it, and hope *you* will not be hurt by its severity.

"Tell Mrs. Byron not to be out of humour with them, and to prepare her mind for the greatest hostility on their part. It will do no injury whatever, and I trust her mind will not be ruffled. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they never praise except the partisans of Lord Holland and Co. It is nothing to be abused when Southey, Moore, Lauderdale, Strangford, and Payne Knight, share the same fate.

"I am sorry — but 'Childish Recollections' must be suppressed during this edition. I have altered, at your suggestion, the *ob-*

noxious allusions in the sixth stanza of my last ode.

"And now, my dear Becher, I must return my best acknowledgments for the interest you have taken in me and my poetical bantlings, and I shall ever be proud to show how much I esteem the *advice* and the *adviser*. Believe me most truly," &c.

Soon after this letter appeared the dreaded article, — an article which, if not "witty in itself," deserved eminently the credit of causing "wit in others." Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to the lot of the justest criticism to attain celebrity such as injustice has procured for this; nor as long as the short, but glorious race of Byron's genius is remembered, can the critic, whoever he may be, that so unintentionally ministered to its first start, be forgotten.

It is but justice, however, to remark, — without at the same time intending any excuse for the contemptuous tone of criticism assumed by the reviewer, — that the early verses of Lord Byron, however distinguished by tenderness and grace, give but little promise of those dazzling miracles of poesy with which he afterwards astonished and enchanted the world; and that, if his youthful verses now have a peculiar charm in our eyes, it is because we read them, as it were, by the light of his subsequent glory.

There is, indeed, one point of view, in which these productions are deeply and intrinsically interesting. As faithful reflections of his character at that period of life, they enable us to judge of what he was in his yet unadulterated state, — before disappointment had begun to embitter his ardent spirit, or the stirring up of the energies of his nature had brought into activity also its defects. Tracing him thus through these natural effusions of his young genius, we find him pictured exactly such, in all the features of his character, as every anecdote of his boyish days proves him really to have been, proud, daring, and passionate, — resentful of slight or injustice, but still more so in the cause of others than in his own; and yet, with all this vehemence, docile and placable, at the least touch of a hand authorised by love to guide him. The affectionateness, indeed, of his disposition traceable as it is through every page of this volume, is yet but faintly done justice to, even by himself; — his whole youth being, from earliest childhood, a series of the most passionate attachments, — of those overflowings of the soul, both in friendship and love, which are still more rarely responded to than felt, and which, when checked or sent back upon the heart, are sure to turn into bitterness.

We have seen also, in some of his early unpublished poems, how apparent, even through the doubts that already clouded them, are those feelings of piety which a soul like his could not but possess, and which, when afterwards diverted out of their legitimate channel, found a vent in the poetical worship of nature, and in that shadowy substitute for religion which superstition offers. When, in addition, too, to these traits of early character, we find scattered through his youthful poems such anticipations of the glory that awaited him, — such, alternately, proud and saddened glimpses into the future, as if he already felt the elements of something great within him, but doubted whether his destiny would allow him to bring it forth, — it is not wonderful that, with the whole of his career present to our imaginations, we should see a lustre round these first puerile attempts not really their own, but shed back upon them from the bright eminence which he afterwards attained; and that, in our indignation against the fastidious blindness of the critic, we should forget that he had not then the aid of this reflected charm, with which the subsequent achievements of the poet now irradiate all that bears his name.[1]

The effect this criticism produced upon him can only be conceived by those who, besides having an adequate notion of what most poets would feel under such an attack, can understand all that there was in the temper and disposition of Lord Byron to make him feel it with tenfold more acuteness than others. We have seen with what feverish anxiety he awaited the verdicts of all the minor Reviews, and, from his sensibility to the praise of the meanest of these censors, may guess how painfully he must have writhed under the sneers of the highest. A friend, who found him in the first moments

[1] ["This is admirable, — all but the last sentence in which we see the hand of a man of finest feelings and genius trying in vain to wash the greasy face of a stupid slanderer, more hopelessly black than an Ethiop's skin." — WILSON.

"Mr. Moore 'walks delicately,' like Agag, when the course of his narrative brings him to the truculent critique on these boyish essays, which appeared in the Edinburgh Review. Himself a distinguished victim and prop of that journal, he writes elegantly and eloquently on the subject, and contrives to drop no hint of what every human being felt at the time to be the simple truth of the whole matter — to wit, that out of the thousand and one volumes of indifferent verse, which happened to be printed in the year of grace, 1807, only one bore a noble name on the title-page; and the opportunity of insulting a lord, under pretext of admonishing a poetaster, was too tempting to be resisted, in a particular quarter, at that particular time." — *Quarterly Review*, 1831.]

of excitement after reading the article, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge,—not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. It would, indeed, be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled;—but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers [1]; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge.

Among the less sentimental effects of this Review upon his mind, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner;—that nothing, however, relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that "after the first twenty lines, he felt himself considerably better." His chief care, indeed, afterwards, was amiably devoted,—as we have seen it was, in like manner, *before* the criticism,—to allaying, as far as he could, the sensitiveness of his mother; who, not having the same motive or power to summon up a spirit of resistance, was, of course, more helplessly alive to this attack upon his fame, and felt it far more than, after the first burst of indignation, he did himself. But the state of his mind upon the subject will be best understood from the following letter.

LETTER 25. TO MR. BECHER.

"Dorant's, March 28. 1808.

"I have lately received a copy of the new edition from Ridge, and it is high time for me to return my best thanks to you for the trouble you have taken in the superintendence. This I do most sincerely, and only regret that Ridge has not seconded you as I could wish,—at least, in the bindings, paper, &c., of the copy he sent to me. Perhaps those for the public may be more respectable in such articles.

You have seen the Edinburgh Review, of course. I regret that Mrs. Byron is so much annoyed. For my own part, these 'paper bullets of the brain' have only taught me to stand fire; and, as I have been lucky enough upon the whole, my repose and appetite are not discomposed. Pratt, the gleaner, author, poet, &c. &c., addressed a long rhyming epistle to me on the subject, by way of consolation; but it was not well done, so I do not send it, though the name of the man might make it go down. The E. R[s]. have not performed their task well; at least the literati tell me this; and I think *I* could write a more sarcastic critique on *myself* than any yet published. For instance, instead of the remark,—ill-natured enough, but not keen,—about Macpherson, I (quoad reviewers) could have said, 'Alas, this imitation only proves the assertion of Dr. Johnson, that many men, women, and *children*, could write such poetry as Ossian's.' [2]

"I am *thin* and in exercise. During the spring or summer I trust we shall meet. I hear Lord Ruthyn leaves Newstead in April. As soon as he quits it for ever, I wish much you would take a ride over, survey the mansion, and give me your candid opinion on the most advisable mode of proceeding with regard to the *house*. *Entre nous*, I am cursedly dipped; my debts, *every* thing inclusive, will be nine or ten thousand before I am twenty-one. But I have reason to think my property will turn out better than general expectation may conceive. Of Newstead I have little hope or care; but Hanson, my agent, intimated my Lancashire property was worth three Newsteads. I believe we have it hollow; though the defendants are protracting the surrender, if possible, till after my majority, for the purpose of forming some arrangement with me, thinking I shall probably prefer a sum in hand to a reversion. Newstead I may *sell*;—perhaps I will not,—though of that more anon. I will come down in May or June.

"Yours most truly," &c.

The sort of life which he led at this period between the dissipations of London and of Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, was but little calculated to render him satisfied either with himself or the world. Unrestricted as he was by deference to any will but his own [3], even the pleasures to

[1] "'Tis a quality very observable in human nature, that any opposition which does not entirely discourage and intimidate us, has rather a contrary effect, and inspires us with a more than ordinary grandeur and magnanimity. In collecting our force to overcome the opposition, we invigorate the soul, and give it an elevation with which otherwise it would never have been acquainted."—HUME, *Treatise of Human Nature*.

[2] ["Dr. Johnson's reply to the friend who asked him if *any man living* could have written such a book is well known: 'Yes, Sir; many men, many women, and many children.' I inquired of him myself if this story was authentic, and he said it was."—MRS. PIOZZI, *Johnsoniana*, p. 84.]

[3] "The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it."—COWPER.

which he was naturally most inclined prematurely palled upon him, for want of those best zests of all enjoyment, rarity and restraint. I have already quoted, from one of his note-books, a passage descriptive of his feelings on first going to Cambridge, in which he says that "one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of his life was to feel that he was no longer a boy."—"From that moment (he adds) I began to grow old in my own esteem, and in my esteem age is not estimable. I took my gradations in the vices with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste; for my early passions, though violent in the extreme, were concentrated, and hated division or spreading abroad. I could have left or lost the whole world with, or for, that which I loved; but, though my temperament was naturally burning, I could not share in the common-place libertinism of the place and time without disgust. And yet this very disgust, and my heart thrown back upon itself, threw me into excesses perhaps more fatal than those from which I shrunk, as fixing upon one (at a time) the passions which spread amongst many would have hurt only myself."

Though, from the causes here alleged, the irregularities he, at this period, gave way to were of a nature far less gross and miscellaneous than those, perhaps, of any of his associates, yet, partly from the vehemence which this concentration caused, and, still more, from that strange pride in his own errors, which led him always to bring them forth in the most conspicuous light, it so happened that one single indiscretion, in his hands, was made to *go farther*, if I may so express it, than a thousand in those of others. An instance of this, that occurred about the time of which we are speaking, was, I am inclined to think, the sole foundation of the mysterious allusions just cited. An amour (if it may be dignified with such a name) of that sort of casual description which less attachable natures would have forgotten, and more prudent ones at least concealed, was by him converted, at this period, and with circumstances of most unnecessary display, into a connection of some continuance,—the object of it not only becoming domesticated with him in lodgings at Brompton, but accompanied him afterwards, disguised in boy's clothes, to Brighton. He introduced this young person, who used to ride about with him in her male attire, as his younger brother; and the late Lady P**, who was at Brighton at the time, and had some suspicion of the real nature of the relationship, said one day to the poet's companion, "What a pretty horse that is you are riding!"—"Yes," answered the pretended cavalier, "it was *gave* me by my brother!"

Beattie tells us, of his ideal poet,—

> "The exploits of strength, dexterity, or speed,
> To him nor vanity nor joy could bring."

But far different were the tastes of the real poet, Byron; and among the least romantic, perhaps, of the exercises in which he took delight was that of boxing or sparring. This taste it was that, at a very early period, brought him acquainted with the distinguished professor of that art, Mr. Jackson, for whom he continued through life to entertain the sincerest regard, one of his latest works containing a most cordial tribute not only to the professional but social qualities of this sole prop and ornament of pugilism.[1] During his stay at Brighton this year, Jackson was one of his most constant visiters,—the expense of the professor's chaise thither and back being always defrayed by his noble patron. He also honoured with his notice, at this time, D'Egville, the ballet-master, and Grimaldi; to the latter of whom he sent, as I understand, on one of his benefit nights a present of five guineas.

Having been favoured by Mr. Jackson with copies of the few notes and letters, which he has preserved out of the many addressed to him by Lord Byron, I shall here lay before the reader one or two, which bear the date of the present year, and which, though referring to matters of no interest in themselves, give, perhaps, a better notion of the actual life and habits of the young poet, at this time, than could be afforded by the most elaborate and, in other respects, important correspondence. They will show, at least, how very little akin to romance were the early pursuits and associates of the author of Childe Harold, and, combined with what we know of the still less romantic youth of Shakspeare, prove how unhurt the vital principle of genius can preserve itself even in atmospheres apparently the most ungenial and noxious to it.

LETTER 26. TO MR. JACKSON.

"N. A., Notts. September 18. 1808.

"Dear Jack,

"I wish you would inform me what has been done by Jekyll, at No. 40. Sloane

[1] "I refer to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism, who I trust still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour and athletic, as well as mental, accomplishments."—*Note on Don Juan*, Canto XI. st. 19.

Square, concerning the pony I returned as unsound.

"I have also to request you will call on Louch at Brompton, and inquire what the devil he meant by sending such an insolent letter to me at Brighton; and at the same time tell him I by no means can comply with the charge he has made for things pretended to be damaged.

"Ambrose behaved most scandalously about the pony. You may tell Jekyll if he does not refund the money, I shall put the affair into my lawyer's hands. Five and twenty guineas is a sound price for a pony, and by——, if it costs me five hundred pounds, I will make an example of Mr. Jekyll, and that immediately, unless the cash is returned.

"Believe me, dear Jack," &c.

LETTER 27. TO MR. JACKSON.

"N. A., Notts. October 4. 1808.

"You will make as good a bargain as possible with this Master Jekyll, if he is not a gentleman. If he is a *gentleman*, inform me, for I shall take very different steps. If he is not, you must get what you can of the money, for I have too much business on hand at present to commence an action. Besides, Ambrose is the man who ought to refund,—but I have done with him. You can settle with L. out of the balance, and dispose of the bidets, &c. as you best can.

"I should be very glad to see you here; but the house is filled with workmen, and undergoing a thorough repair. I hope, however, to be more fortunate before many months have elapsed.

"If you see Bold Webster, remember me to him, and tell him I have to regret Sydney, who has perished, I fear, in my rabbit warren, for we have seen nothing of him for the last fortnight.

"Adieu.—Believe me," &c.

LETTER 28. TO MR. JACKSON.

"N. A., Notts. December 12. 1808.

"My dear Jack,

"You will get the greyhound from the owner at any price, and as many more of the same breed (male or female) as you can collect.

"Tell D'Egville his dress shall be returned —I am obliged to him for the pattern. I am sorry you should have so much trouble, but I was not aware of the difficulty of procuring the animals in question. I shall have finished part of my mansion in a few weeks, and, if you can pay me a visit at Christmas, I shall be very glad to see you.

"Believe me," &c.

The dress alluded to here was, no doubt, wanted for a private play, which he, at this time, got up at Newstead, and of which there are some further particulars in the annexed letter to Mr. Becher.

LETTER 29. TO MR. BECHER.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts. Sept. 14. 1808.

"My dear Becher,

"I am much obliged to you for your inquiries, and shall profit by them accordingly. I am going to get up a play here; the hall will constitute a most admirable theatre. I have settled the dram. pers., and can do without ladies, as I have some young friends who will make tolerable substitutes for females, and we only want three male characters, beside Mr. Hobhouse and myself, for the play we have fixed on, which will be the Revenge. Pray direct Nicholson the carpenter to come over to me immediately, and inform me what day you will dine and pass the night here. "Believe me," &c.

It was in the autumn of this year, as the letters I have just given indicate, that he, for the first time, took up his residence at Newstead Abbey. Having received the place in a most ruinous condition from the hands of its late occupant, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, he proceeded immediately to repair and fit up some of the apartments, so as to render them—more with a view to his mother's accommodation than his own—comfortably habitable. In one of his letters to Mrs. Byron, published by Mr. Dallas, he thus explains his views and intentions on this subject.

LETTER 30.
TO THE HONOURABLE[1] MRS. BYRON.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts. October 7. 1808.

"Dear Madam,

"I have no beds for the H * * s or any body else at present. The H * * s sleep at Mansfield. I do not know that I resemble Jean Jacques Rousseau. I have no ambition to be like so illustrious a madman—but this I know, that I shall live in my own manner, and as much alone as possible. When my rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you: at present it would be improper, and uncomfortable to both parties. You can hardly object to my rendering my mansion habitable, notwithstanding my departure for Persia in March (or May at farthest), since *you* will be *tenant* till my return; and in case of any accident (for I have already arranged my will

[1] Thus addressed always by Lord Byron, but without any right to the distinction.

to be drawn up the moment I am twenty-one), I have taken care you shall have the house and manor for *life*, besides a sufficient income. So you see my improvements are not entirely selfish. As I have a friend here, we will go to the Infirmary Ball on the 12th; we will drink tea with Mrs. Byron at eight o'clock, and expect to see you at the ball. If that lady will allow us a couple of rooms to dress in, we shall be highly obliged: —if we are at the ball by ten or eleven, it will be time enough, and we shall return to Newstead about three or four. Adieu.

"Believe me yours very truly,

"BYRON."

The idea, entertained by Mrs. Byron, of a resemblance between her son and Rousseau was founded chiefly, we may suppose, on those habits of solitariness, in which he had even already shown a disposition to follow that self-contemplative philosopher, and which, manifesting themselves thus early, gained strength as he advanced in life. In one of his Journals, to which I frequently have occasion to refer[1], he thus, in questioning the justice of this comparison between himself and Rousseau, gives, — as usual, vividly, — some touches of his own disposition and habitudes: —

"My mother, before I was twenty, would have it that I was like Rousseau, and Madame de Stael used to say so too in 1813, and the Edinburgh Review has something of the sort in its critique on the fourth Canto of Childe Harold.[2] I can't see any point of resemblance: — he wrote prose, I verse: he was of the people; I of the aristocracy[3]: he was a philosopher; I am none: he published his first work at forty; I mine at eighteen: his first essay brought him universal applause; mine the contrary: he married his housekeeper; I could not keep house with my wife: he thought all the world in a plot against him; my little world seems to think me in a plot against it, if I may judge by their abuse in print and coterie: he liked botany; I like flowers, herbs, and trees, but know nothing of their pedigrees: he wrote music; I limit my knowledge of it to what I catch by *ear* — I never could learn any thing by *study*, not even a *language* — it was all by rote and ear, and memory: he had a *bad* memory; I *had*, at least, an excellent one (ask Hodgson the poet — a good judge, for he has an astonishing one): he wrote with hesitation and care; I with rapidity, and rarely with pains: *he* could never ride, nor swim, nor 'was cunning of fence;' *I* am an excellent swimmer, a decent, though not at all a dashing, rider, (having staved in a rib at eighteen, in the course of scampering), and was sufficient of fence, particularly of the Highland broadsword, — not a bad boxer, when I could keep my temper, which was difficult, but which I strove to do ever since I knocked down Mr. Purling, and put his knee-pan out (with the gloves on), in Angelo's and Jackson's rooms in 1806, during the sparring, — and I was, besides, a very fair cricketer, — one of the Harrow eleven, when we played against Eton in 1805. Besides, Rousseau's way of life, his country, his manners, his whole character were so very different, that I am at a loss to conceive how such a comparison could have arisen, as it has done three several times, and all in rather a remarkable manner. I forgot to say that *he* was also short-sighted, and that hitherto my eyes have been the contrary, to such a degree that, in the largest theatre of Bologna, I distinguished and read some busts and inscriptions, painted near the stage, from a box so distant and so *darkly* lighted, that none of the company (composed of young and very bright-eyed people, some of them in the same box,) could make out a

[1] The Journal entitled by himself "Detached Thoughts."

[2] ["There are two writers in modern literature, whose extraordinary power over the minds of men, it may be truly said, has existed less in their works than in themselves — Rousseau and Lord Byron. They have other points of resemblance. Both are distinguished by the most ardent and vivid delineations of intense conception, and by an intense sensibility of passion, rather than affection. Both too, by this double power, have held a dominion over the sympathy of their readers, far beyond the range of those ordinary feelings which are usually excited by the mere efforts of genius. The impression of this interest still accompanies the perusal of their writings: but there is another interest of more lasting, and far stronger power, which the one has possessed, and the other now possesses —which lies in the continual embodying of the individual character, — it might almost be said, of the very person of the writer. When we speak or think of Rousseau or Byron, we are not conscious of speaking or thinking of an author. We have a vague but impassioned remembrance of men of surpassing genius, eloquence, and power, — of prodigious capacity both of misery and happiness. We feel as if we had transiently met such beings in real life, or had known them in the dim and dark communion of a dream. Each of their works presents, in succession, a fresh idea of themselves; and, while the productions of other great men stand out from them, like something they have created, theirs, on the contrary, are images, pictures, busts of their living selves, — clothed, no doubt, at different times in different drapery, and prominent from a different back-ground, but uniformly impressed with the same form, and mien, and lineaments, and not to be mistaken for the representations of any other of the children of men."—WILSON, 1818.]

[3] Few philosophers, however, have been so indulgent to the pride of birth as Rousseau. — "S'il est un orgueil pardonnable (he says) après celui qui se tire du mérite, personnel, c'est celui qui se tire de la naissance." — *Confess.*

letter, and thought it was a trick, though I had never been in that theatre before.

"Altogether, I think myself justified in thinking the comparison not well founded. I don't say this out of pique, for Rousseau was a great man; and the thing, if true, were flattering enough;—but I have no idea of being pleased with the chimera."

In another letter to his mother, dated some weeks after the preceding one, he explains further his plans both with respect to Newstead and his projected travels.

LETTER 31. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Newstead Abbey, November 2. 1808.

"Dear Mother,

"If you please, we will forget the things you mention. I have no desire to remember them. When my rooms are finished, I shall be happy to see you; as I tell but the truth, you will not suspect me of evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you than myself, and I shall establish you in it before I sail for India, which I expect to do in March, if nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now fitting up the *green* drawing-room; the red for a bed-room, and the rooms over as sleeping-rooms. They will be soon completed;—at least I hope so.

"I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things will be necessary to provide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge, for some information I am anxious to procure. I can easily get letters from government to the ambassadors, consuls, &c., and also to the governors at Calcutta and Madras. I shall place my property and my will in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to appoint you one. From H * * [Hanson] I have heard nothing—when I do, you shall have the particulars.

"After all, you must own my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connections to keep me at home; no wife, or unprovided sisters, brothers, &c. I shall take care of you, and when I return I may possibly become a politician. A few years' knowledge of other countries than our own will not incapacitate me for that part. If we see no nation but our own, we do not give mankind a fair chance;—it is from *experience*, not books, we ought to judge of them. There is nothing like inspection, and trusting to our own senses. "Yours," &c.

In the November of this year he lost his favourite dog, Boatswain,—the poor animal having been seized with a fit of madness, at the commencement of which so little aware was Lord Byron of the nature of the malady, that he more than once, with his bare hand, wiped away the slaver from the dog's lips during the paroxysms. In a letter to his friend, Mr. Hodgson [1], he thus announces this event:—"Boatswain is dead!—he expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing except old Murray."

The monument raised by him to this dog,—the most memorable tribute of the kind, since the Dog's Grave, of old, at Salamis,—is still a conspicuous ornament of the gardens of Newstead. The misanthropic verses engraved upon it may be found among his poems, and the following is the inscription by which they are introduced:—

"Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18. 1808.

The poet Pope, when about the same age as the writer of this inscription, passed a similar eulogy on his dog [2], at the expense

[1] This gentleman, who took orders in the year 1814, is the author of a spirited translation of Juvenal, and of other works of distinguished merit. He was long in correspondence with Lord Byron, and to him I am indebted for some interesting letters of his noble friend, which will be given in the course of the following pages.

[2] He had also, at one time, as appears from an anecdote preserved by Spence, some thoughts of burying this dog in his garden, and placing a monument over him, with the inscription, "Oh, rare Bounce!"

In speaking of the members of Rousseau's domestic establishment, Hume says, "She (Thérèse) governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her absence, his dog has acquired that ascendant. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception."—*Private Correspondence*. See an instance which he gives of this dog's influence over the philosopher, p. 143.

In Burns's elegy on the death of his favourite Mallie, we find the friendship even of a sheep set on a level with that of man:—

"Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithful ne'er came nigh him,
Than Mallie dead."

of human nature; adding, that "Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." In a still sadder and bitterer spirit, Lord Byron writes of his favourite,

> "To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
> I never knew but *one*, and *here* he lies."[1]

Melancholy, indeed, seems to have been gaining fast upon his mind at this period. In another letter to Mr. Hodgson, he says, — "You know laughing is the sign of a rational animal — so says Dr. Smollet. I think so too, but unluckily my spirits don't always keep pace with my opinions."

Old Murray, the servant whom he mentions, in a preceding extract, as the only faithful follower now remaining to him, had long been in the service of the former lord, and was regarded by the young poet with a fondness of affection which it has seldom been the lot of age and dependence to inspire. "I have more than once," says a gentleman who was at this time a constant visiter at Newstead, "seen Lord Byron at the dinner-table fill out a tumbler of Madeira, and hand it over his shoulder to Joe Murray, who stood behind his chair, saying, with a cordiality that brightened his whole countenance, 'Here, my old fellow.'"

The unconcern with which he could sometimes allude to the defect in his foot is manifest from another passage in one of these letters to Mr. Hodgson. That gentleman having said jestingly that some of the verses in the "Hours of Idleness" were calculated to make schoolboys rebellious. Lord Byron answers — "If my songs have produced the glorious effects you mention, I shall be a complete Tyrtæus; — though I am sorry to say I resemble that interesting harper more in his person than in his poesy."[2] Sometimes, too, even an allusion to this infirmity by others, when he could perceive that it was not offensively intended, was borne by him with the most perfect good humour. "I was once present," says the friend I have just mentioned, "in a large and mixed company, when a vulgar person asked him aloud — 'Pray, my Lord, how is that foot of yours?' — 'Thank you, sir,' answered Lord Byron, with the utmost mildness — 'much the same as usual.'"

The following extract, relating to a reverend friend of his Lordship, is from another of his letters to Mr. Hodgson, this year: —

"A few weeks ago I wrote to * * *, to request he would receive the son of a citizen of London, well known to me, as a pupil; the family having been particularly polite during the short time I was with them induced me to make this application. Now, mark what follows, as somebody sublimely saith. On this day arrives an epistle signed * * *, containing not the smallest reference to tuition or *in*tuition, but a *pe*tition for Robert Gregson, of pugilistic notoriety, now in bondage for certain paltry pounds sterling, and liable to take up his everlasting abode in Banco Regis. Had the letter been from any of my *lay* acquaintance, or, in short, from any person but the gentleman whose signature it bears, I should have marvelled not. If * * * is serious, I congratulate pugilism on the acquisition of such a patron, and shall be most happy to advance any sum necessary for the liberation of the captive Gregson. But I certainly hope to be certified from you, or some respectable housekeeper, of the fact, before I write to * * * on the subject. When I say the *fact*, I mean of the letter being written by * * *, not having any doubt as to the authenticity of the statement. The letter is now before me, and I keep it for your perusal."

His time at Newstead during this autumn was principally occupied in enlarging and preparing his Satire for the press; and with the view, perhaps, of mellowing his own judgment of its merits, by keeping it some time before his eyes in a printed form[3], he had proofs taken off from the manuscript by his former publisher at Newark. It is somewhat remarkable, that, excited as he was by the attack of the reviewers, and possessing, at all times, such rapid powers of composition, he should have allowed so long an interval to elapse between the aggression and the revenge. But the importance of his next move in literature seems to have been fully appreciated by him. He saw that his chances of future eminence now depended upon the effort he was about to make, and therefore deliberately collected all his energies for the spring. Among the preparatives

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In speaking of the favourite dogs of great poets, we must not forget Cowper's little spaniel "Beau;" nor will posterity fail to add to the list the name of Sir Walter Scott's "Maida."

[1] In the epitaph, as first printed in his friend's Miscellany, this line runs thus: —

"I knew but one unchanged — and here he lies."

[2] ["And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans warr'd,
(As *lame* as I am, but a better bard,)
Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song."
Hints from Horace: Works, p. 450.]

[3] We are told that Wieland used to have his works printed thus for the purpose of correction, and said that he found great advantage in it. The practice is, it appears, not unusual in Germany. [Nor in England.]

by which he disciplined his talent to the task, was a deep study of the writings of Pope; and I have no doubt that from this period may be dated the enthusiastic admiration which he ever after cherished for this great poet, — an admiration which at last extinguished in him, after one or two trials, all hope of pre-eminence in the same track, and drove him thenceforth to seek renown in fields more open to competition.

The misanthropic mood of mind into which he had fallen at this time, from disappointed affections and thwarted hopes, made the office of satirist but too congenial and welcome to his spirit. Yet it is evident that this bitterness existed far more in his fancy than his heart; and that the sort of relief he now found in making war upon the world arose much less from the indiscriminate wounds he dealt around, than from the new sense of power he became conscious of in dealing them, and by which he more than recovered his former station in his own esteem. In truth, the versatility and ease with which, as shall presently be shown, he could, on the briefest consideration, shift from praise to censure, and, sometimes, almost as rapidly, from censure to praise, shows how fanciful and transient were the impressions under which he, in many instances, pronounced his judgments; and though it may in some degree deduct from the weight of his eulogy, absolves him also from any great depth of malice in his Satire.

His coming of age, in 1809, was celebrated at Newstead by such festivities as his narrow means and society could furnish. Besides the ritual roasting of an ox, there was a ball, it seems, given on the occasion, — of which the only particular I could collect, from the old domestic who mentioned it, was, that Mr. Hanson, the agent of her lord, was among the dancers. Of Lord Byron's own method of commemorating the day, I find the following curious record in a letter written from Genoa in 1822:—"Did I ever tell you that the day I came of age I dined on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale?—For once in a way they are my favourite dish and drinkable; but as neither of them agree with me, I never use them but on great jubilees, — once in four or five years or so." The pecuniary supplies necessary towards his outset, at this epoch, were procured from money-lenders at an enormously usurious interest, the payment of which for a long time continued to be a burden to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

1809.

NEWSTEAD. — CONDUCT OF LORD CARLISLE. — PROGRESS OF THE SATIRE. — DEATH OF LORD FALKLAND. — BYRON TAKES HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS. — PUBLICATION OF "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."—ANECDOTES. — SUCCESS OF THE SATIRE. — PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING ENGLAND. — FAREWELL FESTIVAL AT NEWSTEAD. — DEPARTURE FROM LONDON. — RETROSPECT.

It was not till the beginning of this year that he took his Satire, — in a state ready, as he thought, for publication, — to London. Before, however, he had put the work to press, new food was unluckily furnished to his spleen by the neglect with which he conceived himself to have been treated by his guardian, Lord Carlisle. The relations between this nobleman and his ward had, at no time, been of such a nature as to afford opportunities for the cultivation of much friendliness on either side; and to the temper and influence of Mrs. Byron must mainly be attributed the blame of widening, if not of producing, this estrangement between them. The coldness with which Lord Carlisle had received the dedication of the young poet's first volume was, as we have seen from one of the letters of the latter, felt by him most deeply. He, however, allowed himself to be so far governed by prudential considerations as not only to stifle this displeasure, but even to introduce into his Satire, as originally intended for the press, the following compliment to his guardian:—

> "On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
> And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

The crown, however, thus generously awarded, did not long remain where it had been placed. In the interval between the inditing of this couplet and the delivery of the manuscript to the press, Lord Byron, under the impression that it was customary for a young peer, on first taking his seat, to have some friend to introduce him, wrote to remind Lord Carlisle that he should be of age at the commencement of the session. Instead, however, of the sort of answer which he expected, a mere formal, and, as it appeared to him, cold reply, acquainting him with the technical mode of proceeding on such occasions, was all that, in return to this application, he received. Disposed as he had been, by preceding circumstances, to suspect his noble guardian of no very friendly inclin-

ations towards him, this backwardness in proposing to introduce him to the House (a ceremony, however, as it appears, by no means necessary or even usual) was sufficient to rouse in his sensitive mind a strong feeling of resentment.[1] The indignation, thus excited, found a vent, but too temptingly, at hand;—the laudatory couplet I have just cited was instantly expunged, and his Satire went forth charged with those vituperative verses against Lord Carlisle, of which, gratifying as they must have been to his revenge at the moment, he, not long after, with the placability so inherent in his generous nature, repented.[2]

During the progress of his poem through the press, he increased its length by more than a hundred lines; and made several alterations, one or two of which may be mentioned, as illustrative of that prompt susceptibility of new impressions and influences which rendered both his judgment and feelings so variable. In the Satire, as it originally stood, was the following couplet:—

"Though printers condescend the press to soil
With odes by Smythe[3], and epic songs by Hoyle."[4]

Of the injustice of these lines (unjust, it is but fair to say, to both the writers mentioned,) he, on the brink of publication, repented; and,—as far, at least, as regarded one of the intended victims,—adopted a tone directly opposite in his printed Satire, where the name of Professor Smythe is mentioned honourably, as it deserved, in conjunction with that of Mr. Hodgson, one of the poet's most valued friends:—

"Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race!
At once the boast of learning and disgrace;
So sunk in dulness, and so lost in shame,
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy fame."

In another instance we find him "changing his hand" with equal facility and suddenness. The original manuscript of the Satire contained this line,—

"I leave topography to coxcomb Gell;"[5]

but having, while the work was printing, become acquainted with Sir William Gell, he, without difficulty, by the change of a single epithet, converted satire into eulogy, and the line now descends to posterity thus:—

I leave topography to *classic* Gell."[6]

Among the passages added to the poem during its progress through the press were those lines denouncing the licentiousness of the Opera, "Then let Ausonia," &c. which the young satirist wrote one night, after returning, brimful of morality, from the Opera, and sent them early next morning to Mr. Dallas for insertion. The just and animated tribute to Mr. Crabbe was also among the

[1] ["It appears, certainly, that the young poet had, in his own opinion, every right to expect the aid and countenance of his relative on this occasion, and that, possessing not one personal friend or acquaintance among the members of the peerage then in London, his *entrée* was embarrassed with many awkward and humiliating difficulties, which the *slightest* interference on the part of a nobleman of Lord Carlisle's rank and character would have rendered impossible. It would be unfair, however, not to add, that from all we have heard and read, very little was at this time known about Lord Byron that could have been expected to conciliate those prejudices with which his mother's rude passions and conduct seem originally to have inspired the Earl of Carlisle; a weak poet, no doubt, but a nobleman distinguished for personal virtues, whose tastes were all elegant and praiseworthy, and his habits and manners, of course, of the highest standard of refinement."—*Quarterly Review*, 1831.]

[2] See his lines on Major Howard, the son of Lord Carlisle, who was killed at Waterloo:—

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And *partly that I did his sire some wrong*."—
Childe Harold, Canto III.

[3] [William Smythe, M. A., professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge, author of "English Lyrics," &c. &c.]

[4] [The Rev. Charles James Hoyle, of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1808, he published "Exodus," an epic in *thirteen* books,—"thereby surpassing in generosity," says the Edinburgh Review, "Virgil himself, giving us thirnate books, as the conscientious baker gives thirteen rolls, to the dozen." The reviewer pronounces the moral of this epic to be the very echo of the concluding stanza of old Zachary Boyd's heroic poem on the same subject—

"Now, was not Pharaoh a very great rascal,
Not to let the children of Israel, with their wives and their sons and daughters, go out into the wilderness to eat the Lord's pascal?"—

and describes the style of the poem as "the most perfect model that could be imagined for seconding the lulling magic of Mr. Hoyle's muse, breathing the very spirit of repose."—Vol. xi. p. 370.]

[5] [Besides the "Topography of Troy," Sir William Gell published "Topography of Rome," "Pompeiana," &c. He died at Naples, in February 1836.]

[6] In the fifth edition of the Satire (suppressed by him in 1812) he again changed his mind respecting this gentleman, and altered the line to

"I leave topography to *rapid* Gell;"

explaining his reasons for the change in the following note:—"'Rapid,' indeed;—he topographised and typographised King Priam's dominions in three days. I called him 'classic' before I saw the Troad, but since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't belong to it." He is not, however, the only satirist who has been thus capricious and changeable in his judgments. The variations of this nature in Pope's Dunciad are well known; and the Abbé Cotin, it is said, owed the "painful pre-eminence" of his station in Boileau's Satires to the unlucky convenience of his name as a rhyme. Of the generous change from censure to praise, the poet Dante had already set an example; having, in his "Convito," lauded some of those persons whom, in his Commedia, he had most severely lashed.

after-thoughts with which his poem was adorned; nor can we doubt that both this, and the equally merited eulogy on Mr. Rogers, were the disinterested and deliberate result of the young poet's judgment, as he had never at that period seen either of these distinguished persons, and the opinion he then expressed of their genius remained unchanged through life. With the author of the Pleasures of Memory he afterwards became intimate; but with him, whom he had so well designated as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," he was never lucky enough to form any acquaintance;—though, as my venerated friend and neighbour, Mr. Crabbe himself, tells me, they were once, without being aware of it, in the same inn together for a day or two, and must have frequently met, as they went in and out of the house, during the time.

Almost every second day, while the Satire was printing, Mr. Dallas, who had undertaken to superintend it through the press, received fresh matter, for the enrichment of its pages, from the author, whose mind, once excited on any subject, knew no end to the outpourings of its wealth. In one of his short notes to Mr. Dallas, he says, "Print soon, or I shall overflow with rhyme;" and it was, in the same manner, in all his subsequent publications,—as long, at least, as he remained within reach of the printer,—that he continued thus to feed the press, to the very last moment, with new and "thick-coming fancies," which the re-perusal of what he had already written suggested to him. It would almost seem, indeed, from the extreme facility and rapidity with which he produced some of his brightest passages during the progress of his works through the press, that there was in the very act of printing an excitement to his fancy, and that the rush of his thoughts towards this outlet gave increased life and freshness to their flow.

Among the passing events from which he now caught illustrations for his poem was the melancholy death of Lord Falkland[1],—a gallant, but dissipated naval officer, with whom the habits of his town life had brought him acquainted, and who, about the beginning of March, was killed in a duel by Mr. Powell. That this event affected Lord Byron very deeply, the few touching sentences devoted to it in his Satire prove. "On Sunday night (he says) I beheld Lord Falkland presiding at his own table in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning at three o'clock I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions." But it was not by words only that he gave proof of sympathy on this occasion. The family of the unfortunate nobleman were left behind in circumstances which needed something more than the mere expression of compassion to alleviate them; and Lord Byron, notwithstanding the pressure of his own difficulties at the time, found means, seasonably and delicately, to assist the widow and children of his friend.[2] In the following letter to Mrs. Byron, he mentions this among other matters of interest,—and in a tone of unostentatious sensibility highly honourable to him.

LETTER 32. TO MRS. BYRON.

"8. St. James's Street, March 6. 1809.

"Dear Mother,

"My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, who has left without a shilling four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which, God knows, I cannot do as I could wish, from my own embarrassments and the many claims upon me from other quarters.

"What you say is all very true: come what may, *Newstead* and I *stand* or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr. H * * [Hanson] talks like a man of business on the subject,—I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead.

"I shall get my seat on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon: I must dash, or it is all over. My Satire must be kept secret for a *month;* after that you may say what you please on the subject. Lord Carlisle has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor. I have *lashed* him in my rhymes, and perhaps his lordship may regret not being more conciliatory. They tell me it will

[1] [Charles-John Cary, eighth viscount Falkland. He married, in 1802, Miss Christiana Auton, by whom he had three sons.]

[2] [Shortly after Lord Falkland's death, Lord Byron reminded the unfortunate widow, that he was to be godfather to her infant: the child was christened Byron-Charles-Ferdinand-Plantagenet Cary, and after the ceremony the poet inserted a five-hundred pound note in a breakfast cup; but in so cautious a manner, that it was not discovered until he had left the house.—See BYRONIANA.]

have a sale; I hope so, for the bookseller has behaved well, as far as publishing well goes.

"Believe me, &c.

"P. S. — You shall have a mortgage on one of the farms."

The affidavits which he here mentions, as expected from Cornwall, were those required in proof of the marriage of Admiral Byron with Miss Trevanion, the solemnisation of which having taken place, as it appears, in a private chapel at Carhais, no regular certificate of the ceremony could be produced. The delay in procuring other evidence, coupled with the refusal of Lord Carlisle to afford any explanations respecting his family, interposed those difficulties which he alludes to in the way of his taking his seat. At length, all the necessary proofs having been obtained, he, on the 13th of March, presented himself in the House of Lords, in a state more lone and unfriended, perhaps, than any youth of his high station had ever before been reduced to on such an occasion, — not having a single individual of his own class either to take him by the hand as friend or acknowledge him as acquaintance. To chance alone was he even indebted for being accompanied as far as the bar of the House by a very distant relative, who had been, little more than a year before, an utter stranger to him. This relative was Mr. Dallas; and the account which he has given of the whole scene is too striking in all its details to be related in any other words than his own: —

"The Satire was published about the middle of March, previous to which he took his seat in the House of Lords, on the 13th of the same month. On that day, passing down St. James's Street, but with no intention of calling, I saw his chariot at his door, and went in. His countenance, paler than usual, showed that his mind was agitated, and that he was thinking of the nobleman to whom he had once looked for a hand and countenance in his introduction to the House. He said to me — 'I am glad you happened to come in; I am going to take my seat, perhaps you will go with me.' I expressed my readiness to attend him; while, at the same time, I concealed the shock I felt on thinking that this young man, who by birth, fortune, and talent, stood high in life, should have lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of his own rank, that there was not a single member of the senate to which he belonged to whom he could or would apply to introduce him in a manner becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook his indignation.

"After some talk about the Satire, the last sheets of which were in the press, I accompanied Lord Byron to the House. He was received in one of the ante-chambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay. One of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the House. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into the Chancellor's hand. The Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said — 'If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party — but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.' We returned to St. James's Street, but he did not recover his spirits."

To this account of a ceremonial so trying to the proud spirit engaged in it, and so little likely to abate the bitter feeling of misanthropy now growing upon him, I am enabled to add, from his own report in one of his note-books, the particulars of the short conversation which he held with the Lord Chancellor on the occasion: —

"When I came of age, some delays, on account of some birth and marriage certificates from Cornwall, occasioned me not to take my seat for several weeks. When these were over, and I had taken the oaths, the Chancellor apologised to me for the delay, observing 'that these forms were a part of his *duty*.' I begged him to make no apology, and added (as he certainly had shown no violent hurry), 'Your Lordship was exactly like Tom Thumb' (which was then being acted) — 'you did your *duty*, and you did *no more*.'"

In a few days after, the Satire made its appearance; and one of the first copies was

sent, with the following letter, to his friend Mr. Harness.

Letter 33. TO MR. HARNESS.

"8. St. James's Street, March 18. 1809.

"There was no necessity for your excuses: if you have time and inclination to write, 'for what we receive, the Lord make us thankful,'—if I do not hear from you, I console myself with the idea that you are much more agreeably employed.

"I send down to you by this post a certain Satire lately published, and in return for the three and sixpence expenditure upon it, only beg that if you should guess the author, you will keep his name secret; at least for the present. London is full of the Duke's business.[1] The Commons have been at it these last three nights, and are not yet come to a decision. I do not know if the affair will be brought before our House, unless in the shape of an impeachment. If it makes its appearance in a debatable form, I believe I shall be tempted to say something on the subject.—I am glad to hear you like Cambridge: firstly, because, to know that you are happy is pleasant to one who wishes you all possible sublunary enjoyment; and, secondly, I admire the morality of the sentiment. *Alma Mater* was to me *injusta noverca;* and the old beldam only gave me my M. A. degree because she could not avoid it.[2]—You know what a farce a noble Cantab. must perform.

"I am going abroad, if possible, in the spring, and before I depart I am collecting the pictures of my most intimate schoolfellows; I have already a few, and shall want yours, or my cabinet will be incomplete. I have employed one of the first miniature painters of the day to take them, of course, at my own expense, as I never allow my acquaintance to incur the least expenditure to gratify a whim of mine. To mention this may seem indelicate; but when I tell you a friend of ours first refused to sit, under the idea that he was to disburse on the occasion, you will see that it is necessary to state these preliminaries to prevent the recurrence of any similar mistake. I shall see you in time, and will carry you to the *limner*. It will be a tax on your patience for a week; but pray excuse it, as it is possible the resemblance may be the sole trace I shall be able to preserve of our past friendship and acquaintance. Just now it seems foolish enough; but in a few years, when some of us are dead, and others are separated by inevitable circumstances, it will be a kind of satisfaction to retain in these images of the living the idea of our former selves, and to contemplate, in the resemblances of the dead, all that remains of judgment, feeling, and a host of passions. But all this will be dull enough for you, and so good night; and to end my chapter, or rather my homily, believe me, my dear H., yours most affectionately."

In this romantic design of collecting together the portraits of his school friends, we see the natural working of an ardent and disappointed heart, which, as the future began to darken upon it, clung with fondness to the recollections of the past; and, in despair of finding new and true friends, saw no happiness but in preserving all it could of the old. But even here, his sensibility had to encounter one of those freezing checks, to which feelings, so much above the ordinary temperature of the world, are but too constantly exposed;—it being from one of the very friends thus fondly valued by him, that he experienced, on leaving England, that mark of neglect of which he so indignantly complains in a note on the second canto of Childe Harold,—contrasting with this conduct the fidelity and devotedness he had just found in his Turkish servant, Dervish.[3] Mr. Dallas, who witnessed the immediate effect of this slight upon him, thus describes his emotion:—

"I found him bursting with indignation. 'Will you believe it?' said he, 'I have just met * * *, and asked him to come and sit an hour with me: he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out tomorrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return!—Friendship! I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a

[1] [The investigation, then going on, in the House of Commons, of the charges brought against the Duke of York by Colonel Wardle.]

[2] In another letter to Mr. Harness, dated February, 1809, he says, "I do not know how you and Alma Mater agree. I was but an untoward child myself, and I believe the good lady and her brat were equally rejoiced when I was weaned; and if I obtained her benediction at parting, it was, at best, equivocal."

[3] ["When I remember," says Lord Byron, in a note to the second canto of Childe Harold, "that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation 'to a milliner's,' I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart."—See Works, p. 763.]

single being who will care what becomes of me.'"

From his expressions in a letter to Mrs. Byron, already cited, that he must "do something in the House soon," as well as from a more definite intimation of the same intention to Mr. Harness, it would appear that he had, at this time, serious thoughts of at once entering on the high political path which his station as an hereditary legislator opened to him. But, whatever may have been the first movements of his ambition in this direction, they were soon relinquished. Had he been connected with any distinguished political families, his love of eminence, seconded by such example and sympathy, would have impelled him, no doubt, to seek renown in the fields of party warfare, where it might have been his fate to afford a single instance of that transmuting process by which, as Pope says, the corruption of a poet sometimes leads to the generation of a statesman. Luckily, however, for the world (though whether luckily for himself may be questioned), the brighter empire of poesy was destined to claim him all its own. The loneliness, indeed, of his position in society at this period, left destitute, as he was, of all those sanctions and sympathies, by which youth at its first start is usually surrounded, was, of itself, enough to discourage him from embarking in a pursuit, where it is chiefly on such extrinsic advantages that any chance of success must depend. So far from taking an active part in the proceedings of his noble brethren, he appears to have regarded even the ceremony of his attendance among them as irksome and mortifying; and in a few days after his admission to his seat, he withdrew himself in disgust to the seclusion of his own Abbey, there to brood over the bitterness of premature experience, or meditate, in the scenes and adventures of other lands, a freer outlet for his impatient spirit than it could command at home.

It was not long, however, before he was summoned back to town by the success of his Satire,—the quick sale of which already rendered the preparation of a new edition necessary. His zealous agent, Mr. Dallas, had taken care to transmit to him, in his retirement, all the favourable opinions of the work he could collect; and it is not unamusing, as showing the sort of steps by which Fame at first mounts, to find the approbation of such authorities as Pratt and the magazine writers put forward among the first rewards and encouragements of a Byron.

"You are already (he says) pretty generally known to be the author. So Cawthorn tells me, and a proof occurred to myself at Hatchard's, the Queen's bookseller. On inquiring for the Satire, he told me that he had sold a great many, and had none left, and was going to send for more, which I afterwards found he did. I asked who was the author? He said it was believed to be Lord Byron's. Did *he* believe it? Yes he did. On asking the ground of his belief, he told me that a lady of distinction had, without hesitation, asked for it as Lord Byron's Satire. He likewise informed me that he had inquired of Mr. Gifford, who frequents his shop, if it was yours. Mr. Gifford denied any knowledge of the author, but spoke very highly of it, and said a copy had been sent to him. Hatchard assured me that all who came to his reading-room admired it. Cawthorn tells me it is universally well spoken of, not only among his own customers, but generally at all the booksellers'. I heard it highly praised at my own publisher's, where I have lately called several times. At Phillips's[1] it was read aloud by Pratt to a circle of literary guests, who were unanimous in their applause:—The Anti-jacobin, as well as the Gentlemen's Magazine, has already blown the trump of fame for you. We shall see it in the other Reviews next month, and probably in some severely handled, according to the connection of the proprietors and editors with those whom it lashes."

On his arrival in London, towards the end of April, he found the first edition of his poem nearly exhausted; and set immediately about preparing another, to which he determined to prefix his name. The additions he now made to the work were considerable,—near a hundred new lines being introduced at the very opening[2],—and it was not till about the middle of the ensuing month that the new edition was ready to go to press. He had, during his absence from town, fixed definitely with his friend, Mr. Hobhouse, that they should leave England together on the following June, and it was his wish to see the last proofs of the volume corrected before his departure.

Among the new features of this edition was a Postscript to the Satire, in prose, which Mr. Dallas, much to the credit of his discretion and taste, most earnestly entreated the poet to suppress. It is to be regretted that the adviser did not succeed in his efforts, as there runs a tone of bravado through this ill-judged effusion, which it is, at all times,

[1] [Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller and publisher. He was knighted in 1807.]

[2] The poem, in the first edition, began at the line, "Time was ere yet, in these degenerate days."

painful to see a brave man assume.[1] For instance: — "It may be said," he observes, "that I quit England because I have censured these 'persons of honour and wit about town;' but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not may be one day convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas, 'the age of chivalry is over,' or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days."

But, whatever may have been the faults or indiscretions of this Satire, there are few who would now sit in judgment upon it so severely as did the author himself, on reading it over nine years after, when he had quitted England, never to return. The copy which he then perused is now in the possession of Mr. Murray, and the remarks which he has scribbled over its pages are well worth transcribing. On the first leaf we find —

"The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for its contents.

"Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames. "B."

Opposite the passage,

> "to be misled
> By Jeffrey's heart, or Lamb's Bœotian head,"

is written, "This was not just. Neither the heart nor the head of these gentlemen are at all what they are here represented." Along the whole of the severe verses against Mr. Wordsworth he has scrawled "Unjust," — and the same verdict is affixed to those against Mr. Coleridge. On his unmeasured attack upon Mr. Bowles, the comment is, — "Too savage all this on Bowles;" and down the margin of the page containing the lines, "Health to immortal Jeffrey," &c. he writes, — "Too ferocious — this is mere insanity;" — adding, on the verses that follow ("Can none remember that eventful day?" &c.), "All this is bad, because personal."

Sometimes, however, he shows a disposition to stand by his original decisions. Thus, on the passage relating to a writer of certain obscure Epics[2] (v. 793.), he says, — "All right;" adding, of the same person, "I saw some letters of this fellow to an unfortunate poetess, whose productions (which the poor woman by no means thought vainly of) he attacked so roughly and bitterly, that I could hardly regret assailing him; — even were it unjust, which it is not; for, verily, he *is* an ass." On the strong lines, too (v. 953.), upon Clarke (a writer in a magazine called the Satirist), he remarks, — "Right enough, — this was well deserved, and well laid on."

To the whole paragraph, beginning "Illustrious Holland," are affixed the words "Bad enough; — and on mistaken grounds besides." The bitter verses against Lord Carlisle he pronounces "Wrong also: — the provocation was not sufficient to justify such acerbity;" — and of a subsequent note respecting the same nobleman, he says, "Much too savage, whatever the foundation may be." Of Rosa Matilda (v. 738.) he tells us, "She has since married the Morning Post, — an exceeding good match." To the verses, "When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall," &c., he has appended the following interesting note: — "This was meant at poor Blackett, who was then patronised by A. I. B.[3]: — but *that* I did not know, or this would not have been written; at least I think not."

Farther on, where Mr. Campbell and other poets are mentioned, the following gingle on the names of their respective poems is scribbled: —

> "Pretty Miss Jacqueline
> Had a nose aquiline;
> And would assert rude
> Things of Miss Gertrude;
> While Mr. Marmion
> Led a great army on,
> Making Kehama look
> Like a fierce Mamaluke."

Opposite the paragraph in praise of Mr. Crabbe he has written, "I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times in point of power and genius." On his own line, in a subsequent paragraph, "And glory like the phœnix mid her fires," he says, comically, "The devil take that phœnix — how

[1] ["Having himself been grossly insulted by one set of men, Byron somewhat illogically conceived that he might insult not only them, but every body else: anger and scorn are bad reasoners; but their bursts of triumph, especially after humiliation, are not bravadoes. Byron was no bravo — he was deficient in coolness; and the Postscript that offended the 'discretion and taste' of Lord Dallas, and is so lugubriously lamented by merry Moore, is a very proper pendant to such a poem as 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'" — WILSON, 1830.]

[2] [Joseph Cottle, a bookseller of Bristol, author of "Alfred, an Epic in twenty-four Books," the "Fall of Cambria," "Early Recollections of Coleridge," &c.]

[3] Lady Byron, then Miss Milbanke.

came it there?" and his concluding remark on the whole poem is as follows:—

"The greater part of this Satire I most sincerely wish had never been written; not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical and some of the personal part of it, but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve. "BYRON.

"Diodata, Geneva, July 14. 1816."

While engaged in preparing his new edition for the press, he was also gaily dispensing the hospitalities of Newstead to a party of young college friends, whom, with the prospect of so long an absence from England, he had assembled round him at the Abbey, for a sort of festive farewell. The following letter from one of the party, Charles Skinner Matthews, though containing much less of the noble host himself than we could have wished, yet, as a picture, taken freshly and at the moment, of a scene so pregnant with character, will, I have little doubt, be highly acceptable to the reader.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SKINNER MATTHEWS, ESQ. TO MISS I. M.

"London, May 22. 1809.

"My dear ————,

"I must begin with giving you a few particulars of the singular place which I have lately quitted.

"Newstead Abbey is situate 136 miles from London,—four on this side Mansfield. It is so fine a piece of antiquity, that I should think there must be a description, and, perhaps, a picture of it in Grose. The ancestors of its present owner came into possession of it at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries,—but the building itself is of a much earlier date. Though sadly fallen to decay, it is still completely an *abbey*, and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which, though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so; and many of the original rooms, amongst which is a fine stone hall, are still in use. Of the abbey church only one end remains; and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Leading from the abbey to the modern part of the habitation is a noble room seventy feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth; but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present Lord has lately fitted up.

"The house and gardens are entirely surrounded by a wall with battlements. In front is a large lake, bordered here and there with castellated buildings, the chief of which stands on an eminence at the further extremity of it. Fancy all this surrounded with bleak and barren hills, with scarce a tree to be seen for miles, except a solitary clump or two, and you will have some idea of Newstead. For the late Lord being at enmity with his son, to whom the estate was secured by entail, resolved, out of spite to the same, that the estate should descend to him in as miserable a plight as he could possibly reduce it to; for which cause, he took no care of the mansion, and fell to lopping of every tree he could lay his hands on, so furiously, that he reduced immense tracts of woodland country to the desolate state I have just described. However, his son died before him, so that all his rage was thrown away.

"So much for the place, concerning which I have thrown together these few particulars, meaning my account to be, like the place itself, without any order or connection. But if the place itself appear rather strange to you, the ways of the inhabitants will not appear much less so. Ascend, then, with me the hall steps, that I may introduce you to my Lord and his visitants. But have a care how you proceed; be mindful to go there in broad daylight, and with your eyes about you. For, should you make any blunder,—should you go to the right of the hall steps, you are laid hold of by a bear; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run full against a wolf! —Nor, when you have attained the door, is your danger over; for the hall being decayed, and therefore standing in need of repair, a bevy of inmates are very probably banging at one end of it with their pistols; so that if you enter without giving loud notice of your approach, you have only escaped the wolf and the bear to expire by the pistol-shots of the merry monks of Newstead.

"Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others, and was, now and then, increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. As for our way of living, the order of the day was generally this:—for breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience,—every thing remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, one would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always,—even when an invalid,—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then,

for the amusements of the morning, there was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock, in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking—riding—cricket—sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

"I must not omit the custom of handing round, after dinner, on the removal of the cloth, a human skull filled with burgundy. After revelling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading, or improving conversation,—each, according to his fancy,—and, after sandwiches, &c. retired to rest. A set of monkish dresses, which had been provided, with all the proper apparatus of crosses, beads, tonsures, &c. often gave a variety to our appearance, and to our pursuits.

"You may easily imagine how chagrined I was at being ill nearly the first half of the time I was there. But I was led into a very different reflection from that of Dr. Swift, who left Pope's house without ceremony, and afterwards informed him, by letter, that it was impossible for two sick friends to live together; for I found my shivering and invalid frame so perpetually annoyed by the thoughtless and tumultuous health of every one about me, that I heartily wished every soul in the house to be as ill as myself.

"The journey back I performed on foot, together with another of the guests.[1] We walked about twenty-five miles a day; but were a week on the road, from being detained by the rain.

"So here I close my account of an expedition which has somewhat extended my knowledge of this country. And where do you think I am going next? To Constantinople!—at least, such an excursion has been proposed to me. Lord B. and another friend of mine are going thither next month, and have asked me to join the party; but it seems to be but a wild scheme, and requires twice thinking upon.

"Addio, my dear I., yours very affectionately,

"C. S. Matthews."

Having put the finishing hand to his new edition, he, without waiting for the fresh honours that were in store for him, took leave of London (whither he had returned) on the 11th of June, and, in about a fortnight after, sailed for Lisbon.

Great as was the advance which his powers had made, under the influence of that resentment from which he now drew his inspiration, they were yet, even in his Satire, at an immeasurable distance from the point to which they afterwards so triumphantly rose. It is, indeed, remarkable that, essentially as his genius seemed connected with, and, as it were, springing out of his character, the development of the one should so long have preceded the full maturity of the resources of the other. By her very early and rapid expansion of his sensibilities, Nature had given him notice of what she destined him for, long before he understood the call; and those materials of poetry with which his own fervid temperament abounded were but by slow degrees, and after much self-meditation, revealed to him. In his Satire, though vigorous, there is but little foretaste of the wonders that followed it. His spirit was stirred, but he had not yet looked down into its depths, nor does even his bitterness taste of the bottom of the heart, like those sarcasms which he afterwards flung in the face of mankind. Still less had the other countless feelings and passions, with which his soul had been long labouring, found an organ worthy of them;—the gloom, the grandeur, the tenderness of his nature, all were left without a voice, till his mighty genius, at last, awakened in its strength.[2]

In stooping, as he did, to write after established models, as well in the Satire as in his still earlier poems, he showed how little he had yet explored his own original resources, or found out those distinctive marks by which he was to be known through all times. But, bold and energetic as was his general character, he was, in a remarkable degree, diffident in his intellectual powers. The consciousness of what he could achieve was but by degrees forced upon him, and the discovery of so rich a mine of genius in his soul came with no less surprise on himself than on the world. It was from the same slowness of self-appreciation that, afterwards, in the full flow of his fame, he long doubted, as we shall see, his own aptitude for works of wit and humour,—till the happy experiment of "Beppo" at once dissipated this distrust, and opened a new region of triumph to his versatile and boundless powers.

But, however far short of himself his first

[1] [Mr. Hobhouse.]

[2] ["Even in its ablest passages, this poem exhibits more of passionate malice than of intellectual strength. Its diction is often pointed and energetic enough, but shows few, if any, traces of refined art, and, we venture to say, none of the *curiosa felicitas* of genius. We should rather characterise it as a smart lampoon than as a vigorous satire."—*Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

writings must be considered, there is in his Satire a liveliness of thought, and still more a vigour and courage, which, concurring with the justice of his cause and the sympathies of the public on his side, could not fail to attach instant celebrity to his name. Notwithstanding, too, the general boldness and recklessness of his tone, there were occasionally mingled with this defiance some allusions to his own fate and character, whose affecting earnestness seemed to answer for their truth, and which were of a nature strongly to awaken curiosity as well as interest. One or two of these passages, as illustrative of the state of his mind at this period, I shall here extract. The loose and unfenced state in which his youth was left to grow wild upon the world is thus touchingly alluded to: —

"Ev'n I, least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,
Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost
To fight my course through Passion's countless host,
Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray[1] —
Ev'n I must raise my voice, ev'n I must feel
Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal:
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
'What art thou better, meddling fool[2], than they?'
And every brother Rake will smile to see
That miracle, a Moralist, in me."

But the passage in which, hastily thrown off as it is, we find the strongest traces of that wounded feeling, which bleeds, as it were, through all his subsequent writings, is the following: —

"The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes.
But now so callous grown, so changed from youth," &c.

Some of the causes that worked this change in his character have been intimated in the course of the preceding pages. That there was no tinge of bitterness in his natural disposition, we have abundant testimony, besides his own, to prove. Though, as a child, occasionally passionate and headstrong, his docility and kindness towards those who were themselves kind, is acknowledged by all; and "playful" and "affectionate" are invariably the epithets by which those who knew him in his childhood convey their impression of his character.

Of all the qualities, indeed, of his nature, affectionateness seems to have been the most ardent and most deep. A disposition, on his own side, to form strong attachments, and a yearning desire after affection in return, were the feeling and the want that formed the dream and torment of his existence. We have seen with what passionate enthusiasm he threw himself into his boyish friendships. The all-absorbing and unsuccessful love that followed was, if I may so say, the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived on through his life, and filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its light to even those unworthy ties which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit in those stanzas written but a few months before his death: —

"'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!"

It is much, I own, to be questioned, whether, even under the most favourable circumstances, a disposition such as I have here described could have escaped ultimate disappointment, or found any where a resting-place for its imaginings and desires. But, in the case of Lord Byron, disappointment met him on the very threshold of life. His mother, to whom his affections first, naturally with ardour, turned, either repelled them rudely, or capriciously trifled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced the first feelings of pain and humiliation he had ever known to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she had wounded him.

The sympathy of a sister's love, of all the influences on the mind of a youth the most softening, was also, in his early days, denied to him, — his sister Augusta and he having seen but little of each other while young. A vent through the calm channel of domestic affections might have brought down the high current of his feelings to a level nearer that of the world he had to traverse, and thus saved them from the tumultuous rapids and falls to which this early elevation, in their after-course, exposed them. In the dearth of all home-endearments, his heart had no other resource but in those boyish friendships which he formed at school; and when these were interrupted by his removal to Cambridge, he was again thrown back, isolated, on his own restless desires. Then followed his ill-fated attachment to Miss Chaworth, to which, more than to any other cause, he himself attributed the desolating change then wrought in his disposition.

[1] In the MS. remarks on his Satire, to which I have already referred, he says, on this passage — "Yea, and a pretty dance they have led me."

[2] "Fool then, and but little wiser now."

I doubt sometimes (he says, in his tached Thoughts,') whether, after all, a t and unagitated life would have suited yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest ms (as most boys' dreams are) were tial : but a little later they were all for and retirement, till the hopeless attach- t to Mary Chaworth began and con- ed (though sedulously concealed) *very* in my teens ; and so upwards for a time. threw me out again 'alone on a wide, sea.' In the year 1804 I recollect ting my sister at General Harcourt's, in tland Place. I was then *one thing*, and e had always till then found me. When met again in 1805 (she told me since) my temper and disposition were so pletely altered, that I was hardly to be gnised. I was not then sensible of the ge ; but I can believe it, and account t."

have already described his parting with s Chaworth previously to her marriage. e again, after that event, he saw her, for the last time, — being invited by Chaworth to dine at Annesley not long re his departure from England. The years that had elapsed since their last ting had made a considerable change in appearance and manners of the young . The fat, unformed schoolboy was now ender and graceful young man. Those tions and passions which at first heighten, then destroy, beauty, had as yet produced their favourable effects on his features ; though with but little aid from the ex- le of refined society, his manners had ided into that tone of gentleness and possession which more than any thing ks the well-bred gentleman. Once only the latter of these qualities put to the , when the little daughter of his fair ess was brought into the room. At the t of the child he started involuntarily, — it with the utmost difficulty he could eal his emotion ; and to the sensations hat moment we are indebted for those hing stanzas, "Well — thou art happy," [1], which appeared afterwards in a Mis- ny published by one of his friends, and now to be found in the general collection is works. Under the influence of the e despondent passion, he wrote two r poems at this period, from which, as exist only in the Miscellany I have just led to, and that collection has for some been out of print, a few stanzas may, improperly, be extracted here.

"THE FAREWELL — TO A LADY,[2]

"When man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

"But wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief ;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

"Thus, lady[3], must it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more !
For, whilst I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before," &c. &c.

The other poem is, throughout, full of tenderness ; but I shall give only what appear to me the most striking stanzas.

"STANZAS TO * * * ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

"'Tis done — and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail ;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast ;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

"As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate ;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

"And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home ;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place ;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

"I go — but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me ;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part ;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

"To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe —
But mine, alas ! has stood the blow ;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

"And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most ;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

"I've tried another's fetters, too,
With charms, perchance, as fair to view ;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

Dated, in his original copy, Nov. 2. 1808.

Entitled, in his original manuscript, "To Mrs. ers, on being asked my reason for quitting England in the spring." The date subjoined is December 2. 1808.

[3] In his first copy, "Thus, Mary."

"'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth, are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one." [1]

While thus, in all the relations of the heart, his thirst after affection was thwarted, in another instinct of his nature, not less strong — the desire of eminence and distinction — he was, in an equal degree, checked in his aspirings, and mortified. The inadequacy of his means to his station was early a source of embarrassment and humiliation to him; and those high, patrician notions of birth in which he indulged but made the disparity between his fortune and his rank the more galling. Ambition, however, soon whispered to him that there were other and nobler ways to distinction. The eminence which talent builds for itself might, one day, he proudly felt, be his own; nor was it too sanguine to hope that, under the favour accorded usually to youth, he might with impunity venture on his first steps to fame. But here, as in every other object of his heart, disappointment and mortification awaited him. Instead of experiencing the ordinary forbearance, if not indulgence, with which young aspirants for fame are received by their critics, he found himself instantly the victim of such unmeasured severity as is not often dealt out even to veteran offenders in literature; and, with a heart fresh from the trials of disappointed love, saw those resources and consolations which he had sought in the exercise of his intellectual strength also invaded.

While thus prematurely broken into the pains of life, a no less darkening effect was produced upon him by too early an initiation into its pleasures. That charm with which the fancy of youth invests an untried world was, in his case, soon dissipated. His passions had, at the very onset of their career, forestalled the future; and the blank void that followed was by himself considered as one of the causes of that melancholy, which now settled so deeply into his character.

"My passions" (he says, in his 'Detached Thoughts') "were developed very early — so early that few would believe me if I were to state the period and the facts which accompanied it. Perhaps this was one of the reasons which caused the anticipated melancholy of my thoughts, — having anticipated life. My earlier poems are the thoughts of one at least ten years older than the age at which they were written, — I don't mean for their solidity, but their experience. The two first Cantos of Childe Harold were completed at twenty-two; and they are written as if by a man older than I shall probably ever be."

Though the allusions in the first sentence of this extract have reference to a much earlier period, they afford an opportunity of remarking, that however dissipated may have been the life which he led during the two or three years previous to his departure on his travels, yet the notion caught up by many, from his own allusions, in Childe Harold, to irregularities and orgies of which Newstead had been the scene, is, like most other imputations against him, founded on his own testimony, greatly exaggerated. He describes, it is well known, the home of his poetical representative as a "monastic dome, condemned to uses vile," and then adds, —

"Where Superstition once had made her den,
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile."

Mr. Dallas, too, giving in to the same strain of exaggeration, says, in speaking of the poet's preparations for his departure, "already satiated with pleasure, and disgusted with those companions who have no other resource, he had resolved on mastering his appetites; — he broke up his harems." [1] The truth, however, is, that the narrowness of Lord Byron's means would alone have prevented such oriental luxuries. The mode of his life at Newstead was simple and unexpensive. His companions, though not averse to convivial indulgences, were of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar debauchery; and, with respect to the alleged "harems," it appears certain that one or two suspected "*subintroductæ*" (as the ancient monks of the abbey would have styled them), and those, too, among the ordinary menials of the establishment, were all that even scandal itself could ever fix upon to warrant such an assumption.

That gaming was among his follies at this period he himself tells us in the journal I have just cited: —

"I have a notion (he says) that gamblers are as happy as many people, being always *excited*. Women, wine, fame, the table, — even ambition, *sate* now and then; but every turn of the card and cast of the dice keeps the gamester alive: besides, one can game ten times longer than one can do any thing else. [2] I was very fond of it when young,

[1] Thus corrected by himself in a copy of the Miscellany now in my possession; — the two last lines being, originally, as follows: —

"Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee, I love but one."

[2] [Opposite this passage of the Journal, Sir Walter

that is to say, of hazard, for I hate all *card* games,—even faro. When macco (or whatever they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing, for I loved and missed the *rattle* and *dash* of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of *any luck at all*, as one had sometimes to throw *often* to decide at all. I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running, and carried off all the cash upon the table occasionally; but I had no coolness, or judgment, or calculation. It was the delight of the thing that pleased me. Upon the whole, I left off in time, without being much a winner or loser. Since one-and-twenty years of age I played but little, and then never above a hundred, or two, or three."

To this, and other follies of the same period, he alludes in the following note:—

TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"Twelve o'clock, Friday night.

"My dear Bankes,

"I have just received your note; believe me I regret most sincerely that I was not fortunate enough to see it before, as I need not repeat to you that your conversation for half an hour would have been much more agreeable to me than gambling or drinking, or any other fashionable mode of passing an evening abroad or at home.—I really am very sorry that I went out previous to the arrival of your despatch: in future pray let me hear from you before six, and whatever my engagements may be, I will always postpone them.—Believe me, with that deference which I have always from my childhood paid to your *talents*, and with somewhat a better opinion of your heart than I have hitherto entertained,

"Yours ever," &c.

Among the causes—if not rather among the results—of that disposition to melancholy, which, after all, perhaps, naturally belonged to his temperament, must not be forgotten those sceptical views of religion, which clouded, as has been shown, his boyish thoughts, and, at the time of which I am speaking, gathered still more darkly over his mind. In general we find the young too ardently occupied with the enjoyments which this life gives or promises to afford either leisure or inclination for much inquiry into the mysteries of the next. But with him it was unluckily otherwise; and to have, at once, anticipated the worst experience both of the voluptuary and the reasoner,—to have reached, as he supposed, the boundary of this world's pleasures, and see nothing but "clouds and darkness" beyond, was the doom, the anomalous doom, which a nature, premature in all its passions and powers, inflicted on Lord Byron.

When Pope, at the age of five-and-twenty, complained of being weary of the world, he was told by Swift that he "had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it."[1] But far different was the youth of Pope and of Byron;—what the former but anticipated in thought, the latter had drunk deep of in reality;—at an age when the one was but looking forth on the sea of life, the other had plunged in, and tried its depths. Swift himself, in whom early disappointments and wrongs had opened a vein of bitterness that never again closed, affords a far closer parallel to the fate of our noble poet[2], as well in the untimeliness of the trials he had been doomed to encounter, as in the traces of their havoc which they left in his character.

That the romantic fancy of youth, which courts melancholy as an indulgence, and loves to assume a sadness, it has not had time to earn, may have had some share in, at least, fostering the gloom by which the mind of the young poet was overcast, I am not disposed to deny. The circumstance, indeed, of his having, at this time, among the ornaments of his study, a number of skulls highly polished, and placed on light stands round the room, would seem to indicate that he rather courted than shunned such gloomy associations.[3] Being a sort of boyish mimickry, too, of the use to which the poet

Scott has written—"A man must like money well, or play very deep, to admire gambling."]

[1] I give the words as Johnson has reported them;—in Swift's own letter they are, if I recollect right, rather different. ["I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement: you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fugâ sæculi*, unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business."—*Swift to Pope*, Sep. 20. 1723.]

[2] There is, at least, one striking point of similarity between their characters in the disposition which Johnson has thus attributed to Swift:—"The suspicions of Swift's irreligion," he says, "proceeded, in a great measure, from his dread of hypocrisy; *instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was.*"

[3] Another use to which he appropriated one of the skulls found in digging at Newstead was the having it mounted in silver, and converted into a drinking-cup. This whim has been commemorated in some well-known verses of his own; and the cup itself, which, apart from any revolting ideas it may excite, forms by no means an inelegant object to the eye, is, with many other interesting relics of Lord Byron, in the possession of the present proprietor of Newstead Abbey, Colonel Wildman.

Young is said to have applied a skull[1], such a display might well induce some suspicion of the sincerity of his gloom, did we not, through the whole course of his subsequent life and writings, track visibly the deep vein of melancholy which nature had imbedded in his character.

Such was the state of mind and heart, — as, from his own testimony and that of others, I have collected it, — in which Lord Byron now set out on his indefinite pilgrimage; and never was there a change wrought in disposition and character to which Shakspeare's fancy of "sweet bells jangled out of tune" more truly applied. The unwillingness of Lord Carlisle to countenance him, and his humiliating position in consequence, completed the full measure of that mortification towards which so many other causes had concurred. Baffled, as he had been, in his own ardent pursuit of affection and friendship, his sole revenge and consolation lay in doubting that any such feelings really existed. The various crosses he had met with, in themselves sufficiently irritating and wounding, were rendered still more so by the high, impatient temper with which he encountered them. What others would have bowed to, as misfortunes, his proud spirit rose against, as wrongs; and the vehemence of this re-action produced, at once, a revolution throughout his whole character[2], in which, as in revolutions of the political world, all that was bad and irregular in his nature burst forth with all that was most energetic and grand. The very virtues and excellences of his disposition ministered to the violence of this change. The same ardour that had burned through his friendships and loves now fed the fierce explosions of his indignation and scorn. His natural vivacity and humour but lent a fresher flow to his bitterness[3], till he at last revelled in it as an indulgence; and that hatred of hypocrisy, which had hitherto only shown itself in a too shadowy colouring of his own youthful frailties, now hurried him, from his horror of all false pretensions to virtue, into the still more dangerous boast and ostentation of vice.

[1] [When Young was writing one of his tragedies, Grafton, according to Spence, sent him a human skull, with a candle in it as a lamp; and the poet is said to have used it. — *Spence's Anecdotes.*]

[2] Rousseau appears to have been conscious of a similar sort of change in his own nature:—"They have laboured without intermission," he says, in a letter to Madame de Boufflers, "to give to my heart, and, perhaps, at the same time to my genius, a spring and stimulus of action, which they have not inherited from nature. I was born weak, — ill treatment has made me strong." — HUME's *Private Correspondence.*

[3] ["Dr. Adams told me that Johnson, while he was at Pembroke College, 'was a gay and frolicsome fellow;' but this is a striking proof of the fallacy of appearances, and how little any of us know of the real internal state even of those whom we see most frequently. When I mentioned to him this account, he said, 'Ah, sir, I was mad and violent: it was *bitterness* which they mistook for frolic.'" — BOSWELL, vol. i. p. 74.]

CHAPTER IX.

1809—1810.

FALMOUTH. — LETTERS TO MRS. BYRON, HENRY DRURY, AND HODGSON. — VERSES WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET. — LISBON. — SEVILLE. — CADIZ. — CINTRA. — MAFRA. — ANECDOTES. — GIBRALTAR. — MALTA. — MRS. SPENCER SMITH. — "SWEET FLORENCE." — PREVESA. — TEPALEEN. — INTRODUCTION TO ALI PACHA. — JANINA. — ZITZA. — ACARNANIA. — NIGHT SCENE AT UTRAIKEY. — MISSOLONGHI. — PATRAS. — VOSTIZZA. — PARNASSUS. — THEBES. — ATHENS. — "MAID OF ATHENS." — CHILDE HAROLD COMMENCED.

THE following letter to his mother, written a few days before he sailed, gives some particulars respecting the persons who composed his suite. Robert Rushton, whom he mentions so feelingly in the postscript, was the boy introduced, as his page, in the first canto of Childe Harold.

LETTER 34. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Falmouth, June 22. 1809.

"Dear Mother,

"I am about to sail in a few days; probably before this reaches you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I have continued him in my service. If he does not behave well abroad, I will send him back in a *transport.* I have a German servant, (who has been with Mr. Wilbraham in Persia before, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr. Butler, of Harrow,) Robert and William; they constitute my whole suite. I have letters in plenty: — you shall hear from me at the different ports I touch upon; but you must not be alarmed if my letters miscarry. The Continent is in a fine state — an insurrection has broken out at Paris, and the Austrians are beating Buonaparte — the Tyrolese have risen.

"There is a picture of me in oil, to be sent down to Newstead soon. — I wish the

Miss Pigots had something better to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham to copy. Now they have done it, you may ask them to copy the others, which are greater favourites than my own. As to money matters, I am ruined — at least till Rochdale is sold; and if that does not turn out well, I shall enter into the Austrian or Russian service — perhaps the Turkish, if I like their manners. The world is all before me, and I leave England without regret, and without a wish to revisit any thing it contains, except *yourself*, and your present residence.

"Believe me, yours ever sincerely.

"P. S. — Pray tell Mr. Rushton his son is well, and doing well; so is Murray, indeed better than I ever saw him; he will be back in about a month. I ought to add the leaving Murray to my few regrets, as his age perhaps will prevent my seeing him again. Robert I take with me; I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal."

To those who have in their remembrance his poetical description of the state of mind in which he now took leave of England, the gaiety and levity of the letters I am about to give will appear, it is not improbable, strange and startling. But in a temperament like that of Lord Byron, such bursts of vivacity on the surface are by no means incompatible with a wounded spirit underneath [1]; and the light, laughing tone that pervades these letters, but makes the feeling of solitariness that breaks out in them the more striking and affecting.

LETTER 35. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

"Falmouth, June 25. 1809.

"My dear Drury,

"We sail to-morrow in the Lisbon packet, having been detained till now by the lack of wind, and other necessaries. These being at last procured, by this time to-morrow evening we shall be embarked on the *vide vorld* of *vaters*, *vor* all the *vorld* like Robinson Crusoe. The Malta vessel not sailing for some weeks, we have determined to go by way of Lisbon, and, as my servants term it, to see 'that there Portingale' — thence to Cadiz and Gibraltar, and so on our old route to Malta and Constantinople, if so be that Captain Kidd, our gallant commander, understands plain sailing and Mercator, and takes us on our voyage all according to the chart.

"Will you tell Dr. Butler [2] that I have taken the treasure of a servant, Friese, the native of Prussia Proper, into my service from his recommendation. He has been all among the Worshippers of Fire in Persia, and has seen Persepolis and all that.

"Hobhouse has made woundy preparations for a book on his return; 100 pens, two gallons of japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, &c. &c.

"'The cock is crowing,
I must be going,
And can no more.'
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

"Adieu. — Believe me," &c. &c.

LETTER 36. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Falmouth, June 25. 1809.

"My dear Hodgson,

"Before this reaches you, Hobhouse, two officers' wives, three children, two waiting-maids, ditto subalterns for the troops, three Portuguese esquires and domestics, in all nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz.

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[1] The poet Cowper, it is well known, produced that masterpiece of humour, John Gilpin, during one of his fits of morbid dejection; and he himself says, "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all." [See Southey's Life of Cowper, vol. ii. p. 38.]

[2] The reconciliation which took place between him and Dr. Butler, before his departure, is one of those instances of placability and pliableness with which his life abounded. We have seen, too, from the manner in which he mentions the circumstance in one of his note-books, that the reconcilement was of that generously retrospective kind, in which not only the feeling of hostility is renounced in future, but a strong regret expressed that it had been ever entertained.

Not content with this private atonement to Dr. Butler, it was his intention, had he published another edition of the Hours of Idleness, to substitute for the offensive verses against that gentleman a frank avowal of the wrong he had been guilty of in giving vent to them. This fact, so creditable to the candour of his nature, I learn from a loose sheet in his hand-writing, containing the following corrections. In place of the passage beginning "Or if my Muse a pedant's portrait drew," he meant to insert —

"If once my Muse a harsher portrait drew,
Warm with her wrongs, and deem'd the likeness true,
By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns, —
With noble minds a fault, confessed, atones."

And to the passage immediately succeeding his warm praise of Dr. Drury — "Pomposus fills his magisterial chair," it was his intention to give the following turn: —

"Another fills his magisterial chair;
Reluctant Ida owns a stranger's care;
Oh may like honours crown his future name, —
If such his virtues, such shall be his fame."

"We are going to Lisbon first, because the Malta packet has sailed, d'ye see? — from Lisbon to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and 'all that,' as Orator Henley said, when he put the Church, and 'all that,' in danger.[1]

"This town of Falmouth, as you will partly conjecture, is no great ways from the sea. It is defended on the sea-side by tway castles, St. Maws and Pendennis, extremely well calculated for annoying every body except an enemy. St. Maws is garrisoned by an able-bodied person of fourscore, a widower. He has the whole command and sole management of six most unmanageable pieces of ordnance, admirably adapted for the destruction of Pendennis, a like tower of strength on the opposite side of the Channel. We have seen St. Maws, but Pendennis they will not let us behold, save at a distance, because Hobhouse and I are suspected of having already taken St. Maws by a coup de main.

"The town contains many Quakers and salt fish — the oysters have a taste of copper, owing to the soil of a mining country — the women (blessed be the Corporation therefor!) are flogged at the cart's tail when they pick and steal, as happened to one of the fair sex yesterday noon. She was pertinacious in her behaviour, and damned the mayor.

"I don't know when I can write again, because it depends on that experienced navigator, Captain Kidd, and the 'stormy winds that (don't) blow' at this season. I leave England without regret — I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab; — and thus ends my first chapter. Adieu.

"Yours," &c.

In this letter the following lively verses were enclosed: —

"Falmouth Roads, June 30. 1809.

"Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvass o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired,
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.

Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the Custom-house;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

"Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient — push from shore.
'Have a care! that case holds liquor —
Stop the boat — I'm sick — oh Lord!'
'Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board.'
Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax. —
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

"Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
'Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why 'tis hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in —
Who the deuce can harbour there?'
'Who, sir? plenty —
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill' —
'Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I'd scape the heat and racket,
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.'

"Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs —
Bear a hand, you jolly tar you!
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls;
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth — and damns our souls.
'Here's a stanza
On Braganza —
Help!' — 'A couplet?' — 'No, a cup
Of warm water.' —
'What's the matter?'
'Zounds! my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.'

"Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on — as I do now.

[1] [Henley, in one of his publications entitled "Oratory Transactions," engaged "to execute singly what would sprain a dozen of modern doctors of the tribe of Issachar — to write, read, and study twelve hours a day, and yet appear as untouched by the yoke as if he never wore it — to teach in one year what schools or universities t in five;" and he furthermore pledged himself to severe in his bold scheme, until he had "put the Chu *and all that*, in danger."]

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing —
Who the devil cares for more? —
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

"BYRON."

On the 2d of July the packet sailed from Falmouth, and, after a favourable passage of four days and a half, the voyagers reached Lisbon, and took up their abode in that city.[1]

The following letters, from Lord Byron to his friend Mr. Hodgson, though written in his most light and schoolboy strain, will give some idea of the first impressions that his residence in Lisbon made upon him. Such letters, too, contrasted with the noble stanzas on Portugal in "Childe Harold," will show how various were the moods of his versatile mind, and what different aspects it could take when in repose or on the wing.

LETTER 37. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Lisbon, July 16. 1809.

"Thus far have we pursued our route, and seen all sorts of marvellous sights, palaces, convents, &c.; — which, being to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's forthcoming Book of Travels, I shall not anticipate by smuggling any account whatsoever to you in a private and clandestine manner. I must just observe, that the village of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the world.

"I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own, — and I goes into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhœa and bites from the musquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasuring.

"When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say, 'Carracho!' — the great oath of the grandees, that very well supplies the place of 'Damme,' — and, when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him 'Ambra di merdo.' With these two phrases, and a third, 'Avra bouro,' which signifieth 'Get an ass,' I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we lives that travellers be! — if we had food and raiment. But, in sober sadness, any thing is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone.

"To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility.

"Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats and capital crimes and the misfortunes of one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant — 'Suave mari magno,' &c. Talking of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea.

"Adieu. Yours faithfully," &c.

LETTER 38. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Gibraltar, August 6. 1809.

"I have just arrived at this place after a journey through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500 miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback[2] to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the Hyperion frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent — we rode seventy miles a day. Eggs and wine, and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is better than in England.

"Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena, part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain; but damn description, it is always disgusting. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! — it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must con-

[1] Lord Byron used sometimes to mention a strange story, which the commander of the packet, Captain Kidd, related to him on the passage. This officer stated that, being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep. But still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform, in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt.

[2] The baggage and part of the servants were sent by sea to Gibraltar.

fess the women of Cadiz are as far superior to the English women in beauty as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man. Just as I began to know the principal persons of the city, I was obliged to sail.

"You will not expect a long letter after my riding so far 'on hollow pampered jades of Asia.' Talking of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within five miles of my present residence. I am going over before I go on to Constantinople.

"Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles reside there, and I do believe it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the comparison. The Spanish women are all alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant,—the wife of peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue.

"I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white.[1] Pray remember me to the Drurys and the Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant.[2] Send me a letter and news to Malta. My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country.

"Adieu, and believe me," &c.

In a letter to Mrs. Byron, dated a few days later, from Gibraltar, he recapitulates the same account of his progress, only dwelling rather more diffusely on some of the details. Thus, of Cintra and Mafra:—"To make amends for this[3], the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides (though that is a secondary consideration), is remarkable as the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple's Convention.[4] It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any other country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation: they have a large library, and asked me if the *English* had *any books* in their country?"

An adventure which he met with at Seville, characteristic both of the country and of himself, is thus described in the same letter to Mrs. Byron:—

"We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess *six* houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observation, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, 'Adios, tu hermoso! me gusto

[1] ["Once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, the Dean was so much amused with a prating barber, that rather than be alone he invited him to dinner. The fellow was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel came to the inn, first inquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him. 'What the vengeance,' said the servant, 'don't you know Dean Swift?' At which the barber turned pale, and running into the house fell upon his knees and intreated the Dean 'not to put him into print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence put him into black and white he should lose all his customers.' Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity, bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would neither put him nor his wife in print."—*Sheridan's Life of Swift.*]

[2] "This sort of passage," says Mr. Hodgson, in a note on his copy of this letter, "constantly occurs in his correspondence. Nor was his interest confined to mere remembrances and inquiries after health. Were it possible to state *all* he has done for numerous friends, he would appear amiable indeed. For myself, I am bound to acknowledge, in the fullest and warmest manner, his most generous and well-timed aid; and, were my poor friend Bland alive, he would as gladly bear the like testimony;—though I have most reason, of all men, to do so."

[3] The filthiness of Lisbon and its inhabitants.

[4] Colonel Napier, in a note in his able History of the Peninsular War, notices the mistake into which Lord Byron and others were led on this subject;—the signature of the Convention, as well as all the other proceedings connected with it, having taken place at a distance of thirty miles from Cintra. [See Works, p. 67.]

mucho.'—'Adieu, you pretty fellow! you please me much.' She offered me a share of her apartment, which my *virtue* induced me to decline; she laughed, and said I had some English 'amante' (lover), and added that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army."

Among the beauties of Cadiz, his imagination, dazzled by the attractions of the many, was on the point, it would appear from the following, of being fixed by *one*:—

"Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect except cleanliness (and it is as clean as London), but still beautiful, and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land. Just as I was introduced and began to like the grandees, I was forced to leave it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again.

"The night before I left it, I sat in the box at the opera with admiral Cordova's family; he is the commander whom Lord St. Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter, Sennorita Cordova. The girl is very pretty, in the Spanish style; in my opinion, by no means inferior to the English in charms, and certainly superior in fascination. Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.

"Miss Cordova and her little brother understood a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my preceptress in that language. I could only reply by a low bow, and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box, which resembles our Opera boxes, (the theatre is large and finely decorated, the music admirable,) in the manner which Englishmen generally adopt, for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman (an aunt or a duenna) of her chair, and commanded me to be seated next herself, at a tolerable distance from her mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when, *en passant*, the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept if I repass through the country on my return from Asia."[1]

To these adventures, or rather glimpses of adventures, which he met with in his hasty passage through Spain, he adverted, I recollect, briefly, in the early part of his "Memoranda;" and it was the younger, I think, of his fair hostesses at Seville, whom he there described himself as making earnest love to, with the help of a dictionary. "For some time," he said, "I went on prosperously both as a linguist and a lover[2], till at length, the lady took a fancy to a ring which I wore, and set her heart on my giving it to her, as a pledge of my sincerity. This, however, could not be:—any thing but the ring, I declared, was at her service, and much more than its value,—but the ring itself I had made a vow never to give away." The young Spaniard grew angry as the contention went on, and it was not long before the lover became angry also; till, at length, the affair ended by their separating unsuccessful on both sides. "Soon after this," said he, "I sailed for Malta, and there parted with both my heart and ring."

In the letter from Gibraltar, just cited, he adds—"I am going over to Africa tomorrow; it is only six miles from this fortress. My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court-dress, indispensable in travelling." His plan of visiting Africa was, however, relinquished. After a short stay at Gibraltar, during which he dined one day with Lady Westmoreland, and another with General Castanos, he, on the 19th of August, took his departure for Malta, in the packet, having first sent Joe Murray and young Rushton back to England,—the latter being unable, from ill health, to accompany him any further. "Pray," he says to his mother, "show the

[1] [In a letter of the same date Lord Byron says: "I beg leave to observe, that intrigue here is the business of life; when a woman marries she throws off all restraint, but I believe their conduct is chaste enough before. If you make a proposal, which in England would bring a box on the ear from the meekest of virgins, to a Spanish girl, she thanks you for the honour you intend her, and replies, 'Wait till I am married, and I shall be too happy.' This is literally and strictly true.]

[2] We find an allusion to this incident in Don Juan:—

"'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes — that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been," &c.

lad every kindness, as he is my great favourite."[1]

He also wrote a letter to the father of the boy, which gives so favourable an impression of his thoughtfulness and kindliness, that I have much pleasure in being enabled to introduce it here.

LETTER 39. TO MR. RUSHTON,

"Gibraltar, August 15. 1809.

"Mr. Rushton,

"I have sent Robert home with Mr. Murray, because the country which I am about to travel through is in a state which renders it unsafe, particularly for one so young. I allow you to deduct five-and-twenty pounds a year for his education for three years, provided I do not return before that time, and I desire he may be considered as in my service. Let every care be taken of him, and let him be sent to school. In case of my death I have provided enough in my will to render him independent. He has behaved extremely well, and has travelled a great deal for the time of his absence. Deduct the expense of his education from your rent. "BYRON."

It was the fate of Lord Byron, throughout life, to meet, wherever he went, with persons who, by some tinge of the extraordinary in their own fates or characters, were prepared to enter, at once, into full sympathy with his; and to this attraction, by which he drew towards him all strange and eccentric spirits, he owed some of the most agreeable connections of his life, as well as some of the most troublesome. Of the former description was an intimacy which he now cultivated during his short sojourn at Malta. The lady with whom he formed this acquaintance was the same addressed by him under the name of "Florence" in Childe Harold; and in a letter to his mother from Malta, he thus describes her in prose:—"This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. S * S * [Spencer Smith], of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago.[2] She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron H * [Herbert] was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five. She is here on her way to England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here, I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time."

The tone in which he addresses this fair heroine in Childe Harold is (consistently with the above dispassionate account of her) that of the purest admiration and interest, unwarmed by any more ardent sentiment:—

"Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But, check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

Thus Harold deem'd as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
Save admiration, glancing harmless by," &c. &c.

In one so imaginative as Lord Byron, who, while he infused so much of his life into his poetry, mingled also not a little of poetry with his life, it is difficult, in unravelling the texture of his feelings, to distinguish at all times between the fanciful and the real. His description here, for instance, of the unmoved and "loveless heart," with which he contemplated even the charms of this attractive person, is wholly at variance, not only with the anecdote from his "Memoranda" which I have recalled, but with the statements in many of his subsequent letters, and, above all, with one of the most graceful of his lesser poems, purporting to be addressed to this same lady during a thunder-storm, on his road to Zitza.[3]

[1] The postscript to this letter is as follows:—"P.S. So Lord G. is married to a rustic! Well done! If I wed, I will bring you home a sultana, with half a dozen cities for a dowry, and reconcile you to an Ottoman daughter-in-law with a bushel of pearls, not larger than ostrich eggs, or smaller than walnuts." [Henry-Edward, nineteenth Baron Grey de Ruthyn, married, 21 June, 1809, Anna-Maria, daughter of Mr. William Kellam, of Ryton-upon-Dunsmore, Warwick. His lordship died in Oct. 1810.]

[2] [Entitled "Travels, in the year 1806, from Italy to England, through the Tyrol, &c.; containing an account of the liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the French Police." 12mo. 1807.]

[3] The following stanzas from this little poem have a music in them, which, independently of all meaning, is enchanting:—

"And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry,
Which mirth and music sped;

Notwithstanding, however, these counter evidences, I am much disposed to believe that the representation of the state of heart in the foregoing extract from Childe Harold may be regarded as the true one; and that the notion of his being in love was but a dream that sprung up afterwards, when the image of the fair Florence had become idealised in his fancy, and every remembrance of their pleasant hours among "Calypso's isles" came invested by his imagination with the warm aspect of love. It will be recollected that to the chilled and sated feelings which early indulgence, and almost as early disenchantment, had left behind, he attributes in these verses the calm and passionless regard with which even attractions like those of Florence were viewed by him. That such was actually his distaste, at this period, to all real objects of love or passion (however his fancy could call up creatures of its own to worship) there is every reason to believe; and the same morbid indifference to those pleasures he had once so ardently pursued still continued to be professed by him on his return to England. No anchoret, indeed, could claim for himself much more apathy towards all such allurements than he did at that period. But to be *thus* saved from temptation was a dear-bought safety, and, at the age of three-and-twenty, satiety and disgust are but melancholy substitutes for virtue.

The brig of war, in which they sailed, having been ordered to convoy a fleet of small merchant-men to Patras and Prevesa, they remained, for two or three days, at anchor off the former place. From thence, proceeding to their ultimate destination, and catching a sunset view of Missolonghi in their way, they landed, on the 29th of September, at Prevesa.

The route which Lord Byron now took through Albania, as well as those subsequent journeys through other parts of Turkey, which he performed in company with his friend Mr. Hobhouse, may be traced, by such as are desirous of details on the subject, in the account which the latter gentleman has given of his travels; an account which, interesting from its own excellence in every merit that should adorn such a work, becomes still more so from the feeling that Lord Byron is, as it were, present through its pages, and that we there follow his first youthful footsteps into the land with whose name he has intertwined his own for ever. As I am enabled, however, by the letters of the noble poet to his mother, as well as by other, still more curious, which are now, for the first time published, to give his own rapid and lively sketches of his wanderings, I shall content myself, after this general reference to the volume of Mr. Hobhouse, with such occasional extracts from its pages as may throw light upon the letters of his friend.

LETTER 40. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Prevesa, November 12. 1809.

"My dear Mother,

"I have now been some time in Turkey: this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the Spider, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Prevesa. I thence have been about 150 miles, as far as Tepaleen, his Highness's country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is *Ali*, and he is considered a man of the first abilities: he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Vely Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and has great influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis;* and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, &c., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption.

"I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall

"Do thou, amidst the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times, from out her latticed halls,
Look o'er the dark blue sea;
Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh," &c. &c.

never forget the singular scene [1] on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of *dress*, however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. [2] The Albanians, in their dresses, (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with the despatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. [3] I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizir's secretary, 'à-la-mode Turque!'

"The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, &c. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. [4] He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country? [5] — (the Turks have no idea of travelling for amuse-

[1] The following is Mr. Hobhouse's less embellished description of this scene: — "The court at Tepellene, which was enclosed on two sides by the palace, and on the other two sides by a high wall, presented us, at our first entrance, with a sight something like what we might have, perhaps, beheld some hundred years ago in the castle-yard of a great feudal lord. Soldiers, with their arms piled against the wall near them, were assembled in different parts of the square; some of them pacing slowly backwards and forwards, and others sitting on the ground in groups. Several horses, completely caparisoned, were leading about, whilst others were neighing under the hands of the grooms. In the part farthest from the dwelling, preparations were making for the feast of the night; and several kids and sheep were being dressed by cooks who were themselves half armed. Every thing wore a most martial look, though not exactly in the style of the head-quarters of a Christian general; for many of the soldiers were in the most common dress, without shoes, and having more wildness in their air and manner than the Albanians we had before seen."

On comparing this description, which is itself sufficiently striking, with those which Lord Byron has given of the same scene, both in the letter to his mother, and in the second canto of Childe Harold, we gain some insight into the process by which imagination elevates, without falsifying, reality, and facts become brightened and refined into poetry. Ascending from the representation drawn faithfully on the spot by the traveller, to the more fanciful arrangement of the same materials in the letter of the poet, we at length, by one step more, arrive at that consummate, idealised picture, the result of both memory and invention combined, which in the following splendid stanzas is presented to us: —

"Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparations shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
Within a palace, and without a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

"Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide-extending court below;
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away:
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array, [of day.
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close

"The wild Albanian, kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
The Delhi, with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around — too potent to be meek,

"Are mix'd, conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
"There is no god but God! — to prayer — lo! God is great!'" *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

[2] [See Lay of the Last Minstrel, canto i. Scott's Poetical Works, vol. vi. p. 49. ed. 1833.]

[3] ["In the second canto of Childe Harold, Lord Byron has admirably characterised this scene as he saw it in the seraglio of the Virgin at Tepaleni. His pictures are as minutely accurate in their descriptive details, as they are splendid and imposing in the poetry which conveys them to the eye of the reader." — Dr. Holland.]

[4] ["In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
Ali reclined, &c. — *Childe Harold*, c. ii. st. 62.]

[5] ["We told him the desire of seeing so great a man as himself. 'Aye,' returned he, 'did you ever hear of me in England?' We, of course, assured him that he was a very common subject of conversation in our country; and he seemed by no means inaccessible to the flattery." — Hobhouse.]

ment). He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake[1], had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands[2], and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular, that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.[3]

"To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre: a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stands the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this and a thousands things more I have neither time nor space to describe.

"I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla; the captain burst into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God[4]; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) 'a watery grave.' I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst.[5] I have learnt to philosophise in my travels; and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

"Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels. We were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm[6],

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Leake, F.R.S., author of "The Topography of Athens," "Researches in Greece," "Journal of a Tour in Asia Minor," &c.

[2] In the shape of the hands, as a mark of high birth, Lord Byron himself had as implicit faith as the Pacha: see his note on the line, "Though on more *thorough-bred* or fairer fingers," in Don Juan.

[3] A few sentences are here and elsewhere omitted, as having no reference to Lord Byron himself, but merely containing some particulars relating to Ali and his grandsons, which may be found in various books of travels. Ali had not forgotten his noble guest when Dr. Holland, a few years after, visited Albania:—"I mentioned to him, generally (says this intelligent traveller), Lord Byron's poetical description of Albania, the interest it had excited in England, and Mr. Hobhouse's intended publication of his travels in the same country. He seemed pleased with these circumstances, and stated his recollections of Lord Byron."

[4] ["The captain wrung his hands, and wept. Being asked what he could do, he said he could do nothing. 'Could he get back to the main land?'—'If God chooses,' was his answer. 'Could he make Corfu?'—'If God chooses.' In short, there was nothing left but to request he would give up the management of the vessel to the Greeks. He said he would give it to any body."—Hobhouse.]

[5] I have heard the poet's fellow-traveller describe this remarkable instance of his coolness and courage even still more strikingly than it is here stated by himself. Finding that, from his lameness, he was unable to be of any service in the exertions which their very serious danger called for, after a laugh or two at the panic of his valet, he not only wrapped himself up and lay down, in the manner here mentioned, but, when their difficulties were surmounted, was found fast asleep.

[6] In the route from Ioannina to Zitza, Mr. Hobhouse and the secretary of Ali, accompanied by one of the servants, had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at the village just as the evening set in. After describing the sort of hovel in which they were to take up their quarters for the night, Mr. Hobhouse thus continues:—"Vasilly was despatched into the village to procure eggs and fowls, that would be ready, as we thought, by the arrival of the second party. But an hour passed away and no one appeared. It was seven o'clock, and the storm had increased to a fury I had never before, and, indeed, have never since, seen equalled. The roof of our hovel shook under the clattering torrents and gusts of wind. The thunder roared, as it seemed, without any intermission; for the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads; whilst the plains and the distant hills (visible through the cracks of the cabin) appeared in a perpetual blaze. The tempest was altogether terrific, and worthy of the Grecian Jove; and the peasants, no less religious than their ancestors, confessed their alarm. The women wept, and the men, calling on the name of God, crossed themselves at every repeated peal.

"We were very uneasy that the party did not arrive; but the secretary assured me that the guides knew every

and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I don't know which), but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras, Morea.

"I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper, and I can neither arrange them in the one, nor put them down on the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much; they are not all Turks; some tribes are Christians. But their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct. They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not a week ago an Albanian chief, (every village has its chief, who is called Primate,) after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and my companion, Mr. Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, 'No,' he replied; 'I wish you to love me, not to pay me.' These are his words.

"It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the vizier's order; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By the by, I expect Hanson to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens, to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and Hanson's neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the vizier, which, if you consider every thing, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from Hanson, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"BYRON."

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part of the country, as did also his own servant, who was with them, and that they had certainly taken shelter in a village at an hour's distance. Not being satisfied with the conjecture, I ordered fires to be lighted on the hill above the village, and some muskets to be discharged: this was at eleven o'clock, and the storm had not abated. I lay down in my great coat; but all sleeping was out of the question, as any pauses in the tempest were filled up by the barking of the dogs, and the shouting of the shepherds in the neighbouring mountains.

"A little after midnight, a man, panting and pale, and drenched with rain, rushed into the room, and, between crying and roaring, with a profusion of action, communicated something to the secretary, of which I understood only — that they had all fallen down. I learnt, however, that no accident had happened, except the falling of the luggage horses, and losing their way, and that they were now waiting for fresh horses and guides. Ten were immediately sent to them, together with several men with pine-torches; but it was not till two o'clock in the morning that we heard they were approaching, and my friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut before three.

"I now learnt from him that they had lost their way from the commencement of the storm, when not above three miles from the village; and that, after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, they had, at last, stopped near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours; and the guides, so far from assisting them, only augmented the confusion, by running away, after being threatened with death by George the dragoman, who, in an agony of rage and fear, and, without giving any warning, fired off both his pistols, and drew from the English servant an involuntary scream of horror, for he fancied they were beset by robbers.

"I had not, as you have seen, witnessed the distressing part of this adventure myself; but from the lively picture drawn of it by my friend, and from the exaggerated descriptions of George, I fancied myself a good judge of the whole situation, and should consider this to have been one of the most considerable of the few adventures that befell either of us during our tour in Turkey. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunder-storm in the plain of Zitza."

About the middle of November, the young traveller took his departure from Prevesa (the place where the foregoing letter was written), and proceeded, attended by his guard of fifty Albanians[1], through Acarnania and Ætolia, towards the Morea.

"And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied."
Childe Harold, Canto II.

His description of the night-scene at Utraikey (a small place situated in one of the bays of the Gulf of Arta) is, no doubt, vividly in the recollection of every reader of these pages; nor will it diminish their enjoyment of the wild beauties of that picture to be made acquainted with the real circumstances on which it was founded, in the following animated details of the same scene by his fellow-traveller: —

"In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers seated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greater part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze to their own songs, in the manner before described, but with an astonishing energy. All their songs were relations of some robbing exploits. One of them, which detained them more than an hour, began thus: — 'When we set out from Parga there were sixty of us:' — then came the burden of the verse,

"'Robbers all at Parga!
Robbers all at Parga!

"'Κλέφτες ποτε Παργα!
Κλέφτες ποτε Παργα!'

And as they roared out this stave they whirled round the fire, dropped and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round as the chorus was again repeated. The rippling of the waves upon the pebbly margin where we were seated filled up the pauses of the song with a milder and not more monotonous music. The night was very dark, but by the flashes of the fires we caught a glimpse of the woods, the rocks, and the lake, which, together with the wild appearance of the dancers, presented us with a scene that would have made a fine picture in the hands of such an artist as the author of the Mysteries of Udolpho."

Having traversed Acarnania, the travellers passed to the Ætolian side of the Achelous, and on the 21st of November reached Missolonghi. And here, it is impossible not to pause, and send a mournful thought forward to the visit which, fifteen years after, he paid to this same spot, when, in the full meridian both of his age and fame, he came to lay down his life as the champion of that land, through which he now wandered a stripling and a stranger. Could some spirit have here revealed to him the events of that interval, — have shown him, on the one side, the triumphs that awaited him, the power his varied genius would acquire over all hearts, alike to elevate or depress, to darken or illuminate them, — and then place, on the other side, all the penalties of this gift, the waste and wear of the heart through the imagination, the havoc of that perpetual fire within, which, while it dazzles others, consumes the possessor, — the invidiousness of such an elevation in the eyes of mankind, and the revenge they take on him who compels them to look up to it, — *would* he, it may be asked, have welcomed glory on such conditions? would he not rather have felt that the purchase was too costly, and that such warfare with an ungrateful world, while living, would be ill recompensed even by the immortality it might award him afterwards?

At Missolonghi he dismissed his whole band of Albanians, with the exception of one, named Dervish, whom he took into his service, and who, with Basilius, the attendant allotted him by Ali Pacha, continued with him during the remainder of his stay in the East. After a residence of near a fortnight at Patras, he next directed his course to Vostizza, — on approaching which town the snowy peak of Parnassus, towering on the other side of the Gulf, first broke on his eyes; and in two days after, among the sacred hollows of Delphi, the stanzas, with which that vision had inspired him, were written.[2]

It was at this time, that, in riding along the sides of Parnassus, he saw an unusually large flight of eagles in the air, — a phenomenon which seems to have affected his imagination with a sort of poetical superstition, as he, more than once, recurs to the circumstance in his journals. Thus, "Going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri) in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (H. says they

[1] Mr. Hobhouse, I think, makes the number of this guard but thirty-seven, and Lord Byron, in a subsequent letter, rates them at forty.

[2] "Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!"
Childe Harold, Canto I.

were vultures—at least in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before I composed the lines to Parnassus (in Childe Harold), and, on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical part of life (from twenty to thirty); — whether it will *last* is another matter."

He has also, in reference to this journey from Patras, related a little anecdote of his own sportsmanship, which, by all *but* sportsmen, will be thought creditable to his humanity. "The last bird I ever fired at was an eaglet, on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, near Vostizza. It was only wounded, and I tried to save it,—the eye was so bright. But it pined, and died in a few days; and I never did since, and never will, attempt the death of another bird."

To a traveller in Greece, there are few things more remarkable than the diminutive extent of those countries, which have filled such a wide space in fame. "A man might very easily," says Mr. Hobhouse, "at a moderate pace ride from Livadia to Thebes and back again between breakfast and dinner; and the tour of all Bœotia might certainly be made in two days without baggage." Having visited, within a very short space of time, the fountains of Memory and Oblivion at Livadia, and the haunts of the Ismenian Apollo at Thebes, the travellers at length turned towards Athens, the city of their dreams, and, after crossing Mount Cithæron, arrived in sight of the ruins of Phyle, on the evening of Christmas-day, 1809.

Though the poet has left, in his own verses, an ever-during testimony of the enthusiasm with which he now contemplated the scenes around him, it is not difficult to conceive that, to superficial observers, Lord Byron at Athens might have appeared an untouched spectator of much that throws ordinary travellers into, at least, verbal raptures. For pretenders of every sort, whether in taste or morals, he entertained, at all times, the most profound contempt; and if, frequently, his real feelings of admiration disguised themselves under an affected tone of indifference and mockery, it was out of pure hostility to the cant of those, who, he well knew, praised without any feeling at all. It must be owned, too, that while he thus justly despised the raptures of the common herd of travellers, there were some pursuits, even of the intelligent and tasteful, in which he took but very little interest. With the antiquarian and connoisseur his sympathies were few and feeble:—"I am not a collector," he says, in one of his notes on Childe Harold, "nor an admirer of collections." For antiquities, indeed, unassociated with high names and deeds, he had no value whatever; and of works of art he was content to admire the general effect, without professing, or aiming at, any knowledge of the details. It was to nature, in her lonely scenes of grandeur and beauty, or as at Athens, shining, unchanged, among the ruins of glory and of art, that the true fervid homage of his whole soul was paid. In the few notices of his travels, appended to Childe Harold, we find the sites and scenery of the different places he visited far more fondly dwelt upon than their classic or historical associations. To the valley of Zitza he reverts, both in prose and verse, with a much warmer recollection than to Delphi or the Troad; and the plain of Athens itself is chiefly praised by him as "a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol." Where, indeed, could Nature assert such claims to his worship as in scenes like these, where he beheld her blooming, in indestructible beauty, amid the wreck of all that man deems most worthy of duration? "Human institutions," says Harris, "perish, but Nature is permanent:"—or, as Lord Byron has amplified this thought[1] in one of his most splendid passages:—

> "Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
> Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
> Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
> And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields;
> There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
> The free-born wanderer of thy mountain-air;
> Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
> Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
> Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair."
>
> *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

At Athens, on this his first visit, he made a stay of between two and three months, not a day of which he let pass without employing some of its hours in visiting the grand monuments of ancient genius around him, and calling up the spirit of other times among their ruins. He made frequently, too, excursions to different parts of Attica, and it was in one of his visits to Cape Colonna, at this time, that he was near being seized by a party of Mainotes, who were lying hid in the caves under the cliff of Minerva Sunias. These pirates, it appears

[1] The passage of Harris, indeed, contains the pith of the whole stanza:—"Notwithstanding the various fortune of Athens, as a city, Attica is still famous for olives, and Mount Hymettus for honey. Human institutions perish, but Nature is permanent."—*Philolog. Inquiries*—I recollect having once pointed out this coincidence to Lord Byron, but he assured me that he had never even seen this work of Harris.

were only deterred from attacking him (as a Greek, who was then their prisoner, informed him afterwards) by a supposition that the two Albanians, whom they saw attending him, were but part of a complete guard he had at hand.

In addition to all the magic of its names and scenes, the city of Minerva possessed another sort of attraction for the poet, to which, wherever he went, his heart, or rather imagination, was but too sensible. His pretty song, "Maid of Athens, ere we part[1]," is said to have been addressed to the eldest daughter of the Greek lady at whose house he lodged; and that the fair Athenian, when he composed these verses, may have been the tenant, for the time being, of his fancy, is highly possible. Theodora Macri, his hostess, was the widow of the late English vice-consul, and derived a livelihood from letting, chiefly to English travellers, the apartments which Lord Byron and his friend now occupied, and of which the latter gentleman gives us the following description: — "Our lodgings consisted of a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, opening into a court-yard, where there were five or six lemon-trees, from which, during our residence in the place, was plucked the fruit that seasoned the pilaf, and other national dishes served up at our frugal table."

The fame of an illustrious poet is not confined to his own person and writings, but imparts a share of its splendour to whatever has been, even remotely, connected with him; and not only ennobles the objects of his friendships, his loves, and even his likings, but on every spot where he has sojourned through life leaves traces of its light that do not easily pass away. Little did the Maid of Athens, while listening innocently to the compliments of the young Englishman, foresee that a day would come when he should make her name and home so celebrated that travellers, on their return from Greece, would find few things more interesting to their hearers than such details of herself and her family as the following: —

"Our servant, who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the subject of those stanzas by Lord Byron, —

"'Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!' &c.

"At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, 'Whither have the Graces fled?' — Little did I expect to find them here. Yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names, some of which are far sounded by the voice of fame. Among them is Lord Byron's, connected with some lines which I shall send you: —

"'Fair Albion, smiling, sees her son depart,
To trace the birth and nursery of art;
Noble his object, glorious his aim,
He comes to Athens, and he — writes his name.'

"The counterpoise by Lord Byron: —

"'This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.'

"The mention of the three Athenian Graces will, I can foresee, rouse your curiosity, and fire your imagination; and I may despair of your farther attention till I attempt to give you some description of them. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours; and if you could see them, as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before our window, you would leave your heart in Athens.

"Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap, is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders, — the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles: below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence; — white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black, or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in, it may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners

[1] [See Works, p. 545.]

[illegible]

"I now will tell you I saw these Grecian wonders through the roaring aromatic plants which have [illegible]. The perfume has caused your imagination somewhere to roll, a support to your condition. I'm sure you have supposed your dwelling to some [illegible] of eastern [illegible]. The gardens [illegible] you may have heard a little [illegible] have [illegible]. Perhaps to you not imagine that the lower

[illegible]

"You will doubtless perceive the propriety of my delaying, till now, to inform you that the aromatic plants which I have mentioned are neither more nor less than a few geraniums and Grecian balsams, and that the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfurnished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by 'cunning hand.' Then, what would have become of the Graces had I told you sooner that a single room is all they have, save a little closet and a kitchen? You see how careful I have been to make the best impression good; not that they do not merit every praise, but that it is in man's original and elevated nature to think a little slightingly of merit, and even of beauty, if not supported by some worldly show. Now I shall communicate to you a secret, but in the lowest whisper.

"These ladies, since the death of the consul, their father, depend on strangers living in their spare room and closet, — which we now occupy. But, though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuously as their beauty.

"Not all the wealth of the East, or the complimentary lays even of the first of England's poets, could render them so truly worthy of love and admiration." [1]

[1] Travels in Italy, Greece, &c. by the late accomplished artist, H. W. Williams, Esq.

CHAPTER X.

1809—1811.

[illegible]

Yes [illegible] had flown rapidly [illegible] the prospect after of a passage [illegible] Engine soon of war to Smyrna [illegible] travellers to make immediate prep[illegible] for departure, and, on the 5th of [illegible] they accordingly took leave of Ad[illegible] "Passing," says Mr. Hobhouse, "[illegible] the gate leading to the Piræus, we [illegible] into the olive-wood on the road [illegible] Salamis, galloping at a quick pace, [illegible] to rid ourselves, by hurry, of the [illegible] parting." He adds: "We could not [illegible] from looking back, as we passed [illegible] the shore, and we continued to di[illegible] eyes towards the spot, where we had [illegible] the last glimpse of the Theseum [illegible] ruins of the Parthenon through th[illegible] in the woods, for many minutes a[illegible] city and the Acropolis had been [illegible] hidden from our view."

At Smyrna Lord Byron took up [illegible] dence in the house of the consul-gen[illegible] remained there, with the exception [illegible] or three days employed in a visit to t[illegible] of Ephesus, till the 11th of April. [illegible] during this time, as appears from [illegible] randum of his own, that the two firs[illegible] of Childe Harold, which he had be[illegible] months before at Ioannina, were co[illegible] The memorandum alluded to, whic[illegible] prefixed to his original manuscript [illegible] poem, is as follows: —

> "Byron, Ioannina in Albania.
> Begun October 31st, 1809;
> Concluded Canto 2d, Smyrna,
> March 28th, 1810.
>
> "Byron

From Smyrna the only letter, at [illegible] esting, which I am enabled to prese[illegible] reader, is the following: —

LETTER 41. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Smyrna, March 19. 1810.

"Dear Mother,

"I cannot write you a long letter; but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I can give. I have traversed the greatest part of Greece, besides Epirus, &c. &c., resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna. I presume you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the province.

"When I arrive at Constantinople, I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr. Hanson, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but to yourself and Mr. Hanson, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination.

"Fletcher is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful;—cloudless skies and lovely landscapes. But I must reserve all account of my adventures till we meet. I keep no journal, but my friend Hobhouse scribbles incessantly. Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy it is the most fortunate thing for him that he did not accompany me to Turkey. Consider this as merely a notice of my safety, and believe me,

"Yours, &c. &c.

"BYRON."

On the 11th of April he left Smyrna in the Salsette frigate, which had been ordered to Constantinople, for the purpose of conveying the ambassador, Mr. Adair, to England; and after an exploratory visit to the ruins of Troas, arrived, at the beginning of the following month, in the Dardanelles.—While the frigate was at anchor in these straits, the following letters to his friends Mr. Drury and Mr. Hodgson were written.

LETTER 42. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

"Salsette frigate, May 3. 1810.

"My dear Drury,

"When I left England, nearly a year ago, you requested me to write to you—I will do so. I have crossed Portugal, traversed the south of Spain, visited Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passed into Turkey, where I am still wandering. I first landed in Albania, the ancient Epirus, where we penetrated as far as Mount Tomarit—excellently treated by the chief Ali Pacha,—and, after journeying through Illyria, Chaonia, &c., crossed the Gulf of Actium, with a guard of fifty Albanians, and passed the Achelous in our route through Acarnania and Ætolia. We stopped a short time in the Morea, crossed the Gulf of Lepanto, and landed at the foot of Parnassus;—saw all that Delphi retains, and so on to Thebes and Athens, at which last we remained ten weeks.

"His Majesty's ship, Pylades, brought us to Smyrna; but not before we had topographised Attica, including, of course, Marathon and the Sunian promontory. From Smyrna to the Troad (which we visited when at anchor, for a fortnight, off the tomb of Antilochus) was our next stage; and now we are in the Dardanelles, waiting for a wind to proceed to Constantinople.

"This morning I *swam* from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. The immediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous;—so much so that I doubt whether Leander's conjugal affection must not have been a little chilled in his passage to Paradise. I attempted it a week ago, and failed,—owing to the north wind, and the wonderful rapidity of the tide,—though I have been from my childhood a strong swimmer. But, this morning being calmer, I succeeded, and crossed the 'broad Hellespont' in an hour and ten minutes.

"Well, my dear sir, I have left my home, and seen part of Africa and Asia, and a tolerable portion of Europe. I have been with generals and admirals, princes and pashas, governors and ungovernables,—but I have not time or paper to expatiate. I wish to let you know that I live with a friendly remembrance of you, and a hope to meet you again; and if I do this as shortly as possible, attribute it to any thing but forgetfulness.

"Greece, ancient and modern, you know too well to require description. Albania, indeed, I have seen more of than any English-

man (except a Mr. Leake), for it is a country rarely visited, from the savage character of the natives, though abounding in more natural beauties than the classical regions of Greece, — which, however, are still eminently beautiful, particularly Delphi and Cape Colonna in Attica. Yet these are nothing to parts of Illyria and Epirus, where places without a name, and rivers not laid down in maps, may, one day, when more known, be justly esteemed superior subjects, for the pencil and the pen, to the dry ditch of the Ilissus and the bogs of Bœotia.

"The Troad is a fine field for conjecture and snipe-shooting, and a good sportsman and an ingenious scholar may exercise their feet and faculties to great advantage upon the spot; — or, if they prefer riding, lose their way (as I did) in a cursed quagmire of the Scamander, who wriggles about as if the Dardan virgins still offered their wonted tribute. The only vestige of Troy, or her destroyers, are the barrows supposed to contain the carcasses of Achilles, Antilochus, Ajax, &c.; — but Mount Ida is still in high feather, though the shepherds are now-a-days not much like Ganymede. But why should I say more of these things? are they not written in the *Boke* of *Gell*?[1] and has not Hobhouse got a journal? I keep none, as I have renounced scribbling.

"I see not much difference between ourselves and the Turks, save that we have * * and they have none — that they have long dresses, and we short, and that we talk much, and they little. They are sensible people. Ali Pacha told me he was sure I was a man of rank, because I had *small ears* and *hands*, and *curling hair*. By the by, I speak the Romaic, or modern Greek, tolerably. It does not differ from the ancient dialects so much as you would conceive; but the pronunciation is diametrically opposite. Of verse, except in rhyme, they have no idea.

"I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals, — with all the Turkish vices, without their courage. However, some are brave, and all are beautiful, very much resembling the busts of Alcibiades; — the women not quite so handsome. I can swear in Turkish; but, except one horrible oath, and 'pimp,' and 'bread,' and 'water,' I have got no great vocabulary in that language. They are extremely polite to strangers of any rank, properly protected; and as I have two servants and two soldiers, we get on with great éclat. We have been occasionally in danger of thieves, and once of shipwreck, — but always escaped.

"Of Spain I sent some account to our Hodgson, but have subsequently written to no one, save notes to relations and lawyers, to keep them out of my premises. I mean to give up all connection, on my return, with many of my best friends — as I supposed them — and to snarl all my life. But I hope to have one good-humoured laugh with you, and to embrace Dwyer, and pledge Hodgson, before I commence cynicism.

"Tell Dr. Butler I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unintelligible than usual. I have been at Athens, and seen plenty of these reeds for scribbling, some of which he refused to bestow upon me, because topographic Gell had brought them from Attica. But I will not describe, — no — you must be satisfied with simple detail till my return, and then we will unfold the flood-gates of colloquy. I am in a thirty-six gun frigate, going up to fetch Bob Adair from Constantinople, who will have the honour to carry this letter.

"And so Hobhouse's *boke* is out[2], with some sentimental sing-song of my own to fill up, — and how does it take, eh? and where the devil is the second edition of my Satire, with additions? and my name on the title page? and more lines tagged to the end, with a new exordium and what not, hot from my anvil before I cleared the Channel? The Mediterranean and the Atlantic roll between me and criticism; and the thunders of the Hyperborean Review are deafened by the roar of the Hellespont.

"Remember me to Claridge, if not translated to college, and present to Hodgson assurances of my high consideration. Now, you will ask, what shall I do next? and I answer, I do not know. I may return in a few months, but I have intents and projects after visiting Constantinople. — Hobhouse, however, will probably be back in September.

"On the 2d of July we have left Albion one year — 'oblitus meorum obliviscendus et ellis.' I was sick of my own country, and not much prepossessed in favour of any other; but I 'drag on my chain' without 'lengthening it at each remove.'[3] I am like the Jolly Miller, caring for nobody, and not cared for. All countries are much the same in my eyes. I smoke, and stare at mountains, and twirl my mustachios very independently. I miss no comforts, and the

[1] [Sir William Gell's "Topography of Troy and its Vicinity."]

[2] The Miscellany, to which I have more than once referred.

[3] ["And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

GOLDSMITH.]

musquitoes that rack the morbid frame of H. have, luckily for me, little effect on mine, because I live more temperately.

"I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna; but the Temple has almost perished, and St. Paul need not trouble himself to epistolise the present brood of Ephesians, who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a mosque, and I don't know that the edifice looks the worse for it.

"My paper is full, and my ink ebbing—good afternoon! If you address to me at Malta, the letter will be forwarded wherever I may be. H. greets you; he pines for his poetry,—at least, some tidings of it. I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinka [1], are the names of these divinities,—all of them under fifteen. Your ταπεινοτατος δουλος,

"Byron."

Letter 43. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Salsette frigate, in the Dardanelles, off Abydos, May 5. 1810.

"I am on my way to Constantinople, after a tour through Greece, Epirus, &c., and part of Asia Minor, some particulars of which I have just communicated to our friend and host, H. Drury. With these, then, I shall not trouble you; but as you will perhaps be pleased to hear that I am well, &c., I take the opportunity of our ambassador's return to forward the few lines I have time to despatch. We have undergone some inconveniences, and incurred partial perils, but no events worthy of communication, unless you will deem it one that two days ago I swam from Sestos to Abydos. This, with a few alarms from robbers, and some danger of shipwreck in a Turkish galliot six months ago, a visit to a Pacha, a passion for a married woman at Malta, a challenge to an officer, an attachment to three Greek girls at Athens, with a great deal of buffoonery and fine prospects, form all that has distinguished my progress since my departure from Spain.

"Hobhouse rhymes and journalises; I stare and do nothing—unless smoking can be deemed an active amusement. The Turks take too much care of their women to permit them to be scrutinised; but I have lived a good deal with the Greeks, whose modern dialect can I converse in enough for my purposes. With the Turks I have also some male acquaintances—female society is out of the question. I have been very well treated by the Pachas and Governors, and have no complaint to make of any kind. Hobhouse will one day inform you of all our adventures—were I to attempt the recital, neither *my* paper nor *your* patience would hold out during the operation.

"Nobody, save yourself, has written to me since I left England; but indeed I did not request it. I except my relations, who write quite as often as I wish. Of Hobhouse's volume I know nothing, except that it is out; and of my second edition I do not even know *that*, and certainly do not, at this distance, interest myself in the matter. I hope you and Bland roll down the stream of sale with rapidity.

"Of my return I cannot positively speak, but think it probable Hobhouse will precede me in that respect. We have been very nearly one year abroad. I should wish to gaze away another, at least, in these evergreen climates; but I fear business, law business, the worst of employments, will recall me previous to that period, if not very quickly. If so, you shall have due notice.

"I hope you will find me an altered personage,—I do not mean in body, but in manner, for I begin to find out that nothing but virtue will do in this d—d world. I am tolerably sick of vice, which I have tried in its agreeable varieties, and mean, on my return, to cut all my dissolute acquaintance, leave off wine and carnal company, and betake myself to politics and decorum. I am very serious and cynical, and a good deal disposed to moralise; but fortunately for you the coming homily is cut off by default of pen and defection of paper.

"Good morrow! If you write, address to me at Malta, whence your letters will be forwarded. You need not remember me to any body, but believe me

"Yours with all faith,

"Byron."

From Constantinople, where he arrived on the 14th of May, he addressed four or five letters to Mrs. Byron, in almost every one of which his achievement in swimming across the Hellespont is commemorated. The exceeding pride, indeed, which he took in this classic feat (the particulars of which

[1] He has adopted this name in his description of the Seraglio in Don Juan, Canto VI. It was, if I recollect right, in making love to one of these girls that he had recourse to an act of courtship often practised in that country;—namely, giving himself a wound across the breast with his dagger. The young Athenian, by his own account, looked on very coolly during the operation, considering it a fit tribute to her beauty, but in no degree moved to gratitude.

he has himself abundantly detailed) may be cited among the instances of that boyishness of character which he carried with him so remarkably into his maturer years, and which, while it puzzled distant observers of his conduct, was not among the least amusing or attaching of his peculiarities to those who knew him intimately. So late as eleven years from this period, when some sceptical traveller ventured to question, after all, the practicability of Leander's exploit, Lord Byron, with that jealousy on the subject of his own personal prowess which he retained from boyhood, entered again, with fresh zeal, into the discussion, and brought forward two or three other instances of his own feats in swimming[1], to corroborate the statement originally made by him.

In one of these letters to his mother from Constantinople, dated May 24th, after referring, as usual, to his notable exploit, "in humble imitation of Leander, of amorous memory, though," he adds, "I had no Hero to receive me on the other side of the Hellespont," he continues thus: —

"When our ambassador takes his leave I shall accompany him to see the sultan, and afterwards probably return to Greece. I have heard nothing of Mr. Hanson but one remittance, without any letter from that legal gentleman. If you have occasion for any pecuniary supply, pray use my funds as far as they *go* without reserve; and, lest this should not be enough, in my next to Mr. Hanson I will direct him to advance any sum you may want, leaving it to your discretion how much, in the present state of my affairs, you may think proper to require. I have already seen the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor, but shall not proceed further till I hear from England: in the mean time I shall expect occasional supplies, according to circumstances; and shall pass my summer amongst my friends, the Greeks of the Morea."

He then adds, with his usual kind solicitude about his favourite servants: —

"Pray take care of my boy Robert, and the old man Murray. It is fortunate they returned; neither the youth of the one, nor the age of the other, would have suited the changes of climate, and fatigue of travelling."

LETTER 44. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

"Constantinople, June 17. 1810.

"Though I wrote to you so recently, I break in upon you again to congratulate you on a child being born, as a letter from Hodgson apprizes me of that event, in which I rejoice.

"I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurse's dole in the Medea, of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit: —

"Oh how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,
Had never passed the Azure rocks;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, &c. &c.,[2]

as it very nearly was to me; — for, had not this sublime passage been in my head, I should never have dreamed of ascending the said rocks, and bruising my carcass in honour of the ancients.

"I have now sat on the Cyaneans, swam from Sestos to Abydos (as I trumpeted in my last), and, after passing through the Morea again, shall set sail for Santo Maura, and toss myself from the Leucadian promontory; — surviving which operation, I shall probably join you in England. Hobhouse, who will deliver this, is bound straight for these parts; and, as he is bursting with his travels, I shall not anticipate his narratives, but merely beg you not to believe one word he says, but reserve your ear for me, if you have any desire to be acquainted with the truth.

"I am bound for Athens once more, and thence to the Morea; but my stay depends so much on my caprice, that I can say nothing of its probable duration. I have been out a year already, and may stay another; but I am quicksilver, and say nothing positively. We are all very much occupied doing nothing, at present. We have seen every thing but the mosques, which we are to view with a firman on Tuesday next. But of these and other

[1] Among others, he mentions his passage of the Tagus in 1809, which is thus described by Mr. Hobhouse: — "My companion had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated, passage; for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide and counter current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing the river." In swimming from Sestos to Abydos, he was one hour and ten minutes in the water. In the year 1808, he had been nearly drowned, while swimming at Brighton with Mr. L. Stanhope. His friend Mr. Hobhouse, and other bystanders, sent in some boatmen, with ropes tied round them, who at last succeeded in dragging Lord Byron and Mr. Stanhope from the surf, and thus saved their lives.

[2] [Euripid. Medea, act 1. sc. 1.]

sundries let H. relate, with this proviso, that *I* am to be referred to for authenticity; and I beg leave to contradict all those things whereon he lays particular stress. But, if he soars at any time into wit, I give you leave to applaud, because that is necessarily stolen from his fellow-pilgrim. Tell Davies that Hobhouse has made excellent use of his best jokes in many of his Majesty's ships of war; but add, also, that I always took care to restore them to the right owner; in consequence of which he (Davies) is no less famous by water than by land, and reigns unrivalled in the cabin as in the 'Cocoa Tree.'

"And Hodgson has been publishing more poesy — I wish he would send me his 'Sir Edgar,' and 'Bland's Anthology,' to Malta, where they will be forwarded. In my last, which I hope you received, I gave an outline of the ground we have covered. If you have not been overtaken by this despatch, Hobhouse's tongue is at your service. Remember me to Dwyer, who owes me eleven guineas. Tell him to put them in my banker's hands at Gibraltar or Constantinople. I believe he paid them once, but that goes for nothing, as it was an annuity.

"I wish you would write. I have heard from Hodgson frequently. Malta is my post-office. I mean to be with you by next Montem. You remember the last, — I hope for such another; but after having swam across the 'broad Hellespont,' I disdain Datchett.[1] Good afternoon! I am yours, very sincerely,

"Byron."

About ten days after the date of this letter, we find another addressed to Mrs. Byron, which — with much that is merely a repetition of what he had detailed in former communications — contains also a good deal worthy of being extracted.

Letter 45. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Constantinople, June 28. 1810.

"Dear Mother,

"Mr. Hobhouse, who will forward or deliver this, and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements, but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down in Notts. some time or other; but Fletcher, whom I send back as an incumbrance (English servants are sad travellers), will supply his place in the interim, and describe our travels, which have been tolerably extensive.

"I remember Mahmout Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanina, (a little fellow of ten years of age, with large black eyes, which our ladies would purchase at any price, and those regular features which distinguish the Turks,) asked me how I came to travel so young, without anybody to take care of me. This question was put by the little man with all the gravity of threescore. I cannot now write copiously; I have only time to tell you that I have passed many a fatiguing, but never a tedious moment; and all that I am afraid of is that I shall contract a gipsylike wandering disposition, which will make home tiresome to me: this, I am told, is very common with men in the habit of peregrination, and, indeed, I feel it so. On the 3d of May I swam from Sestos to Abydos. You know the story of Leander, but I had no Hero to receive me at landing.

"I have been in all the principal mosques by the virtue of a firman: this is a favour rarely permitted to infidels, but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and, indeed, I know more of it by sight than I do of London. I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me; — I am not able to write long letters in June. I return to spend my summer in Greece. I write often, but you must not be alarmed when you do not receive my letters; consider we have no regular post farther than Malta, where I beg you will in future send your letters.

"Fletcher is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with. He is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country. He sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cowhouse, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels; but Lady Mary Wortley errs strangely when she says, 'St. Paul's would cut a strange figure by St. Sophia's.' I have been in both, surveyed them inside

[1] Alluding to his having swum across the Thames with Mr. H. Drury, after the Montem, to see how many times they could perform the passage backwards and forwards without touching land. In this trial Lord Byron was the conqueror.

and out attentively. St. Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly 'Soleyman,' &c., and not to be mentioned in the same page with St. Paul's (I speak like a *Cockney*). However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville to St. Paul's, St. Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen.

"The walls of the Seraglio are like the walls of Newstead gardens, only higher, and much in the same *order;* but the ride by the walls of the city, on the land side, is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and, on the other side of the road, Turkish burying-grounds (the loveliest spots on earth), full of enormous cypresses. I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi. I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Goldern Horn.[1]

"Now for England. I am glad to hear of the progress of 'English Bards,' &c. Of course, you observed I have made great additions to the new edition. Have you received my picture from Sanders, Vigo Lane, London? It was finished and paid for long before I left England: pray, send for it. You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines: where do you pick up all this intelligence, quotations, &c. &c.? Though I was happy to obtain my seat without the assistance of Lord Carlisle, I had no measures to keep with a man who declined interfering as my relation on that occasion, and I have done with him, though I regret distressing Mrs. Leigh, poor thing! — I hope she is happy.

"It is my opinion that Mr. B ** ought to marry Miss R **. Our first duty is not to do evil; but, alas! that is impossible: our next is to repair it, if in our power. The girl is his equal: if she were his inferior, a sum of money and provision for the child would be some, though a poor, compensation: as it is, he should marry her. I will have no gay deceivers on my estate, and I shall not allow my tenants a privilege I do not permit myself — *that* of debauching each other's daughters. God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses; but, as I have laid down a resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect this Lothario to follow the example, and begin by restoring this girl to society, or, by the beard of my father! he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master; poor boy, he was very unwilling to return. I trust you are well and happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you. Believe me yours very sincerely,

"BYRON.

"P. S. — How is Joe Murray?

"P. S. — I open my letter again to tell you that Fletcher having petitioned to accompany me into the Morea, I have taken him with me, contrary to the intention expressed in my letter."

The reader has not, I trust, passed carelessly over the latter part of this letter. There is a healthfulness in the moral feeling so unaffectedly expressed in it, which seems to answer for a heart sound at the core, however passion might have scorched it. Some years after, when he had become more confirmed in that artificial tone of banter, in which it was, unluckily, his habit to speak of his own good feelings, as well as those of others, however capable he might still have been of the same amiable sentiments, I question much whether the perverse fear of being thought desirous to pass for moral would not have prevented him from thus naturally and honestly avowing them.

The following extract from a communication addressed to a distinguished monthly work, by a traveller who, at this period, happened to meet with Lord Byron at Constantinople, bears sufficiently the features of authenticity to be presented, without hesitation, to my readers.

"We were interrupted in our debate by the entrance of a stranger, whom, on the first glance, I guessed to be an Englishman, but lately arrived at Constantinople. He wore a scarlet coat, richly embroidered with gold, in the style of an English aide-de-camp's dress uniform, with two heavy epaulettes. His countenance announced him to be about the age of two-and-twenty. His features

[1] ["The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;
The twelve isles, and the more than I can could
Far less describe, present the very view [dream,
Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu."
Don Juan, c. iii. st. 3.]

were remarkably delicate, and would have given him a feminine appearance, but for the manly expression of his fine blue eyes. On entering the inner shop, he took off his feathered cocked-hat, and showed a head of curly auburn hair, which improved in no small degree the uncommon beauty of his face. The impression which his whole appearance made upon my mind was such, that it has ever since remained deeply engraven on it; and although fifteen years have since gone by, the lapse of time has not in the slightest degree impaired the freshness of the recollection. He was attended by a Janissary attached to the English embassy, and by a person who professionally acted as a Cicerone to strangers. These circumstances, together with a very visible lameness in one of his legs, convinced me at once he was Lord Byron. I had already heard of his Lordship, and of his late arrival in the Salsette frigate, which had come up from the Smyrna station to fetch away Mr. Adair, our ambassador to the Porte. Lord Byron had been previously travelling in Epirus and Asia Minor, with his friend Mr. Hobhouse, and had become a great amateur of smoking: he was conducted to this shop for the purpose of purchasing a few pipes. The indifferent Italian, in which language he spoke to his Cicerone, and the latter's still more imperfect Turkish, made it difficult for the shop-keeper to understand their wishes; and as this seemed to vex the stranger, I addressed him in English, offering to interpret for him. When his Lordship thus discovered me to be an Englishman, he shook me cordially by the hand, and assured me, with some warmth in his manner, that he always felt great pleasure when he met with a countryman abroad. His purchase and my bargain being completed, we walked out together, and rambled about the streets, in several of which I had the pleasure of directing his attention to some of the most remarkable curiosities in Constantinople. The peculiar circumstances under which our acquaintance took place established between us, in one day, a certain degree of intimacy, which two or three years' frequenting each other's company in England would most likely not have accomplished. I frequently addressed him by his name, but he did not think of inquiring how I came to learn it, nor of asking mine. His Lordship had not yet laid the foundation of that literary renown which he afterwards acquired; on the contrary, he was only known as the author of his Hours of Idleness; and the severity with which the Edinburgh Reviewers had criticised that production was still fresh in every English reader's recollection. I could not, therefore, be supposed to seek his acquaintance from any of those motives of vanity which have actuated so many others since: but it was natural that, after our accidental rencontre, and all that passed between us on that occasion, I should, on meeting him in the course of the same week at dinner at the English ambassador's, have requested one of the secretaries, who was intimately acquainted with him, to introduce me to him in regular form. His Lordship testified his perfect recollection of me, but in the coldest manner, and immediately after turned his back on me. This unceremonious proceeding, forming a striking contrast with previous occurrences, had something so strange in it, that I was at a loss how to account for it, and felt at the same time much disposed to entertain a less favourable opinion of his Lordship than his apparent frankness had inspired me with at our first meeting. It was not, therefore, without surprise, that, some days after, I saw him in the streets, coming up to me with a smile of good nature in his countenance. He accosted me in a familiar manner, and, offering me his hand, said, —'I am an enemy to English etiquette, especially out of England; and I always make my own acquaintance without waiting for the formality of an introduction. If you have nothing to do, and are disposed for another ramble, I shall be glad of your company.' There was that irresistible attraction in his manner, of which those who have had the good fortune to be admitted into his intimacy can alone have felt the power in his moments of good humour; and I readily accepted his proposal. We visited again more of the most remarkable curiosities of the capital, a description of which would here be but a repetition of what a hundred travellers have already detailed with the utmost minuteness and accuracy; but his Lordship expressed much disappointment at their want of interest. He praised the picturesque beauties of the town itself, and its surrounding scenery; and seemed of opinion that nothing else was worth looking at. He spoke of the Turks in a manner which might have given reason to suppose that he had made a long residence among them, and closed his observations with these words:—'The Greeks will, sooner or later, rise against them; but if they do not make haste, I hope Buonaparte will come, and drive the useless rascals away.'"[1]

During his stay at Constantinople, the

[1] New Monthly Magazine.

English minister, Mr. Adair, being indisposed the greater part of the time, had but few opportunities of seeing him. He, however, pressed him, with much hospitality, to accept a lodging at the English palace, which Lord Byron, preferring the freedom of his homely inn, declined. At the audience granted to the ambassador, on his taking leave, by the Sultan, the noble poet attended in the train of Mr. Adair,—having shown an anxiety as to the place he was to hold in the procession, not a little characteristic of his jealous pride of rank. In vain had the minister assured him that no particular station could be allotted to him;—that the Turks, in their arrangements for the ceremonial, considered only the persons connected with the embassy, and neither attended to, nor acknowledged, the precedence which our forms assign to nobility. Seeing the young peer still unconvinced by these representations, Mr. Adair was, at length, obliged to refer him to an authority, considered infallible on such points of etiquette, the old Austrian Internuncio;—on consulting whom, and finding his opinions agree fully with those of the English minister, Lord Byron declared himself perfectly satisfied.

On the 14th of July his fellow-traveller and himself took their departure from Constantinople on board the Salsette frigate,—Mr. Hobhouse with the intention of accompanying the ambassador to England, and Lord Byron with the resolution of visiting his beloved Greece again. To Mr. Adair he appeared, at this time, (and I find that Mr. Bruce, who met him afterwards at Athens, conceived the same impression of him,) to be labouring under great dejection of spirits. One circumstance related to me, as having occurred in the course of the passage, is not a little striking. Perceiving, as he walked the deck, a small yataghan, or Turkish dagger, on one of the benches, he took it up, unsheathed it, and, having stood for a few moments contemplating the blade, was heard to say, in an under voice, "I should like to know how a person feels after committing a murder!" In this startling speech we may detect, I think, the germ of his future Giaours and Laras. This intense *wish* to explore the dark workings of the passions was what, with the aid of imagination, at length generated the *power;* and that faculty which entitled him afterwards to be so truly styled "the searcher of dark bosoms," may be traced to, perhaps, its earliest stirrings in the sort of feeling that produced these words.

On their approaching the island of Zea, he expressed a wish to be put on shore. Accordingly, having taken leave of his companions, he was landed upon this small island, with two Albanians, a Tartar, and one English servant; and in one of his manuscripts he has himself described the proud, solitary feeling with which he stood to see the ship sail swiftly away—leaving him there, in a land of strangers alone.

A few days after, he addressed the following letters to Mrs. Byron from Athens.

LETTER 46. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Athens, July 25. 1810.

"Dear Mother,

"I have arrived here in four days from Constantinople, which is considered as singularly quick, particularly for the season of the year. Your northern gentry can have no conception of a Greek summer; which, however, is a perfect frost compared with Malta and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year, after a gentle gallop of four hundred miles, without intermission, through Portugal and Spain. You see, by my date, that I am at Athens again, a place which I think I prefer, upon the whole, to any I have seen.

"My next movement is to-morrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here, if I do not change my plans, which, however, are very variable, as you may suppose; but none of them verge to England.

"The Marquis of Sligo, my old fellow-collegian, is here, and wishes to accompany me into the Morea. We shall go together for that purpose; but I am woefully sick of travelling companions, after a year's experience of Mr. Hobhouse, who is on his way to Great Britain. Lord S. will afterwards pursue his way to the capital; and Lord B., having seen all the wonders in that quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. Malta is my perpetual post-office, from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable globe:—by the bye, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the east of Europe, and, indeed, made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. Fletcher, after having been toasted and roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophise, is grown a refined as well as a resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the Fletchers, who I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their appetite.

He (Fletcher) begs leave to send half-a-dozen sighs to Sally his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) that his ill-written and worse spelt letters have never come to hand; as for that matter, there is no great loss in either of our letters, saving and except that I wish you to know we are well, and warm enough at this present writing, God knows. You must not expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you. It is rather singular that Mr. Hanson has not written a syllable since my departure. Your letters I have mostly received as well as others; from which I conjecture that the man of law is either angry or busy.

"I trust you like Newstead, and agree with your neighbours; but you know *you* are a *viren*—is not that a dutiful appellation? Pray, take care of my books and several boxes of papers in the hands of Joseph; and pray leave me a few bottles of champagne to drink, for I am very thirsty;—but I do not insist on the last article, without you like it. I suppose you have your house full of silly women, prating scandalous things. Have you ever received my picture in oil from Sanders, London? It has been paid for these sixteen months: why do you not get it? My suite, consisting of two Turks, two Greeks, a Lutheran, and the nondescript, Fletcher, are making so much noise, that I am glad to sign myself

"Yours, &c. &c. BYRON."

A day or two after the date of this, he left Athens in company with the Marquis of Sligo. Having travelled together as far as Corinth, they from thence branched off in different directions,—Lord Sligo to pay a visit to the capital of the Morea, and Lord Byron to proceed to Patras, where he had some business, as will be seen by the following letter, with the English consul, Mr. Strané:—

LETTER 47. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Patras, July 30. 1810.

"Dear Madam,

"In four days from Constantinople, with a favourable wind, I arrived in the frigate at the island of Teos, from whence I took a boat to Athens, where I met my friend the Marquis of Sligo, who expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. At Corinth we separated, he for Tripolitza, I for Patras, where I had some business with the consul, Mr. Strané, in whose house I now write. He has rendered me every service in his power since I quitted Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or thrice. In a few days I visit the Pacha at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which at present is my head-quarters. The heat is at present intense. In England, if it reaches 98° you are all on fire: the other day, in travelling between Athens and Megara, the thermometer was at 125°!!! Yet I feel no inconvenience; of course I am much bronzed, but I live temperately, and never enjoyed better health.

"Before I left Constantinople, I saw the Sultan (with Mr. Adair), and the interior of the mosques, things which rarely happen to travellers. Mr. Hobhouse is gone to England: I am in no hurry to return, but have no particular communications for your country, except my surprise at Mr. Hanson's silence, and my desire that he will remit regularly. I suppose some arrangement has been made with regard to Wymondham and Rochdale. Malta is my post-office, or to Mr. Strané, consul-general, Patras, Morea. You complain of my silence—I have written twenty or thirty times within the last year: never less than twice a month, and often more. If my letters do not arrive, you must not conclude that we are eaten, or that there is a war, or a pestilence, or famine: neither must you credit silly reports, which I dare say you have in Notts., as usual. I am very well, and neither more nor less happy than I usually am; except that I am very glad to be once more alone, for I was sick of my companion,—not that he was a bad one, but because my nature leads me to solitude, and that every day adds to this disposition. If I chose, here are many men who would wish to join me—one wants me to go to Egypt, another to Asia, of which I have seen enough. The greater part of Greece is already my own, so that I shall only go over my old ground, and look upon my old seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me.

"I have a tolerable suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, an interpreter, besides Fletcher; but in this country these are easily maintained. Adair received me wonderfully well, and indeed I have no complaints against any one. Hospitality here is necessary, for inns are not. I have lived in the houses of Greeks, Turks, Italians, and English—to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house; this day with a Pacha, the next with a shepherd. I shall continue to write briefly, but frequently, and am glad to hear from you; but you fill your letters with things from the papers, as if English papers were not found all over the world. I have at this moment a

dozen before me. Pray take care of my books, and believe me, my dear mother,

"Yours, &c. BYRON."

The greater part of the two following months he appears to have occupied in making a tour of the Morea [1]; and the very distinguished reception he met with from Veley Pacha, the son of Ali, is mentioned with much pride, in more than one of his letters.

On his return from this tour to Patras, he was seized with a fit of illness, the particulars of which are mentioned in the following letter to Mr. Hodgson; and they are, in many respects, so similar to those of the last fatal malady, with which, fourteen years afterwards, he was attacked, in nearly the same spot, that, livelily as the account is written, it is difficult to read it without melancholy: —

LETTER 48. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Patras, Morea, October 3. 1810.

"As I have just escaped from a physician and a fever, which confined me five days to bed, you won't expect much 'allegrezza' in the ensuing letter. In this place there is an indigenous distemper, which when the wind blows from the Gulf of Corinth (as it does five months out of six), attacks great and small, and makes woful work with visiters. Here be also two physicians, one of whom trusts to his genius (never having studied) — the other to a campaign of eighteen months against the sick of Otranto, which he made in his youth with great effect.

"When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these assassins; — but what can a helpless, feverish, toast-and-watered poor wretch do? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph — take it: —

"Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove:
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three — and *blew* it *out*.

But Nature and Jove, being piqued at my doubts, did, in fact, at last, beat Romanelli, and here I am, well but weakly, at your service.

"Since I left Constantinople, I have made a tour of the Morea, and visited Veley Pacha, who paid me great honours, and gave me a pretty stallion. H. is doubtless in England before even the date of this letter: — he bears a despatch from me to your bardship. He writes to me from Malta, and requests my journal, if I keep one. I have none, or he should have it; but I have replied in a consolatory and exhortatory epistle, praying him to abate three and sixpence in the price of his next boke, seeing that half-a guinea is a price not to be given for any thing save an opera ticket.

"As for England, it is long since I have heard from it. Every one at all connected with my concerns is asleep, and you are my only correspondent, agents excepted. I have really no friends in the world; though all my old school companions are gone forth into that world, and walk about there in monstrous disguises, in the garb of guardsmen, lawyers, parsons, fine gentlemen, and such other masquerade dresses. So, I here shake hands and cut with all these busy people, none of whom write to me. Indeed I ask it not; — and here I am, a poor traveller and heathenish philosopher, who hath perambulated the greatest part of the Levant, and seen a great quantity of very improvable land and sea, and, after all, am no better than when I set out — Lord help me!

"I have been out fifteen months this very day, and I believe my concerns will draw me to England soon; but of this I will apprise you regularly from Malta. On all points Hobhouse will inform you, if you are curious as to our adventures. I have seen some old English papers up to the 15th of May. I see the 'Lady of the Lake' advertised. Of course it is in his old ballad style, and pretty. After all, Scott is the best of them. The end of all scribblement is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there. I long to read his new romance.

"And how does 'Sir Edgar?' and your friend Bland? I suppose you are involved in some literary squabble. The only way is to despise all brothers of the quill. I suppose you won't allow me to be an author, but I contemn you all, you dogs! — I do.

"You don't know Dallas, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned — Lord forgive me for using such a word! but the pit, Sir, you know the pit — they

[1] In a note upon the Advertisement prefixed to his Siege of Corinth, he says, — "I visited all three (Tripolitza, Napoli, and Argos,) in 1810-11, and in the course of journeying through the country, from my first arrival in 1809, crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains, or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto."

will do those things in spite of merit. I remember this farce [1] from a curious circumstance. When Drury Lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend Dallas do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. Whilst the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth 300,000*l.*, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Bluebeard's elephants, and all that—in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!!

"Dear H., remind Drury that I am his well-wisher, and let Scrope Davies be well affected towards me. I look forward to meeting you at Newstead, and renewing our old champagne evenings with all the glee of anticipation. I have written by every opportunity, and expect responses as regular as those of the liturgy, and somewhat longer. As it is impossible for a man in his senses to hope for happy days, let us at least look forward to merry ones, which come nearest to the other in appearance, if not in reality; and in such expectations I remain," &c.

He was a good deal weakened and thinned by his illness at Patras, and, on his return to Athens, standing one day before a looking-glass, he said to Lord Sligo—"How pale I look!—I should like, I think, to die of a consumption?"—"Why of a consumption?" asked his friend. "Because then (he answered) the women would all say, 'See that poor Byron—how interesting he looks in dying!'" In this anecdote,—which, slight as it is, the relater remembered, as a proof of the poet's consciousness of his own beauty,—may be traced also the habitual reference of his imagination to that sex, which, however he affected to despise it, influenced, more or less, the flow and colour of all his thoughts.

He spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. "Some time or other," he said, "I will tell you *why* I feel thus towards her."—A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked leg and foot, exclaimed—"Look there!—it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might prove as ill formed in mind as I am in body!" His look and manner, in relating this frightful circumstance, can be conceived only by those who have ever seen him in a similar state of excitement.

The little value he had for those relics of ancient art, in pursuit of which he saw all his classic fellow-travellers so ardent, was, like everything he ever thought or felt, unreservedly avowed by him. Lord Sligo having it in contemplation to expend some money in digging for antiquities, Lord Byron, in offering to act as his agent, and to see the money, at least, honestly applied, said—"You may safely trust *me*—I am no dilettante. Your connoisseurs are all thieves; but I care too little for these things ever to steal them."

The system of thinning himself, which he had begun before he left England, was continued still more rigidly abroad. While at Athens, he took the hot bath for this purpose, three times a week,—his usual drink being vinegar and water, and his food seldom more than a little rice.

Among the persons, besides Lord Sligo, whom he saw most of at this time, were Lady Hester Stanhope and Mr. Bruce.—One of the first objects, indeed, that met the eyes of these two distinguished travellers, on their approaching the coast of Attica, was Lord Byron, disporting in his favourite element under the rocks of Cape Colonna. They were afterwards made acquainted with each other by Lord Sligo; and it was in the course, I believe, of their first interview, at his table, that Lady Hester, with that lively eloquence for which she is so remarkable, took the poet briskly to task for the depreciating opinion, which, as she understood, he entertained of all female intellect. Being but little inclined, were he even able, to sustain such a heresy, against one who was in her own person such an irresistible refutation of it, Lord Byron had no other

[1] [This farce was entitled, 'Not at Home,' and was acted, though with moderate success, at the Lyceum, by the Drury Lane Company, in November 1809. It was afterwards printed, with a prologue (intended to have been spoken) written by Waller Rodwell Wright, esq., author of "Horæ Ionicæ."]

refuge from the fair orator's arguments than in assent and silence; and this well-bred deference being, in a sensible woman's eyes, equivalent to concession, they became, from thenceforward, most cordial friends. In recalling some recollections of this period in his "Memoranda," after relating the circumstance of his being caught bathing by an English party at Sunium, he added, "This was the beginning of the most delightful acquaintance which I formed in Greece." He then went on to assure Mr. Bruce, if ever those pages should meet his eyes, that the days they had passed together at Athens were remembered by him with pleasure.

During this period of his stay in Greece, we find him forming one of those extraordinary friendships, — if attachment to persons so inferior to himself can be called by that name, — of which I have already mentioned two or three instances in his younger days, and in which the pride of being a protector, and the pleasure of exciting gratitude, seem to have constituted to his mind the chief, pervading charm. The person, whom he now adopted in this manner, and from similar feelings to those which had inspired his early attachments to the cottage-boy near Newstead, and the young chorister at Cambridge, was a Greek youth, named Nicolo Giraud, the son, I believe, of a widow lady, in whose house the artist Lusieri lodged. In this young man he appears to have taken the most lively, and even brotherly, interest; — so much so, as not only to have presented to him, on their parting, at Malta, a considerable sum of money, but to have subsequently designed for him, as the reader will learn, a still more munificent, as well as permanent, provision.

Though he occasionally made excursions through Attica and the Morea, his headquarters were fixed at Athens, where he had taken lodgings in a Francisan convent, and, in the intervals of his tours, employed himself in collecting materials for those notices on the state of modern Greece which he has appended to the second canto of Childe Harold. In this retreat, also, as if in utter defiance of the "genius loci," he wrote his "Hints from Horace," — a Satire which, impregnated as it is with London life from beginning to end, bears the date, "Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 12. 1811."

From the few remaining letters addressed to his mother, I shall content myself with selecting the two following: —

LETTER 49. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Athens, January 14. 1811.

"My dear Madam,

"I seize an occasion to write as usual, shortly, but frequently, as the arrival of letters, where there exists no regular communication, is, of course, very precarious. I have lately made several small tours of some hundred or two miles about the Morea, Attica, &c., as I have finished my grand giro by the Troad, Constantinople, &c., and am returned down again to Athens. I believe I have mentioned to you more than once that I swam (in imitation of Leander, though without his lady) across the Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos. Of this, and all other particulars, Fletcher, whom I have sent home with papers, &c., will apprise you. I cannot find that he is any loss; being tolerably master of the Italian and modern Greek languages, which last I am also studying with a master, I can order and discourse more than enough for a reasonable man. Besides, the perpetual lamentations after beef and beer, the stupid, bigoted contempt for every thing foreign, and insurmountable incapacity of acquiring even a few words of any language, rendered him, like all other English servants, an incumbrance. I do assure you, the plague of speaking for him, the comforts he required (more than myself by far), the pilaws (a Turkish dish of rice and meat) which he could not eat, the wines which he could not drink, the beds where he could not sleep, and the long list of calamities, such as stumbling horses, want of *tea!!!* &c., which assailed him, would have made a lasting source of laughter to a spectator, and inconvenience to a master. After all, the man is honest enough, and, in Christendom, capable enough; but in Turkey, Lord forgive me! my Albanian soldiers, my Tartars and Janissary, worked for him and us too, as my friend Hobhouse can testify.

"It is probable I may steer homewards in spring; but to enable me to do that, I must have remittances. My own funds would have lasted me very well; but I was obliged to assist a friend, who, I know, will pay me; but, in the mean time, I am out of pocket. At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us, to set our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.

"Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, &c. &c. &c.; and without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. Where I see the superiority of England (which, by the by, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have stayed, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring any thing more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship, and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard *that reputation* by a future effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory when I myself shall cease to remember. I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, &c. &c. for me. This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet, recluse life, but God knows and does best for us all; at least, so they say, and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot. I am convinced, however, that men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them. I trust this will find you well, and as happy as we can be; you will, at least, be pleased to hear I am so, and yours ever."

LETTER 50. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Athens, February 28. 1811.

"Dear Madam,

"As I have received a firman for Egypt, &c., I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr. Hanson that it is necessary to further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer as before, *No*. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purport. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded property; if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and, that once gone, neither interest nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the East, such is the difference in the value of money and the abundance of the necessaries of life; and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me; and such are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. This then is the alternative — if I preserve Newstead, I return; if I sell it, I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan. Believe me yours ever, "BYRON.

"P. S. — I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer, but, of course, at such a distance, I cannot specify any particular month."

The voyage to Egypt, which he appears from this letter to have contemplated, was, probably for want of the expected remittances, relinquished; and, on the 3d of June, he set sail from Malta, in the Volage frigate, for England, having, during his short stay at Malta, suffered a severe attack of the tertian fever. The feelings with which he returned home may be collected from the following melancholy letters.

LETTER 51. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Volage Frigate, at sea, June 29. 1811.

"In a week, with a fair wind, we shall be at Portsmouth, and on the 2d of July I shall have completed (to a day) two years of peregrination, from which I am returning with as little emotion as I set out. I think, upon the whole, I was more grieved at leaving Greece than England, which I am impatient to see, simply because I am tired of a long voyage.

"Indeed, my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning *home* without a hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair, and contested coal-pits. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence.

"I trust to meet, or see you, in town, or at Newstead, whenever you can make it

convenient — I suppose you are in love and in poetry as usual. That husband, H. Drury, has never written to me, albeit I have sent him more than one letter; — but I dare say the poor man has a family, and of course all his cares are confined to his circle.

"'For children fresh expenses get,
And Dicky now for school is fit.'
WARTON.

If you see him, tell him I have a letter for him from Tucker, a regimental chirurgeon and friend of his, who prescribed for me, * * * and is a very worthy man, but too fond of hard words. I should be too late for a speech-day, or I should probably go down to Harrow. I regretted very much in Greece having omitted to carry the Anthology with me — I mean Bland and Merivale's. — What has Sir Edgar done? And the Imitations and Translations — where are they? I suppose you don't mean to let the public off so easily, but charge them home with a quarto. For me, I am 'sick of fops, and poesy, and prate,' and shall leave the 'whole Castalian state' to Bufo, or any body else.[1] But you are a sentimental and sensibilitous person, and will rhyme to the end of the chapter. Howbeit, I have written some 4000 lines, of one kind or another, on my travels.

"I need not repeat that I shall be happy to see you. I shall be in town about the 8th, at Dorant's Hotel, in Albemarle Street, and proceed in a few days to Notts., and thence to Rochdale on business.

"I am, here and there, yours," &c.

LETTER 52. TO MRS. BYRON.

"Volage frigate, at sea, June 25. 1811.

"Dear Mother,

"This letter, which will be forwarded on our arrival at Portsmouth, probably about the 4th of July, is begun about twenty-three days after our departure from Malta. I have just been two years (to a day, on the 2d of July) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings which prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference; but within that apathy I certainly do not comprise yourself, as I will prove by every means in my power. You will be good enough to get my apartments ready at Newstead; but don't disturb yourself, on any account, particularly mine, nor consider me in any other light than as a visiter. I must only inform you that for a long time I have been restricted to an entire vegetable diet, neither fish nor flesh coming within my regimen; so I expect a powerful stock of potatoes, greens, and biscuit: I drink no wine. I have two servants, middle-aged men, and both Greeks. It is my intention to proceed first to town, to see Mr. Hanson, and thence to Newstead, on my way to Rochdale. I have only to beg you will not forget my diet, which it is very necessary for me to observe. I am well in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over.

"My plans will so much depend on circumstances, that I shall not venture to lay down an opinion on the subject. My prospects are not very promising, but I suppose we shall wrestle through life like our neighbours; indeed, by Hanson's last advices, I have some apprehension of finding Newstead dismantled by Messrs. Brothers, &c., and he seems determined to force me into selling it, but he will be baffled. I don't suppose I shall be much pestered with visiters; but if I am, you must receive them, for I am determined to have nobody breaking in upon my retirement: you know that I never was fond of society, and I am less so than before. I have brought you a shawl, and a quantity of attar of roses, but these I must smuggle, if possible. I trust to find my library in tolerable order.

"Fletcher is no doubt arrived. I shall separate the mill from Mr. B * *'s farm, for his son is too gay a deceiver to inherit both, and place Fletcher in it, who has served me faithfully, and whose wife is a good woman; besides, it is necessary to sober young Mr. B * *, or he will people the parish with bastards. In a word, if he had seduced a dairy-maid, he might have found something like an apology; but the girl is his equal, and in high life or low life reparation is made in such circumstances. But I shall not interfere further than (like Buonaparte) by dismembering Mr. B.'s *kingdom*, and erecting part of it into a principality for field-marshal Fletcher! I hope you govern my little *empire* and its sad load of national debt with a wary hand. To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to subscribe myself.

"Yours ever. "BYRON."

"P. S. July 14. — This letter was written to be sent from Portsmouth, but, on arriving there, the squadron was ordered to the Nore, from whence I shall forward it. This I have not done before, supposing you might be alarmed by the interval mentioned in the

[1] ["And sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo leave the whole Castalian state."—POPE.]

letter being longer than expected between our arrival in port and my appearance at Newstead."

LETTER 53. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

"Volage frigate, off Ushant, July 17. 1811.

"My dear Drury,

"After two years' absence (on the 2d) and some odd days, I am approaching your country. The day of our arrival you will see by the outside date of my letter. At present, we are becalmed comfortably, close to Brest Harbour; — I have never been so near it since I left Duck Puddle. We left Malta thirty-four days ago, and have had a tedious passage of it. You will either see or hear from or of me, soon after the receipt of this, as I pass through town to repair my irreparable affairs; and thence I want to go to Notts. and raise rents, and to Lancs. and sell collieries, and back to London and pay debts, — for it seems I shall neither have coals nor comfort till I go down to Rochdale in person.

"I have brought home some marbles for Hobhouse; — for myself, four ancient Athenian skulls[1], dug out of sarcophagi — a phial of Attic hemlock[2] — four live tortoises — a greyhound (died on the passage) — two live Greek servants, one an Athenian, t'other a Yaniote, who can speak nothing but Romaic and Italian — and *myself*, as Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield says, slily, and I may say it too, for I have as little cause to boast of my expedition as he had of his to the fair.[3]

"I wrote to you from the Cyanean Rocks to tell you I had swam from Sestos to Abydos — have you received my letter? Hodgson, I suppose, is four deep by this time. What would he have given to have seen, like me, the *real Parnassus*, where I robbed the Bishop of Chrissæ of a book of geography! — but this I only call plagiarism, as it was done within an hour's ride of Delphi."

[1] Given afterwards to Sir Walter Scott.

[2] At present in the possession of Mr. Murray.

[3] ["'Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?' — 'I have brought you *myself*,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser." — *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xii.]

CHAPTER XI.

1811.

RETURN TO ENGLAND. — EFFECT OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE ON THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON. — PECUNIARY EMBARRASSMENTS. — FALSE JUDGMENTS OF AUTHORS RESPECTING THEIR OWN PRODUCTIONS. — PASSAGES FROM THE PARAPHRASE ON HORACE. — PREPARATIONS FOR THE PUBLICATION OF CHILDE HAROLD. — ACQUAINTANCE WITH MR. MURRAY.

HAVING landed the young pilgrim once more in England, it may be worth while, before we accompany him into the scenes that awaited him at home, to consider how far the general character of his mind and disposition may have been affected by the course of travel and adventure in which he had been, for the last two years, engaged. A life less savouring of poetry and romance than that which he had pursued previously to his departure on his travels, it would be difficult to imagine. In his childhood, it is true, he had been a dweller and wanderer among scenes well calculated, according to the ordinary notion, to implant the first rudiments of poetic feeling. But, though the poet may afterwards feed on the recollection of such scenes, it is more than questionable, as has been already observed, whether he ever has been formed by them. If a childhood, indeed, passed among mountainous scenery were so favourable to the awakening of the imaginative power, both the Welsh, among ourselves, and the Swiss, abroad, ought to rank much higher on the scale of poetic excellence than they do at present. But, even allowing the picturesqueness of his early haunts to have had some share in giving a direction to the fancy of Byron, the actual operation of this influence, whatever it may have been, ceased with his childhood; and the life which he led afterwards during his school-days at Harrow, was, as naturally the life of so idle and daring a school-boy must be, — the very reverse of poetical.[4] For a

[4] ["We cannot agree with Mr. Moore in thinking that Byron's life at Harrow was 'the very reverse of poetical.' That life is the most poetical which is the fullest of impulses; and Byron's life at Harrow was full to overflowing of affections and passions. He did not, during play hours, sport Tityrus 'sub tegmine fagi,' but, though lame, preferred cricket: and can there be any doubt that, out of school, a bat is better than a book, and the wickets a thousand times more poetical than the gates of Paradise Lost? The very bodies of rejoicing schoolboys at play are spiritual; and 'poetic visions swarm on every bough' of the green shady trees, rustling over their heads as they are swimming like Dracones in the milk-warm rivers of summer, or racing along the banks to dry themselves in the sunshine." — WILSON, 1830.]

soldier or an adventurer, the course of training through which he then passed would have been perfect; — his athletic sports, his battles, his love of dangerous enterprise, gave every promise of a spirit fit for the most stormy career. But to the meditative pursuits of poesy, these dispositions seemed, of all others, the least friendly; and, however they might promise to render him, at some future time, a subject for bards, gave, assuredly, but little hope of his shining first among bards himself.

The habits of his life at the university were even still less intellectual and literary. While a schoolboy, he had read abundantly and eagerly, though desultorily; but even this discipline of his mind, irregular and undirected as it was, he had, in a great measure, given up, after leaving Harrow; and among the pursuits that occupied his academic hours, those of playing at hazard, sparring, and keeping a bear[1] and bulldogs, were, if not the most favourite, at least, perhaps, the most innocent. His time in London passed equally unmarked, either by mental cultivation or refined amusement. Having no resources in private society, from his total want of friends and connections, he was left to live loosely about town among the loungers in coffee-houses; and to those who remember what his two favourite haunts, Limmer's and Stevens's[2], were at that period, it is needless to say that, whatever else may have been the merits of these establishments, they were anything but fit schools for the formation of poetic character.

But however incompatible such a life must have been with those habits of contemplation, by which, and which only, the faculties he had already displayed could be ripened, or those that were still latent could be unfolded, yet, in another point of view, the time now apparently squandered by him was, in after days, turned most invaluably to account. By thus initiating him into a knowledge of the varieties of human character, — by giving him an insight into the details of society, in their least artificial form, — in short, by mixing him up, thus early, with the world, its business and its pleasures, his London life but contributed its share in forming that wonderful combination which his mind afterwards exhibited, of the imaginative and the practical — the heroic and the humorous — of the keenest and most dissecting views of real life, with the grandest and most spiritualised conceptions of ideal grandeur.

To the same period, perhaps, another predominant characteristic of his maturer mind and writings may be traced. In this anticipated experience of the world which his early mixture with its crowd gave him, it is but little probable that many of the more favourable specimens of human kind should have fallen under his notice. On the contrary, it is but too likely that some of the lightest and least estimable of both sexes may have been among the models, on which at an age when impressions sink deepest, his earliest judgments of human nature were formed. Hence, probably, those contemptuous and debasing views of humanity with which he was so often led to alloy his noblest tributes to the loveliness and majesty of general nature. Hence the contrast that appeared between the fruits of his imagination and of his experience, — between those dreams, full of beauty and kindliness, with which the one teemed at his bidding, and the dark, desolating bitterness that overflowed when he drew from the other.

Unpromising, however, as was his youth of the high destiny that awaited him, there was one unfailing characteristic of the imaginative order of minds — his love of solitude — which very early gave signs of those habits of self-study and introspection by which alone the "diamond quarries" of genius are worked and brought to light. When but a boy, at Harrow, he had shown this disposition strongly, — being often known, as I have already mentioned, to withdraw himself from his playmates, and, sitting alone upon a tomb in the churchyard, gave himself up, for hours, to thought. As his mind began to disclose its resources, this feeling grew upon him; and, had his foreign travel done no more than, by detaching him from the distractions of society, to enable him, solitarily and freely, to commune with his own spirit, it would have been an all-important step gained towards the full expansion of his faculties. It was only then,

[1] ["Young poets must have their amusements at college, like young prosers. Now, what are poetical amusements? Playing on the flute or flageolet? Sketching trees and towers in chalk? Taking lessons in net-work from young ladies that superintend circulating libraries? Why, all that is vastly well to those who like it; but what if Byron preferred swimming, sparring — sometimes with a man, and sometimes with a bear? A young poet who spars frequently is always, it may be said, in training; and we all know that to be in training merely means to be in the highest health. Now, Hygeia has even more to do with poetry than Apollo; and therefore Byron did right well to spar daily. But farther — what are all amusements and recreations to a man who is not a mere idler? Nothing; or less than nothing. One single hour's study, which has been visited by glorious insights, often constitutes the day, and a day, too, whose memory will never die." — WILSON, 1830.]

[2] [The former in Conduit Street; and the latter in New Bond Street.]

indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction which self-study requires, or to enjoy that freedom from the intrusion of others' thoughts which alone leaves the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient leisure and seclusion to look within himself, and there catch the first "glimpses of his glorious mind." One of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his "Memoranda," was, when bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters [1], and lost in that sort of vague reverie, which, however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterwards on his pages, into those clear, bright pictures which will endure for ever.

Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that hang round the first steps of genius, this growing conciousness of his own power, these openings into a new domain of intellect, where he was to reign supreme, must have made the solitary hours of the young traveller one dream of happiness. But it will be seen that, even yet, he distrusted his own strength, nor was at all aware of the height to which the spirit he was now calling up would grow. So enamoured, nevertheless, had he become of these lonely musings, that even the society of his fellow-traveller, though with pursuits so congenial to his own, grew at last to be a chain and a burden on him; and it was not till he stood, companionless, on the shore of the little island in the Ægean, that he found his spirit breathe freely. If any stronger proof were wanting of his deep passion for solitude, we shall find it, not many years after, in his own written avowal, that, even when in the company of the woman he most loved, he not unfrequently found himself sighing to be alone.

It was not only, however, by affording him the concentration necessary for this silent drawing out of his feelings and powers, that travel conduced so essentially to the formation of his poetical character. To the East he had looked, with the eyes of romance, from his very childhood. Before he was ten years of age, the perusal of Rycaut's History of the Turks had taken a strong hold of his imagination, and he read eagerly, in consequence, every book concerning the East he could find. [2] In visiting, therefore, those countries, he was but realising the dreams of his childhood; and this return of his thoughts to that innocent time, gave a freshness and purity to their current which they had long wanted. Under the spell of such recollections, the attraction of novelty was among the least that the scenes, through which he wandered, presented. Fond traces of the past—and few have ever retained them so vividly—mingled themselves with the impressions of the objects before him; and as, among the Highlands, he had often traversed, in fancy, the land of the Moslem, so memory, from the wild hills of Albania, now "carried him back to Morven."

While such sources of poetic feeling were stirred at every step, there was also in his quick change of place and scene—in the diversity of men and manners surveyed by him—in the perpetual hope of adventure and thirst of enterprise, such a succession and variety of ever fresh excitement as not only brought into play, but invigorated, all the energies of his character: as he, himself, describes his mode of living, it was "To-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house—this day with the Pacha, the next with a

[1] To this he alludes in those beautiful stanzas,

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell," &c.

Alfieri, before his dramatic genius had yet unfolded itself, used to pass hours, as he tells us, in this sort of dreaming state, gazing upon the ocean:—"Après le spectacle un de mes amusemens, à Marseille, était de me baigner presque tous les soirs dans la mer. J'avais trouvé un petit endroit fort agréable, sur une langue de terre placée à droite hors du port, où, en m'asseyant sur le sable, le dos appuyé contre un petit rocher qui empêchait qu'on ne pût me voir du côté de la terre, je n'avais plus devant moi que le ciel et la mer. Entre ces deux immensités qu'embellissaient les rayons d'un soleil couchant, je passai en rêvant des heures délicieuses; et là, je serais devenu poëte, si j'avais su écrire dans une langue quelconque."

[2] But a few months before he died, in a conversation with Maurocordato at Missolonghi, Lord Byron said—"The Turkish History was one of the first books that gave me pleasure when a child; and I believe it had much influence on my subsequent wishes to visit the Levant, and gave perhaps the oriental colouring which is observed in my poetry."—*Count Gamba's Narrative.*

In the last edition of Mr. D'Israeli's work on "the Literary Character," that gentleman has given some curious marginal notes, which he found written by Lord Byron in a copy of this work that belonged to him. Among them is the following enumeration of the writers that, besides Rycaut, had drawn his attention so early to the East:—

"Knolles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady M. W. Montagu, Hawkins's Translation from Mignot's History of the Turks, the Arabian Nights, all travels, or histories, or books upon the East I could meet with, I had read, as well as Rycaut, before I was *ten years old*. I think the Arabian Nights first. After these, I preferred the history of naval actions, Don Quixote, and Smollett's novels, particularly Roderick Random, and I was passionate for the Roman History. When a boy, I could never bear to read any Poetry whatever without disgust and reluctance."

shepherd." Thus were his powers of observation quickened, and the impressions on his imagination multiplied. Thus schooled, too, in some of the roughnesses and privations of life, and, so far, made acquainted with the flavour of adversity, he learned to enlarge, more than is common in his high station, the circle of his sympathies, and became inured to that manly and vigorous cast of thought which is so impressed on all his writings. Nor must we forget, among these strengthening and animating effects of travel, the ennobling excitement of danger, which he more than once experienced,—having been placed in situations, both on land and sea, well calculated to call forth that pleasurable sense of energy, which perils, calmly confronted, never fail to inspire.

The strong interest which—in spite of his assumed philosophy on this subject in Childe Harold—he took in every thing connected with a life of warfare, found frequent opportunities of gratification, not only on board the English ships of war in which he sailed, but in his occasional intercourse with the soldiers of the country. At Salora, a solitary place on the Gulf of Arta, he once passed two or three days, lodged in a small miserable barrack. Here he lived the whole time, familiarly, among the soldiers; and a picture of the singular scene which their evenings presented—of those wild, half-bandit warriors, seated round the young poet, and examining with savage admiration his fine Manton gun [1] and English sword—might be contrasted, but too touchingly, with another and a later picture of the same poet, dying, as a chieftain, on the same land, with Suliotes for his guards, and all Greece for his mourners.

It is true, amidst all this stimulating variety of objects, the melancholy which he had brought from home still lingered around his mind. To Mr. Adair and Mr. Bruce, as I have before mentioned, he gave the idea of a person labouring under deep dejection; and Colonel Leake, who was, at that time, resident at Ioannina, conceived very much the same impression of the state of his mind.[2] But, assuredly, even this melancholy, habitually as it still clung to him, must, under the stirring and healthful influences of his roving life, have become a far more elevated and abstract feeling than it ever could have expanded to within reach of those annoyances, whose tendency was to keep it wholly concentrated round self. Had he remained idly at home, he would have sunk, perhaps, into a querulous satirist. But, as his views opened on a freer and wider horizon, every feeling of his nature kept pace with their enlargement; and this inborn sadness, mingling itself with the effusions of his genius, became one of the chief constituent charms not only of their pathos, but their grandeur. For, when did ever a sublime thought spring up in the soul, that melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighbourhood?

We have seen, from the letters written by him on his passage homeward, how far from cheerful or happy was the state of mind in which he returned. In truth, even for a disposition of the most sanguine cast, there was quite enough in the discomforts that now awaited him in England to sadden its hopes, and check its buoyancy. "To be happy at home," says Johnson, "is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends." But Lord Byron had no home,—at least none that deserved this endearing name. A fond family circle, to accompany him with its prayers, while away, and draw round him, with listening eagerness, on his return, was what, unluckily, he never knew, though with a heart, as we have seen, by nature formed for it. In the absence, too, of all that might cheer and sustain, he had every thing to encounter that could distress and humiliate. To the dreariness of a home without affection, was added the burden of an establishment without means; and he had thus all the embarrassments of domestic life, without its

[1] "It rained hard the next day, and we spent another evening with our soldiers. The captain, Elmas, tried a fine Manton gun belonging to my friend, and hitting his mark every time was highly delighted."—*Hobhouse's Journey, &c.*

[2] It must be recollected that by two of these gentlemen he was seen chiefly under the restraints of presentation and etiquette, when whatever gloom there was on his spirits would, in a shy nature like his, most show itself. The account which his fellow-traveller gives of him is altogether different. In introducing the narration of a short tour to Negroponte, in which his noble friend was unable to accompany him, Mr. Hobhouse expresses strongly the deficiency of which he is sensible, from the absence, on this occasion, of "a companion, who, to quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that gay good-humour which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger." In some lines, too, of the "Hints from Horace," addressed evidently to Mr. Hobhouse, Lord Byron not only renders the same justice to his own social cheerfulness, but gives a somewhat more distinct idea of the frame of mind out of which it rose;—

"Moschus! with whom I hope once more to sit,
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;
Yes, friend, for thee I'll quit my cynic cell,
And bear Swift's motto, "Vive la bagatelle!"
Which charm'd our days in each Ægean clime,
And oft at home with revelry and rhyme."

[See Works, p. 443.]

charms. His affairs had, during his absence, been suffered to fall into confusion, even greater than their inherent tendency to such a state warranted. There had been, the preceding year, an execution on Newstead, for a debt of 1500*l.* owing to the Messrs. Brothers, upholsterers; and a circumstance told of the veteran, Joe Murray, on this occasion, well deserves to be mentioned. To this faithful old servant, jealous of the ancient honour of the Byrons, the sight of the notice of sale, pasted up on the abbey-door, could not be otherwise than an unsightly and intolerable nuisance. Having enough, however, of the fear of the law before his eyes, not to tear the writing down, he was at last forced, as his only consolatory expedient, to paste a large piece of brown paper over it.

Notwithstanding the resolution, so recently expressed by Lord Byron, to abandon for ever the vocation of authorship, and leave "the whole Castalian state" to others, he was hardly landed in England when we find him busily engaged in preparations for the publication of some of the poems which he had produced abroad. So eager was he, indeed, to print, that he had already, in a letter written at sea, announced himself to Mr. Dallas, as ready for the press. Of this letter, which, from its date, ought to have preceded some of the others that have been given, I shall here lay before the reader the most material parts.

LETTER 54. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Volage Frigate, at sea, June 28. 1811.

"After two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July, before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth), I am retracing my way to England.

"I am coming back with little prospect of pleasure at home, and with a body a little shaken by one or two smart fevers, but a spirit I hope yet unbroken. My affairs, it seems, are considerably involved, and much business must be done with lawyers, colliers, farmers, and creditors. Now this, to a man who hates bustle as he hates a bishop, is a serious concern. But enough of my home department.

"My Satire, it seems, is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first, or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended. My friend Hobhouse's Miscellany has not succeeded; but he himself writes so good-humouredly on the subject, I don't know whether to laugh or cry with him. He met with your son at Cadiz, of whom he speaks highly.

"Yours and Pratt's *protégé*, Blackett, the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in very good plight, shoe- (not verse-) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance. I write this, supposing poetry, patronage, and strong waters, to have been the death of him. If you are in town in or about the beginning of July, you will find me at Dorant's, in Albemarle Street, glad to see you. I have an imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry ready for Cawthorn, but don't let that deter you, for I sha'n't inflict it upon you. You know I never read my rhymes to visiters. I shall quit town in a few days for Notts., and thence to Rochdale.

"Yours, &c."

Immediately, on Lord Byron's arrival in London, Mr. Dallas called upon him. "On the 15th of July," says this gentleman, "I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel in St. James's Street. I thought his looks belied the report he had given me of his bodily health, and his countenance did not betoken melancholy, or displeasure at his return. He was very animated in the account of his travels, but assured me he had never had the least idea of writing them. He said he believed satire to be his *forte*, and to that he had adhered, having written, during his stay at different places abroad, a Paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry, which would be a good finish to English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. He seemed to promise himself additional fame from it, and I undertook to superintend its publication, as I had done that of the Satire. I had chosen the time ill for my visit, and we had hardly any time to converse uninterruptedly, he therefore engaged me to breakfast with him next morning."

In the interval Mr. Dallas looked over this Paraphrase, which he had been permitted by Lord Byron to take home with him for the purpose, and his disappointment was, as he himself describes it, "grievous," on finding, that a pilgrimage of two years to the inspiring lands of the East had been attended with no richer poetical result. On their meeting again next morning, though unwilling to speak disparagingly of the work, he could not refrain, as he informs us, from ex-

pressing some surprise that his noble friend should have produced nothing else during his absence. — "Upon this," he continues, "Lord Byron told me that he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited. 'They are not worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like.' So came I by Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said they had been read but by one person, who had found very little to commend and much to condemn: that he himself was of that opinion, and he was sure I should be so too. Such as it was, however, it was at my service: but he was urgent that 'The Hints from Horace' should be immediately put in train, which I promised to have done."

The value of the treasure thus presented to him, Mr. Dallas was not slow in discovering. That very evening he despatched a letter to his noble friend, saying — "You have written one of the most delightful poems I ever read. If I wrote this in flattery, I should deserve your contempt rather than your friendship. I have been so fascinated with Childe Harold that I have not been able to lay it down. I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, and on its gaining you great honour and regard, if you will do me the credit and favour of attending to my suggestions respecting," &c. &c. &c.

Notwithstanding this just praise, and the secret echo it must have found in a heart so awake to the slightest whisper of fame, it was some time before Lord Byron's obstinate repugnance to the idea of publishing Childe Harold [1] could be removed.

"Attentive," says Mr. Dallas, "as he had hitherto been to my opinions and suggestions, and natural as it was that he should be swayed by such decided praise, I was surprised to find that I could not at first obtain credit with him for my judgment on Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. 'It was any thing but poetry — it had been condemned by a good critic — had I not myself seen the sentences on the margins of the manuscripts?' [2] He dwelt upon the Paraphrase of the Art of Poetry with pleasure, and the manuscript of that was given to Cawthorn, the publisher of the Satire, to be brought forth without delay. I did not, however, leave him so: before I quitted him I returned to the charge, and told him that I was so convinced of the merit of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, that as he had given it to me, I should certainly publish it, if he would have the kindness to attend to some corrections and alterations."

Among the many instances, recorded in literary history, of the false judgments of authors respecting their own productions, the preference given by Lord Byron to a work so little worthy of his genius, over a poem of such rare and original beauty as the first cantos of Childe Harold, may be accounted, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable. [3] "It is in men as in soils," says Swift, "where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of." But Lord Byron had made the discovery of the vein, without, as it would seem, being aware of its value. I have already had occasion to observe that, even while occupied with the composition of Childe Harold, it is questionable whether he himself was yet fully conscious of the new powers, both of thought and feeling, that had been awakened in him; and the strange estimate we now find him forming of his own production appears to warrant the remark. It would seem, indeed, as if, while the imaginative powers of his mind had received such an impulse forward, the faculty of judgment, slower in its development, was still immature, and that of *self*-judgment, the most difficult of all, still unattained.

On the other hand, from the deference which, particularly at this period of his life, he was inclined to pay to the opinions of those with whom he associated, it would be fairer, perhaps, to conclude that this erroneous valuation arose rather from a diffidence in his own judgment than from any deficiency of it. To his college companions, almost all of whom were his superiors in scholarship, and some of them even, at this

1 [The story told of Lord Byron's hesitation to publish Childe Harold, is at complete variance with all he repeatedly mentioned to me on the subject. — HOBHOUSE.]

2 [Mr. Galt, in his Life of the Poet, intimates that Sir John Hobhouse was the critic here alluded to. The Right Honourable Baronet, in a letter to the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, thus repels the insinuation: — "There is not the slightest foundation for the conjecture, that I dissuaded Lord Byron from publishing Childe Harold. Had I done so, indeed, it is not likely that he would have dedicated that noble poem to myself."]

3 It is, however, less wonderful that authors should thus misjudge their productions, when whole generations have sometimes fallen into the same sort of error. The Sonnets of Petrarch were, by the learned of his day, considered only worthy of the ballad-singers by whom they were chanted about the streets; while his Epic Poem, "Africa," of which few now even know the existence, was sought for on all sides, and the smallest fragment of it begged from the author for the libraries of the learned.

time, his competitors in poetry, he looked up with a degree of fond and admiring deference, for which his ignorance of his own intellectual strength alone could account; and the example, as well as tastes, of these young writers being mostly on the side of established models, their authority, as long as it influenced him, would, to a certain degree, interfere with his striking confidently into any new or original path. That some remains of this bias, with a little leaning, perhaps, towards school recollections[1], may have had a share in prompting his preference of the Horatian Paraphrase, is by no means improbable; — at least, that it was enough to lead him, untried as he had yet been in the new path, to content himself, for the present, with following up his success in the old. We have seen, indeed, that the manuscript of the two cantos of Childe Harold had, previously to its being placed in the hands of Mr. Dallas, been submitted by the noble author to the perusal of some friend — the first and only one, it appears, who at that time had seen them. Who this fastidious critic was, Mr. Dallas has not mentioned; but the sweeping tone of censure in which he conveyed his remarks was such as, at any period of his career, would have disconcerted the judgment of one, who, years after, in all the plenitude of his fame, confessed, that "the depreciation of the lowest of mankind was more painful to him than the applause of the highest was pleasing."[2]

Though on every thing that, after his arrival at the age of manhood, he produced, some mark or other of the master-hand may be traced; yet, to print the whole of his Paraphrase of Horace, which extends to nearly 800 lines, would be, at the best, but a questionable compliment to his memory. That the reader, however, may be enabled to form some opinion of a performance, which — by an error or caprice of judgment, unexampled, perhaps, in the annals of literature — its author, for a time, preferred to the sublime musings of Childe Harold, I shall here select a few such passages from the Paraphrase as may seem calculated to give an idea as well of its merits as its defects.

The opening of the poem is, with reference to the original, ingenious: —

"Who would not laugh if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvass with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost (as once the world has seen)
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moschus[3], like that picture seems
The book, which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet."

The following is pointed, and felicitously expressed: —

"Then glide down Grub Street, fasting and forgot,
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till — true."

Of the graver parts, the annexed is a favourable specimen: —

"New words find credit in these latter days,
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase:
What Chaucer, Spenser, did, we scarce refuse
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say why not,
As well as William Pitt and Walter Scott,
Since they, by force of rhyme, and force of lungs,
Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues?
'Tis then, and shall be, lawful to present
Reforms in writing as in parliament.

"As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though, as a monarch nods and commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;
Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd sustain
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain;
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar —
All, all must perish. But, surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past:
True, — some decay, yet not a few survive,
Though those shall sink which now appear to thrive,
As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and language must alike obey."

I quote what follows chiefly for the sake of the note attached to it: —

"Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
You doubt? — See Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's Dean.[4]

"Blank verse is now with one consent allied
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side;

[1] Gray, under the influence of a similar predilection, preferred, for a long time, his Latin poems to those by which he has gained such a station in English literature. "Shall we attribute this," says Mason, "to his having been educated at Eton, or to what other cause? Certain it is, that when I first knew him, he seemed to set a greater value on his Latin poetry than on that which he had composed in his native language."

[2] One of the manuscript notes of Lord Byron on Mr. D'Israeli's work, already referred to.

[3] ["Hobhouse," in the original MS.]

[4] "Mac Flecknoe, the Dunciad, and all Swift's lampooning ballads. — Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal, character of the writers."

Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays; —
While modest Comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and pun in very middling prose.
Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
Or lose one point because they wrote in verse;
But so Thalia pleases to appear, —
Poor virgin! — damn'd some twenty times a year!"

There is more of poetry in the following verses upon Milton than in any other passage throughout the Paraphrase: —

" 'Awake a louder and a loftier strain.'
And, pray, what follows from his boiling brain?
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice!
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The temper'd warblings of his master lyre;
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
'Of man's first disobedience and the fruit'
He speaks; but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, Heaven, and Hades, echo with the song."

The annexed sketch contains some lively touches: —

" Behold him, Freshman! — forced no more to groan
O'er Virgil's devilish verses [1], and — his own;
Prayers are too tedious, lecturers too abstruse,
He flies from Tavell's [2] frown to 'Fordham's Mews;'
(Unlucky Tavell, doom'd to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils and by bears!)
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions, threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain:
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash;
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash.
Fool'd, pillaged, dunn'd, he wastes his terms away;
And, unexpell'd perhaps, retires M. A.: —
Master of Arts! — as Hells and Clubs [3] proclaim,
Where scarce a black-leg bears a brighter name.

" Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,
He apes the selfish prudence of his sire;
Marries for money; chooses friends for rank;
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank;
Sits in the senate; gets a son and heir;
Sends him to Harrow — for himself was there;
Mute though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer,
His son's so sharp — he'll see the dog a peer!

" Manhood declines; age palsies every limb;
He quits the scene, or else the scene quits him;
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny grieves,
And Avarice seizes all Ambition leaves;
Counts cent. per cent., and smiles, or vainly frets
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts;
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
Complete in all life's lessons — but to die;
Peevish and spiteful, doting, hard to please,
Commending every time save times like these;
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
Expires unwept, is buried — let him rot!"

In speaking of the opera, he says: —

" Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to snore,
His anguish doubled by his own 'encore!'
Squeezed in 'Fop's Alley,' jostled by the beaux,
Teased with his hat, and trembling for his toes,
Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of ease
Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release:
Why this and more he suffers, can ye guess? —
Because it costs him dear, and makes him dress!"

The concluding couplet of the following lines is amusingly characteristic of that mixture of fun and bitterness with which their author sometimes spoke in conversation; — so much so, that those who knew him might almost fancy they hear him utter the words: —

" But every thing has faults, nor is't unknown
The harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,
And double barrels (damn them) miss their mark!" [4]

One more passage, with the humorous note appended to it, will complete the whole amount of my favourable specimens: —

" And that's enough — then write and print so fast, —
If Satan take the hindmost, who'd be last?
They storm the types, they publish one and all,
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall: —
Provincial maidens, men of high command,
Yea, baronets, have ink'd the bloody hand!
Cash cannot quell them — Pollio [5] play'd this prank:
(Then Phœbus first found credit in a bank;)
Not all the living only, but the dead
Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head!
Damn'd all their days, they posthumously thrive,
Dug up from dust, though buried when alive!
Reviews record this epidemic crime,
Those books of martyrs to the rage for rhyme:
Alas! woe worth the scribbler, often seen
In Morning Post or Monthly Magazine!
There lurk his earlier lays, but soon, hot-press'd,
Behold a quarto! — tarts must tell the rest!
Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious chords
To muse-mad baronets or madder lords,
Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat stale,
Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric ale!

[1] " Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say 'the book had a devil.' Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from a dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public-school penance of 'Long and Short' is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and perhaps so far may be an advantage."

[2] [The Rev. George Tavell was a fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, during Lord Byron's residence, and was indebted for this notice to the zeal with which he had protested against some juvenile vagaries, already explained.

[3] " 'Hell,' a gaming-house so called, where you risk little, and are cheated a good deal: 'Club,' a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all."

[4] " As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations — 'And Homer (damn him) calls' — it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical licence; and in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent."

[5] [In the original MS. " *Rogers*."]

Hark to those notes, narcotically soft,
The cobbler-laureates sing to Capel Lofft!"[1]

From these select specimens, which comprise, altogether, little more than an eighth of the whole poem, the reader may be enabled to form some notion of the remainder, which is, for the most part, of a very inferior quality, and, in some parts, descending to the depths of doggerel. Who, for instance, could trace the hand of Byron in such "prose, fringed with rhyme," as the following?—

"Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made them pass
Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hudibras,
Whose author is perhaps the first we meet
Who from our couplet lopp'd two final feet;
Nor less in merit than the longer line
This measure moves, a favourite of the Nine.

"Though, at first view, eight feet may seem in vain
Form'd, save in odes, to bear a serious strain,
Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late
This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,
And, varied skilfully, surpasses far
Heroic rhyme, but most in love or war,
Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
Are curb'd too much by long recurring rhyme.

"In sooth, I do not know, or greatly care
To learn who our first English strollers were,
Or if — till roofs received the vagrant art —
Our Muse — like that of Thespis — kept a cart.
But this is certain, since our Shakspeare's days,
There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;
Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

"Where is that living language which could claim
Poetic more, as philosophic fame,
If all our bards, more patient of delay,
Would stop like Pope to polish by the way?"

In tracing the fortunes of men, it is not a little curious to observe how often the course of a whole life has depended on one single step.[1] Had Lord Byron now persisted in his original purpose of giving this poem to the press, instead of Childe Harold, it is more than probable that he would have been lost, as a great poet, to the world. Inferior as the Paraphrase is, in every respect, to his former Satire, and, in some places, even descending below the level of under-graduate versifiers, its failure, there can be little doubt, would have been certain and signal;—his former assailants would have resumed their advantage over him[2], and either, in the bitterness of his mortification, he would have flung Childe Harold into the fire[3]; or had he summoned up sufficient confidence to publish that poem, its reception, even if sufficient to retrieve him in the eyes of the public and his own, could never have, at all, resembled that explosion of success, — that instantaneous and universal acclaim of admiration into which, coming as it were, fresh from the land of song, he now surprised the world, and in the midst of which he was borne, buoyant and self-assured along, through a succession of new triumphs, each more splendid than the last.

Happily, the better judgment of his friends averted such a risk; and he at length consented to the immediate publication of

[1] "This well-meaning gentleman has spoilt some excellent shoemakers, and been accessary to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing. Nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt, too (who once was wiser), has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow, named Blackett, into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of 'Remains' utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoemaking Sappho, may do well, but the 'Tragedies' are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Seatonian prize-poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end, and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes, these rakers of 'Remains' come under the statute against resurrection-men. What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath than his soul in an octavo? 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be,' and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and make, like poor Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child. Now, might not some of this 'sutor ultra crepidam's' friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling Pratt into biography? And then, his inscriptions split into so many modicums! 'To the Duchess of So Much, the Right Honble. So-and-so, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are,' &c. &c. Why, this is doling out the 'soft milk of dedication' in gills; there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt! hadst thou not a puff left? dost thou think six families of distinction can share this in quiet? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the d-v-l."

[1] That he himself attributed every thing to fortune, appears from the following passage in one of his journals: "Like Sylla, I have always believed that all things depend upon fortune, and nothing upon ourselves. I am not aware of any one thought or action worthy of being called good to myself or others, which is not to be attributed to the good goddess, FORTUNE!"

[2] ["'*Ne quid nimis*,' one is apt to exclaim, on reading this sentence. The Satire would have fallen still-born from the press; but that his former assailants would have 'resumed their advantage over him,' we see no reason to believe; for men who have been flayed alive do not like to wrestle." — WILSON, 1830.]

[3] ["The deuce he would? — No — '*Trust Byron*.' He would have instantly written another satire — and as '*facit indignatio versus*,' it would have been a red-hot bar of iron. We cannot believe that the power of a mighty poet could have been palsied by a single stumble, however inopportune." — *Ibid.*]

Childe Harold, — still, however, to the last, expressing his doubts of its merits, and his alarm at the sort of reception it might meet with in the world.

"I did all I could," says his adviser, "to raise his opinion of this composition, and I succeeded; but he varied much in his feelings about it, nor was he, as will appear, at his ease until the world decided on its merit. He said again and again that I was going to get him into a scrape with his old enemies, and that none of them would rejoice more than the Edinburgh Reviewers at an opportunity to humble him. He said I must not put his name to it. I entreated him to leave it to me, and that I would answer for this poem silencing all his enemies."

The publication being now determined upon, there arose some doubts and difficulty as to a publisher. Though Lord Byron had intrusted Cawthorn with what he considered to be his surer card, the "Hints from Horace," he did not, it seems, think him of sufficient station in the trade to give a sanction or fashion to his more hazardous experiment. The former refusal of the Messrs. Longman[1] to publish his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was not forgotten; and he expressly stipulated with Mr. Dallas that the manuscript should not be offered to that house. An application was, at first, made to Mr. Miller of Albemarle Street; but, in consequence of the severity with which Lord Elgin was treated in the poem, Mr. Miller (already the publisher and bookseller of this latter nobleman) declined the work. Even this circumstance, — so apprehensive was the poet for his fame, — began to re-awaken all the qualms and terrors he had, at first, felt; and, had any further difficulties or objections arisen, it is more than probable he might have relapsed into his original intention. It was not long, however, before a person was found willing and proud to undertake the publication. Mr. Murray, who, at this period, resided in Fleet Street, having, some time before, expressed a desire to be allowed to publish some work of Lord Byron, it was in his hands that Mr. Dallas now placed the manuscript of Childe Harold; — and thus was laid the first foundation of that connection between this gentleman and the noble poet, which continued, with but a temporary interruption, throughout the lifetime of the one, and has proved an abundant source of honour, as well as emolument, to the other.

[1] The grounds on which the Messrs. Longman refused to publish his Lordship's Satire were the severe attacks it contained upon Mr. Southey and others of their literary friends.

CHAPTER XII.

1811.

NEWSTEAD. — DEATH OF THE POET'S MOTHER. — HER CHARACTER. — INFLUENCE OF HER CONDUCT AND TEMPER ON HER SON. — DEATH OF HIS FRIEND WINGFIELD — AND OF CHARLES SKINNER MATTHEWS. — ANECDOTES. — DIRECTIONS FOR THE DRAFT OF A WILL. — MR. HOBHOUSE. — LETTERS TO DALLAS, HODGSON, AND MURRAY. — CHILDE HAROLD IN THE PRESS. — BLACKETT, THE POETICAL COBBLER. — HENRY KIRKE WHITE. — MISS MILBANKE'S "COTTAGE OF FRIENDSHIP." — TOWNSEND'S "ARMAGEDDON." — MR. GIFFORD. — MR. SCROPE DAVIES. — CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING CHILDE HAROLD. — "OH! BANISH CARE."

WHILE thus busily engaged in his literary projects, and having, besides, some law affairs to transact with his agent, he was called suddenly away to Newstead by the intelligence of an event which seems to have affected his mind far more deeply than, considering all the circumstances of the case, could have been expected. Mrs. Byron, whose excessive corpulence rendered her, at all times, rather a perilous subject for illness, had been of late indisposed, but not to any alarming degree; nor does it appear that, when the following note was written, there existed any grounds for apprehension as to her state: —

"Reddish's Hotel, St. James's Street, London.
July 23. 1811.

"My dear Madam,

"I am only detained by Mr. Hanson to sign some copyhold papers, and will give you timely notice of my approach. It is with great reluctance I remain in town. I shall pay a short visit as we go on to Lancashire on Rochdale business. I shall attend to your directions, of course, and am, with great respect, yours ever, "BYRON.

"P. S. — You will consider Newstead as your house, not mine; and me only as a visiter."

On his going abroad, she had conceived a sort of superstitious fancy that she should never see him again; and when he returned, safe and well, and wrote to inform her that he should soon see her at Newstead, she said to her waiting-woman, "If I should be dead before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be!" — and so, in fact,

it happened. At the end of July, her illness took a new and fatal turn; and, so sadly characteristic was the close of the poor lady's life, that a fit of rage, brought on, it is said, by reading over the upholsterer's bills, was the ultimate cause of her death. Lord Byron had, of course, prompt intelligence of the attack. But though he started instantly from town, he was too late, — she had breathed her last.

The following letter, it will be perceived, was written on his way to Newstead.

LETTER 55. TO DR. PIGOT.

"Newport Pagnell, August 2. 1811.

"My dear Doctor,

"My poor mother died yesterday! and I am on my way from town to attend her to the family vault. I heard *one* day of her illness, the *next* of her death. Thank God her last moments were most tranquil. I am told she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation. I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, 'That we can only have *one* mother.'[1] Peace be with her! I have to thank you for your expressions of regard; and as in six weeks I shall be in Lancashire on business, I may extend to Liverpool and Chester, — at least I shall endeavour.

"If it will be any satisfaction, I have to inform you that in November next the Editor of the Scourge will be tried for two different libels on the late Mrs. B. and myself (the decease of Mrs. B. makes no difference in the proceedings); and as he is guilty, by his very foolish and unfounded assertion of a breach of privilege, he will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour.

"I inform you of this, as you seem interested in the affair, which is now in the hands of the Attorney-general.

"I shall remain at Newstead the greater part of this month, where I shall be happy to hear from you, after my two years' absence in the East. I am, dear Pigot, yours very truly. "BYRON."

It can hardly have escaped the observation of the reader, that the general tone of the noble poet's correspondence with his mother is that of a son, performing, strictly and conscientiously, what he deems to be his duty, without the intermixture of any sentiment of cordiality to sweeten the task. The very title of "Madam," by which he addresses her, — and which he but seldom exchanges for the endearing name of "mother[2]," — is, of itself, a sufficient proof of the sentiments he entertained for her. That such should have been his dispositions towards such a parent, can be matter neither of surprise or blame, — but that, not withstanding this alienation, which her own unfortunate temper produced, he should have continued to consult her wishes, and minister to her comforts, with such unfailing thoughtfulness as is evinced not only in the frequency of his letters, but in the almost exclusive appropriation of Newstead to her use, redounds, assuredly, in no ordinary degree, to his honour; and was even the more strikingly meritorious from the absence of that affection which renders kindnesses to a beloved object little more than an indulgence of self.

But, however estranged from her his feelings must be allowed to have been while she lived, her death seems to have restored them into their natural channel. Whether from a return of early fondness and the all-atoning power of the grave, or from the prospect of that void in his future life which this loss of his only link with the past would leave, it is certain that he felt the death of his mother acutely, if not deeply. On the night after his arrival at Newstead, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron, in passing the door of the room where the deceased lady lay, heard a sound as of some one sighing heavily from within; and, on entering the chamber, found, to her surprise, Lord Byron, sitting in the dark, beside the bed. On her representing to him the weakness of thus giving way to grief, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. By, I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!"

While his real thoughts were thus confided to silence and darkness, there was, in other parts of his conduct more open to observation, a degree of eccentricity and indecorum which, with superficial observers, might well bring the sensibility of his nature into question. On the morning of the funeral, having declined following the remains himself, he stood looking, from the abbey door, at the procession, till the whole had moved off; — then, turning to young Rushton, who

[1] ["I have long discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you will call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."—*Gray to Mr. Nicholls*, Works, vol. i. p. 482.]

[2] In many instances, the mothers of illustrious poets have had reason to be proud no less of the affection than of the glory of their sons; and Tasso, Pope, Gray, and Cowper, are among these memorable examples of filial tenderness. In the lesser poems of Tasso, there are few things so beautiful as his description, in the Canzone to the Metauro, of his first parting with his mother:—

"Me dal sen della madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse," &c.

was the only person left besides himself, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the boy. He was silent and abstracted all the time, and, as if from an effort to get the better of his feelings, threw more violence, Rushton thought, into his blows than was his habit; but, at last, — the struggle seeming too much for him, — he flung away the gloves, and retired to his room.[1]

Of Mrs. Byron, sufficient, perhaps, has been related in these pages to enable the reader to form fully his own opinion, as well with respect to the character of this lady herself, as to the degree of influence her temper and conduct may have exercised on those of her son. It was said by one of the most extraordinary of men[2], — who was himself, as he avowed, principally indebted to maternal culture for the unexampled elevation to which he subsequently rose, — that "the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on the mother." How far the leaven that sometimes mixed itself with the better nature of Byron, — his uncertain and wayward impulses, — his defiance of restraint, — the occasional bitterness of his hate, and the precipitance of his resentments, — may have had their origin in his early collisions with maternal caprice and violence, is an inquiry for which sufficient materials have been, perhaps, furnished in these pages, but which every one will decide upon, according to the more or less weight he may attribute to the influence of such causes on the formation of character.

That, notwithstanding her injudicious and coarse treatment of him, Mrs. Byron loved her son, with that sort of fitful fondness of which alone such a nature is capable, there can be little doubt, — and still less, that she was ambitiously proud of him. Her anxiety for the success of his first literary essays may be collected from the pains which he so considerately took to tranquillise her on the appearance of the hostile article in the Review. As his fame began to brighten, that notion of his future greatness and glory, which, by a singular forecast of superstition, she had entertained from his very childhood, became proportionably confirmed. Every mention of him in print was watched by her with eagerness; and she had got bound together in a volume, which a friend of mine once saw, a collection of all the literary notices that had then appeared of his early Poems and Satire, — written over on the margin with observations of her own, which to my informant appeared indicative of much more sense and ability than, from her general character, we should be inclined to attribute to her.

Among those lesser traits of his conduct through which an observer can trace a filial wish to uphold, and throw respect around, the station of his mother, may be mentioned his insisting, while a boy, on being called "George Byron Gordon" — giving thereby precedence to the maternal name, — and his continuing, to the last, to address her as "the Honourable Mrs. Byron," — a mark of rank to which, he must have been aware, she had no claim whatever. Neither does it appear, that, in his habitual manner towards her, there was any thing denoting a want of either affection or deference, — with the exception, perhaps, occasionally, of a somewhat greater degree of familiarity than comports with the ordinary notions of filial respect. Thus, the usual name he called her by, when they were on good-humoured terms together, was "Kitty Gordon;" and I have heard an eye-witness of the scene describe the look of arch dramatic humour, with which, one day, at Southwell, when they were in the height of their theatrical rage, he threw open the door of the drawing-room, to admit his mother, saying, at the same time, "Enter the Honourable Kitty."

The pride of birth was a feeling common alike to mother and son, and, at times, even became a point of rivalry between them, from their respective claims, English and Scotch, to high lineage. In a letter written by him from Italy, referring to some anecdote which his mother had told him, he says, — "My mother, who was as haughty as Lucifer with her descent from the Stuarts, and her right line from the *old Gordons*, — *not* the *Seyton Gordons*, as she disdainfully termed the ducal branch, — told me the story, always reminding me how superior *her* Gordons were to the southern Byrons, notwithstanding our Norman, and always masculine, descent, which has never lapsed into a female, as my mother's Gordons had done in her own person."

If, to be able to depict powerfully the painfully bled for, — we have all before us. It is a picture in which

'Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd,'

are beautifully and fearfully combined. Not Shakspeare could have conceived such a scene."— *Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

[2] Napoleon.

ful emotions, it is necessary first to have experienced them, or, in other words, if, for the poet to be great, the man must suffer, Lord Byron, it must be owned, paid early this dear price of mastery. Few as were the ties by which his affections held, whether within or without the circle of relationship, he was now doomed, within a short space, to see the most of them swept away by death.[1] Besides the loss of his mother, he had to mourn over, in quick succession, the untimely fatalities that carried off, within a few weeks of each other, two or three of his most loved and valued friends. "In the short space of one month," he says, in a note on Childe Harold, "I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who made that being tolerable."[2] Of these young Wingfield, whom we have seen high on the list of his Harrow favourites, died of a fever at Coimbra; and Matthews, the idol of his admiration at college, was drowned while bathing in the waters of the Cam.

The following letter, written immediately after the latter event, bears the impress of strong and even agonised feeling, to such a degree as renders it almost painful to read it:—

LETTER 56. TO MR. SCROPE DAVIES.

"Newstead Abbey, August 7. 1811.

"My dearest Davies,

"Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch.[3] What can I say, or think, or do? I received a letter from him the day before yesterday. My dear Scrope, if you can spare a moment, do come down to me — I want a friend, Matthews's last letter was written on *Friday*. — on Saturday he was not. In ability, who was like Matthews? How did we all shrink before him? You do me but justice in saying, I would have risked my paltry existence to have preserved his. This very evening did I mean to write, inviting him, as I invite you, my very dear friend, to visit me. God forgive *** for his apathy! What will our poor Hobhouse feel? His letters breathe but of Matthews. Come to me, Scrope, I am almost desolate — left almost alone in the world — I had but you, and H., and M., and let me enjoy the survivors whilst I can. Poor M., in his letter of Friday, speaks of his intended contest for Cambridge[4], and a speedy journey to London. Write or come, but come if you can, or one or both. "Yours ever."

Of this remarkable young man, Charles Skinner Matthews[5], I have already had occasion to speak; but the high station which he held in Lord Byron's affection and admiration may justify a somewhat ampler tribute to his memory.

There have seldom, perhaps, started together in life so many youths of high promise and hope as were to be found among the society of which Lord Byron formed a part at Cambridge. Of some of these, the names have since eminently distinguished themselves in the world, as the mere mention of Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. William Bankes is sufficient to testify; while in the instance of another of this lively circle, Mr. Scrope Davies[6], the only regret of his friends is

[1] In a letter, written between two and three months after his mother's death, he states no less a number than six persons, all friends or relatives, who had been snatched away from him by death between May and the end of August.

[2] In continuation of the note quoted in the text, he says of Matthews — "His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the *ablest candidates*, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired." One of the candidates, thus described, was Mr. Thomas Barnes, a gentleman whose career since has kept fully the promise of his youth, though, from the nature of the channels through which his literary labours have been directed, his great talents are far more extensively known than his name. [Mr. Barnes is known to have been, during many years, a proprietor and the principal Editor of the Times Newspaper.]

[3] ["While bathing in the Cam, this promising young gentleman got entangled in the weeds, and though an excellent swimmer, was drowned in the presence of three gentlemen, who had it not in their power to assist him." — *Gent. Mag.*]

[4] It had been the intention of Mr. Matthews to offer himself, at the ensuing election, for the university. In reference to this purpose, a manuscript memoir of him, now lying before me, says — "If acknowledged and successful talents — if principles of the strictest honour — if the devotion of many friends could have secured the success of an 'independent pauper' (as he jocularly called himself in a letter on the subject), the vision would have been realised."

[5] He was the third son of the late John Matthews, Esq. of Belmont, Herefordshire, representative of that county in the parliament of 1802—6. The author of "The Diary of an Invalid," also untimely snatched away, was another son of the same gentleman, as is likewise the present Prebendary of Hereford, the Reverend Arthur Matthews, who, by his ability and attainments, sustains worthily the reputation of the name.

The father of this accomplished family was himself a man of considerable talent, and the author of several unavowed poetical pieces; one of which, a Parody of Pope's Eloisa, written in early youth, has been erroneously ascribed to the late Professor Porson, who was in the habit of reciting it, and even printed an edition of the verses.

[6] "One of the cleverest men I ever knew, in conversation, was Scrope Berdmore Davies. Hobhouse is also very good in that line, though it is of less consequence to a man who has other ways of showing his talents than in

that the social wit of which he is such a master should in the memories of his hearers alone be likely to leave any record of its brilliancy. Among all these young men of learning and talent (including Byron himself, whose genius was, however, as yet, "an undiscovered world"), the superiority, in almost every department of intellect, seems to have been, by the ready consent of all, awarded to Matthews;—a concurrence of homage which, considering the persons from whom it came, gives such a high notion of the powers of his mind at that period, as renders the thought of what he might have been, if spared, a matter of interesting, though vain and mournful, speculation. To mere mental pre-eminence, unaccompanied by the kindlier qualities of the heart, such a tribute, however deserved, might not, perhaps, have been so uncontestedly paid. But young Matthews appears,—in spite of some little asperities of temper and manner, which he was already beginning to soften down when snatched away,—to have been one of those rare individuals who, while they command deference, can, at the same time, win regard; and who, as it were, relieve the intense feeling of admiration which they excite by blending it with love.

To his religious opinions, and their unfortunate coincidence with those of Lord Byron, I have before adverted. Like his noble friend, ardent in the pursuit of Truth, he, like him too, unluckily lost his way in seeking her,—"the light that led astray" being by both friends mistaken for hers. That in his scepticism he proceeded any farther than Lord Byron, or ever suffered his doubting, but still ingenuous, mind to persuade itself into the "incredible creed" of atheism, is, I find (notwithstanding an assertion in a letter of the noble poet to this effect) disproved by the testimony of those among his relations and friends, who are the most ready to admit, and, of course, lament his other heresies;—nor should I have felt that I had any right to allude thus to the religious opinions of one who had never, by promulgating his heterodoxy, brought himself within the jurisdiction of the public, had not the wrong impression, as it appears, given of those opinions, on the authority of Lord Byron, rendered it an act of justice to both friends to remove the imputation.

In the letters to Mrs. Byron, written previously to the departure of her son on his travels, there occurs, it will be recollected, some mention of a Will, which it was his intention to leave behind him in the hands of his trustees. Whatever may have been the contents of this former instrument, we find that, in about a fortnight after his mother's death, he thought it right to have a new form of will drawn up; and the following letter, enclosing his instructions for that purpose, was addressed to the late Mr. Bolton, a solicitor of Nottingham. Of the existence, in any serious or formal shape, of the strange directions here given, respecting his own interment, I was, for some time, I confess, much inclined to doubt; but the curious documents here annexed put this remarkable instance of his eccentricity beyond all question.

TO —— BOLTON, ESQ.

"Newstead Abbey, August 12, 1811.

"Sir,

"I enclose a rough draught of my intended will, which I beg to have drawn up as soon as possible, in the firmest manner. The alterations are principally made in consequence of the death of Mrs. Byron. I have only to request that it may be got ready in a short time, and have the honour to be,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,
"BYRON."

"Newstead Abbey, August 12, 1811.

"DIRECTIONS FOR THE CONTENTS OF A WILL TO BE DRAWN UP IMMEDIATELY.

"The estate of Newstead to be entailed (subject to certain deductions) on George Anson Byron, heir-at-law, or whoever may be the heir-at-law on the death of Lord B. The Rochdale property to be sold in part or the whole, according to the debts and legacies of the present Lord B.

"To Nicolo Giraud of Athens, subject of France, but born in Greece, the sum of seven thousand pounds sterling, to be paid from the sale of such parts of Rochdale, Newstead, or elsewhere, as may enable the said Nicolo Giraud (resident at Athens and Malta in the year 1810) to receive the above sum on his attaining the age of twenty-one years.

"To William Fletcher, Joseph Murray, and Demetrius Zograffo[1] (native of Greece),

company. Scrope was always ready, and often witty—Hobhouse as witty, but not always so ready, being more diffident."—*MS. Journal of Lord Byron.*

[1] "If the papers lie not (which they generally do), Demetrius Zograffo of Athens is at the head of the Athenian part of the Greek insurrection. He was my servant in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, at different intervals of those years (for I left him in Greece when I went to Constantinople), and accompanied me to England in 1811: he returned to Greece, spring, 1812. He was a clever, but not *apparently* an enterprising man; but circumstances make men. His two sons (*then* infants) were

servants, the sum of fifty pounds pr. ann. each, for their natural lives. To Wm. Fletcher, the Mill at Newstead, on condition that he payeth rent, but not subject to the caprice of the landlord. To Rt. Rushton the sum of fifty pounds per ann. for life, and a further sum of one thousand pounds on attaining the age of twenty-five years.

"To Jn. Hanson, Esq. the sum of two thousands pounds sterling.

"The claims of S. B. Davies, Esq. to be satisfied on proving the amount of the same.

"The body of Lord B. to be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial-service whatever, or any inscription, save his name and age. His dog not to be removed from the said vault.

"My library and furniture of every description to my friends Jn. Cam Hobhouse, Esq., and S. B. Davies, Esq., my executors. In case of their decease, the Rev. J. Becher, of Southwell, Notts., and R. C. Dallas, Esq., of Mortlake, Surrey, to be executors.

"The produce of the sale of Wymondham in Norfolk, and the late Mrs. B.'s Scotch property[1], to be appropriated in aid of the payment of debts and legacies."

In sending a copy of the Will, framed on these instructions, to Lord Byron, the solicitor accompanied some of the clauses with marginal queries, calling the attention of his noble client to points which he considered inexpedient or questionable; and as the short pithy answers to these suggestions are strongly characteristic of their writer, I shall here give one or two of the clauses in full, with the respective queries and answers annexed.

"This is the last will and testament of me, the Rt. Honble George Gordon Lord Byron, Baron Byron of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster. — I desire that my body may be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial-service whatever, and that no inscription, save my name and age, be written on the tomb or tablet; and it is my will that my faithful dog may not be removed from the said vault. To the performance of this my particular desire, I rely on the attention of my executors hereinafter named."

"*It is submitted to Lord Byron whether this clause relative to the funeral had not better be omitted. The substance of it can be given in a letter from his Lordship to the executors, and accompany the will; and the will may state that the funeral shall be performed in such manner as his Lordship may by letter direct, and, in default of any such letter, then at the discretion of his executors.*"

"It must stand. "B."

"I do hereby specifically order and direct that all the claims of the said S. B. Davies upon me shall be fully paid and satisfied as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, on his proving [by vouchers, or otherwise, to the satisfaction of my executors hereinafter named][2] the amount thereof, and the correctness of the same."

"*If Mr. Davies has any unsettled claims upon Lord Byron, that circumstance is a reason for his not being appointed executor; each executor having an opportunity of paying himself his own debt without consulting his co-executors.*"

"So much the better—if possible, let him be an executor. "B."

The two following letters contain further instructions on the same subject:—

LETTER 57. TO MR. BOLTON.

"Newstead Abbey, August 16. 1811.

"Sir,

"I have answered the queries on the margin.[3] I wish Mr. Davies's claims to be most fully allowed, and, further, that he be one of my executors. I wish the will to be made in a manner to prevent all discussion, if possible, after my decease; and this I leave to you as a professional gentleman.

"With regard to the few and simple directions for the disposal of my *carcass*, I must have them implicitly fulfilled, as they will, at least, prevent trouble and expense, —and (what would be of little consequence to me, but may quiet the conscience of the survivors) the garden is *consecrated* ground. These directions are copied verbatim from my former will; the alterations in other parts have arisen from the death of Mrs. B. I have the honour to be

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

named Miltiades and Alcibiades: may the omen be happy!" — *MS. Journal.*

[1] On the death of his mother, a considerable sum of money, the remains of the price of the estate of Gight, was paid into his hands by her trustee, Baron Clerk.

[2] Over the words which I have here placed between brackets, Lord Byron drew his pen.

[3] In the clause enumerating the names and places of abode of the executors, the solicitor had left blanks for the Christian names of these gentlemen, and Lord Byron, having filled up all but that of Dallas, writes in the margin — "I forget the Christian name of Dallas — cut him out."

LETTER 58. TO MR. BOLTON.

"Newstead Abbey, August 20. 1811.

"Sir,

"The witnesses shall be provided from amongst my tenants, and I shall be happy to see you on any day most convenient to yourself. I forgot to mention, that it must be specified by codicil, or otherwise, that my body is on no account to be removed from the vault where I have directed it to be placed; and in case any of my successors within the entail (from bigotry, or otherwise) might think proper to remove the carcass, such proceeding shall be attended by forfeiture of the estate, which in such case shall go to my sister, the Honble Augusta Leigh and her heirs on similar conditions. I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your very obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

In consequence of this last letter, a proviso and declaration, in conformity with its instructions, were inserted in the will. He also executed, on the 28th of this month, a codicil, by which he revoked the bequest of his "household goods and furniture, library, pictures, sabres, watches, plate, linen, trinkets, and other personal estate (except money and securities) situate within the walls of the mansion-house and premises at his decease — and bequeathed the same (except his wine and spirituous liquors) to his friends, the said J. C. Hobhouse, S. B. Davies, and Francis Hodgson, their executors, &c., to be equally divided between them for their own use;—and he bequeathed his wine and spirituous liquors, which should be in the cellars and premises at Newstead, unto his friend, the said J. Becher, for his own use, and requested the said J. C. Hobhouse, S. B. Davies, F. Hodgson, and J. Becher, respectively, to accept the bequest therein contained to them respectively, as a token of his friendship."

The following letters, written while his late losses were fresh in his mind, will be read with painful interest:—

LETTER 59. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts., August 12. 1811.

"Peace be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose. Besides her who gave me being, I have lost more than one who made that being tolerable. —The best friend of my friend Hobhouse, Matthews, a man of the first talents, and also not the worst of my narrow circle, has perished miserably in the muddy waves of the Cam, always fatal to genius:—my poor school-fellow, Wingfield, at Coimbra — within a month; and whilst I had heard from *all three*, but not seen *one*. Matthews wrote to me the very day before his death; and though I feel for his fate, I am still more anxious for Hobhouse, who, I very much fear, will hardly retain his senses: his letters to me since the event have been most incoherent. But let this pass; we shall all one day pass along with the rest — the world is too full of such things, and our very sorrow is selfish.

"I received a letter from you, which my late occupations prevented me from duly noticing.—I hope your friends and family will long hold together. I shall be glad to hear from you, on business, on commonplace, or any thing, or nothing—but death —I am already too familiar with the dead. It is strange that I look on the skulls which stand beside me (I have always had *four* in my study) without emotion, but I cannot strip the features of those I have known of their fleshy covering, even in idea, without a hideous sensation; but the worms are less ceremonious.—Surely, the Romans did well when they burned the dead.—I shall be happy to hear from you, and am yours," &c.

LETTER 60. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Newstead Abbey, August 22. 1811.

"You may have heard of the sudden death of my mother, and poor Matthews, which, with that of Wingfield (of which I was not fully aware till just before I left town, and indeed hardly believed it,) has made a sad chasm in my connections. Indeed the blows followed each other so rapidly that I am yet stupid from the shock; and though I do eat, and drink, and talk, and even laugh, at times, yet I can hardly persuade myself that I am awake, did not every morning convince me mournfully to the contrary.—I shall now wave the subject, —the dead are at rest, and none but the dead can be so.

"You will feel for poor Hobhouse,—Matthews was the 'god of his idolatry;' and if intellect could exalt a man above his fellows, no one could refuse him pre-eminence. I knew him most intimately, and valued him proportionably; but I am recurring — so let us talk of life and the living.

"If you should feel a disposition to come here, you will find 'beef and a sea-coal fire,' and not ungenerous wine. Whether Otway's two other requisites for an Englishman or

not, I cannot tell, but probably one of them.[1] —Let me know when I may expect you, that I may tell you when I go and when return. I have not yet been to Lancs. Davies has been here, and has invited me to Cambridge for a week in October, so that, peradventure, we may encounter glass to glass. His gaiety (death cannot mar it) has done me service; but, after all, ours was a hollow laughter.

"You will write to me? I am solitary, and I never felt solitude irksome before. Your anxiety about the critique on * *'s book is amusing; as it was anonymous, certes it was of little consequence: I wish it had produced a little more confusion, being a lover of literary malice. Are you doing nothing? writing nothing? printing nothing? why not your Satire on Methodism? the subject (supposing the public to be blind to merit) would do wonders. Besides, it would be as well for a destined deacon to prove his orthodoxy.—It really would give me pleasure to see you properly appreciated. I say *really*, as, being an author, my humanity might be suspected. Believe me, dear H. yours always."

LETTER 61. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead, August 21. 1811.

"Your letter gives me credit for more acute feelings than I possess; for though I feel tolerably miserable, yet I am at the same time subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather laughter without merriment, which I can neither account for nor conquer, and yet I do not feel relieved by it; but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits. 'We must forget these things,' and have recourse to our old selfish comforts, or rather comfortable selfishness. I do not think I shall return to London immediately, and shall therefore accept freely what is offered courteously—your mediation between me and Murray. I don't think my name will answer the purpose, and you must be aware that my plaguy Satire will bring the north and south Grub Streets down upon the 'Pilgrimage;'—but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a point of it, and you coincide with him, I will do it daringly; so let it be entitled 'By the author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' My remarks on the Romaic, &c., once intended to accompany the 'Hints from Horace,' shall go along with the other, as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller poems now in my possession, with a few selected from those published in Hobhouse's Miscellany. I have found amongst my poor mother's papers all my letters from the East, and one in particular of some length from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work up a note or two on that subject. As I kept no journal, the letters written on the spot are the best. But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged.

"Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may—but I will have no traps for applause. Of course there are little things I would wish to alter, and perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday are as well left out. I much wish to avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with mine, and that, in sooth, is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page. When you have made arrangements as to time, size, type, &c. favour me with a reply. I am giving you an universe of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a kind of prose apology for my scepticism at the head of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more like an attack than a defence, that, haply, it might better be omitted:—perpend, pronounce. After all, I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the orthodox; but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through it. As for me, 'I have supped full of criticism,' and I don't think that the 'most dismal treatise' will stir and rouse my 'fell of hair' till 'Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane.'

"I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or rather get off, Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your Ionian friend[2] and myself, who would have saved him from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscription and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less than five families of distinction.

"I am sorry you don't like Harry White: with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there

[1] ["Give but an Englishman his ——e and ease,
Beef and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever."
Venice Preserved, act ii. sc. 2.]

[2] [Walter Rodwell Wright, author of "Horæ Ionicæ," a poem, descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and the neighbouring coast of Greece:—

"Wright! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
To hail the land of gods and godlike men."
English Bards, &c. Works, p. 484.]

is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes[1]; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. You must excuse my flippancy, for I am writing I know not what, to escape from myself. Hobhouse is gone to Ireland. Mr. Davies has been here on his way to Harrowgate.

"You did not know Matthews: he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself — to Hobhouse never. Let me hear from you, and believe me," &c.

The progress towards publication of his two forthcoming works will be traced in his letters to Mr. Murray and Mr. Dallas.

LETTER 62. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts., August 23. 1811.

"Sir,

"A domestic calamity in the death of a near relation has hitherto prevented my addressing you on the subject of this letter.— My friend, Mr. Dallas, has placed in your hands a manuscript poem written by me in Greece, which he tells me you do not object to publishing. But he also informed me in London that you wished to send the MS. to Mr. Gifford. Now, though no one would feel more gratified by the chance of obtaining his observations on a work than myself, there is in such a proceeding a kind of petition for praise, that neither my pride — or whatever you please to call it — will admit. Mr. G. is not only the first satirist of the day, but editor of one of the principal reviews. As such, he is the last man whose censure (however eager to avoid it) I would deprecate by clandestine means. You will therefore retain the manuscript in your own care, or, if it must needs be shown, send it to another. Though not very patient of censure, I would fain obtain fairly any little praise my rhymes might deserve, at all events not by extortion, and the humble solicitations of a bandied-about MS. I am sure a little consideration will convince you it would be wrong.

"If you determine on publication, I have some smaller poems (never published), a few notes, and a short dissertation on the literature of the modern Greeks (written at Athens), which will come in at the end of the volume. — And, if the present poem should succeed, it is my intention, at some subsequent period, to publish some selections from my first work, — my Satire, — another nearly the same length, and a few other things, with the MS. now in your hands, in two volumes. — But of these hereafter. You will apprize me of your determination. I am, Sir, your very obedient," &c.

LETTER 63. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, August 25. 1811.

"Being fortunately enabled to frank, I do not spare scribbling, having sent you packets within the last ten days. I am passing solitary, and do not expect my agent to accompany me to Rochdale before the second week in September; a delay which perplexes me, as I wish the business over, and should at present welcome employment. I sent you exordiums, annotations, &c. for the forthcoming quarto, if quarto it is to be: and I also have written to Mr. Murray my objection to sending the MS. to Juvenal, but allowing him to show it to any others of the calling. Hobhouse is amongst the types already: so, between his prose and my verse, the world will be decently drawn upon for its paper-money and patience. Besides all this, my 'Imitation of Horace' is gasping for the press at Cawthorn's, but I am hesitating as to the *how* and the *when*, the single or the double, the present or the future. You must excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else.

"What are you about to do? Do you think of perching in Cumberland, as you opined when I was in the metropolis? If you mean to retire, why not occupy Miss*** [Milbanke's] 'Cottage of Friendship,' late the seat of Cobbler Joe[2], for whose death you and others are answerable? His 'Orphan Daughter' (pathetic Pratt!) will, certes, turn out a shoemaking Sappho. Have you no remorse? I think that elegant address

[1] ["So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart," &c.
English Bards. Works, p. 434.]

[2] ["In Seaham church-yard, without any memorial," says Mr. Surtees, "rest the remains of Joseph Blackett, an unfortunate child of genius, whose last days were soothed by the generous attention of the family of Milbanke."—*Hist. of Durham*, vol. i. p. 272.]

to Miss Dallas should be inscribed on the cenotaph which Miss *** [Milbanke] means to stitch to his memory.

"The newspapers seem much disappointed at his Majesty's not dying, or doing something better. I presume it is almost over. If parliament meets in October, I shall be in town to attend. I am also invited to Cambridge for the beginning of that month, but am first to jaunt to Rochdale. Now Matthews is gone, and Hobhouse in Ireland, I have hardly one left there to bid me welcome, except my inviter. At three-and-twenty I am left alone, and what more can we be at seventy? It is true I am young enough to begin again, but with whom can I retrace the laughing part of life? It is odd how few of my friends have died a quiet death, — I mean, in their beds. But a quiet life is of more consequence. Yet one loves squabbling and jostling better than yawning. This *last word* admonishes me to relieve you from yours very truly," &c.

LETTER 64. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, Aug. 27. 1811.

"I was so sincere in my note on the late Charles Matthews, and do feel myself so totally unable to do justice to his talents, that the passage must stand for the very reason you bring against it. To him all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield better; he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but in ability —ah! you did not know Matthews!

"'Childe Harold' may wait and welcome — books are never the worse for delay in the publication. So you have got our heir, George Anson Byron, and his sister, with you.

"You may say what you please, but you are one of the *murderers* of Blackett, and yet you won't allow Harry White's genius. Setting aside his bigotry, he surely ranks next Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notice useless. For my own part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable.[1] There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr. Townsend[2], *protégé* of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his 'Armageddon?' I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime: though, perpaps, the anticipation of the 'Last Day' (according to you Nazarenes) is a little too daring: at least, it looks like telling the Lord what he is to do, and might remind an ill-natured person of the line,

'And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

But I don't mean to cavil, only other folks will, and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way.[3]

"Write to me — I dote on gossip — and make a bow to Ju—[4], and shake George by the hand for me; but, take care, for he has a sad sea paw.

"P. S. — I would ask George here, but I don't know how to amuse him — all my horses were sold when I left England, and I have not had time to replace them. Nevertheless, if he will come down and shoot in September, he will be very welcome: but he must bring a gun, for I gave away all mine to Ali Pacha, and other Turks. Dogs, a keeper, and plenty of game, with a very large manor, I have — a lake, a boat, house-room, and *neat wines*."

LETTER 65. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 5. 1811.

"Sir,

"The time seems to be past when (as Dr. Johnson said) a man was certain to 'hear the truth from his bookseller,' for you have paid me so many compliments, that, if I was not the veriest scribbler on earth, I should feel affronted. As I accept your compliments, it is but fair I should give equal or greater credit to your objections, the more so, as I believe them to be well founded. With regard to the political and metaphysical parts, I am afraid I can alter nothing; but I have high authority for my errors in that point, for even the *Æneid* was a *political* poem, and written for a

[1] [Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in 1806.—

"Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay."—
English Bards, &c.

His "Remains," with a memoir of his Life by Mr. Southey, have frequently been reprinted.]

[2] [The Rev. George Townsend, of Trinity College, Cambridge.]

[3] [In 1815, Mr. Townsend published eight out of the twelve books of which "Armageddon" was to consist, but never brought the poem to a conclusion, "from a conviction," he says, "of his inability to support a subject, under which the greatest mental powers must inevitably sink."]

[4] [Julia-Maria, sister of the present Lord Byron; who married, in 1817, the Rev. Robert Heath, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.]

political purpose; and as to my unlucky opinions on subjects of more importance, I am too sincere in them for recantation. On Spanish affairs I have said what I saw, and every day confirms me in that notion of the result formed on the spot; and I rather think honest John Bull is beginning to come round again to that sobriety which Massena's retreat had begun to reel from its centre — the usual consequence of *un*usual success. So you perceive I cannot alter the sentiments; but if there are any alterations in the structure of the versification you would wish to be made, I will tag rhymes and turn stanzas as much as you please. As for the '*orthodox*,' let us hope they will buy, on purpose to abuse — you will forgive the one, if they will do the other. You are aware that any thing from my pen must expect no quarter, on many accounts; and as the present publication is of a nature very different from the former, we must not be sanguine.

"You have given me no answer to my question — tell me fairly, did you show the MS. to some of your corps? — I sent an introductory stanza to Mr. Dallas, to be forwarded to you; the poem else will open too abruptly. The stanzas had better be numbered in Roman characters. There is a disquisition on the literature of the modern Greeks, and some smaller poems to come in at the close. These are now at Newstead, but will be sent in time. If Mr. D. has lost the stanza and note annexed to it, write, and I will send it myself. — You tell me to add two cantos, but I am about to visit my *collieries* in Lancashire on the 15th instant, which is so unpoetical an employment that I need say no more. I am, sir, your most obedient," &c.

The manuscripts of both his poems having been shown, much against his own will, to Mr. Gifford, the opinion of that gentleman was thus reported to him by Mr. Dallas: — "of your Satire he spoke highly; but this poem (Childe Harold) he pronounced not only the best you have written, but equal to any of the present age."

LETTER 66. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, September 7. 1811.

"As Gifford has been ever my 'Magnus Apollo,' any approbation, such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than 'all Bocara's vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarcand.'[1] But I am sorry the MS. was shown to him in such a manner, and had written to Murray to say as much, before I was aware that it was too late.

"Your objection to the expression 'central line' I can only meet by saying that, before Childe Harold left England, it was his full intention to traverse Persia, and return by India, which he could not have done without passing the equinoctial.

"The other errors you mention, I must correct in the progress through the press. I feel honoured by the wish of such men that the poem should be continued, but to do that I must return to Greece and Asia; I must have a warm sun and a blue sky; I cannot describe scenes so dear to me by a sea-coal fire. I had projected an additional canto when I was in the Troad and Constantinople, and if I saw them again, it would go on; but under existing circumstances and *sensations*, I have neither harp, 'heart, nor voice' to proceed. I feel that *you are all right* as to the metaphysical part; but I also feel that I am sincere, and that if I am only to write '*ad captandum vulgus*,' I might as well edit a magazine at once, or spin canzonettas for Vauxhall.

"My work must make its way as well as it can; I know I have every thing against me, angry poets and prejudices; but if the poem is a *poem*, it will surmount these obstacles, and if *not*, it deserves its fate. Your friend's Ode[2] I have read — it is no great compliment to pronounce it far superior to Smythe's[3] on the same subject, or to the merits of the new Chancellor. It is evidently the production of a man of taste, and a poet, though I should not be willing to say it was fully equal to what might be expected from the author of '*Horæ Ionicæ*.' I thank you for it, and that is more than I would do for any other Ode of the present day.

"I am very sensible of your good wishes, and, indeed, I have need of them. My whole life has been at variance with propriety, not to say decency; my circumstances are become involved; my friends are dead or estranged, and my existence a dreary void. In Matthews I have lost my 'guide, philosopher, and friend;' in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey.

[1] ["That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight,
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand." —
SIR W. JONES.]

[2] [An Ode written by Mr. Walter Wright, on the occasion of the Duke of Gloucester's installation as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.]

[3] [Professor Smythe, of Peter House. See *antè*, p. 76.]

"Matthews was indeed an extraordinary man; it has not entered into the heart of a stranger to conceive such a man: there was the stamp of immortality in all he said or did; — and now what is he? When we see such men pass away and be no more — men, who seem created to display what the Creator *could make* his creatures, gathered into corruption, before the maturity of minds that might have been the pride of posterity, what are we to conclude? For my own part, I am bewildered. To me he was much, to Hobhouse every thing. My poor Hobhouse doted on Matthews. For me, I did not love quite so much as I honoured him; I was indeed so sensible of his infinite superiority, that though I did not envy, I stood in awe of it. He, Hobhouse, Davies, and myself, formed a coterie of our own at Cambridge and elsewhere. Davies is a wit and man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do; but not as Hobhouse has been affected. Davies, who is not a scribbler, has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order. Hobhouse and myself always had the worst of it with the other two; and even Matthews yielded to the dashing vivacity of Scrope Davies. But I am talking to you of men, or boys, as if you cared about such beings.

"I expect mine agent down on the 14th to proceed to Lancashire, where I hear from all quarters that I have a very valuable property in coals, &c. I then intend to accept an invitation to Cambridge in October, and shall, perhaps, run up to town. I have four invitations — to Wales, Dorset, Cambridge, and Chester; but I must be a man of business. I am quite alone, as these long letters sadly testify. I perceive, by referring to your letter, that the Ode is from the author; make my thanks acceptable to him. His muse is worthy a nobler theme. You will write as usual, I hope. I wish you good evening, and am," &c.

LETTER 67. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 14. 1811.

"Sir,

"Since your former letter, Mr. Dallas informs me that the MS. has been submitted to the perusal of Mr. Gifford, most contrary to my wishes, as Mr. D. could have explained, and as my own letter to you did, in fact, explain, with my motives for objecting to such a proceeding. Some late domestic events, of which you are probably aware, prevented my letter from being sent before; indeed, I hardly conceived you would have so hastily thrust my productions into the hands of a stranger, who could be as little pleased by receiving them, as their author is at their being offered, in such a manner, and to such a man.

"My address, when I leave Newstead, will be to 'Rochdale, Lancashire;' but I have not yet fixed the day of departure, and I will apprise you when ready to set off.

"You have placed me in a very ridiculous situation, but it is past, and nothing more is to be said on the subject. You hinted to me that you wished some alterations to be made; if they have nothing to do with politics or religion, I will make them with great readiness.

"I am, Sir, &c. &c.

"BYRON."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, Sept. 16. 1811.[1]

"I return the proof, which I should wish to be shown to Mr. Dallas, who understands typographical arrangements much better than I can pretend to do. The printer may place the notes in his *own way*, or any *way*, so that they are out of *my way*; I care nothing about types or margins.

"If you have any communication to make, I shall be here at least a week or ten days longer.

"I am, Sir," &c. &c.

LETTER 68. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17. 1811.

"I can easily excuse your not writing, as you have, I hope, something better to do, and you must pardon my frequent invasions on your attention, because I have at this moment nothing to interpose between you and my epistles.

"I cannot settle to any thing, and my days pass, with the exception of bodily exercise to some extent, with uniform indolence, and idle insipidity. I have been expecting, and still expect, my agent, when I shall have enough to occupy my reflections in business of no very pleasant aspect.

[1] On a leaf of one of his paper-books I find an Epigram written at this time, which, though not perhaps particularly good, I consider myself bound to insert: —

"ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR PARCICAL OPERA.

"Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce:
The poet's fame grows brittle —
We knew before
That *Little*'s Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*."

Sept. 14. 1811.

["M. P.; or the Blue Stocking" was performed at the Lyceum, for the first time, on the 9th of September.]

Before my journey to Rochdale, you shall have due notice where to address me — I believe at the post-office of that township. From Murray I received a second proof of the same pages, which I requested him to show you, that any thing which may have escaped my observation may be detected before the printer lays the corner-stone of an *errata* column.

"I am now not quite alone, having an old acquaintance and school-fellow with me, so *old*, indeed, that we have nothing *new* to say on any subject, and yawn at each other in a sort of *quiet inquietude*. I hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain Hobhouse; and *their quarto* — Lord have mercy on mankind! We come on like Cerberus with our triple publications. As for *myself*, by *myself*, I must be satisfied with a comparison to *Janus*.

"I am not at all pleased with Murray for showing the MS.; and I am certain Gifford must see it in the same light that I do. His praise is nothing to the purpose: what could he say? He could not spit in the face of one who had praised him in every possible way. I must own that I wish to have the impression removed from his mind, that I had any concern in such a paltry transaction. The more I think, the more it disquiets me; so I will say no more about it. It is bad enough to be a scribbler, without having recourse to such shifts to extort praise, or deprecate censure. It is anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, adulating, — the devil! the devil! the devil! and all without my wish, and contrary to my express desire. I wish Murray had been tied to *Payne*'s neck when he jumped into the Paddington Canal [1], and so tell him, — *that* is the proper receptacle for publishers. You have thoughts of settling in the country, why not try Notts.? I think there are places which would suit you in all points, and then you are nearer the metropolis. But of this anon.

"I am, yours," &c.

"BYRON."

LETTER 69. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, Sept. 21. 1811.

"I have shown my respect for your suggestions by adopting them; but I have made many alterations in the first proof, over and above; as, for example:

"Oh Thou, in *Hellas* deem'd of heavenly birth, &c. &c.
"Since *shamed full oft* by *later lyres* on earth, Mine, &c.
"Yet there *I've wander'd* by the vaunted rill;

and so on. So I have got rid of Dr. Lowth and 'drunk' to boot, and very glad I am to say so. I have also sullenised the line as heretofore, and in short have been quite conformable.

"Pray write; you shall hear when I remove to Lancashire. I have brought you and my friend Juvenal Hodgson upon my back, on the score of revelation. You are fervent, but he is quite *glowing;* and if he take half the pains to save his own soul, which he volunteers to redeem mine, great will be his reward hereafter. I honour and thank you both, but am convinced by neither. Now for notes. Besides those I have sent, I shall send the observations on the Edinburgh Reviewer's remarks on the modern Greek, an Albanian song in the Albanian (*not Greek*) language, specimens of modern Greek from their New Testament, a comedy of Goldoni's translated, *one scene*, a prospectus of a friend's book, and perhaps a song or two, *all* in Romaic, besides their Pater Noster; so there will be enough, if not too much, with what I have already sent. Have you received the 'Noctes Atticæ?' I sent also an annotation on Portugal. Hobhouse is also forthcoming."

LETTER 70. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, Sept. 23. 1811.

"*Lisboa* is the Portuguese word, consequently the very best. Ulissipont is pedantic; and as I have *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would be something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wish

[1] In a note on his "Hints from Horace," he thus humorously applies this incident: —

"A literary friend of mine walking out one lovely evening last summer on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of 'One in jeopardy!' He rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on buttermilk in an adjoining paddock), procured three rakes, one eel spear, and a landing-net, and at last (*horresco referens*) pulled out — his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its 'alacrity of sinking' was so great, that it has never since been heard of, though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry-premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of 'Felo de Bibliopolâ' against a 'quarto unknown,' and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the 'Curse of Kehama' (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session in Grub Street. Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de Lion, Exodus, Exodiad, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's."

to avoid, since I shall have a perilous quantity of *modern* Greek in my notes, as specimens of the tongue; therefore Lisboa may keep its place. You are right about the 'Hints;' they must not precede the 'Romaunt; but Cawthorn will be savage if they don't; however, keep *them* back, and *him* in *good humour*, if we can, but do not let him publish.

"I have adopted, I believe, most of your suggestions, but 'Lisboa' will be an exception to prove the rule. I have sent a quantity of notes, and shall continue; but pray let them be copied; no devil can read my hand. By the by, I do not mean to exchange the ninth verse of the 'Good Night.' I have no reason to suppose my dog better than his brother brutes, mankind; and *Argus* we know to be a fable. The 'Cosmopolite' was an acquisition abroad. I do not believe it is to be found in England. It is an amusing little volume, and full of French flippancy. I read, though I do not speak the language.

"I *will* be angry with Murray. It was a bookselling, back-shop, Paternoster-row, paltry proceeding; and if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet Street, and borrowed the giant's staff from St. Dunstan's church, to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he never was written to before by an author, I'll be sworn, and I hope you will amplify my wrath, till it has an effect upon him. You tell me always you have much to write about. Write it, but let us drop metaphysics; — on that point we shall never agree. I am dull and drowsy, as usual. I do nothing, and even that nothing fatigues me. Adieu."

LETTER. 71. TO MR. DALLAS.

"Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11. 1811.

"I have returned from Lancashire, and ascertained that my property there may be made very valuable, but various circumstances very much circumscribe my exertions at present. I shall be in town on business in the beginning of November, and perhaps at Cambridge before the end of this month; but of my movements you shall be regularly apprised. Your objections I have in part done away by alterations, which I hope will suffice; and I have sent two or three additional stanzas for both '*Fytte*s.' I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' and 'supped full of horrors' till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families; I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility.

"Instead of tiring yourself with *my* concerns, I should be glad to hear *your* plans of retirement. I suppose you would not like to be wholly shut out of society? Now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. There are, besides, a coffee-room, assemblies, &c.&c., which bring people together. My mother had a house there some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth. Lastly, you will not be very remote from me; and though I am the very worst companion for young people in the world, this objection would not apply to *you*, whom I could see frequently. Your expenses, too, would be such as best suit your inclinations, more or less, as you thought proper; but very little would be requisite to enable you to enter into all the gaieties of a country life. You could be as quiet or bustling as you liked, and certainly as well situated as on the lakes of Cumberland, unless you have a particular wish to be *picturesque*.

"Pray, is your Ionian friend in town? You have promised me an introduction. You mention having consulted some friend on the MSS. Is not this contrary to our usual way? Instruct Mr. Murray not to allow his shopman to call the work 'Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage!!!!!' as he has done to some of my astonished friends, who wrote to inquire after my *sanity* on the occasion, as well they might. I have heard nothing of Murray, whom I scolded heartily. Must I write more notes? — Are there not enough? — Cawthorn must be kept back with the 'Hints.' — I hope he is getting on with Hobhouse's quarto. Good evening. Yours ever," &c.

Of the same date with this melancholy letter are the following verses, never before printed, which he wrote in answer to some lines re-

ceived from a friend, exhorting him to be cheerful, and to "banish care." They will show with what gloomy fidelity, even while under the pressure of recent sorrow, he reverted to the disappointment of his early affection, as the chief source of all his sufferings and errors, present and to come.

"Newstead Abbey, October 11. 1811.

"'Oh! banish care'—such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and 'banish care.'
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lour,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one
Whose every thought—but let them pass—
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak—speak of any thing but love.

"'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear
The tale of one who scorns a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffer'd more than well
'Twould suit Philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant which she bore
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled
As fond and faultless as her child;—
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain.
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave;—
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less.

"But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;
The world befits a busy brain,—
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's 'May is in the sere,'
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times,
Of one, whom Love nor Pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One, who in stern Ambition's pride,
Perchance not Blood shall turn aside,
One rank'd in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know*—and, *knowing*, pause,
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause."

The anticipations of his own future career in these concluding lines are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him. It seemed as if, with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had also the ambition to be, himself, the dark "sublime he drew," and that, in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, where he could not find, in his own character, fit subjects for his pencil.

CHAPTER XIII.

1811.

POEMS ON THE DEATH OF "THYRZA."—THE REV. ROBERT BLAND.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE BIOGRAPHER'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH LORD BYRON.—CORRESPONDENCE.—MR. ROGERS.—MR. CAMPBELL.—LETTERS TO MR. HARNESS.—COLERIDGE'S LECTURES.—MADAME D'ARBLAY.—KEMBLE'S CORIOLANUS.—BYRON'S SOLITARY POSITION.—ANECDOTES.

It was about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling and expressing the blight which his heart had suffered from a *real* object of affection, that his poems on the death of an *imaginary* one, "Thyrza," were written;—nor is it any wonder, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which these beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs;—a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling. In retracing the happy hours he had known with the friends now lost, all the ardent tenderness of his youth came back upon him. His school-sports with the favourites of his boyhood, Wingfield and Tatersall,—his summer days with Long [1], and those evenings of music and romance which he had dreamed away in the society of his adopted brother, Edlestone,—all these recollections of the young and dead now came to mingle themselves in his mind with the image of her who, though living, was, for him, as much lost as they, and diffused that general feeling of sadness and fondness through his soul, which found a vent in these poems. No friendship,

[1] See the extract from one of his journals, *antè*, p. 32.

however warm, could have inspired sorrow so passionate; as no love, however pure, could have kept passion so chastened. It was the blending of the two affections, in his memory and imagination, that thus gave birth to an ideal object combining the best features of both, and drew from him these saddest and tenderest of love poems, in which we find all the depth and intensity of real feeling touched over with such a light as no reality ever wore.

The following letter gives some further account of the course of his thoughts and pursuits at this period:—

Letter 72. TO MR. HODGSON.

"Newstead Abbey, Oct. 13. 1811.

"You will begin to deem me a most liberal correspondent; but as my letters are free, you will overlook their frequency. I have sent you answers in prose and verse[1] to all your late communications; and though I am invading your ease again, I don't know why, or what to put down that you are not acquainted with already. I am growing *nervous* (how you will laugh!)—but it is true,—really, wretchedly, ridiculously, fine-ladically *nervous*. Your climate kills me; I can neither read, write, nor amuse myself, or any one else. My days are listless, and my nights restless; I have very seldom any society, and when I have, I run out of it. At 'this present writing,' there are in the next room three *ladies*, and I have stolen away to write this grumbling letter.—I don't know that I sha'n't end with insanity, for I find a want of method in arranging my thoughts that perplexes me strangely; but this looks more like silliness than madness, as Scrope Davies would facetiously remark in his consoling manner. I must try the hartshorn of your company; and a session of Parliament would suit me well,—any thing to cure me of conjugating the accursed verb '*ennuyer*.'

"When shall you be at Cambridge? You have hinted, I think, that your friend Bland is returned from Holland. I have always had a great respect for his talents, and for all that I have heard of his character; but of me, I believe he knows nothing except that he heard my sixth form repetitions ten months together, at the average of two lines a morning, and those never perfect. I remembered him and his 'Slaves' as I passed between Capes Matapan, St. Angelo, and his Isle of Ceriga, and I always bewailed the absence of the Anthology. I suppose he will now translate Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare, and 'Gysbert van Amstel' will easily be accommodated to our stage in its present state; and I presume he saw the Dutch poem, where the love of Pyramus and Thisbe is compared to the *passion* of *Christ;* also the love of *Lucifer* for Eve, and other varieties of Low Country literature. No doubt you will think me crazed to talk of such things, but they are all in black and white and good repute on the banks of every canal from Amsterdam to Alkmaar.

"Yours ever, "B."

"My poesy is in the hands of its various publishers; but the 'Hints from Horace,' (to which I have subjoined some savage lines on Methodism, and ferocious notes on the vanity of the triple Editory of the Edin. Annual Register,) my '*Hints*,' I say, stand still, and why?—I have not a friend in the world (but you and Drury) who can construe Horace's Latin or my English well enough to adjust them for the press, or to correct the proofs in a grammatical way. So that, unless you have bowels when you return to town (I am too far off to do it for myself), this ineffable work will be lost to the world for—I don't know how many *weeks*.

"'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' must wait till *Murray*'s is finished. He is making a tour in Middlesex, and is to return soon, when high matter may be expected. He wants to have it in quarto, which is a cursed unsaleable size; but it is pestilent long, and one must obey one's bookseller. I trust Murray will pass the Paddington Canal without being seduced by Payne and Mackinlay's example,—I say Payne and Mackinlay, supposing that the partnership held good. Drury, the villain, has not written to me; 'I am never (as Mrs. Lumpkin says to Tony) to be gratified with the monster's dear wild notes.'

"So you are going (going indeed!) into orders. You must make your peace with the Eclectic Reviewers—they accuse you of impiety, I fear, with injustice. Demetrius, the 'Sieger of Cities,' is here, with 'Gilpin Horner.' The painter[2] is not necessary, as the portraits he already painted are (by anticipation) very like the new animals.—Write, and send me your 'Love Song'—but I want 'paulo majora' from you. Make a dash before you are a deacon, and try a *dry* publisher.

"Yours always, "B."

[1] The verses at p. 140.

[2] Barber, whom he had brought down to Newstead to paint his wolf and his bear.

It was at this period that I first had the happiness of seeing and becoming acquainted with Lord Byron. The correspondence in which our acquaintance originated is, in a high degree, illustrative of the frank manliness of his character; and as it was begun on my side, some egotism must be tolerated in the detail which I have to give of the circumstances that led to it. So far back as the year 1806, on the occasion of a meeting which took place at Chalk Farm between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, a good deal of ridicule and raillery, founded on a false representation of what occurred before the magistrates at Bow Street, appeared in almost all the public prints. In consequence of this, I was induced to address a letter to the Editor of one of the Journals, contradicting the falsehood that had been circulated, and stating briefly the real circumstances of the case. For some time my letter seemed to produce the intended effect,—but, unluckily, the original story was too tempting a theme for humour and sarcasm to be so easily superseded by mere matter of fact. Accordingly, after a little time, whenever the subject was publicly alluded to, — more especially by those who were at all "willing to wound," — the old falsehood was, for the sake of its ready sting, revived.

In the year 1809, on the first appearance of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," I found the author, who was then generally understood to be Lord Byron, not only jesting on the subject—and with sufficiently provoking pleasantry and cleverness—in his verse, but giving also, in the more responsible form of a note[1], an outline of the transaction in accordance with the original misreport, and, therefore, in direct contradiction to my published statement. Still, as the Satire was anonymous and unacknowledged, I did not feel that I was, in any way, called upon to notice it, and therefore dismissed the matter entirely from my mind. In the summer of the same year appeared the Second Edition of the work, with Lord Byron's name prefixed to it. I was, at the time, in Ireland, and but little in the way of literary society; and it so happened that some months passed away before the appearance of this new edition was known to me. Immediately on being apprised of it,—the offence now assuming a different form,—I addressed the following letter to Lord Byron, and, transmitting it to a friend in London, requested that he would have it delivered into his Lordship's hands.[2]

"Dublin, January 1. 1810.

"My Lord,

"Having just seen the name of 'Lord Byron' prefixed to a work entitled 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in which, as it appears to me, *the lie is given* to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffrey some years since, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your Lordship as the author of this publication.

"I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or two; but, in the mean time, I trust your Lordship will not deny me the satisfaction of knowing whether you avow the insult contained in the passages alluded to.

"It is needless to suggest to your Lordship the propriety of keeping our correspondence secret.

"I have the honour to be

"Your Lordship's very humble servant,

"THOMAS MOORE

"22. Molesworth Street."

In the course of a week, the friend to whom I intrusted this letter wrote to inform me that Lord Byron had, as he learned on inquiring of his publisher, gone abroad immediately on the publication of his Second Edition; but that my letter had been placed in the hands of a gentleman, named Hodgson, who had undertaken to forward it carefully to his Lordship. Though the latter step was not exactly what I could have wished, I thought it as well, on the whole, to let my letter take its chance, and again postponed all consideration of the matter.

During the interval of a year and a half which elapsed before Lord Byron's return, I had taken upon myself obligations, both as

[1] [The following are the lines and note referred to:—

"Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?

"In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints."—See *Works*, p. 428.]

[2] This is the only entire lettter of my own that, in the course of this work, I mean to obtrude upon my readers. Being short, and in terms more explanatory of the feeling on which I acted than any others that could be substituted, it might be suffered, I thought, to form the single exception to my general rule. In all other cases, I shall merely give such extracts from my own letters as may be necessary to elucidate those of my correspondent.

husband and father, which make most men, — and especially those who have nothing to bequeath, — less willing to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger. On hearing, therefore, of the arrival of the noble traveller from Greece, though still thinking it due to myself to follow up my first request of an explanation, I resolved, in prosecuting that object, to adopt such a tone of conciliation as should not only prove my sincere desire of a pacific result, but show the entire freedom from any angry or resentful feeling with which I took the step. The death of Mrs. Byron, for some time, delayed my purpose. But as soon after that event as was consistent with decorum, I addressed a letter to Lord Byron, in which, referring to my former communication, and expressing some doubts as to its having ever reached him, I re-stated, in pretty nearly the same words, the nature of the insult, which, as it appeared to me, the passage in his note was calculated to convey. "It is now useless," I continued, "to speak of the steps with which it was my intention to follow up that letter. The time which has elapsed since then, though it has done away neither the injury nor the feeling of it, has, in many respects, materially altered my situation; and the only object which I have now in writing to your Lordship is to preserve some consistency with that former letter, and to prove to you that the injured feeling still exists, however circumstances may compel me to be deaf to its dictates, at present. When I say 'injured feeling,' let me assure your Lordship that there is not a single vindictive sentiment in my mind towards you. I mean but to express that uneasiness, under (what I consider to be) a charge of falsehood, which must haunt a man of any feeling to his grave, unless the insult be retracted or atoned for; and which, if I did *not* feel, I should, indeed, deserve far worse than your Lordship's satire could inflict upon me." In conclusion I added, that so far from being influenced by any angry or resentful feeling towards him, it would give me sincere pleasure if, by any satisfactory explanation, he would enable me to seek the honour of being henceforward ranked among his acquaintance.

To this letter, Lord Byron returned the following answer: —

LETTER 73. TO MR. MOORE.

"Cambridge, October 27. 1811.

"Sir,

"Your letter followed me from Notts. to this place, which will account for the delay of my reply. Your former letter I never had the honour to receive; — be assured in whatever part of the world it had found me, I should have deemed it my duty to return and answer it in person.

"The advertisement you mention, I know nothing of. — At the time of your meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, I had recently entered College, and remember to have heard and read a number of squibs on the occasion; and from the recollection of these I derived all my knowledge on the subject, without the slightest idea of 'giving the lie' to an address which I never beheld. When I put my name to the production, which has occasioned this correspondence, I became responsible to all whom it might concern, — to explain where it requires explanation, and, where insufficiently or too sufficiently explicit, at all events to satisfy. My situation leaves me no choice; it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way.

"With regard to the passage in question, *you* were certainly *not* the person towards whom I felt personally hostile. On the contrary, my whole thoughts were engrossed by one, whom I had reason to consider as my worst literary enemy, nor could I foresee that his former antagonist was about to become his champion. You do not specify what you would wish to have done: I can neither retract nor apologise for a charge or falsehood which I never advanced.

"In the beginning of the week, I shall be at No. 8. St. James's Street. — Neither the letter nor the friend to whom you stated your intention ever made their appearance.[1]

"Your friend, Mr. Rogers, or any other gentleman delegated by you, will find me most ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which shall not compromise my own honour, — or, failing in that, to make the atonement you deem it necessary to require.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"BYRON."

In my reply to this, I commenced by saying, that his Lordship's letter was, upon the whole, as satisfactory as I could expect. It contained all that, in the strict *diplomatique* of explanation, could be required, namely, — that he had never seen the statement which I supposed him wilfully to have contradicted, — that he had no intention of bringing against me any charge of falsehood, and that the objectionable passage of his work was not levelled personally at *me*. This, I added,

[1] Finding two different draughts of this letter among my papers, I cannot be quite certain as to some of the terms employed; but have little doubt that they are here given correctly.

was all the explanation I had a right to expect, and I was, of course, satisfied with it.

I then entered into some detail relative to the transmission of my first letter from Dublin, —giving, as my reason for descending to these minute particulars, that I did not, I must confess, feel quite easy under the manner in which his Lordship had noticed the miscarriage of that first application to him.

My reply concluded thus: — "As your Lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formulary of explanation, it is not for me to make any further advances. We Irishmen, in businesses of this kind, seldom know any medium between decided hostility and decided friendship; — but, as any approaches towards the latter alternative must now depend entirely on your Lordship, I have only to repeat that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," &c. &c.

On the following day I received the annexed rejoinder from Lord Byron: —

LETTER 74. TO MR. MOORE.

"8. St. James's Street, October 29. 1811.

"Sir,

"Soon after my return to England, my friend, Mr. Hodgson, apprised me that a letter for me was in his possession; but a domestic event hurrying me from London, immediately after, the letter (which may most probably be your own) is still *unopened in his keeping*. If, on examination of the address, the similarity of the handwriting should lead to such a conclusion, it shall be opened in your presence, for the satisfaction of all parties. Mr. H. is at present out of town; — on Friday I shall see him, and request him to forward it to my address.

"With regard to the latter part of both your letters, until the principal point was discussed between us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one, who conceived me to have charged him with falsehood? Were not *advances*, under such circumstances, to be misconstrued, — not, perhaps, by the person to whom they were addressed, but by others? In *my* case such a step was impracticable. If you, who conceived yourself to be the offended person, are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situation, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice. I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had it commenced under other circumstances; but it must rest with you to determine how far it may proceed after so *auspicious* a beginning. I have the honour to be," &c.

Somewhat piqued, I own, at the manner in which my efforts towards a more friendly understanding, — ill-timed as I confess them to have been, — were received, I hastened to close our correspondence by a short note, saying, that his Lordship had made me feel the imprudence I was guilty of, in wandering from the point immediately in discussion between us; and I should now, therefore, only add, that if, in my last letter, I had correctly stated the substance of his explanation, our correspondence might, from this moment, cease for ever, as with that explanation I declared myself satisfied.

This brief note drew immediately from Lord Byron the following frank and openhearted reply: —

LETTER 75. TO MR. MOORE.

"8. St. James's Street, October 30. 1811.

"Sir,

"You must excuse my troubling you once more upon this very unpleasant subject. It would be a satisfaction to me, and I should think to yourself, that the unopened letter in Mr. Hodgson's possession (supposing it to prove your own) should be returned 'in statu quo' to the writer; particularly as you expressed yourself 'not quite easy under the manner in which I had dwelt on its miscarriage.'

"A few words more, and I shall not trouble you further. I felt, and still feel, very much flattered by those parts of your correspondence, which held out the prospect of our becoming acquainted. If I did not meet them in the first instance as perhaps I ought, let the situation I was placed in be my defence. You have *now* declared yourself *satisfied*, and on that point we are no longer at issue. If, therefore, you still retain any wish to do me the honour you hinted at, I shall be most happy to meet you, when, where, and how you please, and I presume you will not attribute my saying thus much to any unworthy motive. I have the honour to remain," &c.

On receiving this letter, I went instantly to my friend, Mr. Rogers, who was, at that time, on a visit at Holland House, and, for the first time, informed him of the correspondence in which I had been engaged. With his usual readiness to oblige and serve, he proposed that the meeting between Lord Byron and myself should take place at his table, and requested of me to convey to the noble Lord his wish, that he would do him the honour of naming some day for that purpose. The following is Lord Byron's answer to the note which I then wrote: —

LETTER 76. TO MR. MOORE.

"8. St. James's Street, November 1. 1811.

"Sir,

"As I should be very sorry to interrupt your Sunday's engagement, if Monday, or any other day of the ensuing week, would be equally convenient to yourself and friend, I will then have the honour of accepting his invitation. Of the professions of esteem with which Mr. Rogers has honoured me, I cannot but feel proud, though undeserving. I should be wanting to myself, if insensible to the praise of such a man; and, should my approaching interview with him and his friend lead to any degree of intimacy with both or either, I shall regard our past correspondence as one of the happiest events of my life. I have the honour to be,

"Your very sincere and obedient servant,

"BYRON."

It can hardly, I think, be necessary to call the reader's attention to the good sense, self-possession, and frankness, of these letters of Lord Byron. I had placed him,—by the somewhat national confusion which I had made of the boundaries of peace and war, of hostility and friendship, — in a position which, ignorant as he was of the character of the person who addressed him, it required all the watchfulness of his sense of honour to guard from surprise or snare. Hence, the judicious reserve with which he abstained from noticing my advances towards acquaintance, till he should have ascertained exactly whether the explanation which he was willing to give would be such as his correspondent would be satisfied to receive. The moment he was set at rest on this point, the frankness of his nature displayed itself; and the disregard of all further mediation or etiquette with which he at once professed himself ready to meet me, "when, where, and how" I pleased, showed that he could be as pliant and confiding *after* such an understanding, as he had been judiciously reserved and punctilious *before* it.

Such did I find Lord Byron, on my first experience of him; and such, — so open and manly-minded, — did I find him to the last.

It was, at first, intended by Mr. Rogers that his company at dinner should not extend beyond Lord Byron and myself; but Mr. Thomas Campbell, having called upon our host that morning, was invited to join the party, and consented. Such a meeting could not be otherwise than interesting to us all. It was the first time that Lord Byron was ever seen by any of his three companions; while he, on his side, for the first time, found himself in the society of persons, whose names had been associated with his first literary dreams, and to *two*[1] of whom he looked up with that tributary admiration which youthful genius is ever ready to pay its precursors.

Among the impressions which this meeting left upon me, what I chiefly remember to have remarked was the nobleness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and manners, and — what was naturally not the least attraction — his marked kindness to myself. Being in mourning for his mother, the colour, as well of his dress, as of his glossy, curling, and picturesque hair, gave more effect to the pure, spiritual paleness of his features, in the expression of which, when he spoke, there was a perpetual play of lively thought, though melancholy was their habitual character when in repose.

As we had none of us been apprised of his peculiarities with respect to food, the embarrassment of our host was not a little, on discovering that there was nothing upon the table which his noble guest could eat or drink. Neither meat, fish, nor wine, would Lord Byron touch; and of biscuits and soda-water, which he asked for, there had been, unluckily, no provision. He professed, however, to be equally well pleased with potatoes and vinegar; and of these meagre materials contrived to make rather a hearty dinner.

I shall now resume the series of his correspondence with other friends.

LETTER 77. TO MR. HARNESS.

"8. St. James's Street, Dec. 6. 1811.

"My dear Harness,

"I write again, but don't suppose I mean to lay such a tax on your pen and patience as to expect regular replies. When you are inclined, write: when silent, I shall have the consolation of knowing that you are much better employed. Yesterday, Bland and I called on Mr. Miller, who, being then out, will call on Bland[2] to-day or to-

[1] In speaking thus, I beg to disclaim all affected modesty. Lord Byron had already made the same distinction himself in the opinions which he expressed of the living poets; and I cannot but be aware that, for the praises which he afterwards bestowed on my writings, I was, in a great degree, indebted to his partiality to myself.

[2] The Rev. Robert Bland, one of the authors of "Collections from the Greek Anthology." Lord Byron was, at this time, endeavouring to secure for Mr. Bland the task of translating Lucien Buonaparte's poem. [This accomplished scholar died at Leamington in 1825, at the age of forty-seven. Besides contributing to the "Col-

morrow. I shall certainly endeavour to bring them together.—You are censorious, child; when you are a little older, you will learn to dislike every body, but abuse nobody.

"With regard to the person of whom you speak, your own good sense must direct you. I never pretend to advise, being an implicit believer in the old proverb. This present frost is detestable. It is the first I have felt for these three years, though I longed for one in the oriental summer, when no such thing is to be had, unless I had gone to the top of Hymettus for it.

"I thank you most truly for the concluding part of your letter. I have been of late not much accustomed to kindness from any quarter, and am not the less pleased to meet with it again from one where I had known it earliest. I have not changed in all my ramblings,—Harrow, and, of course, yourself, never left me, and the

"'Dulces reminiscitur Argos'

attended me to the very spot to which that sentence alludes in the mind of the fallen Argive.—Our intimacy began before we began to date at all, and it rests with you to continue it till the hour which must number it and me with the things that *were*.

"Do read mathematics.—I should think *X plus Y* at least as amusing as the Curse of Kehama, and much more intelligible. Master Southey's poems *are*, in fact, what parallel lines might be—viz. prolonged *ad infinitum* without meeting anything half so absurd as themselves.

"What news, what news? Queen Oreaca,
What news of scribblers five?
S——, W——, C——, L—d, and L—e?—
All damn'd, though yet alive.

Coleridge is lecturing. 'Many an old fool,' said Hannibal to some such lecturer, 'but such as this, never.'

"Ever yours, &c."

LETTER 78. TO MR. HARNESS.

"St. James's Street, Dec. 8. 1811.

"Behold a most formidable sheet, without gilt or black edging, and consequently very vulgar and indecorous, particularly to one of your precision; but this being Sunday, I can procure no better, and will atone for its length by not filling it. Bland I have not seen since my last letter; but on Tuesday he dines with me, and will meet M * * e [Moore], the epitome of all that is exquisite in poetical or personal accomplishments. How Bland has settled with Miller, I know not. I have very little interest with either, and they must arrange their concerns according to their own gusto. I have done my endeavours, *at your request*, to bring them together, and hope they may agree to their mutual advantage.

"Coleridge has been lecturing against Campbell. Rogers was present, and from him I derive the information. We are going to make a party to hear this Manichean of poesy. Pole is to marry Miss Long, and will be a very miserable dog for all that.[1] The present ministers are to continue, and his Majesty *does* continue in the same state; so there's folly and madness for you, both in a breath.

"I never heard but of one man truly fortunate, and he was Beaumarchais, the author of Figaro, who buried two wives and gained three lawsuits before he was thirty.

"And now, child, what art thou doing? *Reading, I trust*. I want to see you take a degree. Remember, this is the most important period of your life; and don't disappoint your papa and your aunt, and all your kin—besides myself. Don't you know that all male children are begotten for the express purpose of being graduates? and that even I am an A.M., though how I became so the Public Orator only can resolve. Besides, you are to be a priest; and to confute Sir William Drummond's late book about the Bible, (printed, but not published,) and all other infidels whatever. Now leave Master H.'s gig, and Master S.'s Sapphics, and become as immortal as Cambridge can make you.

"You see, Mio Carissimo, what a pestilent correspondent I am likely to become; but then you shall be as quiet at Newstead as you please, and I won't disturb your studies as I do now. When do you fix the day, that I may take you up according to contract? Hodgson talks of making a third in our journey; but we can't stow him, inside at least. Positively you shall go with me as was agreed, and don't let me have any of your *politesse* to H. on the occasion. I shall manage to arrange for both with a little contrivance. I wish H. was not quite so fat, and we should pack better. You will want to know what I am doing—chewing tobacco.

"You see nothing of my allies, Scrope

lections," he published a volume of original poems, among which are "Edwy and Elgiva," and the "Four Slaves of Cytheria."]

[1] [The Honourable William Wellesley-Pole, son of Lord Maryborough, married, in March 1812, Catherine, daughter and heir of the late Sir James Tylney-Long, Bart.; upon which occasion he assumed the additional names of Tylney and Long. The lady terminated a most unhappy life in Sept. 1825.]

Davies and Matthews[1] — they don't suit you; and how does it happen that I — who am a pipkin of the same pottery — continue in your good graces? Good night, — I will go on in the morning.

"Dec. 9th. — In a morning, I'm always sullen, and to-day is as sombre as myself. Rain and mist are worse than a sirocco, particularly in a beef-eating and beer-drinking country. My bookseller, Cawthorne, has just left me, and tells me, with a most important face, that he is in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's, for which 1000 guineas are asked! He wants me to read the MS. (if he obtains it), which I shall do with pleasure; but I should be very cautious in venturing an opinion on her whose Cecilia Dr. Johnson superintended.[2] If he lends it to me, I shall put it into the hands of Rogers and M * * e, who are truly men of taste. I have filled the sheet, and beg your pardon; I will not do it again. I shall, perhaps, write again; but if not, believe, silent or scribbling, that I am, my dearest William, ever, &c."

Letter 79. TO MR. HODGSON.

"London, Dec. 8. 1811.

"I sent you a sad Tale of Three Friars the other day, and now take a dose in another style. I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days.

"'Away, away, ye notes of woe[3],' &c. &c.

"I have gotten a book by Sir W. Drummond, (printed, but not published,) entitled Œdipus Judaicus, in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretion very roughly. I wish you could see it. Mr. W * * has lent it me, and I confess to me it is worth fifty Watsons.

"You and Harness must fix on the time for your visit to Newstead; I can command mine at your wish, unless any thing particular occurs in the interim. Bland dines with me on Tuesday to meet Moore. Coleridge has attacked the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly *rowed* by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic; and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not hear him without an answer. For you know, 'an a man will be beaten with brains, he shall never keep a clean doublet.' Campbell will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive; — what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can *he* fear from criticism? I don't know if Bland has seen Miller, who was to call on him yesterday.

"To-day is the Sabbath, — a day I never pass pleasantly, but at Cambridge; and, even there, the organ is a sad remembrancer. Things are stagnant enough in town; as long as they don't retrograde, 'tis all very well. Hobhouse writes and writes and writes, and is an author. I do nothing but eschew tobacco. I wish parliament were assembled, that I may hear, and perhaps some day be heard; — but on this point I am not very sanguine. I have many plans; — sometimes I think of the East again, and dearly beloved Greece. I am well, but weakly. Yesterday Kinnaird told me I looked very ill, and sent me home happy.

"Is Scrope still interesting and invalid? And how does Hinde with his cursed chemistry? To Harness I have written, and he has written, and we have all written, and have nothing now to do but write again, till death splits up the pen and the scribbler.

"The Alfred has three hundred and fifty-four candidates for six vacancies. The cook has run away and left us liable, which makes our committee very plaintive. Master Brook, our head serving-man, has the gout, and our new cook is none of the best. I speak from report, — for what is cookery to a leguminous-eating ascetic? So now you know as much of the matter as I do. Books and quiet are still there, and they may dress their dishes in their own way for me. Let me know your determination as to Newstead, and believe me,

"Yours ever,

"Μπαιρών."

Letter 80. TO MR. HODGSON.

"8. St. James's Street, Dec. 12. 1811.

"Why, Hodgson! I fear you have left off wine and me at the same time, — I have written and written and written, and no answer! My dear Sir Edgar, water disagrees with you, — drink sack and write. Bland did not come to his appointment,

[1] The brother of his late friend, Charles Skinner Matthews.

[2] Lord Byron is here mistaken. Dr. Johnson never saw Cecilia till it was in print. A day or two before publication, the young authoress, as I understand, sent three copies to the three persons who had the best claim to them, — her father, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson. — *Second edition.*

[3] This poem is now printed in Lord Byron's Works. [See *Works*, p. 550.]

being unwell, but M* * e supplied all other vacancies most delectably. I have hopes of his joining us at Newstead. I am sure you would like him more and more as he developes, — at least I do.

"How Miller and Bland go on, I don't know. Cawthorne talks of being in treaty for a novel of Madame D'Arblay's[1], and if he obtains it (at 1500 guineas!!) wishes me to see the MS. This I should read with pleasure, — not that I should ever dare to venture a criticism on her whose writings Dr. Johnson once revised, but for the pleasure of the thing. If my worthy publisher wanted a sound opinion, I should send the MS. to Rogers and M* * e, as men most alive to true taste. I have had frequent letters from Wm. Harness, and *you* are silent; certes, you are not a schoolboy. However, I have the consolation of knowing that you are better employed, viz. reviewing. You don't deserve that I should add another syllable, and I won't. Yours, &c.

"P. S. — I only wait for your answer to fix our meeting."

LETTER 81. TO MR. HARNESS.

"8. St. James's Street, Dec. 15. 1811.

"I wrote you an answer to your last, which, on reflection, pleases me as little as it probably has pleased yourself. I will not wait for your rejoinder; but proceed to tell you, that I had just then been greeted with an epistle of * *'s, full of his petty grievances, and this at the moment when (from circumstances it is not necessary to enter upon) I was bearing up against recollections to which *his* imaginary sufferings are as a scratch to a cancer. These things combined, put me out of humour with him and all mankind. The latter part of my life has been a perpetual struggle against affections which embittered the earliest portion; and though I flatter myself I have in a great measure conquered them, yet there are moments (and this was one) when I am as foolish as formerly. I never said so much before, nor had I said this now, if I did not suspect myself of having been rather savage in my letter, and wish to inform you thus much of the cause. You know I am not one of your dolorous gentlemen: so now let us laugh again.

"Yesterday I went with Moore to Sydenham to visit Campbell.[2] He was not visible, so we jogged homeward merrily enough. To-morrow I dine with Rogers, and am to hear Coleridge, who is a kind of rage at present. Last night I saw Kemble in Coriolanus; — he *was glorious*, and exerted himself wonderfully. By good luck I got an excellent place in the best part of the house, which was more than overflowing. Clare and Delawarr, who were there on the same speculation, were less fortunate. I saw them by accident, — we were not together. I wished for you, to gratify your love of Shakspeare and of fine acting to its fullest extent. Last week I saw an exhibition of a different kind in a Mr. Coates, at the Haymarket, who performed Lothario in a *damned* and damnable manner.

"I told you the fate of B. and H. in my last. So much for these sentimentalists, who console themselves in their stews for the loss — the never to be recovered loss — the despair of the refined attachment of a couple of drabs! You censure *my* life, Harness, — when I compare myself with these men, my elders and my betters, I really begin to conceive myself a monument of prudence — a walking statue — without feeling or failing; and yet the world in general hath given me a proud pre-eminence over them in profligacy. Yet I like the men, and, God knows, ought not to condemn their aberrations. But I own I feel provoked when they dignify all this by the name of *love* — romantic attachments for things marketable for a dollar!

"Dec. 16th. — I have just received your letter; — I feel your kindness very deeply. The foregoing part of my letter, written yesterday, will, I hope, account for the tone of the former, though it cannot excuse it. I do *like* to hear from you — more than *like*. Next to seeing you, I have no greater satisfaction. But you have other duties, and greater pleasures, and I should regret to take a moment from either. H* * was to call to-day, but I have not seen him. The circumstances you mention at the close of your letter is another proof in favour of my

[1] ["The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties," was not published till the year 1814. "This novel," say the Quarterly Reviewers, "which might be expected to finish and crown Madame D'Arblay's literary labours, is not only inferior to its sister-works, but cannot, in our judgment, claim any very decided superiority over the thousand-and-one volumes with which the Minerva Press inundates the shelves of circulating libraries, and increases, instead of diverting the ennui of the loungers at watering-places?" — Vol. xi. p. 124.]

[2] On this occasion, another of the noble poet's peculiarities was, somewhat startlingly, introduced to my notice. When we were on the point of setting out from his lodgings in St. James's Street, it being then about mid-day, he said to the servant, who was shutting the door of the vis-à-vis, "Have you put in the pistols?" and was answered in the affirmative. It was difficult, — more especially, taking into account the circumstances under which we had just become acquainted, — to keep from smiling at this singular noonday precaution.

opinion of mankind. Such you will always find them — selfish and distrustful. I except none. The cause of this is the state of society. In the world, every one is to stir for himself — it is useless, perhaps selfish, to expect any thing from his neighbour. But I do not think we are born of this disposition; for you find *friendship* as a schoolboy, and *love* enough before twenty.

"I went to see * *; he keeps me in town, where I don't wish to be at present. He is a good man, but totally without conduct. And now, my dearest William, I must wish you good morrow, and remain ever, most sincerely and affectionately yours, &c."

From the time of our first meeting, there seldom elapsed a day that Lord Byron and I did not see each other; and our acquaintance ripened into intimacy and friendship with a rapidity of which I have seldom known an example. I was, indeed, lucky in all the circumstances that attended my first introduction to him. In a generous nature like his, the pleasure of repairing an injustice would naturally give a zest to any partiality I might have inspired in his mind; while the manner in which I had sought this reparation, free as it was from resentment or defiance, left nothing painful to remember in the transaction between us, — no compromise or concession that could wound self-love, or take away from the grace of that frank friendship to which he at once, so cordially and so unhesitatingly, admitted me. I was also not a little fortunate in forming my acquaintance with him, before his success had yet reached its meridian burst, — before the triumphs that were in store for him had brought the world all in homage at his feet, and, among the splendid crowds that courted his society, even claims less humble than mine had but a feeble chance of fixing his regard. As it was, the new scene of life that opened upon him with his success, instead of detaching us from each other, only multiplied our opportunities of meeting, and increased our intimacy. In that society where his birth entitled him to move, circumstances had already placed me, notwithstanding mine; and when, after the appearance of "Childe Harold," he began to mingle with the world, the same persons, who had long been *my* intimates and friends, became his; our visits were mostly to the same places, and, in the gay and giddy round of a London spring, we were generally (as in one of his own letters he expresses it) "embarked in the same Ship of Fools together."

But, at the time when we first met, his position in the world was most solitary. Even those coffee-house companions who, before his departure from England, had served him as a sort of substitute for more worthy society, were either relinquished or had dispersed; and, with the exception of three or four associates of his college days (to whom he appeared strongly attached), Mr. Dallas and his solicitor seemed to be the only persons whom, even in their very questionable degree, he could boast of as friends. Though too proud to complain of this loneliness, it was evident that he felt it; and that the state of cheerless isolation, "unguided and unfriended," to which, on entering into manhood, he had found himself abandoned, was one of the chief sources of that resentful disdain of mankind, which even their subsequent worship of him came too late to remove. The effect, indeed, which his subsequent commerce with society had, for the short period it lasted, in softening and exhilarating his temper, showed how fit a soil his heart would have been for the growth of all the kindlier feelings, had but a portion of this sunshine of the world's smiles shone on him earlier.

At the same time, in all such speculations and conjectures as to what *might* have been, under more favourable circumstances, his character, it is invariably to be borne in mind, that his very defects were among the elements of his greatness, and that it was out of the struggle between the good and evil principles of his nature that his mighty genius drew its strength. A more genial and fostering introduction into life, while it would doubtless have softened and disciplined his mind, might have impaired its vigour; and the same influences that would have diffused smoothness and happiness over his life might have been fatal to its glory. In a short poem of his [1], which appears to have been produced at Athens, (as I find it written on a leaf of the original MS. of Childe Harold, and dated "Athens, 1811,") there are two lines which, though hardly intelligible as connected with the rest of the poem, may, taken separately, be interpreted as implying a sort of prophetic consciousness that it was out of the wreck and ruin of all his hopes the immortality of his name was to arise.[2]

[1] "Written beneath the picture of Miss Chaworth." [See *Works*, p. 540.]

[2] "The meaning of these two lines is so obvious, that it is marvellous how any one could miss it: — 'By the death-blow of my hope — the blow that deprived me of the original of this picture — my memory grew immortal: — my remembrance of her became so strong that it shows not the slightest symptom of decay; now, when after a lapse of time I look at her picture, the painful feelings of memory are as vivid as on the day I lost her. This

"Dear object of defeated care,
Though now of love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and my tears are left.
'Tis said with sorrow Time can cope,
But this, I feel, can ne'er be true;
For, *by the death-blow of my hope,*
My Memory immortal grew!"

We frequently, during the first months of our acquaintance, dined together alone; and as we had no club, in common, to resort to, — the Alfred being the only one to which he, at that period, belonged, and I being then a member of none but Watier's — our dinners used to be either at the St. Alban's, or at his old haunt, Stevens's. Though at times he would drink freely enough of claret, he still adhered to his system of abstinence in food. He appeared, indeed, to have conceived a notion that animal food has some peculiar influence on the character; and I remember, one day, as I sat opposite to him, employed, I suppose, rather earnestly over a beef-steak, after watching me for a few seconds, he said, in a grave tone of inquiry, — "Moore, don't you find eating beef-steak makes you ferocious?"

Understanding me to have expressed a wish to become a member of the Alfred, he very good-naturedly lost no time in proposing me as a candidate; but as the resolution which I had then nearly formed of betaking myself to a country life rendered an additional club in London superfluous, I wrote to beg that he would, for the present at least, withdraw my name; and his answer, though containing little, being the first familiar note he ever honoured me with, I may be excused for feeling a peculiar pleasure in inserting it.

LETTER 82. TO MR. MOORE.

"December 11, 1811.

"My dear Moore,

"If you please, we will drop our former monosyllables, and adhere to the appellations sanctioned by our godfathers and godmothers. If you make it a point, I will withdraw your name; at the same time there is no occasion, as I have this day postponed your election 'sine die,' till it shall suit your wishes to be amongst us. I do not say this from any awkwardness the erasure of your proposal would occasion to *me*, but simply such is the state of the case; and, indeed, the longer your name is up, the stronger will become the probability of success, and your voters more numerous. Of course you will decide — your wish shall be my law. If my zeal has already outrun discretion, pardon me, and attribute my officiousness to an excusable motive.

"I wish you would go down with me to Newstead. Hodgson will be there, and a young friend, named Harness, the earliest and dearest I ever had from the third form at Harrow to this hour. I can promise you good wine, and, if you like shooting, a manor of 4000 acres, fires, books, your own free will, and my own very indifferent company. 'Balnea, vina * *.'

"Hodgson will plague you, I fear, with verse; — for my own part I will conclude, with Martial, 'nil recitabo tibi;' and surely the last inducement is not the least. Ponder on my proposition, and believe me, my dear Moore, yours ever.

"BYRON."

Among those acts of generosity and friendship by which every year of Lord Byron's life was signalised, there is none, perhaps, that, for its own peculiar seasonableness and delicacy, as well as for the perfect worthiness of the person who was the object of it, deserves more honourable mention than that which I am now about to record, and which took place nearly at the period of which I am speaking. The friend, whose good fortune it was to inspire the feeling thus testified, was Mr. Hodgson, the gentleman to whom so many of the preceding letters are addressed; and as it would be unjust to rob him of the grace and honour of being, himself, the testimony of obligations so signal, I shall here lay before my readers an extract from the letter with which, in reference to a passage in one of his noble friend's Journals, he has favoured me: —

"I feel it incumbent upon me to explain the circumstances to which this passage alludes, however private their nature. They are, indeed, calculated to do honour to the memory of my lamented friend. Having become involved, unfortunately, in difficulties and embarrassments, I received from Lord Byron (besides former pecuniary obligations) assistance, at the time in question, to the amount of a thousand pounds. Aid of such magnitude was equally unsolicited and unexpected on my part; but it was a long-cherished, though secret, purpose of my friend to afford that aid; and he only waited for the period when he thought it would be of most service. His own words were,

proves that Time cannot cope with sorrow.' Mr. Moore, however, expounds the passage thus: — 'By the death-blow of my hope, in the loss of this object, I laid the foundation of an immortal memory for myself: of my being immortally remembered. This proves that Time cannot cope with sorrow.'—A most contorted interpretation, and a most exemplary non sequitur!" — *Westminster Rev.* 1830.]

on the occasion of conferring this overwhelming favour, 'I always intended to do it.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

1811—1812.

CHILDE HAROLD IN THE PRESS — ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS. — HINTS FROM HORACE, CURSE OF MINERVA, AND A FIFTH EDITION OF ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS LIKEWISE IN THE PRESS. — EPISODE. — LETTERS TO ROBERT BUSHTON, MR. HODGSON, AND YOUNG COWELL. — MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS. — ACQUAINTANCE WITH LORD HOLLAND. — PUBLICATION OF CHILDE HAROLD. — ITS INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS. — PRESENTATION OF THE COPY-RIGHT TO MR. DALLAS.

During all this time, and through the months of January and February, his poem of "Childe Harold" was in its progress through the press; and to the changes and additions which he made in the course of printing, some of the most beautiful passages of the work owe their existence. On comparing, indeed, his rough draft of the two cantos with the finished form in which they exist at present, we are made sensible of the power which the man of genius possesses, not only of surpassing others, but of improving on himself. Originally, the "little Page" and "Yeoman" of the Childe were introduced to the reader's notice in the following tame stanzas, by expanding the substance of which into their present light, lyric shape, it is almost needless to remark how much the poet has gained in variety and dramatic effect: —

"And of his train there was a henchman page,
A peasant boy, who served his master well;
And often would his pranksome prate engage
Childe Burun's[1] ear, when his proud heart did swell
With sullen thoughts that he disdain'd to tell.
Then would he smile on him, and Alwin[2] smiled,
When aught that from his young lips archly fell,
The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled.

"Him and one yeoman only did he take
To travel eastward to a far countrie;
And, though the boy was grieved to leave the lake,
On whose fair banks he grew from infancy,
Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily,
With hope of foreign nations to behold,
And many things right marvellous to see,
Of which our vaunting travellers oft have told,
From Mandeville . . . . . "[3]

In place of that mournful song "To Ines," in the first canto, which contains some of the dreariest touches of sadness that even his pen ever let fall, he had, in the original construction of the poem, been so little fastidious as to content himself with such ordinary sing-song as the following: —

"Oh never tell again to me
Of Northern climes and British ladies,
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses," &c. &c.

There were also, originally, several stanzas full of direct personality, and some that degenerated into a style still more familiar and ludicrous than that of the description of a London Sunday, which still disfigures the poem. In thus mixing up the light with the solemn, it was the intention of the poet to imitate Ariosto. But it is far easier to rise, with grace, from the level of a strain generally familiar, into an occasional short burst of pathos or splendour, than to interrupt thus a prolonged tone of solemnity by any descent into the ludicrous or burlesque.[4] In the former case, the transition may have the effect of softening or elevating, while, in the latter, it almost invariably shocks; — for the same reason, perhaps, that a trait of pathos or high feeling, in comedy, has a peculiar charm; while the intrusion of comic scenes into tragedy, however sanctioned among us by habit and authority, rarely fails to offend. The noble poet was, himself, convinced of the failure of the experiment, and in none of the succeeding cantos of Childe Harold repeated it.

Of the satiric parts, some verses on the well-known traveller, Sir John Carr, may supply us with, at least, a harmless specimen: —

"Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Sights, saints, antiques, arts, anecdotes, and war,
Go, hie ye hence to Paternoster Row, —
Are they not written in the boke of Carr?
Green Erin's Knight, and Europe's wandering star.
Then listen, readers, to the Man of Ink,
Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar:
All these are coop'd within one Quarto's brink;
This borrow, steal (don't buy), and tell us what you think."

[1] If there could be any doubt as to his intention of delineating himself in his hero, this adoption of the old Norman name of his family, which he seems to have at first contemplated, would be sufficient to remove it.

[2] In the MS. the names "Robin" and "Rupert" had been successively inserted here and scratched out again.

[3] Here the manuscript is illegible.

[4] Among the acknowledged blemishes of Milton's great poem is his abrupt transition, in this manner, into an imitation of Ariosto's style, in the "Paradise of Fools."

Among those passages which, in the course of revisal, he introduced, like pieces of "rich inlay," into the poem, was that fine stanza —

> "Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
> A land of souls beyond that sable shore," &c.—

through which lines, though, it must be confessed, a tone of scepticism breathes, (as well as in those tender verses —

> "Yes, — I will dream that we may meet again,")

it is a scepticism whose sadness calls far more for pity than blame; there being discoverable, even through its very doubts, an innate warmth of piety, which they had been able to obscure, but not to chill. To use the words of the poet himself, in a note which it was once his intention to affix to these stanzas, "Let it be remembered that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism," — a distinction never to be lost sight of; as, however hopeless may be the conversion of the scoffing infidel, he who feels pain in doubting has still alive within him the seeds of belief.

At the same time with Childe Harold, he had three other works in the press, — his "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and a fifth edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The note upon the latter poem, which had been the lucky origin of our acquaintance, was withdrawn in this edition, and a few words of explanation, which he had the kindness to submit to my perusal, substituted in its place.

In the month of January, the whole of the two cantos being printed off, some of the poet's friends, and, among others, Mr. Rogers and myself, were so far favoured as to be indulged with a perusal of the sheets. In adverting to this period in his "Memoranda," Lord Byron, I remember, mentioned, — as one of the ill omens which preceded the publication of the poem, — that some of the literary friends to whom it was shown expressed doubts of its success, and that one among them had told him "it was too good for the age." Whoever may have pronounced this opinion, — and I have some suspicion that I am myself the guilty person, — the age has, it must be owned, most triumphantly refuted the calumny upon its taste which the remark implied.

It was in the hands of Mr. Rogers I first saw the sheets of the poem, and glanced hastily over a few of the stanzas which he pointed out to me as beautiful. Having occasion, the same morning, to write a note to Lord Byron, I expressed strongly the admiration which this foretaste of his work had excited in me; and the following is — as far as relates to literary matters — the answer I received from him.

LETTER 83. TO MR. MOORE.

"January 29. 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"I wish very much I could have seen you; I am in a state of ludicrous tribulation. * * *

"Why do you say that I dislike your poesy? I have expressed no such opinion, either in *print* or elsewhere. In scribbling myself, it was necessary for me to find fault, and I fixed upon the trite charge of immorality, because I could discover no other, and was so perfectly qualified in the innocence of my heart, to 'pluck that mote from my neighbour's eye.'

"I feel very, very much obliged by your approbation; but, at *this moment*, praise, even *your* praise, passes by me like 'the idle wind.' I meant and mean to send you a copy the moment of publication; but now I can think of nothing but damned, deceitful, — delightful woman, as Mr. Liston says in the Knight of Snowdon. Believe me, my dear Moore,

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"BYRON."

The passages here omitted contain rather *too* amusing an account of a disturbance that had just occurred in the establishment at Newstead, in consequence of the detected misconduct of one of the maid-servants, who had been supposed to stand rather too high in the favour of her master, and, by the airs of authority which she thereupon assumed, had disposed all the rest of the household to regard her with no very charitable eyes. The chief actors in the strife were this sultana and young Rushton; and the first point in dispute that came to Lord Byron's knowledge (though circumstances, far from creditable to the damsel, afterwards transpired) was, whether Rushton was bound to carry letters to "the Hut" at the bidding of this female. To an episode of such a nature I should not have thought of alluding, were it not for the two rather curious letters that follow, which show how gravely and coolly the young lord could arbitrate on such an occasion, and with what considerate leaning towards the servant whose fidelity he had proved, in preference to any new liking or fancy by which it might be suspected he was actuated towards the other.

. TO ROBERT RUSHTON.

" 8. St. James's Street, Jan. 21. 1812.

h I have no objection to your re-
arry *letters* to Mealey's, you will
hat the letters are taken by *Spero*
er time. I have also to observe,
is to be treated with civility, and
l by any person over whom I have
st controul, or, indeed, by any one
while I have the power to protect
n truly sorry to have any subject
int against *you;* I have too good
of you to think I shall have oc-
repeat it, after the care I have
ou, and my favourable intentions
half. I see no occasion for any
ation whatever between *you* and
, and wish you to occupy yourself
g for the situation in which you
ced. If a common sense of de-
ot prevent you from conducting
owards them with rudeness, I
least hope that your *own interest,*
d for a master who has *never*
u with unkindness, will have some
Yours, &c.

" BYRON.

—I wish you to attend to your
, to occupy yourself in surveying,
, and making yourself acquainted
y particular relative to the *land* of
, and you will *write* to me *one letter*
, that I may know how you go

. TO ROBERT RUSHTON.

" 8. St. James's Street, January 25. 1812.

refusal to carry the letter was not
of remonstrance: it was not a
ur business; but the language you
e girl was (as *she* stated it) highly

ay, that you also have something
n of; then state it to me imme-
: would be very unfair, and very
o my disposition, not to hear both
e question.

y thing has passed between you
nce my last visit to Newstead, do
aid to mention it. I am sure *you*
: deceive me, though *she* would.
it is, *you* shall be forgiven. I
been without some suspicions on
t, and am certain that, at your
, the blame could not attach to
u will not *consult* any one as to
er, but write to me immediately.
more ready to hear what you have
, as I do not remember ever to
have heard a word from you before *against* any human being, which convinces me you would not maliciously assert an untruth. There is not any one who can do the least injury to you, while you conduct yourself properly. I shall expect your answer immediately. Yours, &c.

" BYRON."

It was after writing these letters that he came to the knowledge of some improper levities on the part of the girl, in consequence of which he dismissed her and another female servant from Newstead; and how strongly he allowed this discovery to affect his mind, will be seen in a subsequent letter to Mr. Hodgson.

LETTER 86. TO MR. HODGSON.

" 8. St. James's Street, February 16. 1812.

" Dear Hodgson,

" I send you a proof. Last week I was very ill and confined to bed with stone in the kidney, but I am now quite recovered. If the stone had got into my heart instead of my kidneys, it would have been all the better. The women are gone to their relatives, after many attempts to explain what was already too clear. However, I have quite recovered *that* also, and only wonder at my folly in excepting my own strumpets from the general corruption,—albeit a two months' weakness is better than ten years. I have one request to make, which is, never mention a woman again in any letter to me, or even allude to the existence of the sex. I won't even read a word of the feminine gender; — it must all be 'propria quæ maribus.'

" In the spring of 1813 I shall leave England for ever. Every thing in my affairs tends to this, and my inclinations and health do not discourage it. Neither my habits nor constitution are improved by your customs or your climate. I shall find employment in making myself a good Oriental scholar. I shall retain a mansion in one of the fairest islands, and retrace, at intervals, the most interesting portions of the East. In the mean time, I am adjusting my concerns, which will (when arranged) leave me with wealth sufficient even for home, but enough for a principality in Turkey. At present they are involved, but I hope, by taking some necessary but unpleasant steps, to clear every thing. Hobhouse is expected daily in London: we shall be very glad to see him; and, perhaps, you will come up and 'drink deep ere he depart,' if not, 'Mahomet must go to the mountain;' —but Cambridge will bring sad recollections

to him, and worse to me, though for very different reasons. I believe the only human being that ever loved me in truth and entirely was of, or belonging to, Cambridge, and, in that, no change can now take place. There is one consolation in death — where he sets his seal, the impression can neither be melted nor broken, but endureth for ever.

"Yours always, "B."

Among those lesser memorials of his good nature and mindfulness, which, while they are precious to those who possess them, are not unworthy of admiration from others, may be reckoned such letters as the following, to a youth at Eton, recommending another, who was about to be entered at that school, to his care.

LETTER 87. TO MASTER JOHN COWELL.

"8. St. James's Street, February 12. 1812.

"My dear John,

"You have probably long ago forgotten the writer of these lines, who would, perhaps, be unable to recognise *yourself*, from the difference which must naturally have taken place in your stature and appearance since he saw you last. I have been rambling through Portugal, Spain, Greece, &c. &c. for some years, and have found so many changes on my return, that it would be very unfair not to expect that you should have had your share of alteration and improvement with the rest. I write to request a favour of you: a little boy of eleven years, the son of Mr.**, my particular friend, is about to become an Etonian, and I should esteem any act of protection or kindness to him as an obligation to myself: let me beg of you then to take some little notice of him at first, till he is able to shift for himself.

"I was happy to hear a very favourable account of you from a schoolfellow a few weeks ago, and should be glad to learn that your family are as well as I wish them to be. I presume you are in the upper school; — as an *Etonian*, you will look down upon a *Harrow* man; but I never, even in my boyish days, disputed your superiority, which I once experienced in a cricket match, where I had the honour of making one of eleven, who were beaten to their hearts' content by your college in *one innings*.

"Believe me to be, with great truth, &c. &c. "B."

On the 27th of February, a day or two before the appearance of Childe Harold, he made the first trial of his eloquence in the House of Lords; and it was on this occasion he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Lord Holland, — an acquaintance no less honourable than gratifying to both, as having originated in feelings the most generous, perhaps, of our nature; a ready forgiveness of injuries, on the one side, and a frank and unqualified atonement for them, on the other. The subject of debate was the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill; and, Lord Byron having mentioned to Mr. Rogers his intention to take a part in the discussion, a communication was, by the intervention of that gentleman, opened between the noble poet and Lord Holland, who, with his usual courtesy, professed himself ready to afford all the information and advice in his power. The following letters, however, will best explain their first advances towards acquaintance.

LETTER 88. TO MR. ROGERS.

"February 4. 1812.

"My dear Sir,

"With my best acknowledgments to Lord Holland, I have to offer my perfect concurrence in the propriety of the question previously to be put to ministers. If their answer is in the negative, I shall, with his Lordship's approbation, give notice of a motion for a Committee of Inquiry. I would also gladly avail myself of his most able advice, and any information or documents with which he might be pleased to intrust me, to bear me out in the statement of facts it may be necessary to submit to the House.

"From all that fell under my own observation during my Christmas visit to Newstead, I feel convinced that, if *conciliatory* measures are not very soon adopted, the most unhappy consequences may be apprehended. Nightly outrage and daily depredation are already at their height; and not only the masters of frames, who are obnoxious on account of their occupation, but persons in no degree connected with the malecontents or their oppressors, are liable to insult and pillage.

"I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken on my account, and beg you to believe me ever your obliged and sincere, &c."

LETTER 89. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"8. St. James's Street, February 25. 1812.

"My Lord,

"With my best thanks, I have the honour to return the Notts. letter to your Lordship. I have read it with attention, but do not think I shall venture to avail myself of its contents, as my view of the

question differs in some measure from Mr. Coldham's. I hope I do not wrong him, but *his* objections to the bill appear to me to be founded on certain apprehensions that he and his coadjutors might be mistaken for the '*original advisers*' (to quote him) of the measure. For my own part, I consider the manufacturers as a much injured body of men, sacrificed to the views of certain individuals who have enriched themselves by those practices which have deprived the frame-workers of employment. For instance; — by the adoption of a certain kind of frame, one man performs the work of seven — six are thus thrown out of business. But it is to be observed that the work thus done is far inferior in quality, hardly marketable at home, and hurried over with a view to exportation. Surely, my Lord, however we may rejoice in any improvement in the arts which may be beneficial to mankind, we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. The maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor is an object of greater consequence to the community than the enrichment of a few monopolists by any improvement in the implements of trade, which deprives the workman of his bread, and renders the labourer "unworthy of his hire." My own motive for opposing the bill is founded on its palpable injustice, and its certain inefficacy. I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilised country. Their excesses may be condemned, but cannot be subject of wonder. The effect of the present bill would be to drive them into actual rebellion. The few words I shall venture to offer on Thursday will be founded upon these opinions formed from my own observations on the spot. By previous inquiry, I am convinced these men would have been restored to employment, and the county to tranquillity. It is, perhaps, not yet too late, and is surely worth the trial. It can never be too late to employ force in such circumstances. I believe your Lordship does not coincide with me entirely on this subject, and most cheerfully and sincerely shall I submit to your superior judgment and experience, and take some other line of argument against the bill, or be silent altogether, should you deem it more advisable. Condemning, as every one must condemn, the conduct of these wretches, I believe in the existence of grievances which call rather for pity than punishment. I have the honour to be, with great respect, my Lord, your Lordship's

"Most obedient and obliged servant,
"BYRON."

"P. S. — I am a little apprehensive that your Lordship will think me too lenient towards these men, and half a *frame-breaker myself*."

It would have been, no doubt, the ambition of Lord Byron to acquire distinction as well in oratory as in poesy; but Nature seems to set herself against pluralities in fame. He had prepared himself for this debate, — as most of the best orators have done, in their first essays, — not only by composing, but writing down, the whole of his speech beforehand. The reception he met with was flattering; some of the noble speakers on his own side complimented him very warmly; and that he was himself highly pleased with his success, appears from the annexed account of Mr. Dallas, which gives a lively notion of his boyish elation on the occasion.

"When he left the great chamber, I went and met him in the passage; he was glowing with success, and much agitated. I had an umbrella in my right hand, not expecting that he would put out his hand to me; — in my haste to take it when offered, I had advanced my left hand — 'What!' said he, 'give your friend your left hand upon such an occasion?' I showed the cause, and immediately changing the umbrella to the other hand, I gave him my right hand, which he shook and pressed warmly. He was greatly elated, and repeated some of the compliments which had been paid to him, and mentioned one or two of the peers who had desired to be introduced to him. He concluded with saying, that he had, by his speech, given me the best advertisement for Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

The speech itself, as given by Mr. Dallas from the noble speaker's own manuscript, is pointed and vigorous; and the same sort of interest that is felt in reading the poetry of a Burke, may be gratified, perhaps, by a few specimens of the oratory of a Byron. In the very opening of his speech, he thus introduces himself by the melancholy avowal, that in that assembly of his brother nobles he stood almost a stranger.

"As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your Lordships, indulgence."

The following extracts comprise, I think, the passages of most spirit: —

"When we are told that these men are leagued together, not only for the destruction of their own comfort, but of their very

means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter policy, the destructive warfare, of the last eighteen years which has destroyed their comfort, your comfort, all men's comfort; — that policy which, originating with 'great statesmen now no more,' has survived the dead to become a curse on the living, unto the third and fourth generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless — worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you then wonder that, in times like these, when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony, are found in a station not far beneath that of your Lordships, the lowest, though once most useful, portion of the people should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic who is famished into guilt. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands: they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them. Their own means of subsistence were cut off; all other employments pre-occuppied; and their excesses, however to be deplored or condemned, can hardly be the subject of surprise.

"I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula; I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never, under the most despotic of infidel governments, did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return, in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse, and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding — the warm water of your mawkish police, and the lancets of your military — these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient on your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to heaven and testify against you? How will you carry this bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prisons? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scare-crows? or will you proceed (as you must, to bring this measure into effect,) by decimation; place the country under martial law; depopulate and lay waste all around you, and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown in its former condition of a royal chase, and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of laws, where is your evidence? Those who refused to impeach their accomplices, when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, *temporising*, would not be without its advantage in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporise and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences."

In reference to his own parliamentary displays, and to this maiden speech in particular, I find the following remarks in one of his Journals: —

"Sheridan's liking for me (whether he was not mystifying me I do not know, but Lady Caroline Lamb and others told me that he said the same both before and after he knew me,) was founded upon 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' He told me that he did not care about poetry, (or about mine — at least, any but *that* poem of mine,) but he was sure, from *that* and other symptoms, I should make an orator, if I would but take to speaking, and grow a parliament man. He never ceased harping upon this to me to the last; and I remember my old tutor, Dr. Drury, had the same notion when I was a *boy*; but it never was my turn of inclination to try. I spoke once or twice, as all young peers do, as a kind of introduction into public life; but dissipation, shyness, haughty and reserved opinions, together with the short time I lived in England after my majority (only about five years in all), prevented me from resuming the experiment. As far

as it went, it was not discouraging, particularly my *first* speech (I spoke three or four times in all); but just after it, my poem of Childe Harold was published, and nobody ever thought about my *prose* afterwards, nor indeed did I; it became to me a secondary and neglected object, though I sometimes wonder to myself if I should have succeeded."

His immediate impressions with respect to the success of his first speech may be collected from a letter addressed soon after to Mr. Hodgson.

LETTER 90. TO MR. HODGSON.

"8, St. James's Street, March 5, 1812.

"My dear Hodgson,

"*We* are not answerable for reports of speeches in the papers; they are always given incorrectly, and on this occasion more so than usual, from the debate in the Commons on the same night. The Morning Post should have said *eighteen years*. However, you will find the speech, as spoken, in the Parliamentary Register, when it comes out. Lords Holland and Grenville, particularly the latter, paid me some high compliments in the course of their speeches, as you may have seen in the papers, and Lords Eldon and Harrowby answered me. I have had many marvellous eulogies repeated to me since, in person and by proxy, from divers persons *ministerial* — yea, *ministerial!* — as well as oppositionists; of them I shall only mention Sir F. Burdett. *He* says it is the best speech by a *lord* since the '*Lord* knows when,' probably from a fellow-feeling in the sentiments. Lord H. tells me I shall beat them all if I persevere; and Lord G. remarked that the construction of some of my periods are very like *Burke*'s!! And so much for vanity. I spoke very violent sentences with a sort of modest impudence, abused every thing and every body, and put the Lord Chancellor very much out of humour; and if I may believe what I hear, have not lost any character by the experiment. As to my delivery, loud and fluent enough, perhaps a little theatrical. I could not recognise myself or any one else in the newspapers.

"My poesy comes out on Saturday. Hobhouse is here; I shall tell him to write. My stone is gone for the present, but I fear is part of my habit. We *all* talk of a visit to Cambridge.

"Yours ever, "B."

Of the same date as the above is the following letter to Lord Holland, accompanying a copy of his new publication, and written in a tone that cannot fail to give a high idea of his good feeling and candour.

LETTER 91. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"St. James's Street, March 5, 1812.

"My Lord,

"May I request your Lordship to accept a copy of the thing which accompanies this note? You have already so fully proved the truth of the first line of Pope's couplet [1],

"'Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,'

that I long for an opportunity to give the lie to the verse that follows. If I were not perfectly convinced that any thing I may have formerly uttered in the boyish rashness of my misplaced resentment had made as little impression as it deserved to make, I should hardly have the confidence — perhaps your Lordship may give it a stronger and more appropriate appellation — to send you a quarto of the same scribbler. But your Lordship, I am sorry to observe to-day, is troubled with the gout; if my book can produce a *laugh* against itself or the author, it will be of some service. If it can set you to *sleep*, the benefit will be yet greater; and as some facetious personage observed half a century ago, that 'poetry is a mere drug,' I offer you mine as a humble assistant to the 'eau médicinale.' I trust you will forgive this and all my other buffooneries, and believe me to be, with great respect,

"Your Lordship's obliged and
"Sincere servant,
"BYRON."

It was within two days after his speech in the House of Lords that Childe Harold appeared [2]; — and the impression which it produced upon the public was as instantaneous as it has proved deep and lasting. The permanence of such success genius alone could secure; but to its instant and enthusiastic burst, other causes, besides the merit of the work, concurred.

There are those who trace in the peculiar character of Lord Byron's genius strong

[1] [The couplet is Dryden's: —

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
But they ne'er pardon who commit the wrong."]

[2] To his sister, the Honourable Mrs. Leigh, one of the first presentation copies was sent, with the following inscription in it: —

"To Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented by her *father*'s son, and most affectionate brother, "B."

features of relationship to the times in which he lived; who think that the great events which marked the close of the last century, by giving a new impulse to men's minds, by habituating them to the daring and the free, and allowing full vent to "the flash and outbreak of fiery spirits," had led naturally to the production of such a poet as Byron; and that he was, in short, as much the child and representative of the Revolution, in poesy, as another great man of the age, Napoleon, was in statesmanship and warfare. Without going the full length of this notion, it will, at least, be conceded, that the free loose which had been given to all the passions and energies of the human mind, in the great struggle of that period, together with the constant spectacle of such astounding vicissitudes as were passing, almost daily, on the theatre of the world, had created, in all minds, and in every walk of intellect, a taste for strong excitement, which the stimulants supplied from ordinary sources were insufficient to gratify; — that a tame deference to established authorities had fallen into disrepute, no less in literature than in politics; and that the poet who should breathe into his songs the fierce and passionate spirit of the age, and assert, untrammelled and unawed, the high dominion of genius, would be the most sure of an audience toned in sympathy with his strains.

It is true that, to the licence on religious subjects, which revelled through the first acts of that tremendous drama, a disposition of an opposite tendency had, for some time, succeeded. Against the wit of the scoffer, not only piety, but a better taste, revolted; and had Lord Byron, in touching on such themes in Childe Harold, adopted a tone of levity or derision, (such as, unluckily, he sometimes afterwards descended to,) not all the originality and beauty of his work would have secured for it a prompt or uncontested triumph. As it was, however, the few dashes of scepticism with which he darkened his strain, far from checking his popularity, were among those attractions which, as I have said, independent of all the charms of the poetry, accelerated and heightened its success. The religious feeling that has sprung up through Europe since the French revolution — like the political principles that have emerged out of the same event — in rejecting all the licentiousness of that period, have preserved much of its spirit of freedom and inquiry; and, among the best fruits of this enlarged and enlightened piety, is the liberty which it disposes men to accord to the opinions, and even heresies, of others. To persons thus sincerely, and, at the same time, tolerantly, devout, the spectacle of a great mind, like that of Byron, labouring in the eclipse of scepticism, could not be otherwise than an object of deep and solemn interest. If they had already known what it was to doubt, themselves, they would enter into his fate with mournful sympathy; while, if safe in the tranquil haven of faith, they would look with pity on one who was still a wanderer. Besides, erring and dark as might be his views at that moment, there were circumstances in his character and fate that gave a hope of better thoughts yet dawning upon him. From his temperament and youth, there could be little fear that he was yet hardened in his heresies; and as, for a heart wounded like his, there was, they knew, but one true source of consolation, so it was hoped that the love of truth, so apparent in all he wrote, would, one day, enable him to find it.

Another, and not the least of those causes which concurred with the intrinsic claims of his genius to give an impulse to the tide of success that now flowed upon him, was, unquestionably, the peculiarity of his personal history and character. There had been, in his very first introduction of himself to the public, a sufficient portion of singularity to excite strong attention and interest. While all other youths of talent, in his high station, are heralded into life by the applauses and anticipations of a host of friends, young Byron stood forth alone, unannounced by either praise or promise, — the representative of an ancient house, whose name, long lost in the gloomy solitudes of Newstead, seemed to have just awakened from the sleep of half a century in his person. The circumstances that, in succession, followed, — the prompt vigour of his reprisals upon the assailants of his fame, — his disappearance, after this achievement, from the scene of his triumph, without deigning even to wait for the laurels which he had earned, and his departure on a far pilgrimage, whose limits he left to chance and fancy, — all these successive incidents had thrown an air of adventure round the character of the young poet, which prepared his readers to meet half-way the impressions of his genius. Instead of finding him, on a nearer view, fall short of their imaginations, the new features of his disposition now disclosed to them far outwent, in peculiarity and interest, whatever they might have preconceived; while the curiosity and sympathy, awakened by what he suffered to transpire of his history, were still more heightened by the mystery of his allusions to much that yet remained untold. The late losses by death which he had sustained,

and which, it was manifest, he most deeply mourned, gave a reality to the notion formed of him by his admirers which seemed to authorise them in imagining still more; and what has been said of the poet Young, that he found out the art of "making the public a party to his private sorrows," may be, with infinitely more force and truth, applied to Lord Byron.

On that circle of society with whom he came immediately in contact, these personal influences acted with increased force, from being assisted by others, which, to female imaginations especially, would have presented a sufficiency of attraction, even without the great qualities joined with them. His youth, — the noble beauty of his countenance, and its constant play of lights and shadows, — the gentleness of his voice and manner to women and his occasional haughtiness to men, — the alleged singularities of his mode of life, which kept curiosity alive and inquisitive, — all these lesser traits and habitudes concurred towards the quick spread of his fame; nor can it be denied that, among many purer sources of interest in his poem, the allusions which he makes to instances of "*successful* passion" in his career [1] were not without their influence on the fancies of that sex, whose weakness it is to be most easily won by those who come recommended by the greatest number of triumphs over others.

That his rank was also to be numbered among these extrinsic advantages appears to have been — partly, perhaps, from a feeling of modesty at the time — his own persuasion. "I may place a great deal of it," said he to Mr. Dallas, "to my being a lord." It might be supposed that it is only on a rank inferior to his own such a charm could operate; but this very speech is, in itself, a proof, that in no class whatever is the advantage of being noble more felt and appreciated than among nobles themselves. It was, also, natural that, in that circle, the admiration of the new poet should be, at least, quickened by the consideration that he had sprung up among themselves, and that their order had, at length, produced a man of genius, by whom the arrears of contribution, long due from them to the treasury of English literature, would be at once fully and splendidly discharged.

Altogether, taking into consideration the various points I have here enumerated, it may be asserted, that never did there exist before, and it is most probable never will exist again, a combination of such vast mental power and surpassing genius, with so many other of those advantages and attractions, by which the world is, in general, dazzled and captivated. The effect was, accordingly electric; — his fame had not to wait for any of the ordinary gradations, but seemed to spring up, like the palace of a fairy tale, in a night. As he himself briefly described it in his memoranda, — "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The first edition of his work was disposed of instantly; and, as the echoes of its reputation multiplied on all sides, "Childe Harold" and "Lord Byron" became the theme of every tongue. At his door, most of the leading names of the day presented themselves, — some of them persons whom he had much wronged in his Satire, but who now forgot their resentment in generous admiration. From morning till night the most flattering testimonies of his success crowded his table, — from the grave tributes of the statesman and the philosopher down to (what flattered him still more) the romantic billet of some *incognita*, or the pressing note of invitation from some fair leader of fashion; and, in place of the desert which London had been to him but a few weeks before, he now not only saw the whole splendid interior of High Life thrown open to receive him, but found himself, among its illustrious crowds, the most distinguished object.

The copyright of the poem, which was purchased by Mr. Murray for 600*l.*, he presented, in the most delicate and unostentatious manner, to Mr. Dallas [2], saying, at the same time, that he "never would receive money for his writings;" — a resolution, the mixed result of generosity and pride, which he afterwards wisely abandoned, though borne out by the example of Swift [3] and Voltaire, the latter of whom gave away most

[1] "Little knew she, that seeming marble heart,
Now mask'd in silence, or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide."
Childe Harold, Canto II.

We have here another instance of his propensity to self-misrepresentation. However great might have been the irregularities of his college life, such phrases as the "art of the spoiler" and "spreading snares" were in nowise applicable to them. ["I am not a Joseph," wrote Lord Byron, in 1821, "nor a Scipio; but I can safely affirm, that I never in my life seduced any woman."]

[2] "After speaking to him of the sale, and settling the new edition, I said, 'How can I possibly think of this rapid sale, and the profits likely to ensue, without recollecting—'—'What?'—'Think what sum your work may produce.'—'I shall be rejoiced, and wish it doubled and trebled; but do not talk to me of money. I never will receive money for my writings.'" — *Dallas's Recollections.*

[3] In a letter to Pulteney, 12th May, 1735, Swift says, "I never got a farthing for any thing I writ, except once,

of his copyrights to Prault and other booksellers, and received books, not money, for those he disposed of otherwise. To his young friend, Mr. Harness, it had been his intention, at first, to dedicate the work, but, on further consideration, he relinquished his design; and in a letter to that gentleman (which, with some others, is unfortunately lost) alleged, as his reason for this change, the prejudice which, he foresaw, some parts of the poem would raise against himself, and his fear lest, by any possibility, a share of the odium might so far extend itself to his friend, as to injure him in the profession to which he was about to devote himself.

CHAPTER XV.

1812.

COLONEL GREVILLE AND THE ARGYLE INSTITUTION. — ANECDOTES. — SENSITIVENESS OF THE POET ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS SATIRE. — SUPPRESSION OF THE NEW EDITION OF ENGLISH BARDS, ETC., OF THE CURSE OF MINERVA, AND OF THE HINTS FROM HORACE. — PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTES. — FASHIONABLE LIFE. — PRESENTATION TO THE PRINCE REGENT. — LETTER TO SIR WALTER SCOTT THEREON. — VISITS TO MIDDLETON, AND TO BOWOOD. — LORD ERSKINE. — CHEEKCHESTER. — CHELTENHAM. — ADDRESS ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE. — MR. BETTY, THE ACTOR. — ANECDOTES. — CORRESPONDENCE.

Not long after the publication of Childe Harold, the noble author paid me a visit, one morning, and putting a letter into my hands, which he had just received, requested that I would undertake to manage for him whatever proceedings it might render necessary. This letter, I found, had been delivered to him by Mr. Leckie [1] (a gentleman well known by a work on Sicilian affairs), and came from a once active and popular member of the fashionable world, Colonel Greville, — its purport being to require of his Lordship, as author of "English Bards," &c., such reparation as it was in his power to make for the injury which, as Colonel Greville conceived, certain passages in that satire, reflecting upon his conduct as manager of the Argyle Institution, were calculated to inflict upon his character. In the appeal of the gallant Colonel, there were some expressions of rather an angry cast, which Lord Byron, though fully conscious of the length to which he himself had gone, was but little inclined to brook, and, on my returning the letter into his hands, he said, "To such a letter as that there can be but one sort of answer." He agreed, however, to trust the matter entirely to my discretion, and I had, shortly after, an interview with the friend of Colonel Greville. By this gentleman, who was then an utter stranger to me, I was received with much courtesy, and with every disposition to bring the affair intrusted to us to an amicable issue. On my premising that the tone of his friend's letter stood in the way of negotiation, and that some obnoxious expressions which it contained must be removed before I could proceed a single step towards explanation, he most readily consented to remove this obstacle. At his request I drew a pen across the parts I considered objectionable, and he undertook to send me the letter re-written next morning. In the mean time I received from Lord Byron the following paper for my guidance: —

"With regard to the passage on Mr. Way's loss, no unfair play was hinted at, as may be seen by referring to the book; and it is expressly added, that the *managers were ignorant* of that transaction. As to the prevalence of play at the Argyle, it cannot be denied that there were *billiards* and *dice*: — Lord B. has been a witness to the use of both at the Argyle Rooms. These, it is presumed, come under the denomination of play. If play be allowed, the President of the Institution can hardly complain of being termed the 'Arbiter of Play [2], — or what becomes of his authority?

"Lord B. has no personal animosity to Colonel Greville. A public institution, to which he himself was a subscriber, he considered himself to have a right to notice *publickly*. Of that institution Colonel Greville was the avowed director; — it is too late to enter into the discussion of its merits or demerits.

"Lord B. must leave the discussion of

and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." ["This probably alludes to Gulliver's Travels, for which Pope certainly obtained from the bookseller 300*l*. There may, however, be some question, whether this sum was not left at Pope's disposal, as well as that which he got for the Miscellanies, and which Swift abandoned to him." — Sir Walter Scott, *Prose Works*, vol. ii. p. 432.]

[1] [Gould Francis Leckie, Esq., author of an "Historical Survey of the Foreign Affairs of Great Britain," an "Historical Research into the Nature of the Balance of Power in Europe," and other tracts.]

[2] ["Behold the new Petronius of the day,
Our arbiter of pleasure and of play."
See *Works*, p. 431.]

the reparation, for the real or supposed injury, to Colonel G.'s friend, and Mr. Moore, the friend of Lord B.—begging them to recollect that, while they consider Colonel G.'s honour, Lord B. must also maintain his own. If the business can be settled amicably, Lord B. will do as much as can and ought to be done by a man of honour towards conciliation;—if not, he must satisfy Colonel G. in the manner most conducive to his further wishes."

In the morning I received the letter, in its new form, from Mr. Leckie, with the annexed note:—

"My dear Sir,

"I found my friend very ill in bed; he has, however, managed to copy the enclosed, with the alterations proposed. Perhaps you may wish to see me in the morning; I shall therefore be glad to see you any time till twelve o'clock. If you rather wish me to call on you, tell me, and I shall obey your summons. Yours, very truly,

"G. F. Leckie."

With such facilities towards pacification, it is almost needless to add that there was but little delay in settling the matter amicably.

While upon this subject, I shall avail myself of the opportunity which it affords of extracting an amusing account given by Lord Byron himself of some affairs of this description, in which he was, at different times, employed as mediator.

"I have been called in as mediator, or second, at least twenty times, in violent quarrels, and have always contrived to settle the business without compromising the honour of the parties, or leading them to mortal consequences, and this, too, sometimes in very difficult and delicate circumstances, and having to deal with very hot and haughty spirits,—Irishmen, gamesters, guardsmen, captains, and cornets of horse, and the like. This was, of course, in my youth, when I lived in hot-headed company. I have had to carry challenges from gentlemen to noblemen, from captains to captains, from lawyers to counsellors, and once from a clergyman to an officer in the Life Guards; but I found the latter by far the most difficult,—

"'to compose
The bloody duel without blows,'—

the business being about a woman: I must add, too, that I never saw a *woman* behave so ill, like a cold-blooded, heartless b— as she was,—but very handsome for all that. A certain Susan C** was she called. I never saw her but once; and that was to induce her but to say two words (which in no degree compromised herself), and which would have had the effect of saving a priest or a lieutenant of cavalry. She would *not* say them, and neither Nepean[1] nor myself (the son of Sir Evan Nepean, and a friend to one of the parties) could prevail upon her to say them, though both of us used to deal in some sort with womankind. At last I managed to quiet the combatants without her talisman, and, I believe, to her great disappointment: she was the damnedest b— that I ever saw, and I have seen a great many. Though my clergyman was sure to lose either his life or his living, he was as warlike as the Bishop of Beauvais, and would hardly be pacified; but then he was in love, and that is a martial passion."

However disagreeable it was to find the consequences of his Satire thus rising up against him in a hostile shape, he was far more embarrassed in those cases where the retribution took a friendly form. Being now daily in the habit of meeting and receiving kindnesses from persons who, either in themselves, or through their relatives, had been wounded by his pen, he felt every fresh instance of courtesy from such quarters to be, (as he sometimes, in the strong language of Scripture, expressed it,) like "heaping coals of fire upon his head." He was, indeed, in a remarkable degree, sensitive to the kindness or displeasure of those he lived with; and had he passed a life subject to the immediate influence of society, it may be doubted whether he ever would have ventured upon those unbridled bursts of energy in which he at once demonstrated and abused his power. At the period when he ran riot in his Satire, society had not yet caught him within its pale; and in the time of his Cains and Don Juans, he had again broken loose from it. Hence, his instinct towards a life of solitude and independence, as the true element of his strength. In his own domain of imagination he could defy the whole world; while, in real life, a frown or smile could rule him. The facility with which he sacrificed his first volume, at the mere suggestion of his friend, Mr. Becher, is a strong proof of this pliableness; and in the instance of Childe Harold, such influence had the opinions of Mr. Gifford and Mr. Dallas on his mind, that he not only shrunk from his original design of identifying himself with his hero, but surrendered to them one of his most favourite stanzas, whose hete-

[1] [Now Sir Molineux Nepean, Bart.]

rodoxy they had objected to; nor is it too much, perhaps, to conclude, that had a more extended force of such influence then acted upon him, he would have consented to omit the sceptical parts of his poem altogether. Certain it is that, during the remainder of his stay in England, no such doctrines were ever again obtruded on his readers; and in all those beautiful creations of his fancy, with which he brightened that whole period, keeping the public eye in one prolonged gaze of admiration, both the bitterness and the licence of his impetuous spirit were kept effectually under control. The world, indeed, had yet to witness what he was capable of when emancipated from this restraint. For, graceful and powerful as were his flights while society had still a hold of him, it was not till let loose from the leash that he rose into the true region of his strength; and though almost in proportion to that strength was, too frequently, his abuse of it, yet so magnificent are the very excesses of such energy, that it is impossible, even while we condemn, not to admire.

The occasion by which I have been led into these remarks, — namely, his sensitiveness on the subject of his Satire, — is one of those instances that show how easily his gigantic spirit could be, if not held down, at least entangled, by the small ties of society. The aggression of which he had been guilty was not only past, but, by many of those most injured, forgiven; and yet, — highly, it must be allowed, to the credit of his social feelings, — the idea of living familiarly and friendlily with persons, respecting whose character or talents there were such opinions of his on record, became, at length, insupportable to him; and, though far advanced in a fifth edition of "English Bards," &c., he came to the resolution of suppressing the Satire altogether; and orders were sent to Cawthorn, the publisher, to commit the whole impression to the flames. At the same time, and from similar motives, — aided, I rather think, by a friendly remonstrance from Lord Elgin, or some of his connections, — the "Curse of Minerva," a poem levelled against that nobleman, and already in progress towards publication, was also sacrificed: while the "Hints from Horace," though containing far less personal satire than either of the others, shared their fate.

To exemplify what I have said of his extreme sensibility to the passing sunshine or clouds of the society in which he lived, I need but cite the following notes, addressed by him to his friend Mr. William Bankes, under the apprehension that this gentleman was, for some reason or other, displeased with him.

LETTER 92. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"April 20, 1812.

"My dear Bankes,

"I feel rather hurt (not savagely) at the speech you made to me last night, and my hope is, that it was only one of your *profane* jests. I should be very sorry that any part of my behaviour should give you cause to suppose that I think higher of myself, or otherwise of you than I have always done. I can assure you that I am as much the humblest of your servants as at Trin. Coll.; and if I have not been at home when you favoured me with a call, the loss was more mine than yours. In the bustle of buzzing parties, there is, there can be, no rational conversation; but when I can enjoy it, there is nobody's I can prefer to your own. Believe me ever faithfully and most affectionately yours,

"BYRON."

LETTER 93. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"My dear Bankes,

"My eagerness to come to an explanation has, I trust, convinced you that whatever my unlucky manner might inadvertently be, the change was as unintentional as (if intended) it would have been ungrateful. I really was not aware that, while we were together, I had evinced such caprices; that we were not so much in each other's company as I could have wished, I well know, but I think so *acute an observer* as yourself must have perceived enough to *explain this*, without supposing any slight to one in whose society I have pride and pleasure. Recollect that I do not allude here to 'extended' or 'extending' acquaintances, but to circumstances you will understand, I think, on a little reflection.

"And now, my dear Bankes, do not distress me by supposing that I can think of you, or you of me, otherwise than I trust we have long thought. You told me not long ago that my temper was improved, and I should be sorry that opinion should be revoked. Believe me, your friendship is of more account to me than all those absurd vanities in which, I fear, you conceive me to take too much interest. I have never disputed your superiority, or doubted (seriously) your good will, and no one shall ever 'make mischief between us' without the sincere regret on the part of your ever affectionate, &c.

"P.S. — I shall see you, I hope, at Lady Jersey's. Hobhouse goes also."

In the month of April he was again tempted to try his success in the House of Lords; and, on the motion of Lord Donoughmore for taking into consideration the claims of the Irish Catholics, delivered his sentiments strongly in favour of the proposition. His display, on this occasion, seems to have been less promising than in his first essay. His delivery was thought mouthing and theatrical, being infected, I take for granted (having never heard him speak in Parliament), with the same chanting tone that disfigured his recitation of poetry, — a tone contracted at most of the public schools, but more particularly, perhaps, at Harrow, and encroaching just enough on the boundaries of song to offend those ears most by which song is best enjoyed and understood.

On the subject of the negotiations for a change of ministry which took place during this session, I find the following anecdotes recorded in his note-book: —

"At the opposition meeting of the peers in 1812, at Lord Grenville's, when Lord Grey and he read to us the correspondence upon Moira's negotiation, I sate next to the present Duke of Grafton, and said, 'What is to be done next?' — 'Wake the Duke of Norfolk' (who was snoring away near us), replied he: 'I don't think the negotiators have left any thing else for us to do this turn.'

"In the debate, or rather discussion, afterwards in the House of Lords upon that very question, I sate immediately behind Lord Moira, who was extremely annoyed at Grey's speech upon the subject; and, while Grey was speaking, turned round to me repeatedly, and asked me whether I agreed with him. It was an awkward question to me who had not heard both sides. Moira kept repeating to me, 'It was *not so*, it was so and so,' &c. I did not know very well what to think, but I sympathised with the acuteness of his feelings upon the subject."

The subject of the Catholic claims was, it is well known, brought forward a second time this session by Lord Wellesley, whose motion for a future consideration of the question was carried by a majority of one. In reference to this division, another rather amusing anecdote is thus related.

"Lord Eldon affects an imitation of two very different Chancellors, Thurlow and Loughborough, and can indulge in an oath now and then. On one of the debates on the Catholic question, when we were either equal or within one (I forget which), I had been sent for in great haste to a ball, which I quitted, I confess, somewhat reluctantly, to emancipate five millions of people. I came in late, and did not go immediately into the body of the House, but stood just behind the woolsack. Eldon turned round, and, catching my eye, immediately said to a peer, (who had come to him for a few minutes on the woolsack, as is the custom of his friends,) 'Damn them! they'll have it now, — by G—d! the vote that is just come in will give it them.'"

During all this time, the impression which he had produced in society, both as a poet and a man, went on daily increasing; and the facility with which he gave himself up to the current of fashionable life, and mingled in all the gay scenes through which it led, showed that the novelty, at least, of this mode of existence had charms for him, however he might estimate its pleasures. That sort of vanity which is almost inseparable from genius, and which consists in an extreme sensitiveness on the subject of self, Lord Byron, I need not say, possessed in no ordinary degree; and never was there a career in which this sensibility to the opinions of others was exposed to more constant and various excitement than that on which he was now entered. I find in a note of my own to him, written at this period, some jesting allusions to the "circle of star-gazers" whom I had left around him at some party on the preceding night; — and such, in fact, was the flattering ordeal he had to undergo wherever he went. On these occasions, — particularly before the range of his acquaintance had become sufficiently extended to set him wholly at his ease, — his air and port were those of one whose better thoughts were elsewhere, and who looked with melancholy abstraction on the gay crowd around him. This deportment, so rare in such scenes, and so accordant with the romantic notions entertained of him, was the result partly of shyness, and partly, perhaps, of that love of effect and impression to which the poetical character of his mind naturally led. Nothing, indeed, could be more amusing and delightful than the contrast which his manners afterwards, when we were alone, presented to his proud reserve in the brilliant circle we had just left. It was like the bursting gaiety of a boy let loose from school, and seemed as if there was no extent of fun or tricks of which he was not capable. Finding him invariably thus lively when we were together, I often rallied him on the gloomy tone of his poetry, as assumed; but his constant answer was (and I soon ceased to doubt of its truth,) that, though thus merry and full of laughter with those he liked, he was, at heart, one of the most melancholy wretches in existence.

Among the numerous notes which I received from him at this time, — some of them relating to our joint engagements in society, and others to matters now better forgotten, — I shall select a few that (as showing his haunts and habits) may not, perhaps, be uninteresting.

"March 25. 1812.

"Know all men by these presents, that you, Thomas Moore, stand indicted — no — invited, by special and particular solicitation, to Lady C. L * *'s [Caroline Lamb's] to-morrow evening, at half-past nine o'clock, where you will meet with a civil reception and decent entertainment. Pray, come — I was so examined after you this morning, that I entreat you to answer in person.

"Believe me," &c.

"Friday noon.

"I should have answered your note yesterday, but I hoped to have seen you this morning. I must consult with you about the day we dine with Sir Francis. I suppose we shall meet at Lady Spencer's to-night. I did not know that you were at Miss Berry's the other night, or I should have certainly gone there.

"As usual, I am in all sorts of scrapes, though none, at present, of a martial description.

"Believe me," &c.

"May 8. 1812.

"I am too proud of being your friend, to care with whom I am linked in your estimation, and, God knows, I want friends more at this time than at any other. I am 'taking care of myself' to no great purpose. If you knew my situation in every point of view, you would excuse apparent and unintentional neglect. I shall leave town, I think; but do not you leave it without seeing me. I wish you, from my soul, every happiness you can wish yourself; and I think you have taken the road to secure it. Peace be with you! I fear she has abandoned me.

"Ever," &c.

"May 20. 1812.

"On Monday, after sitting up all night, I saw Bellingham launched into eternity [1], and at three the same day I saw * * * launched into the country.

"I believe, in the beginning of June, I shall be down for a few days in Notts. If so, I shall beat you up 'en passant' with Hobhouse, who is endeavouring, like you and every body else, to keep me out of scrapes.

"I meant to have written you a long letter, but I find I cannot. If any thing remarkable occurs, you will hear it from me — if good; if *bad*, there are plenty to tell it. In the mean time, do you be happy.

"Ever yours, &c.

"P. S. — My best wishes and respects to Mrs. * * [Moore]; — she is beautiful. I may say so even to you, for I was never more struck with a countenance."

Among the tributes to his fame, this spring, it should have been mentioned that, at some evening party, he had the honour of being presented, at that royal personage's own desire, to the Prince Regent. "The Regent," says Mr. Dallas, "expressed his admiration of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, and continued a conversation, which so fascinated the poet, that had it not been for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visiter at Carlton House, if not a complete courtier."

After this wise prognostic, the writer adds, — "I called on him on the morning for which the levee had been appointed, and found him in a full-dress court suit of clothes, with his fine black hair in powder, which by no means suited his countenance. I was surprised, as he had not told me that he should go to court; and it seemed to me as if he thought it necessary to apologise for his intention, by his observing that he could not in decency but do it, as the Regent had done him the honour to say that he hoped to see him soon at Carlton House."

In the two letters that follow we find his own account of the introduction.

[1] He had taken a window opposite for the purpose, and was accompanied on the occasion by his old schoolfellows, Mr. Bailey and Mr. John Madocks. They went together from some assembly, and, on their arriving at the spot, about three o'clock in the morning, not finding the house that was to receive them open, Mr. Madocks undertook to rouse the inmates, while Lord Byron and Mr. Bailey sauntered, arm in arm, up the street. During this interval, rather a painful scene occurred. Seeing an unfortunate woman lying on the steps of a door, Lord Byron, with some expression of compassion, offered her a few shillings; but, instead of accepting them, she violently pushed away his hand, and, starting up with a yell of laughter, began to mimic the lameness of his gait. He did not utter a word; but "I could feel," said Mr. Bailey, "his arm trembling within mine, as we left her."

I may take this opportunity of mentioning another anecdote connected with his lameness. In coming out, one night, from a ball, with Mr. Rogers, as they were on their way to their carriage, one of the link-boys ran on before Lord Byron, crying, "This way, my Lord." — "He seems to know you," said Mr. Rogers. — "Know me!" answered Lord Byron, with some degree of bitterness in his tone — "every one knows me, — I am deformed."

LETTER 94. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"June 25. 1812.

"My dear Lord,

"I must appear very ungrateful, and have, indeed, been very negligent, but till last night I was not apprised of Lady Holland's restoration, and I shall call to-morrow to have the satisfaction, I trust, of hearing that she is well. — I hope that neither politics nor gout have assailed your Lordship since I last saw you, and that you also are 'as well as could be expected.'

"The other night, at a ball, I was presented by order to our gracious Regent, who honoured me with some conversation, and professed a predilection for poetry. — I confess it was a most unexpected honour, and I thought of poor Brummell's adventure, with some apprehension of a similar blunder. I have now great hope, in the event of Mr. Pye's decease, of 'warbling truth at court,' like Mr. Mallet of indifferent memory. — Consider, one hundred marks a year! besides the wine and the disgrace; but then remorse would make me drown myself in my own butt before the year's end, or the finishing of my first dithyrambic. — So that, after all, I shall not meditate our laureate's death by pen or poison.

"Will you present my best respects to Lady Holland? and believe me hers and yours very sincerely."

The second letter, entering much more fully into the particulars of this interview with Royalty, was in answer, it will be perceived, to some inquiries which Sir Walter Scott (then Mr. Scott) had addressed to him on the subject; and the whole account reflects even still more honour on the Sovereign himself than on the two poets.

LETTER 95. TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"St. James's Street, July 6. 1812.

"Sir,

"I have just been honoured with your letter. — I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the 'evil works of my nonage,' as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities: he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the "Lay." He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *Princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living *gentleman*.[1]

"This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, 'no business there.' To be thus praised by your Sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,
"BYRON."

"P. S. — Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey.

During the summer of this year, he paid visits to some of his noble friends, and, among others, to the Earl of Jersey and the Marquis of Lansdowne. "In 1812," he says,

[1] ["There, too, he saw (whate'er he may be now)
A Prince, the prince of princes at the time,
With fascination in his very bow,
And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
Though royalty was written on his brow,
He had *then* the grace, too, rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe."
Don Juan, c. xii. st. 84. Works, p. 726.]

"at Middleton (Lord Jersey's), amongst a goodly company of lords, ladies, and wits, &c., there was * * *.[1]

"Erskine, too! Erskine was there[2]; good, but intolerable. He jested, he talked, he did every thing admirably, but then he *would* be applauded for the same thing twice over. He would read his own verses, his own paragraph, and tell his own story again and again; and then the 'Trial by Jury!!!' I almost wished it abolished, for I sat next him at dinner. As I had read his published speeches, there was no occasion to repeat them to me.

"C * * (the fox-hunter), nicknamed '*Check* C * * [Chester], and I sweated the claret, being the only two who did so. C * *, who loves his bottle, and had no notion of meeting with a 'bon-vivant' in a scribbler[3], in making my eulogy to somebody one evening, summed it up in — 'By G—d he drinks like a man.'

"Nobody drank, however, but *C* * and I. To be sure, there was little occasion, for we swept off what was on the table (a most splendid board, as may be supposed, at Jersey's) very sufficiently. However, we 'carried our liquor discreetly,' like the Baron of Bradwardine."

In the month of August this year, on the completion of the new Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, the Committee of Management, desirous of procuring an Address for the opening of the theatre, took the rather novel mode of inviting, by an advertisement in the newspapers, the competition of all the poets of the day towards this object. Though the contributions that ensued were sufficiently numerous, it did not appear to the Committee that there was any one among the number worthy of selection. In this difficulty it occurred to Lord Holland, that they could not do better than have recourse to Lord Byron, whose popularity would give additional vogue to the solemnity of their opening, and to whose transcendent claims, as a poet, it was taken for granted, (though without sufficient allowance, as it proved, for the irritability of the brotherhood,) even the rejected candidates themselves would bow without a murmur. The first result of this application to the noble poet will be learned from what follows.

LETTER 96. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, September 10. 1812.

"My dear Lord,

"The lines which I sketched off on your hint are still, or rather *were*, in an unfinished state, for I have just committed them to a flame more decisive than that of Drury. Under all the circumstances, I should hardly wish a contest with Philo-drama—Philo-Drury—Asbestos, H* *, and all the anonymes and synonymes of Committee candidates. Seriously, I think you have a chance of something much better; for prologuising is not my forte, and, at all events, either my pride or my modesty won't let me incur the hazard of having my rhymes buried in next month's Magazine, under 'Essays on the Murder of Mr. Perceval,' and 'Cures for the Bite of a Mad Dog,' as poor Goldsmith complained of the fate of far superior performances.[4]

"I am still sufficiently interested to wish to know the successful candidate; and, amongst so many, I have no doubt some will be excellent, particularly in an age when writing verse is the easiest of all attainments.

"I cannot answer your intelligence with the 'like comfort,' unless, as you are deeply theatrical, you may wish to hear of Mr. * * [Betty], whose acting is, I fear, utterly inadequate to the London engagement into which the managers of Covent Garden have lately entered. His figure is fat, his features flat, his voice unmanageable, his action ungraceful, and, as Diggory[5] says, 'I defy him to *ex*tort that d—d muffin face of his into madness.' I was very sorry to see him in the character of the 'Elephant on the slack rope;' for, when I last saw him, I was in raptures with his performance. But then I was sixteen — an age to which all London condescended to subside. After all, much

[1] A review, somewhat too critical, of some of the guests is here omitted.

[2] ["There also were two wits by acclamation,
Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed,
Both lawyers and both men of education,
But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed," &c.
Don Juan, c. xiii. st. 92.]

[3] For the first day or two, at Middleton, he did not join his noble host's party till after dinner, but took his scanty repast of biscuits and soda-water in his own room. Being told by somebody that the gentleman above mentioned had pronounced such habits to be "effeminate," he resolved to show the "foxhunter" that he could be, on occasion, as good a *bon-vivant* as himself, and, by his prowess at the claret next day, after dinner, drew forth from Mr. C * * the eulogium here recorded.

[4] ["The public were more importantly employed, than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog."—*Goldsmith's Misc. Works*, vol. ii. p. 105. ed. 1837.]

[5] [In the farce of "All the World's a Stage."]

better judges have admired, and may again; but I venture to 'prognosticate a prophecy' (see the Courier), that he will not succeed.

"So, poor dear Rogers has stuck fast on 'the brow of the mighty Helvellyn'—I hope not for ever. My best respects to Lady H.:—her departure, with that of my other friends, was a sad event for me, now reduced to a state of the most cynical solitude. 'By the waters of Cheltenham I sat down and *drank*, when I remembered thee, oh Georgiana Cottage! As for our *harps*, we hanged them up upon the willows that grew thereby. Then they said, Sing us a song of Drury Lane,' &c.;—but I am dumb and dreary as the Israelites. The waters have disordered me to my heart's content—you *were* right, as you always are. Believe me ever your obliged and affectionate servant,

"Byron."

The request of the Committee for his aid having been, still more urgently, repeated, he, at length, notwithstanding the difficulty and invidiousness of the task, from his strong wish to oblige Lord Holland, consented to undertake it; and the quick succeeding notes and letters, which he addressed, during the completion of the Address, to his noble friend, afford a proof (in conjunction with others of still more interest, yet to be cited) of the pains he, at this time, took in improving and polishing his first conceptions, and the importance he wisely attached to a judicious choice of epithets as a means of enriching both the music and the meaning of his verse. They also show,—what, as an illustration of his character, is even still more valuable,—the exceeding pliancy and good humour with which he could yield to friendly suggestions and criticisms; nor can it be questioned, I think, but that the docility thus invariably exhibited by him, on points where most poets are found to be tenacious and irritable, was a quality natural to his disposition, and such as might have been turned to account in far more important matters, had he been fortunate enough to meet with persons capable of understanding and guiding him.

The following are a few of those hasty notes, on the subject of the Address, which I allude to:—

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 22. 1812.

"My dear Lord,

"In a day or two I will send you something which you will still have the liberty to reject if you dislike it. I should like to have had more time, but will do my best,—but too happy if I can oblige *you*, though I may offend a hundred scribblers and the discerning public. Ever yours.

"Keep *my name* a *secret*; or I shall be beset by all the rejected, and, perhaps, damned by a party."

Letter 97. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, September 23. 1812.

"Ecco!—I have marked some passages with *double* readings—choose between them—*cut*—*add*—*reject*—or *destroy*—do with them as you will—I leave it to you and the Committee—you cannot say so called 'a *non committendo*.' What will *they* do (and I do) with the hundred and one rejected Troubadours? 'With trumpets, yea, and with shawms,' will you be assailed in the most diabolical doggerel. I wish my name not to transpire till the day is decided. I shall not be in town, so it won't much matter; but let us have a *good deliverer*. I think Elliston should be the man, or Pope; *not* Raymond, I implore you, by the love of Rhythmus!

"The passages marked thus = =, above and below, are for you to choose between epithets, and such like poetical furniture. Pray write me a line, and believe me ever, &c.

"My best remembrances to Lady H. Will you be good enough to decide between the various readings marked, and erase the other; or our *deliverer* may be as puzzled as a commentator, and belike repeat both. If these *versicles* won't do, I will hammer out some more endecasyllables.

"P.S.—Tell Lady H. I have had sad work to keep out the Phœnix—I mean the Fire Office of that name. It has insured the theatre, and why not the Address?"

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 24.

"I send a recast of the four first lines of the concluding paragraph.

"This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The drama's homage by her Herald paid,
Receive *our welcome too*, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises, &c. &c.

And do forgive all this trouble. See what it is to have to do even with the *genteelest* of us. Ever, &c."

Letter 98. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, Sept. 25. 1812.

"Still 'more matter for a May morning.' Having patched the middle and end of the Address, I send one more couplet for a part

of the beginning, which, if not too turgid, you will have the goodness to add. After that flagrant image of the *Thames* (I hope no unlucky wag will say I have set it on fire, though Dryden, in his 'Annus Mirabilis,' and Churchill, in his 'Times,' did it before me), I mean to insert this —

"As flashing far the new Volcano shone
And swept the skies with { *meteors* / lightnings } not their own,
While thousands throng'd around the burning dome,
&c. &c.

I think 'thousands' less flat than 'crowds collected'—but don't let me plunge into the bathos, or rise into Nat. Lee's *Bedlam* metaphors. By the by, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent-garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection on the Thames.

"Perhaps the present couplet had better come in after 'trembled for their homes,' the two lines after; — as otherwise the image certainly sinks, and it will run just as well.

"The lines themselves, perhaps, may be better thus—('choose,' or 'refuse' — but please *yourself*, and don't mind 'Sir Fretful') —

"As flash'd the volumed blaze, and { *sadly* / ghastly } shone
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.

The last *runs* smoothest, and, I think, best; but you know *better* than *best*. 'Lurid' is also a less indistinct epithet than 'livid wave,' and, if you think so, a dash of the pen will do.

"I expected one line this morning; in the mean time, I shall remodel and condense, and, if I do not hear from you, shall send another copy.

"I am ever, &c."

LETTER 99. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 26. 1812.

"You will think there is no end to my villanous emendations. The fifth and sixth lines I think to alter thus —

"Ye who beheld — oh sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd;

because 'night' is repeated the next line but one; and, as it now stands, the conclusion of the paragraph, 'worthy him (Shakspeare) and *you*,' appears to apply the '*you*' to those only who were out of bed and in Covent Garden market on the night of conflagration, instead of the audience or the discerning public at large, all of whom are intended to be comprised in that comprehensive and, I hope, comprehensible pronoun.

"By the by, one of my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom —

"When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first; therefore I will let the old couplet stand, with its half rhymes 'sought' and 'wrote.'[1] Second thoughts in every thing are best, but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I am very anxious on this business, and I do hope that the very trouble I occasion you will plead its own excuse, and that it will tend to show my endeavour to make the most of the time allotted. I wish I had known it months ago, for in that case I had not left one line standing on another. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as much as I can, but never sufficiently; and, latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other.

"After all, my dear Lord, if you can get a decent Address elsewhere, don't hesitate to put this aside. Why did you not trust your own Muse? I am very sure she would have been triumphant, and saved the Committee their trouble — ''tis a joyful one' to me, but I fear I shall not satisfy even myself. After the account you sent me, 'tis no compliment to say you would have beaten your candidates; but I mean that, in *that* case, there would have been no occasion for their being beaten at all.

"There are but two decent prologues in our tongue — Pope's to Cato — Johnson's to Drury-Lane. These, with the epilogue to the 'Distrest Mother,' and, I think, one of Goldsmith's[2], and a prologue of old Colman's to Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster, are the best things of the kind we have.

"P. S. — I am diluted to the throat with medicine for the stone; and Boisragon wants me to try a warm climate for the winter — but I won't."

---

[1] "Such are the names that here your plaudits sought,
When Garrick acted, and when Brinsley wrote."

At present the couplet stands thus: —

"Dear are the days that made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write."

[2] [To Charlotte Lennox's comedy of "The Sister." See Goldsmith's Misc. Works, vol. iv. p. 130. ed. 1837.]

LETTER 100. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 27. 1812.

"I have just received your very kind letter, and hope you have met with a second copy corrected and addressed to Holland House, with some omissions and this new couplet,

"As glared each rising flash [1], and ghastly shone
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.

As to remarks, I can only say I will alter and acquiesce in any thing. With regard to the part which Whitbread wishes to omit, I believe the Address will go off *quicker* without it, though, like the agility of the Hottentot, at the expense of its vigour. I leave to your choice entirely the different specimens of stucco-work; and a *brick* of your own will also much improve my Babylonish turret. I should like Elliston to have it, with your leave. 'Adorn' and 'mourn' are lawful rhymes in Pope's Death of the unfortunate Lady.—Gray has 'forlorn' and 'mourn' —and 'torn' and 'mourn' are in Smollett's famous Tears of Scotland. [2]

"As there will probably be an outcry amongst the rejected, I hope the Committee will testify (if it be needful) that I sent in nothing to the congress whatever, with or without a name, as your Lordship well knows. All I have to do with it is with and through you; and though I, of course, wish to satisfy the audience, I do assure you my first object is to comply with your request, and in so doing to show the sense I have of the many obligations you have conferred upon me. Yours ever, "B."

LETTER 101. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 28. 1812.

"Will this do better? The metaphor is more complete.

"Till slowly ebb'd the { *lava of the* / spent volcanic } wave,
And blackening ashes mark'd the Muse's grave.

If not, we will say 'burning wave,' and instead of 'burning clime,' in the line some couplets back, have 'glowing.'

"Is Whitbread determined to castrate all my *cavalry* lines? [3] I don't see why t'other house should be spared; besides, it is the public, who ought to know better; and you recollect Johnson's was against similar buffooneries of Rich's — but, certes, I am not Johnson.

"Instead of 'effects,' say 'labours'— 'degenerate' will do, will it? Mr. Betty is no longer a babe, therefore the line cannot be personal.

"Will this do?

"Till ebb'd the lava of { *the burning* / that molten } wave, [4]

with 'glowing dome,' in case you prefer 'burning' added to this 'wave' metaphorical. The word 'fiery pillar' was suggested by the 'pillar of fire' in the book of Exodus, which went before the Israelites through the Red Sea. I once thought of saying 'like Israel's pillar,' and making it a simile, but I did not know, — the great temptation was leaving the epithet 'fiery' for the supplementary wave. I want to work up that passage, as it is the only new ground us prologuizers can go upon —

"This is the place where, if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it.

If I part with the possibility of a future conflagration, we lessen the compliment to Shakspeare. However, we will e'en mend it thus —

"Yes, it shall be — the magic of that name,
That scorns the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame,
On the same spot, &c. &c.

---

[1] At present, "As glared the volumed blaze."

[2] ["By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd."
POPE.

"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn."
GRAY.

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."
SMOLLETT.]

[3] The lines he here alludes to, and which, in spite of all his efforts to retain them, were omitted by the Committee, ran thus: —

"*Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores*
That late she deign'd to crawl upon all-fours.
When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course.
If you decree, the Stage must condescend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.
Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,
And gratify you more by showing less.
Oh, since your Fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
That public praise be ne'er again disgraced,
From { brutes to man recall / *babes and brutes redeem* } *a nation's taste;*
Then pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
When Reason's voice is echoed back by ours."

The last couplet but one was again altered in a subsequent copy, thus: —

"*The past reproach let present scenes refute,*
Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute."

[4] The form of this couplet, as printed, is as follows: —

"Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall."

There — the deuce is in it, if that is not an improvement to Whitbread's content. Recollect, it is the 'name,' and not the 'magic,' that has a noble contempt for those same weapons. If it were the 'magic,' my metaphor would be somewhat of the maddest — so the 'name' is the antecedent. But, my dear Lord, your patience is not quite so immortal — therefore, with many and sincere thanks, I am

"Yours ever most affectionately.

"P. S.—I foresee there will be charges of partiality in the papers; but you know I sent in no Address; and glad both you and I must be that I did not, for, in that case, their plea had been plausible. I doubt the Pit will be testy; but conscious innocence (a novel and pleasing sensation) makes me bold."

LETTER 102. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 28.

"I have altered the *middle* couplet, so as I hope partly to do away with W.'s objection. I do think, in the present state of the stage, it had been unpardonable to pass over the horses and Miss Mudie, &c. As Betty is no longer a boy, how can this be applied to him? He is now to be judged as a man. If he acts still like a boy, the public will but be more ashamed of their blunder. I have, you see, *now* taken it for granted that these things are reformed. I confess, I wish that part of the Address to stand; but if W. is inexorable, e'en let it go. I have also new-cast the lines, and softened the hint of future combustion [1], and sent them off this morning. Will you have the goodness to add, or insert, the *approved* alterations as they arrive? They 'come like shadows, so depart;' occupy me, and, I fear, disturb you.

"Do not let Mr. W. put his Address into Elliston's hands till you have settled on these alterations. E. will think it too long: — much depends on the speaking. I fear it will not bear much curtailing, without *chasms* in the sense.

"It is certainly too long in the reading; but if Elliston exerts himself, such a favourite with the public will not be thought tedious. *I* should think it so, if *he* were not to speak it.

"Yours ever, &c.

"P. S.—On looking again, I doubt my idea of having obviated W.'s objection. To the other House allusion is 'non sequitur'—but I wish to plead for this part, because the thing really is not to be passed over. Many after-pieces at the Lyceum by the *same company* have already attacked this 'Augean *Stable*'— and Johnson, in his prologue against 'Lunn' (the harlequin manager, Rich), — 'Hunt,' — 'Mahomet,' &c. is surely a fair precedent."

LETTER 103. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 29. 1812.

"Shakspeare certainly ceased to reign in *one* of his kingdoms, as George III. did in America, and George IV.[2] may in Ireland? Now, we have nothing to do out of our own realms, and when the monarchy was gone, his majesty had but a barren sceptre. I have *cut away*, you will see, and altered, but make it what you please; only I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds — 'a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.' I have altered 'wave,' &c., and the 'fire,' and so forth for the timid.

"Let me hear from you when convenient, and believe me, &c.

"P. S. — Do let *that* stand, and cut out elsewhere. I shall choke, if we must overlook their d—d menagerie."

LETTER 104. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"September 30. 1812.

"I send you the most I can make of it; for I am not so well as I was, and find I 'pall in resolution.'

"I wish much to see you, and will be at Tetbury by twelve on Saturday; and from thence I go on to Lord Jersey's. It is impossible not to allude to the degraded state of the Stage, but I have lightened *it*, and endeavoured to obviate your *other* objections. There is a new couplet for Sheridan, allusive to his Monody. All the alterations I have marked thus ⎫, — as you will see by comparison with the other copy. I have cudgelled my brains with the greatest willingness, and only wish I had more time to have done better.

"You will find a sort of clap-trap laudatory couplet inserted for the quiet of the Committee, and I have added, towards the end, the couplet you were pleased to *like*. The whole Address is seventy-three lines, still perhaps too long; and, if shortened, you will save time, but, I fear, a little of what I meant for sense also.

[1] It had been, originally,

"*Though other piles may sink in future flame,*
On the same spot," &c. &c.

[2] Some objection, it appears from this, had been made to the passage, "and Shakspeare *ceased to reign*."

"With myriads of thanks, I am ever, &c.

"My sixteenth edition of respects to Lady H. — How she must laugh at all this!

"I wish Murray, my publisher, to print off some copies as soon as your Lordship returns to town — it will ensure correctness in the papers afterwards."

LETTER 105. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Far be from him that hour which asks in vain
Tears such as flow for Garrick in his strain;

or,

"Far be that hour that vainly asks in turn
Such verse for him as { *crown'd his* / wept o'er } Garrick's urn.

"September 30. 1812.

"Will you choose between these added to the lines on Sheridan?[1] I think they will wind up the panegyric, and agree with the train of thought preceding them.

"Now, one word as to the Committee — how could they resolve on a rough copy of an Address never sent in, unless you had been good enough to retain in memory, or on paper, the thing they have been good enough to adopt? By the by, the circumstances of the case should make the Committee less 'avidus gloriæ,' for all praise of them would look plaguy suspicious. If necessary to be stated at all, the simple facts bear them out. They surely had a right to act as they pleased. My sole object is one which, I trust, my whole conduct has shown; viz. that I did nothing insidious — sent in no Address *whatever* — but, when applied to, did my best for them and myself; but, above all, that there was no undue partiality, which will be what the rejected will endeavour to make out. Fortunately — most fortunately — I sent in no lines on the occasion. For I am sure that had they, in that case, been preferred, it would have been asserted that *I* was known, and owed the preference to private friendship. This is what we shall probably have to encounter; but, if once spoken and approved, we sha'n't be much embarrassed by their brilliant conjectures; and, as to criticism, an *old* author, like an old bull, grows cooler (or ought) at every baiting.

"The only thing would be to avoid a party on the night of delivery — afterwards, the more the better, and the whole transaction inevitably tends to a good deal of discussion. Murray tells me there are myriads of ironical Addresses ready — *some*, in imitation of what is called *my style*. If they are as good as the Probationary Odes, or Hawkins's Pipe of Tobacco, it will not be bad fun for the imitated.

"Ever, &c."

[1] These added lines, as may be seen by reference to the printed Address, were not retained.

LETTER 106. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"October 2. 1812.

"A copy of this *still altered* is sent by the post, but this will arrive first. It must be 'humbler' — '*yet aspiring*' does away the modesty, and, after all, *truth is truth*. Besides, there is a puff direct altered, to please your *plaguy renters*.

"I shall be at Tetbury by 12 or 1 — but send this for you to ponder over. There are several little things marked thus / altered for your perusal. I have dismounted the cavalry, and, I hope, arranged to your *general* satisfaction.

"Ever, &c."

"At Tetbury by noon. — I hope, after it is sent, there will be no more elisions. It is not now so long — 73 lines — two less than allotted. I will alter all Committee objections, but I hope you won't permit *Elliston* to have any *voice* whatever, — except in speaking it."

CHAPTER XVI.

1812—1813.

CHELTENHAM. — LETTERS TO MR. MURRAY, MR. WILLIAM BANKES, LORD HOLLAND, AND MR. ROGERS. — GRANVILLE PENN'S CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, AND BIOSCOPE, OR DIAL OF LIFE EXPLAINED. — THE REJECTED ADDRESSES. — DR. BUSBY. — JAMES AND HORACE SMITH. — PUBLICATION OF THE WALTZ — AND OF THE GIAOUR. — GROUND-WORK OF THE FICTION. — LETTER FROM LORD SLIGO. — SUCCESS OF THE POEM. — NEW EDITIONS — AND ADDITIONAL PASSAGES. — A SUPPER AT MR. ROGERS'S. — LORD THURLOW'S POEMS. — ANECDOTES OF SHERIDAN. — GEORGE COLMAN. — ACQUAINTANCE WITH MR. LEIGH HUNT — VISIT TO MR. HUNT IN HORSEMONGER-LANE GAOL. — THIRD AND LAST SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS. — PARLIAMENTARY RECOLLECTIONS. — GRATTAN. — FOX. — GREY. — CANNING. — WINDHAM. — WHITBREAD. — HOLLAND. — LANSDOWNE. — GRENVILLE. — BURDETT. — WARD. — PEEL. — WILBERFORCE. — ERSKINE. — LAUDERDALE. — SHERIDAN. — HORNE TOOKE. — FLOOD. — COURTENAY.

THE time comprised in the series of letters to Lord Holland, which, as being exclusively

on one subject, I have thought it right to give without interruption, Lord Byron passed, for the most part, at Cheltenham; and during the same period, the following letters to other correspondents were written.

LETTER 107. TO MR. MURRAY.

"High Street, Cheltenham, Sept. 5. 1812.

"Pray have the goodness to send those despatches, and a No. of the Edinburgh Review with the rest. I hope you have written to Mr. Thompson, thanked him in my name for his present, and told him that I shall be truly happy to comply with his request. — How do you go on? and when is the graven image, 'with *bays and wicked rhyme upon't*,' to grace, or disgrace, some of our tardy editions?

"Send me '*Rokeby*.' Who the deuce is he? — no matter, he has good connections, and will be well introduced. I thank you for your inquiries: I am so so, but my thermometer is sadly below the poetical point. What will you give *me* or *mine* for a poem of six cantos, (*when complete* — *no* rhyme, *no* recompense,) as like the last two as I can make them? I have some ideas that one day may be embodied, and till winter I shall have much leisure.

"P. S. — My last question is in the true style of Grub Street; but, like Jeremy Diddler [1], I only 'ask for information.' — Send me Adair on Diet and Regimen, just republished by Ridgway."

LETTER 108. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, Sept. 14. 1812.

"The parcels contained some letters and verses, all (but one) anonymous and complimentary, and very anxious for my conversion from certain infidelities into which my good-natured correspondents conceive me to have fallen. The books were presents of a *convertible* kind also, — 'Christian Knowledge' and the 'Bioscope,' a religious Dial of Life explained: — to the author [2] of the former (Cadell, publisher,) I beg you will forward my best thanks for his letter, his present, and, above all, his good intentions. The 'Bioscope' contained a MS. copy of very excellent verses [3], from whom I know not, but evidently the composition of some one in the habit of writing, and of writing well. I do not know if he be the author of the 'Bioscope' which accompanied them; but whoever he is, if you can discover him, thank him from me most heartily. The other letters were from ladies, who are welcome to convert me when they please; and if I can discover them, and they be young, as they say they are, I could convince them perhaps of my devotion. I had also a letter from Mr. Walpole on matters of this world, which I have answered.

"So you are Lucien's publisher! I am promised an interview with him, and think I shall ask *you* for a letter of introduction, as 'the gods have made him poetical.' From whom could it come with a better grace than from *his* publisher and mine? Is it not somewhat treasonable in you to have to do with a relative of the 'direful foe,' as the Morning Post calls his brother?

"But my book on 'Diet and Regimen,' where is it? I thirst for Scott's Rokeby; let me have your first-begotten copy. The Anti-jacobin Review is all very well, and not a bit worse than the Quarterly, and at least less harmless. By the by, have you secured my books? I want all the Reviews, at least the critiques, quarterly, monthly, &c., Portuguese and English, extracted, and bound up in one volume for my *old age*; and pray, sort my Romaic books, and get the volumes lent to Mr. Hobhouse — he has had them now a long time. If any thing occurs, you will favour me with a line, and in winter we shall be nearer neighbours.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

"P. S. — I was applied to to write the Address for Drury Lane, but the moment I heard of the contest, I gave up the idea of contending against all Grub Street, and threw a few thoughts on the subject into the fire. I did this out of respect to you, being sure you would have turned off any of your authors who had entered the lists with such scurvy competitors. To triumph would have been no glory; and to have been defeated —'sdeath! — I would have choked myself, like Otway, with a quartern loaf [4]: so, remember I had, and have, nothing to do with it, upon *my honour!*"

[1] [In Kenney's farce of "Raising the Wind."]

[2] [The author of both works was Granville Penn, Esq., a gentleman descended from the family of Penn of Pennsylvania, and much distinguished for his learning and piety.]

[3] [See BYRONIANA.]

[4] [This is recorded by one of his biographers; but Pope, in Spence's Anecdotes, relates that Otway died of a fever caught by violent pursuit of an assassin who had fired at one of his friends.]

LETTER 109. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"Cheltenham, September 28. 1812.

"My dear Bankes,

"When you point out to one how people can be intimate at the distance of some seventy leagues, I will plead guilty to your charge, and accept your farewell, but not *wittingly*, till you give me some better reason than my silence, which merely proceeded from a notion founded on your own declaration of *old*, that you hated writing and receiving letters. Besides, how was I to find out a man of many residences? If I had addressed you *now*, it had been to your borough, where I must have conjectured you were amongst your constituents. So now, in despite of Mr. N. and Lady W., you shall be as 'much better' as the Hexham post-office will allow me to make you. I do assure you I am much indebted to you for thinking of me at all, and can't spare you even from amongst the superabundance of friends with whom you suppose me surrounded.

"You heard that Newstead[1] is sold — the sum 140,000*l.*; sixty to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years, paying interest, of course. Rochdale is also likely to do well — so my worldly matters are mending. I have been here some time drinking the waters, simply because there are waters to drink, and they are very medicinal, and sufficiently disgusting. In a few days I set out for Lord Jersey's, but return here, where I am quite alone, go out very little, and enjoy in its fullest extent the 'dolce far niente.' What you are about I cannot guess, even from your date; — not dancing to the sound of the gitourney in the Halls of the Lowthers? one of whom is here, ill, poor thing, with a phthisic. I heard that you passed through here (at the sordid inn where I first alighted) the very day before I arrived in these parts. We had a very pleasant set here; at first the Jerseys, Melbournes, Cowpers, and Hollands, but all gone; and the only persons I know are the Rawdons and Oxfords, with some later acquaintances of less brilliant descent.

"But I do not trouble them much; and as for your rooms and your assemblies, 'they are not dreamed of in our philosophy!!' — Did you read of a sad accident in the Wye t'other day? A dozen drowned; and Mr. Rossoe, a corpulent gentleman, preserved by a boat-hook or an eel-spear, begged, when he heard his wife was saved — no — *lost* — to be thrown in again!! — as if he could not have thrown himself in, had he wished it; but this passes for a trait of sensibility. What strange beings men are, in and out of the Wye![2]

"I have to ask you a thousand pardons for not fulfilling some orders before I left town; but if you knew all the cursed entanglements I *had* to wade through, it would be unnecessary to beg your forgiveness. — When will Parliament (the new one) meet? — in sixty days, on account of Ireland, I presume: the Irish election will demand a longer period for completion than the constitutional allotment. Yours, of course, is safe, and all your side of the question. Salamanca is the ministerial watchword, and all will go well with you. I hope you will speak more frequently, I am sure at least you *ought*, and it will be expected. I see Portman means to stand again. Good night.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"Μισάνθρωπος."[3]

LETTER 110. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, September 27. 1812.

"I sent in no Address whatever to the Committee; but out of nearly one hundred (this is *confidential*), none have been deemed worth acceptance[4]; and in consequence of

[1] "Early in the autumn of 1812," says Mr. Dallas, "he told me that he was urged by his man of business, and that Newstead *must* be sold." It was accordingly brought to the hammer at Garraway's, but not, at that time, sold, only 90,000*l.* being offered for it. The private sale to which he alludes in this letter took place soon after, — Mr. Claughton, the agent for Mr. Leigh, being the purchaser. It was never, however, for reasons which we shall see, completed.

[2] [The party were returning from Tintern Abbey in a pleasure boat, and were preparing to land below the bridge at Chepstow, when, on coming through the centre arch, where a barge was moored across, the rope taking the bottom of the boat, upset it. Out of the twelve of which the party consisted, seven actually perished.]

[3] A mode of signature he frequently adopted at this time.

[4] ["*Three-and-forty* addresses, properly folded, sealed, marked and directed, reached the committee. The builders of the lofty pile were totally at a loss to know how to dispose of the builders of the lofty rhyme: the latter all spoke different languages, and all, to the former, equally unintelligible. The committee were alike confounded with the number of addresses, and their own debates. No such confusion of tongues had accompanied any erection since the building of Babel; nor could matters have been set to rights (unless by a miracle), if the convenient though not very candid plan of rejecting *all* the addresses had not occurred as a mezzotermine in which the whole committee might safely agree; and the addresses were rejected accordingly. We do not think that they deserved, in true poetical justice, a better fate: not one was excellent, two or three only were tolerable, and the rest so execrable that we wonder this committee of *taste* did not agree upon one of them. But, as the several bards were induced to expend their precious time

their *subsequent* application to *me*, I have written a prologue, which *has* been received, and will be spoken. The MS. is now in the hands of Lord Holland.

"I write this merely to say, that (however it is received by the audience) you will publish it in the next edition of Childe Harold; and I only beg you at present to keep my name secret till you hear further from me, and as soon as possible I wish you to have a correct copy, to do with as you think proper.

"P. S. — I should wish a few copies printed off *before*, that the newspaper copies may be correct *after* the *delivery*."

LETTER 111. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, Oct. 12. 1812.

"I have a very *strong objection* to the engraving of the portrait [1], and request that it may, on no account, be prefixed; but let *all* the proofs be burnt, and the plate broken. I will be at the expense which has been incurred; it is but fair that *I* should, since I cannot permit the publication. I beg, as a particular favour, that you will lose no time in having this done, for which I have reasons that I will state when I see you. Forgive all the trouble I have occasioned you.

"I have received no account of the reception of the Address, but see it is vituperated in the papers, which does not much embarrass an *old author*. I leave it to your own judgment to add it, or not, to your next edition when required. Pray comply *strictly* with my wishes as to the engraving, and believe me, &c.

"P. S. — Favour me with an answer, as I shall not be easy till I hear that the proofs, &c. are destroyed. I hear that the *Satirist* has reviewed Childe Harold, in what manner I need not ask; but I wish to know if the old personalities are revived? I have a better reason for asking this than any that merely concerns myself; but in publications of that kind, others, particularly female names, are sometimes introduced."

LETTER 112. TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, Oct. 14. 1812.

"My dear Lord,

"I perceive that the papers, yea, even Perry's, are somewhat ruffled at the injudicious preference of the Committee. My friend Perry has, indeed, 'et tu Brute'-d me rather scurvily, for which I will send him, for the M. C., the next epigram I scribble, as a token of my full forgiveness.

"Do the Committee mean to enter into no explanation of their proceedings? You must see there is a leaning towards a charge of partiality. You will, at least, acquit me of any great anxiety to push myself before so many elder and better anonymous, to whom the twenty guineas (which I take to be about two thousand pounds *Bank* currency) and the honour would have been equally welcome. 'Honour,' I see, 'hath skill in paragraph-writing.'

"I wish to know how it went off at the second reading, and whether any one has had the grace to give it a glance of approbation. I have seen no paper but Perry's and two Sunday ones. Perry is severe, and the others silent. If, however, you and your Committee are not now dissatisfied with your own judgments, I shall not much embarrass myself about the brilliant remarks of the journals. My own opinion upon it is what it always was, perhaps pretty near that of the public.

"Believe me, my dear Lord, &c. &c.

"P. S. — My best respects to Lady H., whose smiles will be very consolatory, even at this distance."

LETTER 113. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, Oct. 18. 1811.

"Will you have the goodness to get this Parody of a peculiar kind [2] (for all the first

and more precious paper, by the implicit engagement on the part of the committee that the best bidder should have the contract, we think they have a right to protest against the injustice of this wholesale rejection. It was about as fair as it would be in Messrs. Bish and Carter, after they had disposed of all their lottery tickets, to acquaint the holders that there should be no drawing, but that they intended to transfer the twenty thousand pound prize to an acquaintance of their own. The committee, we readily admit, made an absurd engagement; but surely they were bound to keep it! In the dilemma to which that learned body was reduced by the rejection of all the biddings, they put themselves under the care of Lord Byron, who prescribed in their case a composition which bears the honour of his name." — *Quart. Rev.* vol. iii. p. 175.]

[1] A miniature by Sanders. Besides this miniature, Sanders had also painted a full-length of his Lordship, from which the portrait prefixed to the quarto edition of this work is engraved. In reference to the latter picture, Lord Byron says, in a note to Mr. Rogers, "If you think the picture you saw at Murray's worth your acceptance, it is yours; and you may put a *glove* or mask on it, if you like."

[2] Among the Addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee was one by Dr. Busby, entitled a Monologue, of which the Parody was enclosed in this letter. A short specimen of this trifle will be sufficient. The four first lines of the Doctor's Address are as follows: —

"When energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?
A magic Edifice you here survey,
Shot from the ruins of the other day!"

Which verses are thus ridiculed, unnecessarily, in the Parody: —

lines are *Busby's* entire) inserted in several of the papers (*correctly* — and copied *correctly; my hand* is difficult) — particularly the Morning Chronicle? Tell Mr. Perry I forgive him all he has said, and may say against *my address*, but he will allow me to deal with the Doctor — (*audi alteram partem*) — and not *betray* me. I cannot think what has befallen Mr. Perry, for of yore we were very good friends; — but no matter, only get this inserted.

"I have a poem on Waltzing for *you*, of which I make *you* a present; but it must be anonymous. It is in the old style of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

"P. S. — With the next edition of Childe Harold you may print the first fifty or a hundred opening lines of the 'Curse of Minerva,' down to the couplet beginning

"Mortal ('twas thus she spake), &c.

Of course, the moment the *Satire* begins, there you will stop, and the opening is the best part."

LETTER 114. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Oct. 19, 1812.

"Many thanks, but I *must* pay the *damage*, and will thank you to tell me the amount for the engraving. I think the 'Rejected Addresses [1]' by far the best thing of the kind since the Rolliad, and wish *you* had published them. Tell the author 'I forgive him, were he twenty times over our satirist [2];' and think his imitations not at all inferior to the famous ones of Hawkins Browne. He must be a man of very lively wit, and much less scurrilous than wits often are: altogether, I very much admire the performance, and wish it all success. The *Satirist* has taken a new tone, as you will see: we have now, I think, finished with Childe Harold's critics. I have in *hand* a *Satire* on *Waltzing*, which you must publish anonymously: it is not long, not quite two hundred lines, but will make a very small boarded pamphlet. In a few days you shall have it.

"P. S. — The editor of the *Satirist* almost ought to be thanked for his revocation; it is done handsomely, after five years' warfare."

LETTER 115. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Oct. 23, 1812.

"Thanks, as usual. You go on boldly; but have a care of *glutting* the public, who have by this time had enough of Childe Harold. 'Waltzing' shall be prepared. It is rather above two hundred lines, with an introductory Letter to the Publisher. I think of publishing, with Childe Harold, the opening lines of the 'Curse of Minerva,' as far as the first speech of Pallas, — because some of the readers like that part better than any I have ever written; and as it contains nothing to affect the subject of the subsequent portion, it will find a place as a *Descriptive Fragment*.

"The *plate* is *broken?* between ourselves, it was unlike the picture; and besides, upon the whole, the frontispiece of an author's visage is but a paltry exhibition. At all events, *this* would have been no recommendation to the book. I am sure Sanders would not have *survived* the engraving. By the by, the *picture* may remain with *you* or *him* (which you please), till my return. The *one* of two remaining copies is at your service till I can give you a *better;* the other must be *burned peremptorily*. Again, do not forget that I have an account with you, and *that* this is *included*. I give you too much *trouble* to allow you to incur *expense* also.

"You best know how far this 'Address Riot' will affect the future sale of Childe Harold. I like the volume of 'Rejected Addresses' better and better. The other parody which Perry has received is mine also (I believe). It is Dr. Busby's speech

"'When energising objects men pursue,'
The Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
'A modest Monologue you here survey,'
Hiss'd from the theatre the 'other day.'"
See *Works*, p. 553.

[1] ["Rejected Addresses; or, the New Theatrum Poetarum," appeared in October, 1812. A new edition, being the eighteenth, with an original preface and notes by the authors, the accomplished brothers, James and Horace Smith, was published in 1835.]

[2] ["From Sir Walter Scott, also, whose transcendent talents were only equalled by his virtues and his amiability, we received favours and notice, which it will be difficult to forget. 'I certainly must have written this myself!' said that fine-tempered man to one of the authors, pointing to the description of the Fire, 'although I forget upon what occasion.' Lydia White, a literary lady, who was prone to feed the lions of the day, invited one of us to dinner; but, recollecting afterwards that William Spencer formed one of the party, wrote to the latter to put him off; telling him that a man was to be at her table whom 'he would not like to meet.' 'Pray who is this whom I should not like to meet?' inquired the poet. 'O!' answered the lady, 'one of those men who have made that shameful attack upon you!' 'The very man upon earth I should like to know!' rejoined the lively and careless bard. The two individuals accordingly met, and have continued fast friends ever since. One criticism of a Liecestershire clergyman may be pronounced unique: 'I do not see why they should have been *rejected*, observed the matter-of-fact annotator; 'I think some of them very good.'" — *Preface to Rejected Addresses*, ed. 1835, p. xviii.]

satisfied. You are removing to Albemarle Street, I find, and I rejoice that we shall be nearer neighbours. I am going to Lord Oxford's, but letters here will be forwarded. When at leisure, all communications from you will be willingly received by the humblest of your scribes. Did Mr. Ward write the review of Horne Tooke's Life in the Quarterly?[1] It is excellent."

LETTER 156. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Cheltenham, November 22, 1812.

"On my return here from Lord Oxford's, I found your obliging note, and will thank you to retain the letters, and any other subsequent ones to the same address, till I arrive in town to claim them, which will probably be in a few days. I have in charge a curious and very long MS. poem, written by Lord Brooke (the *friend* of Sir *Philip Sidney*), which I wish to submit to the inspection of Mr. Gifford, with the following queries:—first, whether it has ever been published, and secondly (if not), whether it is worth publication? It is from Lord Oxford's library, and must have escaped or been overlooked amongst the MSS. of the Harleian Miscellany. The writing is Lord Brooke's, except a different hand towards the close. It is very long, and in the six-line stanza. It is not for me to hazard an opinion upon its merits; but I would take the liberty, if not too troublesome, to submit it to Mr. Gifford's judgment, which, from his excellent edition of Massinger, I should conceive to be as decisive on the writings of that age as on those of our own.

"Now for a less agreeable and important topic.—How came Mr. *Mac-Somebody*, without consulting you or me, to prefix the Address to his volume[2] of '*Dejected* Addresses?' Is not this somewhat larcenous? I think the ceremony of leave might have been asked, though I have no objection to the thing itself; and leave the 'hundred and eleven' to tire themselves with 'base comparisons.' I should think the ingenious public tolerably sick of the subject, and, except the Parodies, I have not interfered, nor shall; indeed I did not know that Dr. Busby had published his Apologetical Letter and Postscript, or I should have recalled them. But, I confess, I looked upon his conduct in a different light before its appearance. I see some mountebank has taken Alderman Birch's name to vituperate Dr. Busby; he had much better have pilfered his pastry, which I should imagine the more valuable ingredient—at least for a puff.—Pray secure me a copy of Woodfall's new Junius, and believe me, &c."

LETTER 157. TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"December 2.

"The multitude of your recommendations has already superseded my humble endeavours to be of use to you; and, indeed, most of my principal friends are returned. Leake from Joannina, Canning and Adair from the city of the Faithful, and at Smyrna no letter is necessary, as the consuls are always willing to do every thing for personages of respectability. I have sent you three; one to Gibraltar, which, though of no great necessity, will, perhaps, put you on a more intimate footing with a very pleasant family there. You will very soon find out that a man of any consequence has very little occasion for any letters but to ministers and bankers, and of them we have already plenty, I will be sworn.

"It is by no means improbable that I shall go in the spring; and if you will fix any place of rendezvous about August, I will *write* or *join* you.—When in Albania, I wish you would inquire after Dervise Tahiri and Vascillie (or Bazil), and make my respects to the viziers, both there and in the Morea. If you mention my name to Soleyman of Thebes, I think it will not hurt you; if I had my dragoman, or wrote Turkish, I could have given you letters of *real service;* but to the English they are hardly requisite, and the Greeks themselves can be of little advantage. Liston you know already, and I do not, as he was not then minister. Mind you visit Ephesus and the Troad, and let me hear from you when you please. I believe G. Forresti is now at Yanina; but if not, whoever is there will be too happy to assist you. Be particular about *firmauns;* never allow yourself to be bullied, for you are better protected in Turkey than any where; trust not the Greeks; and take some *knicknackeries* for *presents*—*watches*, *pistols*, &c. &c. to the Beys and Pachas. If you find one Demetrius, at Athens or elsewhere, I can recommend him as a good dragoman. I hope to join you, however; but you will find swarms of English now in the Levant.

"Believe me, &c."

[1] [See Quart. Review, vol. vii. p. 313. The article alluded to was written by the Hon. J. W. Ward, afterwards Earl of Dudley.]

[2] "The Genuine Rejected Addresses, presented to the Committee of Management for Drury Lane Theatre; preceded by that written by Lord Byron and adopted by the Committee:"—published by B. M'Millan.

LETTER 118. TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 20. 1813.

"In 'Horace in London'[1] I perceive some stanzas on Lord Elgin in which (waving the kind compliment to myself[2]) I heartily concur. I wish I had the pleasure of Mr. Smith's acquaintance, as I could communicate the curious anecdote you read in Mr. T.'s letter. If he would like it, he can have the *substance* for his second edition; if not, I shall add it to our next, though I think we already have enough of Lord Elgin.

"What I have read of this work seems admirably done. My praise, however, is not much worth the author's having; but you may thank him in my name for *his*. The idea is new — we have excellent imitations of the Satires, &c. by Pope; but I remember but one imitative Ode in his works, and *none* any where else. I can hardly suppose that *they* have lost any fame by the fate of the Farce; but even should this be the case, the present publication will again place them on their pinnacle.

"Yours," &c.

It has already been stated that the pecuniary supplies, which he found it necessary to raise on arriving at majority, were procured for him on ruinously usurious terms.[3] To some transactions connected with this subject, the following characteristic letter refers: —

LETTER 119. TO MR. ROGERS.

"March 25. 1813.

"I enclose you a draft for the usurious interest due to Lord **'s *protégé*; — I also could wish you would state thus much for me to his Lordship. Though the transaction speaks plainly in itself for the borrower's folly and the lender's usury, it never was my intention to *quash* the demand, as I *legally* might, nor to withhold payment of principal, or, perhaps, even *unlawful* interest. You know what my situation has been, and what it is. I have parted with an estate (which has been in my family for nearly three hundred years, and was never disgraced by being in possession of a *lawyer*, a *churchman*, or a *woman*, during that period,) to liquidate this and similar demands; and the payment of the purchase is still withheld, and may be, perhaps, for years. If, therefore, I am under the necessity of making those persons *wait* for their money, (which, considering the terms, they can afford to suffer,) it is my misfortune.

"When I arrived at majority in 1809, I offered my own security on *legal* interest, and it was refused. *Now*, I will not accede to this. This man I may have seen, but I have no recollection of the names of any parties but the *agents* and the securities. The moment I can it is assuredly my intention to pay my debts. This person's case may be a hard one; but, under all circumstances, what is mine? I could not foresee that the purchaser of my estate was to demur in paying for it.

"I am glad it happens to be in my power so far to accommodate my Israelite, and only wish I could do as much for the rest of the Twelve Tribes.

"Ever yours, dear R., "BN."

At the beginning of this year, Mr. Murray having it in contemplation to publish an edition of the two cantos of Childe Harold with engravings, the noble author entered with much zeal into his plan; and, in a note on the subject to Mr. Murray, says, — "Westall has, I believe, agreed to illustrate your book, and I fancy one of the engravings will be from the pretty little girl you saw the other day[4], though without her name, and merely as a model for some sketch connected with the subject. I would also have the portrait (which you saw to-day) of the friend who is mentioned in the text at the close of Canto 1st, and in the notes, — which are subjects sufficient to authorise that addition."

Early in the spring he brought out, anonymously his poem on Waltzing, which, though full of very lively satire, fell so far short of what was now expected from him by the public, that the disavowal of it, which, as we see by the following letter,

[1] [By the Authors of "Rejected Addresses."]

[2] In the Ode entitled "The Parthenon," Minerva thus speaks: —

"All who behold my mutilated pile
Shall brand its ravager with classic rage;
And soon a titled bard from Britain's isle
Thy country's praise and suffrage shall engage,
And fire with Athens' wrongs an angry age!"
Horace in London.

[3] "'Tis said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others, — God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors, — yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, *do* never die.
Of any creditors, the worst a Jew it is;
And *that*'s their mode of furnishing supply;
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay."
Don Juan, Canto II.

[4] Lady Charlotte Harley, to whom, under the name of Ianthe, the introductory lines to Childe Harold were afterwards addressed. [This lady was married in 1820 to Brigadier-General Bacon.]

he thought right to put forth, found ready credence: —

LETTER 120. TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 21. 1813.

"I shall be in town by Sunday next, and will call and have some conversation on the subject of Westall's designs. I am to sit to him for a picture at the request of a friend of mine; and as Sanders's is not a good one, you will probably prefer the other. I wish you to have Sanders's taken down and sent to my lodgings immediately — before my arrival. I hear that a certain malicious publication on Waltzing is attributed to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict, as the author, I am sure, will not like that I should wear his cap and bells. Mr. Hobhouse's quarto will be out immediately; pray send to the author for an early copy, which I wish to take abroad with me.

P. S.—I see the Examiner threatens some observations upon you next week. What can you have done to share the wrath which has heretofore been principally expended upon the Prince? I presume all your Scribleri will be drawn up in battle array in defence of the modern Tonson — Mr. Bucke, for instance.

"Send in my account to Bennet Street, as I wish to settle it before sailing."

In the month of May appeared his wild and beautiful "Fragment," *The Giaour;* — and though, in its first flight from his hands, some of the fairest feathers of its wing were yet wanting, the public hailed this new offspring of his genius with wonder and delight. The idea of writing a poem in fragments had been suggested to him by the *Columbus* of Mr. Rogers; and, whatever objections may lie against such a plan in general, it must be allowed to have been well suited to the impatient temperament of Byron, as enabling him to overleap those mechanical difficulties, which, in a regular narrative, embarrass, if not chill, the poet, — leaving it to the imagination of his readers to fill up the intervals between those abrupt bursts of passion in which his chief power lay. The story, too, of the poem possessed that stimulating charm for him, almost indispensable to his fancy, of being in some degree connected with himself, — an event in which he had been personally concerned, while on his travels, having supplied the groundwork on which the fiction was founded. After the appearance of The Giaour, some incorrect statement of this romantic incident having got into circulation, the noble author requested of his friend, the Marquis of Sligo, who had visited Athens soon after it happened, to furnish him with his recollections on the subject; and the following is the answer which Lord Sligo returned: —

"Albany, Monday, August 31. 1812.

"My dear Byron,

"You have requested me to tell you all that I heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near being put an end to while you were there; you have asked me to mention every circumstance, in the remotest degree relating to it, which I heard. In compliance with your wishes, I write to you all I heard, and I cannot imagine it to be very far from the fact, as the circumstance happened only a day or two before I arrived at Athens, and, consequently, was a matter of common conversation at the time.

"The new governor, unaccustomed to have the same intercourse with the Christians as his predecessor, had of course the barbarous Turkish ideas with regard to women. In consequence, and in compliance with the strict letter of the Mahommedan law, he ordered this girl to be sewed up in a sack, and thrown into the sea, — as is, indeed, quite customary at Constantinople. As you were returning from bathing in the Piræus, you met the procession going down to execute the sentence of the Waywode on this unfortunate girl. Report continues to say, that on finding out what the object of their journey was, and who was the miserable sufferer, you immediately interfered; and on some delay in obeying your orders, you were obliged to inform the leader of the escort, that force should make him comply; — that, on farther hesitation, you drew a pistol, and told him, that if he did not immediately obey your orders, and come back with you to the Aga's house, you would shoot him dead. On this the man turned about and went with you to the governor's house; here you succeeded, partly by personal threats, and partly by bribery and entreaty, in procuring her pardon, on condition of her leaving Athens. I was told that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent, and despatched her off at night to Thebes, where she found a safe asylum. Such is the story I heard, as nearly as I can recollect it at present. Should you wish to ask me any further questions about it, I shall be very ready and willing to answer them. I remain, my dear Byron,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"SLIGO.

"I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this scrawl; but I am so hurried with

the preparations for my journey, that you must excuse it."

Of the prodigal flow of his fancy, when its sources were once opened on any subject, The Giaour affords one of the most remarkable instances, — this poem having accumulated under his hand, both in printing and through successive editions, till from four hundred lines, of which it consisted in his first copy, it at present amounts to nearly fourteen hundred. The plan, indeed, which he had adopted, of a series of fragments [1], — a set of "orient pearls at random strung," — left him free to introduce, without reference to more than the general complexion of his story, whatever sentiments or images his fancy, in its excursions, could collect; and how little fettered he was by any regard to connection in these additions, appears from a note which accompanied his own copy of the paragraph commencing "Fair clime, where every season smiles," — in which he says, "I have not yet fixed the place of insertion for the following lines, but will, when I see you — as I have no copy."

Even into this new passage, rich as it was at first, his fancy afterwards poured a fresh infusion, — the whole of its most picturesque portion, from the line "For there, the Rose o'er crag or vale," down to "And turns to groans his roundelay," having been suggested to him during revision. In order to show, however, that though so rapid in the first heat of composition, he formed no exception to that law which imposes labour as the price of perfection, I shall here extract a few verses from his original draft of this paragraph, by comparing which with the form they wear at present [2], we may learn to appreciate the value of these after-touches of the master.

"Fair clime! where *ceaseless summer* smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And *give* to loneliness delight.
There *shine the bright abodes ye seek,*
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,
So smiling round the waters lave
These Edens of the eastern wave.
Or if, at times, the transient breeze
Break the *smooth* crystal of the seas,
Or *brush* one blossom from the trees,
How *grateful* is the gentle air
That wakes and wafts the *fragrance* there."

Among the other passages added to this edition (which was either the third or fourth, and between which and the first there intervened but about six weeks) was that most beautiful and melancholy illustration of the lifeless aspect of Greece, beginning "He who hath bent him o'er the dead," — of which the most gifted critic of our day [3] has justly pronounced, that "it contains an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any we can recollect in the whole compass of poetry." [4] To the same edition also were added, among other accessions of wealth [5], those lines, "The cygnet proudly walks the water," and the impassioned verses, "My memory now is but the tomb."

On my rejoining him in town this spring, I found the enthusiasm about his writings and himself, which I left so prevalent, both in the world of literature and in society, grown, if any thing, still more general and intense. In the immediate circle, perhaps, around him, familiarity of intercourse might have begun to produce its usual disenchanting effects. His own liveliness and unreserve on a more intimate acquaintance, would not be long in dispelling that charm of poetic sadness, which to the eyes of distant observers hung about him; while the romantic notions, connected by some of his fair readers with those past and nameless loves alluded to in his poems, ran some risk

[1] ["It is a 'fragment,' it is true; but it reads like one of those old woful tragic ballads, in which the hiatus seem caused by the falling away of all needless stanzas, and the stream of suffering leaps darkly and foamingly over each chasm in the rocks." — WILSON.]

[2] The following are the lines in their present shape, and it will be seen that there is not a single alteration in which the music of the verse has not been improved as well as the thought: —

"Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave;
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!"

[3] Mr. Jeffrey.

[4] In Dallaway's Constantinople, a book which Lord Byron is not unlikely to have consulted, I find a passage quoted from Gillies's History of Greece, which contains, perhaps, the first seed of the thought thus expanded into full perfection by genius: — "The present state of Greece compared to the ancient is the silent obscurity of the grave contrasted with the vivid lustre of active life."

[5] Among the recorded instances of such happy afterthoughts in poetry may be mentioned, as one of the most memorable, Denham's four lines, "Oh could I flow like thee," &c., which were added in the second edition of his poem.

of abatement from too near an acquaintance with the supposed objects of his fancy and fondness at present. A poet's mistress should remain, if possible, as imaginary a being to others, as, in most of the attributes he clothes her with, she has been to himself; — the reality, however fair, being always sure to fall short of the picture which a too lavish fancy has drawn of it. Could we call up in array before us all the beauties whom the love of poets has immortalised, from the high-born dame to the plebeian damsel, — from the Lauras and Sacharissas down to the Cloes and Jeannies, — we should, it is to be feared, sadly unpeople our imaginations of many a bright tenant that poesy has lodged there, and find, in more than one instance, our admiration of the faith and fancy of the worshipper increased by our discovery of the worthlessness of the idol.

But, whatever of its first romantic impression the personal character of the poet may, from such causes, have lost in the circle he most frequented, this disappointment of the imagination was far more than compensated by the frank, social, and engaging qualities, both of disposition and manner, which, on a nearer intercourse, he disclosed, as well as by that entire absence of any literary assumption or pedantry, which entitled him fully to the praise bestowed by Sprat upon Cowley, that few could "ever discover he was a great poet by his discourse." While thus, by his intimates, and those who had got, as it were, behind the scenes of his fame, he was seen in his true colours, as well of weakness as of amiableness, on strangers, and such as were out of this immediate circle, the spell of his poetical character still continued to operate; and the fierce gloom and sternness of his imaginary personages were, by the greater number of them, supposed to belong, not only as regarded mind, but manners, to himself. So prevalent and persevering has been this notion, that, in some disquisitions on his character published since his death, and containing otherwise many just and striking views, we find, in the professed portrait drawn of him, such features as the following: — "Lord Byron had a stern, direct, severe mind: a sarcastic, disdainful, gloomy temper. He had no light sympathy with heartless cheerfulness — upon the surface was sourness, discontent, displeasure, ill-will. Beneath all this weight of cloud and darkness [1]," &c. &c.

Of the sort of double aspect which he thus presented, as viewed by the world and by his friends, he was himself fully aware; and it not only amused him, but, as a proof of the versatility of his powers, flattered his pride. He was, indeed, as I have already remarked, by no means insensible or inattentive to the effect he produced personally on society; and though the brilliant station he had attained, since the commencement of my acquaintance with him, made not the slightest alteration in the unaffectedness of his private intercourse, I could perceive, I thought, with reference to the external world, some slight changes in his conduct, which seemed indicative of the effects of his celebrity upon him. Among other circumstances, I observed that, whether from shyness of the general gaze, or from a notion, like Livy's, that men of eminence should not too much familiarise the public to their persons [2], he avoided showing himself in the mornings, and in crowded places, much more than was his custom when we first became acquainted. The preceding year, before his name had grown "so rife and celebrated," we had gone together to the exhibition at Somerset House, and other such places [3], and the true reason, no doubt, of his present reserve, in abstaining from all such miscellaneous haunts, was the sensitiveness, so often referred to, on the subject of his lameness, — a feeling which the curiosity of the public eye, now attracted to this infirmity by his fame, could not fail, he knew, to put rather painfully to the proof. [4]

Among the many gay hours we passed together this spring, I remember particularly the wild flow of his spirits one evening,

[1] Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

[2] "Continuus aspectus minus verendos magnos homines facit."

[3] The only peculiarity that struck me on those occasions was the uneasy restlessness which he seemed to feel in wearing a hat, — an article of dress which, from his constant use of a carriage while in England, he was almost wholly unaccustomed to, and which, after that year, I do not remember to have ever seen upon him again. Abroad, he always wore a kind of foraging cap.

[4] ["Such painting as this bespeaks the hand of a master; every touch brings out character; and we feel assured that the portrait is true to nature. There is vindication in such free and fearless friendship which is irresistible, and we love the biographer who, by simple and undisguised truth, puts down falsehood till its tongue drops its idle venom in the dust. Strong sense and fine sentiment here glow in every line; love for the 'poor inhabitant below' engenders no hatred towards the malignity that would fain stir and disturb his very shroud; but his eulogist is serene, in the conscious pride of being privileged to confess the frailties of him whose character, in spite of them all, was still noble — nor by any exaggeration of his virtues, any more than of his vices, would seek to wrong Byron any where, and

'least of all,
Here standing by his grave.'"— WILSON.]

when we had accompanied Mr. Rogers home from some early assembly, and when Lord Byron, who, according to his frequent custom, had not dined for the last two days, found his hunger no longer governable, and called aloud for "something to eat." Our repast, — of his own choosing, — was simple bread and cheese; and seldom have I partaken of so joyous a supper. It happened that our host had just received a presentation copy of a volume of poems[1], written professedly in imitation of the old English writers, and containing, like many of these models, a good deal that was striking and beautiful, mixed up with much that was trifling, fantastic, and absurd. In our mood, at the moment, it was only with these latter qualities that either Lord Byron or I felt disposed to indulge ourselves; and, in turning over the pages, we found, it must be owned, abundant matter for mirth. In vain did Mr. Rogers, in justice to the author, endeavour to direct our attention to some of the beauties of the work: — it suited better our purpose (as is too often the case with more deliberate critics) to pounce only on such passages as ministered to the laughing humour that possessed us. In this sort of hunt through the volume, we at length lighted on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere approbation of some of its contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its author, as one of the poems was a warm, and, I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. We were, however, too far gone in nonsense for even this eulogy, in which we both so heartily agreed, to stop us. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, "When Rogers o'er this labour bent;" and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud — but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words "When Rogers" passed his lips, than our fit burst forth afresh, — till even Mr. Rogers himself, with all his feeling of our injustice, found it impossible not to join us; and we were, at last, all three, in such a state of inextinguishable laughter, that, had the author himself been of the party, I question much whether he could have resisted the infection.

A day or two after, Lord Byron sent me the following: —

"My dear Moore,

"'When Rogers' must not see the inclosed, which I send for your perusal. I am ready to fix any day you like for our visit. Was not Sheridan good upon the whole? The 'Poulterer' was the first and best.[2]

"Ever yours, &c."

1.

"When Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent,
(I hope I am not violent),
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant,

2.

"And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise —
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

3.

* * * *

4.

* * * *

5.

"To me, divine Apollo, grant — O!
Hermilda's first and second canto,
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

6.

"And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining —
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in."

On the same day I received from him the following additional scraps. The lines in italics are from the eulogy that provoked his waggish comments.

"TO LORD THURLOW.

1.

"'*I lay my branch of laurel down.*'

"*Thou* 'lay thy branch of *laurel* down!'
Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
Or send it back to Dr. Donne —
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He'd have but little, and thou — none.

[1] ["Poems on several Occasions, by Edward Lord Thurlow."]

[2] He here alludes to a dinner at Mr. Rogers's, of which I have elsewhere given the following account: — "The company consisted but of Mr. Rogers himself, Lord Byron, Mr. Sheridan, and the writer of this Memoir. Sheridan knew the admiration his audience felt for him: the presence of the young poet, in particular, seemed to bring back his own youth and wit; and the details he gave of his early life were not less interesting and animating to himself than delightful to us. It was in the course of this evening that, describing to us the poem which Mr. Whitbread had written, and sent in, among the other addresses for the opening of Drury Lane theatre, and which, like the rest, turned chiefly on allusions to the Phœnix, he said — 'But Whitbread made more of this bird than any of them: — he entered into particulars, and described its wings, beak, tail, &c.; — in short, it was a *poulterer*'s description of a Phœnix." — *Life of Sheridan.*

2.

"'*Then thus to form Apollo's crown.*'

"A crown! why, twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

3.

"'*Let every other bring his own.*'

"When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare."

The mention which he makes of Sheridan in the note just cited affords a fit opportunity of producing, from one of his Journals, some particulars which he has noted down respecting this extraordinary man, for whose talents he entertained the most unbounded admiration, — rating him, in natural powers, far above all his great political contemporaries.

"In society I have met Sheridan frequently: he was superb! He had a sort of liking for me, and never attacked me, at least to my face, and he did every body else — high names, and wits, and orators, some of them poets also. I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others (whose names, as friends, I set not down) of good fame and ability.

"The last time I met him was, I think, at Sir Gilbert Heathcote's, where he was as quick as ever — no, it was not the last time; the last time was at Douglas Kinnaird's.

"I have met him in all places and parties, — at Whitehall with the Melbournes, at the Marquis of Tavistock's, at Robins's the auctioneer's, at Sir Humphrey Davy's, at Sam Rogers's, — in short, in most kinds of company, and always found him very convivial and delightful.

"I have seen Sheridan weep two or three times. It may be that he was maudlin; but this only renders it more impressive, for who would see

"From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expire a driveller and a show?

Once I saw him cry at Robins's the auctioneer's, after a splendid dinner, full of great names and high spirits. I had the honour of sitting next to Sheridan. The occasion of his tears was some observation or other upon the subject of the sturdiness of the Whigs in resisting office and keeping to their principles: Sheridan turned round: — 'Sir, it is easy for my Lord G. or Earl G. or Marquis B. or Lord H. with thousands upon thousands a year, some of it either *presently* derived, or *inherited* in sinecure or acquisitions from the public money, to boast of their patriotism and keep aloof from temptation; but they do not know from what temptation those have kept aloof who had equal pride, at least equal talents, and not unequal passions, and nevertheless knew not in the course of their lives what it was to have a shilling of their own.' And in saying this he wept.

"I have more than once heard him say, 'that he never had a shilling of his own.' To be sure, he contrived to extract a good many of other people's.

"In 1815, I had occasion to visit my lawyer in Chancery Lane; he was with Sheridan. After mutual greetings, &c., Sheridan retired first. Before recurring to my own business, I could not help inquiring *that* of Sheridan. 'Oh,' replied the attorney, 'the usual thing! to stave off an action from his wine-merchant, my client.' — 'Well,' said I, 'and what do you mean to do?' — 'Nothing at all for the present,' said he: 'would you have us proceed against old Sherry? what would be the use of it?' and here he began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gifts of conversation.

"Now, from personal experience, I can vouch that my attorney is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to any kind of impression out of the statute or record; and yet Sheridan, in half an hour, had found the way to soften and seduce him in such a manner, that I almost think he would have thrown his client (an honest man, with all the laws, and some justice, on his side) out of the window, had he come in at the moment.

"Such was Sheridan! he could soften an attorney! There has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus.

"One day I saw him take up his own 'Monody on Garrick.' He lighted upon the Dedication to the Dowager Lady Spencer. On seeing it, he flew into a rage, and exclaimed, 'that it must be a forgery, that he had never dedicated any thing of his to such a d—d canting,' &c. &c. &c. — and so went on for half an hour abusing his own dedication, or at least the object of it. If all writers were equally sincere, it would be ludicrous.

"He told me that, on the night of the grand success of his School for Scandal, he

was knocked down and put into the watch-house for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen.

"When dying, he was requested to undergo 'an operation.' He replied, that he had already submitted to *two*, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, 'having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture.'

"I have met George Colman occasionally, and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour, or rather wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage; he never laughed, (at least that *I* saw, and I watched him,) but Colman did. If I had to *choose*, and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for every thing, from the madeira and champagne at dinner, the claret with a *layer* of *port* between the glasses, up to the punch of the night, and down to the grog, or gin and water, of daybreak;—all these I have threaded with both the same. Sheridan was a grenadier company of life guards, but Colman a whole regiment—of *light infantry*, to be sure, but still a regiment."

It was at this time that Lord Byron became acquainted (and, I regret to have to add, partly through my means) with Mr. Leigh Hunt, the editor of a well-known weekly journal, the Examiner. This gentleman I had myself formed an acquaintance with in the year 1811, and, in common with a large portion of the public, entertained a sincere admiration of his talents and courage as a journalist. The interest I took in him personally had been recently much increased by the manly spirit which he had displayed throughout a prosecution instituted against himself and his brother, for a libel that had appeared in their paper on the Prince Regent, and in consequence of which they were both sentenced to imprisonment for two years. It will be recollected that there existed among the Whig party, at this period, a strong feeling of indignation at the late defection from themselves and their principles of the illustrious personage who had been so long looked up to as the friend and patron of both. Being myself, at the time, warmly—perhaps intemperately—under the influence of this feeling, I regarded the fate of Mr. Hunt with more than common interest, and, immediately on my arrival in town, paid him a visit in his prison. On mentioning the circumstance, soon after, to Lord Byron, and describing my surprise at the sort of luxurious comforts with which I had found the "wit in the dungeon" surrounded,—his trellised flower-garden without, and his books, busts, pictures, and piano-forte within,—the noble poet, whose political view of the case coincided entirely with my own, expressed a strong wish to pay a similar tribute of respect to Mr. Hunt, and accordingly, a day or two after, we proceeded for that purpose to the prison. The introduction which then took place was soon followed by a request from Mr. Hunt that we would dine with him; and the noble poet having good-naturedly accepted the invitation, Horsemonger Lane gaol had, in the month of June, 1813, the honour of receiving Lord Byron, as a guest, within its walls.

On the morning of our first visit to the journalist, I received from Lord Byron the following lines, written, it will be perceived, the night before:—

"May 19. 1813.

"Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Twopenny Post Bag;
* * * *
But now to my letter—to *yours* 'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spunge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon—
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote,
But to-morrow at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra."[1]

"Dear M.—having got thus far, I am interrupted by ****. 10 o'clock.

"Half-past 11. **** is gone. I must dress for Lady Heathcote's.—Addio."

Our day in the prison was, if not agreeable, at least novel and odd. I had, for Lord Byron's sake, stipulated with our host beforehand, that the party should be, as much as possible, confined to ourselves; and, as far as regarded dinner, my wishes had been attended to;—there being present, besides a member or two of Mr. Hunt's own family, no other stranger, that I can recollect, but Mr. Mitchell, the ingenious translator of Aristophanes. Soon after dinner, however, there dropped in some of our host's literary friends, who, being utter strangers to Lord Byron and myself, rather disturbed the ease into which we were all

[1] [See Works, p. 356. note 2.]

settling. Among these, I remember, was Mr. John Scott, — the writer, afterwards, of some severe attacks on Lord Byron; and it is painful to think that, among the persons then assembled round the poet, there should have been *one* so soon to step forth the assailant of his living fame, while *another*, less manful, was to reserve the cool venom for his grave.[1]

On the 2d of June, in presenting a petition to the House of Lords, he made his third and last appearance as an orator, in that assembly. In his way home from the House that day, he called, I remember, at my lodgings, and found me dressing in a very great hurry for dinner. He was, I recollect, in a state of most humorous exaltation after his display, and, while I hastily went on with my task in the dressing-room, continued to walk up and down the adjoining chamber, spouting forth for me, in a sort of mock heroic voice, detached sentences of the speech he had just been delivering. "I told them," he said, "that it was a most flagrant violation of the Constitution — that, if such things were permitted, there was an end of English freedom——" — "But what was this dreadful grievance?" I asked, interrupting him in his eloquence. — "The grievance?" he repeated, pausing as if to consider — "Oh, *that* I forget."[2] It is impossible, of course to convey an idea of the dramatic humour with which he gave effect to these words; but his look and manner on such occasions were irresistibly comic; and it was, indeed, rather in such turns of fun and oddity, than in any more elaborate exhibition of wit, that the pleasantry of his conversation consisted.

Though it is evident that, after the brilliant success of Childe Harold, he had ceased to think of Parliament as an arena of ambition, yet, as a field for observation, we may take for granted it was not unstudied by him. To a mind of such quick and various views, every place and pursuit presented some aspect of interest; and whether in the ball-room, the boxing-school, or the senate, all must have been, by genius like his, turned to profit. The following are a few of the recollections and impressions which I find recorded by himself of his short parliamentary career: —

"I have never heard any one who fulfilled my ideal of an orator. Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard. Fox but once, and then he struck me as a debater, which to me seems as different from an orator as an improvisatore, or a versifier, from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Windham I did not admire, though all the world did; it seemed sad sophistry.[3] Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong, and English. Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity. Lord Lansdowne good, but still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly, if he would prune his speeches down to an hour's delivery. Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and I think the greatest favourite in Pandemonium; at least I always heard the country gentlemen and the ministerial devilry praise his speeches *up* stairs, and run down from Bellamy's when he was upon his legs. I heard Bob Milnes make his *second* speech; it made no impression. I like Ward — studied, but keen, and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my school and form fellow (we sat within two of each other), strange to say, I have never heard, though I often wished to do so; but, from what I remember of him at Harrow, he *is*, or *should* be, among the best of them. Now I do *not* admire Mr. Wilberforce's speaking;

[1] ["We remember, when, on that fatal separation, the soul of the poet was 'wrenched with a woeful agony,' how some of these scribblers turned round to sting the feet from which they had been pitifully proud to lick the dust. Of all such, not one darted forth a more poisonous fang than the infatuated person who, in Mr. Moore's too mild expression, 'stepped forth the assailant of his living fame.' Leigh Hunt, he says, was 'less manful' than John Scott. That we deny. There could be nothing manly — there must have been every thing unmanly — in bitterly abusing Byron at that cruel crisis of his life. Scott did so — and, forsooth, as a champion of the morality, the religion of the land! He wrote of Byron as if he had been a felon: and condemned him as from the judgment-seat. Years afterwards, he had the effrontery to seek out Byron in a foreign land, and was not unkindly received by the noble being, whom he had so cruelly traduced. In all this we can see nothing 'more manful,' than in Hunt's reservation of his cool venom for Byron's grave." — WILSON, 1830.]

[2] His speech was on presenting a petition from Major Cartwright. [It will be found among the Miscellaneous Pieces at the end of this volume.]

[3] ["Windham," says Sir James Mackintosh, "was an indiscreet debater, who sacrificed his interest as a statesman to his momentary feelings as an orator. For the sake of a new subtlety or a forcible phrase, he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity: his logical propensity led him always to extreme consequences; and he expressed his opinions so strongly, that they seemed to furnish the most striking examples of political inconsistency: though, if prudence had limited his logic and mitigated his expressions, they would have been acknowledged to be no more than those views of different sides of an object, which, in the changes of politics, must present themselves to the mind of a statesman." — *Life*, vol. ii. p. 60.]

it is nothing but a flow of words — 'words, words, alone.'

"I doubt greatly if the English *have* any eloquence, properly so called; and am inclined to think that the Irish *had* a great deal, and that the French *will* have, and have had in Mirabeau. Lord Chatham and Burke are the nearest approaches to orators in England. I don't know what Erskine may have been at the *bar*, but in the House I wish him at the bar once more. Lauderdale is shrill, and Scotch, and acute.

"But amongst all these, good, bad, and indifferent, I never heard the speech which was not too long for the auditors, and not very intelligible, except here and there. The whole thing is a grand deception, and as tedious and tiresome as may be to those who must be often present. I heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly, but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit: and he is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length.

"The impression of Parliament upon me was, that its members are not formidable as *speakers*, but very much so as an *audience*: because in so numerous a body there may be little eloquence, (after all, there were but *two* thorough orators in all antiquity, and I suspect still *fewer* in modern times,) but there must be a leaven of thought and good sense sufficient to make them *know* what is right, though they can't express it nobly.

"Horne Tooke and Roscoe both are said to have declared that they left Parliament with a higher opinion of its aggregate integrity and abilities than that with which they entered it. The general amount of both in most Parliaments is probably about the same, as also the number of *speakers* and their talent. I except *orators*, of course, because they are things of ages, and not of septennial or triennial re-unions. Neither House ever struck me with more awe or respect than the same number of Turks in a divan, or of Methodists in a barn, would have done. Whatever diffidence or nervousness I felt (and I felt both, in a great degree) arose from the number rather than the quality of the assemblage, and the thought rather of the *public without* than the persons within, — knowing (as all know) that Cicero himself, and probably the Messiah, could never have altered the vote of a single lord of the bedchamber, or bishop. I thought *our* House dull, but the other animating enough upon great days.

"I have heard that when Grattan made his first speech in the English Commons, it was for some minutes doubtful whether to laugh at or cheer him. The *début* of his predecessor, Flood, had been a complete failure, under nearly similar circumstances. But when the ministerial part of our senators had watched Pitt (their thermometer) for the cue, and saw him nod repeatedly his stately nod of approbation, they took the hint from their huntsman, and broke out into the most rapturous cheers. Grattan's speech, indeed, deserved them; it was a *chef-d'ouvre*. I did not hear *that* speech of his (being then at Harrow), but heard most of his others on the same question—also that on the war of 1815. I differed from his opinions on the latter question, but coincided in the general admiration of his eloquence.

"When I met old Courtenay, the orator, at Rogers's the poet's, in 1811-12, I was much taken with the portly remains of his fine figure, and the still acute quickness of his conversation.[1] It was *he* who silenced Flood in the English House by a crushing reply to a hasty *début* of the rival of Grattan in Ireland. I asked Courtenay (for I like to trace motives) if he had not some personal provocation; for the acrimony of his answer seemed to me, as I read it, to involve it. Courtenay said 'he had; that, when in Ireland (being an Irishman), at the bar of the Irish House of Commons, Flood had made a personal and unfair attack upon *himself*, who, not being a member of that House, could not defend himself, and that some years afterwards the opportunity of retort offering in the English Parliament, he could not resist it.' He certainly repaid Flood with interest, for Flood never made any figure, and only a speech or two afterwards, in the English House of Commons. I must except, however, his speech on Reform in 1790, which Fox called 'the best he ever heard upon that subject.'"

[1] [Mr. Courtenay was a native of Ireland, but descended from a branch of the noble Devonshire family of that name. He was the intimate friend of Boswell, and a member of the Literary Club. In 1786, he published a "Poetical Review of the Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson;" and in 1793, "A Poetical and Philosophical Essay on the French Revolution, addressed to Mr. Burke." He died in 1816, at the age of seventy-four. "He was," says Sir James Mackintosh, "a man of fine talents and of various accomplishments, which rendered his conversation agreeable, as his good nature and kind heart obtained for him the attachment of many excellent friends: but, from his speeches in parliament, strangers mistook him for a jester by profession."]

CHAPTER XVII.

1813.

DESIGN OF VISITING SICILY. — LETTER TO MR. GIFFORD, THANKING HIM FOR ADVICE ON RELIGIOUS TOPICS. — MADAME DE STAEL. — PROJECTED VOYAGE TO THE EAST. — ANECDOTES. — ADDITIONS TO THE GIAOUR. — COOKE, THE ACTOR. — TRAVELLING PROJECTS. — ABYSSINIA. — LUCIEN BUONAPARTE'S CHARLEMAGNE. — LETTER FROM ALI PACHA — AND TO MR. SOUTHEY. — IMPROMPTU. — INTRODUCTION TO MR. CURRAN. — COMMENCEMENT OF THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

For some time he had entertained thoughts of going again abroad; and it appeared, indeed, to be a sort of relief to him, whenever he felt melancholy or harassed, to turn to the freedom and solitude of a life of travel as his resource. During the depression of spirits which he laboured under, while printing Childe Harold, "he would frequently," says Mr. Dallas, "talk of selling Newstead, and of going to reside at Naxos, in the Grecian Archipelago, — to adopt the eastern costume and customs, and to pass his time in studying the Oriental languages and literature." The excitement of the triumph that soon after ensued, and the success which, in other pursuits besides those of literature, attended him, again diverted his thoughts from these migratory projects. But the roving fit soon returned; and we have seen, from one of his letters to Mr. William Bankes, that he looked forward to finding himself, in the course of this spring, among the mountains of his beloved Greece once more. For a time, this plan was exchanged for the more social project of accompanying his friends, the family of Lord Oxford, to Sicily; and it was while engaged in his preparatives for this expedition that the annexed letters were written.

LETTER 121. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Maidenhead, June 13. 1813.

"I have read the 'Strictures,' which are just enough, and not grossly abusive, in very fair couplets. There is a note against Massinger near the end, and one cannot quarrel with one's company, at any rate. The author detects some incongruous figures in a passage of English Bards, page 23., but which edition I do not know. In the *sole* copy in your possession — I mean the *fifth* edition — you may make these alterations, that I may profit (though a little too late) by his remarks:— For '*hellish* instinct,' substitute '*brutal* instinct;' '*harpies*' alter to '*felons*;' and for 'blood-hounds' write 'hell-hounds.'[1] These be 'very bitter words, by my troth,' and the alterations not much sweeter; but as I shall not publish the thing, they can do no harm, but are a satisfaction to me in the way of amendment. The passage is only twelve lines.

"You do not answer me about H.'s book; I want to write to him, and not to say any thing unpleasing. If you direct to Post Office, Portsmouth, till *called* for, I will send and receive your letter. You never told me of the forthcoming critique on Columbus, which is not *too* fair; and I do not think justice quite done to the 'Pleasures,' which surely entitle the author to a higher rank than that assigned him in the Quarterly. But I must not cavil at the decisions of the *invisible infallibles*; and the article is very well written. The general horror of '*fragments*' makes me tremulous for 'The Giaour;' but you would publish it — I presume, by this time, to your repentance. But as I consented, whatever be its fate, I won't now quarrel with you, even though I detect it in my pastry; but I shall not open a pie without apprehension for some weeks.

"The books which may be marked G. O. I will carry out. Do you know Clarke's Naufragia? I am told that he asserts the *first* volume of Robinson Crusoe was written by the first Lord Oxford, when in the Tower, and given by him to Defoe; if true, it is a curious anecdote. Have you got back Lord Brooke's MS.? and what does Heber say of it? Write to me at Portsmouth.

"Ever yours, &c.

"N."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"June 18. 1813.

"Dear Sir,

"Will you forward the enclosed answer to the kindest letter I ever received in my

[1] In an article on this Satire (written for Cumberland's Review, but never printed) by that most amiable man and excellent poet, the late Rev. William Crowe, the incongruity of these metaphors is thus noticed:— "Within the space of three or four couplets, he transforms a man into as many different animals. Allow him but the compass of three lines, and he will metamorphose him from a wolf into a harpy, and in three more he will make him a bloodhound."

There are also in this MS. critique some curious instances of oversight or ignorance adduced from the Satire; such as "*Fish* from *Helicon*"—"*Attic* flowers *Aonian* odours breathe," &c. &c.

life, my sense of which I can neither express to Mr. Gifford himself nor to any one else?

"Ever yours,

"N."

LETTER 122. TO W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

"June 18. 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"I feel greatly at a loss how to write to you at all—still more to thank you as I ought. If you knew the veneration with which I have ever regarded you, long before I had the most distant prospect of becoming your acquaintance, literary or personal, my embarrassment would not surprise you.

"Any suggestion of yours, even were it conveyed in the less tender shape of the text of the Baviad, or a Monk Mason note in Massinger, would have been obeyed; I should have endeavoured to improve myself by your censure: judge then if I should be less willing to profit by your kindness. It is not for me to bandy compliments with my elders and my betters: I receive your approbation with gratitude, and will not return my brass for your gold by expressing more fully those sentiments of admiration, which, however sincere, would, I know, be unwelcome.

"To your advice on religious topics, I shall equally attend. Perhaps the best way will be by avoiding them altogether. The already published objectionable passages have been much commented upon, but certainly have been rather strongly interpreted. I am no bigot to infidelity, and did not expect that, because I doubted the immortality of man, I should be charged with denying the existence of a God. It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves and *our world*, when placed in comparison with the mighty whole, of which it is an atom, that first led me to imagine that our pretensions to eternity might be over-rated.

"This, and being early disgusted with a Calvinistic Scotch school, where I was cudgelled to church for the first ten years of my life, afflicted me with this malady; for, after all, it is, I believe, a disease of the mind as much as other kinds of hypochondria."[1]

LETTER 123. TO MR. MOORE.

"June 22. 1813.

"Yesterday I dined in company with * * * [Stael,] the 'Epicene[2],' whose politics are sadly changed. She is for the Lord of Israel and the Lord of Liverpool—a vile antithesis of a Methodist and a Tory—talks of nothing but devotion and the ministry, and, I presume, expects that God and the government will help her to a pension.

"Murray, the *ανας* of publishers, the Anak of stationers, has a design upon you in the paper line. He wants you to become the staple and stipendiary editor of a periodical work. What say you? Will you be bound, like 'Kit Smart, to write for ninety-nine years in the Universal Visitor?'[3] Seriously, he talks of hundreds a year, and—though I hate prating of the beggarly elements—his proposal may be to your honour and profit, and, I am very sure, will be to our pleasure.

"I don't know what to say about 'friendship.' I never was in friendship but once, in my nineteenth year, and then it gave me as much trouble as love. I am afraid, as Whitbread's sire said to the king, when he wanted to knight him, that I am 'too old[4];' but, nevertheless, no one wishes you more friends, fame, and felicity, than,

"Yours, &c."

Having relinquished his design of accompanying the Oxfords to Sicily, he again thought of the East, as will be seen by the following letters, and proceeded so far in his preparations for the voyage as to purchase of Love, the jeweller, of Old Bond Street, about a dozen snuff-boxes, as presents for some of his old Turkish acquaintances.

LETTER 124. TO MR. MOORE.

"4. Benedictine Street, St. James's, July 8. 1813.

"I presume by your silence that I have blundered into something noxious in my re-

[1] The remainder of this letter, it appears, has been lost.

[2] ["And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien,
Guide of the world, preferment's golden queen,
Necker's fair daughter, Stael the *Epicene!*
Fain would the Muse—but ah! she dares no more,
A mournful voice from lone Guiana's shore,
Sad Quatremer, the bold presumption checks,
Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.
"These lines contain the secret history of Quatremer de Quincy's deportation. He presumed, in the council of five-hundred, to arraign Madame de Stael's conduct, and even to hint a doubt of her sex. He was sent to Guiana."
—*Canning's New Morality.*]

[3] ["Old Gardner the bookseller employed Rolt and Smart to write the Universal Visitor. There was a formal agreement, which Allen the printer saw. They were bound to write nothing else, were to have a third of the profits, and the contract was for ninety-nine years."
—DR. JOHNSON: *Boswell*, vol. v. p. 288.]

[4] ["But first the monarch, so polite,
Asked Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a knight?
Unwilling in the list to be enrolled,
Whitbread contemplated the knights of Peg,
Then to his generous sovereign made a leg,
And said, 'He was afraid he was too old,'" &c.
Peter Pindar.]

ply to your letter, for the which I beg leave to send beforehand a sweeping apology, which you may apply to any, or all, parts of that unfortunate epistle. If I err in my conjecture, I expect the like from you, in putting our correspondence so long in quarantine. God he knows what I have said; but he also knows (if he is not as indifferent to mortals as the *nonchalant* deities of Lucretius), that you are the last person I want to offend. So, if I have, — why the devil don't you say it at once, and expectorate your spleen?

"Rogers is out of town with Madame de Stael, who hath published an Essay against Suicide [1], which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself; — as a sermon by Blinkensop, in *proof* of Christianity, sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist. Have you found or founded a residence yet? and have you begun or finished a poem? If you won't tell me what *I* have done, pray say what you have done, or left undone, yourself. I am still in equipment for voyaging, and anxious to hear from, or of, you *before* I go, which anxiety you should remove more readily, as you think I sha'n't cogitate about you afterwards. I shall give the lie to that calumny by fifty foreign letters, particularly from any place where the plague is rife, — without a drop of vinegar or a whiff of sulphur to save you from infection.

"The Oxfords have sailed almost a fortnight, and my sister is in town, which is a great comfort, — for, never having been much together, we are naturally more attached to each other. I presume the illuminations have conflagrated to Derby (or wherever you are) by this time. We are just recovering from tumult and train oil, and transparent fripperies, and all the noise and nonsense of victory. Drury Lane had a large *M. W.*, which some thought was Marshal Wellington; others, that it might be translated into Manager Whitbread; while the ladies of the vicinity of the saloon conceived the last letter to be complimentary to themselves. I leave this to the commentators to illustrate. If you don't answer this, I sha'n't say what *you* deserve, but I think *I* deserve a reply. Do you conceive there is no Post-Bag but the Twopenny? Sunburn me, if you are not too bad."

LETTER 125. TO MR. MOORE.

"July 13. 1813.

"Your letter set me at ease; for I really thought (as I hear of your susceptibility) that I had said — I know not what — but something I should have been very sorry for, had it, or I, offended you; — though I don't see how a man with a beautiful wife — *his own* children, — quiet — fame — competency and friends, (I will vouch for a thousand, which is more than I will for a unit in my own behalf,) can be offended with any thing.

"Do you know, Moore, I am amazingly inclined — remember I say but *inclined* — to be seriously enamoured with Lady A. F. — but this * * has ruined all my prospects. However, you know her; is she *clever*, or sensible, or good-tempered? either *would* do — I scratch out the *will*. I don't ask as to her beauty — that I see; but my circumstances are mending, and were not my other prospects blackening, I would take a wife, and that should be the woman, had I a chance. I do not yet know her much, but better than I did.

"I want to get away, but find difficulty in compassing a passage in a ship of war. They had better let me go; if I cannot, patriotism is the word — 'nay, an' they'll mouth, I'll rant as well as they.' Now, what are you doing? — writing, we all hope, for our own sakes. Remember you must edite my posthumous works, with a Life of the Author, for which I will send you Confessions, dated, 'Lazaretto,' Smyrna, Malta, or Palermo — one can die any where.

"There is to be a thing on Tuesday ycleped a national fête. The Regent and * * * are to be there, and every body else, who has shillings enough for what was once a guinea. Vauxhall is the scene — there are six tickets issued for the modest women, and it is supposed there will be three to spare. The passports for the lax are beyond my arithmetic.

"P. S. — The Stael last night attacked me most furiously — said that I had 'no right to make love — that I had used * * barbarously — that I had no feeling, and was totally *in*sensible to *la belle passion*, and *had* been all my life.' I am very glad to hear it, but did not know it before. Let me hear from you anon."

[1] ["Madame de Stael treats me as the person whom she most delights to honour; I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon: she is one of the few persons who surpass expectation; she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular, if, in society, she were to confine herself to her inferior talents — pleasantry, anecdote, and literature. I have reviewed her Essay on Suicide in the last Edinburgh Review: it is not one of her best, and I have accordingly said more of the author and the subject than of the work." — SIR J. MACKINTOSH: *Life*, vol. ii. p. 264.]

LETTER 126. TO MR. MOORE.

"July 25. 1813.

"I am not well versed enough in the ways of single woman to make much matrimonial progress.

"I have been dining like the dragon of Wantley for this last week. My head aches with the vintage of various cellars, and my brains are muddled as their dregs. I met your friends the D * * s: — she sang one of your best songs so well, that, but for the appearance of affectation, I could have cried; he reminds me of Hunt, but handsomer, and more musical in soul, perhaps. I wish to God he may conquer his horrible anomalous complaint. The upper part of her face is beautiful, and she seems much attached to her husband. He is right, nevertheless, in leaving this nauseous town. The first winter would infallibly destroy her complexion, — and the second, very probably, every thing else.

"I must tell you a story. Morris (of indifferent memory) was dining out the other day, and complaining of the Prince's coldness to his old wassailers. D'Israeli (a learned Jew) bored him with questions — why this? and why that? 'Why did the Prince act thus?' — 'Why, sir, on account of Lord * *, who ought to be ashamed of himself.' — 'And why ought Lord * * to be ashamed of himself?' — 'Because the Prince, sir, * * * * * * * *.' — 'And why, sir, did the Prince cut *you?*' — 'Because, G—d d—mme, sir, I stuck to my principles.' — 'And *why* did you stick to your principles?'

"Is not this last question the best that was ever put, when you consider to whom? It nearly killed Morris. Perhaps you may think it stupid, but, as Goldsmith said about the peas, it was a very good joke when I heard it — as I did from an earwitness — and is only spoilt in my narration.

"The season has closed with a dandy ball; — but I have dinners with the Harrowbys, Rogers, and Frere and Mackintosh, where I shall drink your health in a silent bumper, and regret your absence till 'too much canaries' wash away my memory, or render it superfluous by a vision of you at the opposite side of the table. Canning has disbanded his party by a speech from his * * * * — the true throne of a Tory. Conceive his turning them off in a formal harangue, and bidding them think for themselves. 'I have led my ragamuffins where they are well peppered. There are but three of the 150 left alive, and they are for the *Townsend* (*query*, might not Falstaff mean the Bow Street officer? I dare say Malone's posthumous edition will have it so) for life.'

"Since I wrote last, I have been into the country. I journeyed by night — no incident, or accident, but an alarm on the part of my valet on the outside, who, in crossing Epping Forest, actually, I believe, flung down his purse before a mile-stone, with a glow-worm in the second figure of number XIX — mistaking it for a footpad and dark lantern. I can only attribute his fears to a pair of new pistols wherewith I had armed him; and he thought it necessary to display his vigilance by calling out to me whenever we passed any thing — no matter whether moving or stationary. Conceive ten miles, with a tremor every furlong. I have scribbled you a fearfully long letter. This sheet must be blank, and is merely a wrapper, to preclude the tabellarians of the post from peeping. You once complained of my *not* writing; — I will 'heap coals of fire upon your head' by *not* complaining of your *not* reading. Ever, my dear Moore, your'n (isn't that the Staffordshire termination?)

"BYRON."

LETTER 127. TO MR. MOORE.

"July 27. 1813.

"When you next imitate the style of 'Tacitus,' pray add, 'de moribus Germannorum;' — this last was a piece of barbarous silence, and could only be taken from the *Woods*, and, as such, I attribute it entirely to your sylvan sequestration at Mayfield Cottage. You will find, on casting up accounts, that you are my debtor by several sheets and one epistle. I shall bring my action; — if you don't discharge, expect to hear from my attorney. I have forwarded your letter to Ruggiero; but don't make a postman of me again, for fear I should be tempted to violate your sanctity of wax or wafer.

"Believe me ever yours *indignantly*,

"BN."

LETTER 128. TO MR. MOORE.

"July 28. 1813.

"Can't you be satisfied with the pangs of my jealousy of Rogers, without actually making me the pander of your epistolary intrigue? This is the second letter you have enclosed to my address, notwithstanding a miraculous long answer, and a subsequent short one or two of your own. If you do so again, I can't tell to what pitch my fury may soar. I shall send you verse or arsenic, as likely as any thing, — four thousand couplets on sheets beyond the

privilege of franking; that privilege, sir, of which you take an undue advantage over a too susceptible senator, by forwarding your lucubrations to every one but himself. I won't frank *from* you, or *for* you, or *to* you — may I be curst if I do, unless you mend your manners. I disown you — I disclaim you — and by all the powers of Eulogy, I will write a panegyric upon you — or dedicate a quarto — if you don't make me ample amends.

"P. S. — I am in training to dine with Sheridan and Rogers this evening. I have a little spite against R., and will shed his 'Clary wines pottle-deep.' This is nearly my ultimate or penultimate letter; for I am quite equipped, and only wait a passage. Perhaps I may wait a few weeks for Sligo, but not if I can help it."

He had, with the intention of going to Greece, applied to Mr. Croker, the Secretary of the Admiralty, to procure him a passage on board a king's ship to the Mediterranean; and, at the request of this gentleman, Captain Carlton, of the Boyne, who was just then ordered to re-enforce Sir Edward Pellew, consented to receive Lord Byron into his cabin for the voyage. To the letter announcing this offer, the following is the reply: —

LETTER 129. TO MR. CROKER.

"Bt. Str., August 2. 1813.

"Dear Sir,

"I was honoured with your unexpected[1] and very obliging letter, when on the point of leaving London, which prevented me from acknowledging my obligation as quickly as I felt it sincerely. I am endeavouring all in my power to be ready before Saturday — and even if I should not succeed, I can only blame my own tardiness, which will not the less enhance the benefit I have lost. I have only to add my hope of forgiveness for all my trespasses on your time and patience, and with my best wishes for your public and private welfare, I have the honour to be, most truly, your obliged and most obedient servant,

"BYRON."

So early as the autumn of this year, a fifth edition of The Giaour was required; and again his fancy teemed with fresh materials for its pages. The verses commencing "The browsing camels' bells are tinkling," and the four pages that follow the line, "Yes, love indeed is light from heaven," were all added at this time. Nor had the overflowings of his mind even yet ceased, as I find in the poem, as it exists at present, still further additions, — and, among them, those four brilliant lines —

> "She was a form of life and light,
> That, seen, became a part of sight,
> And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
> The Morning-star of memory!"

The following notes and letters to Mr. Murray, during these outpourings, will show how irresistible was the impulse under which he vented his thoughts.

"If you send more proofs, I shall never finish this infernal story — 'Ecce signum' — thirty-three more lines enclosed! to the utter discomfiture of the printer, and, I fear, not to your advantage. "B."

"Half-past two in the morning, Aug. 10. 1813.

"Dear Sir,

"Pray suspend the *proofs*, for I am *bitten* again, and have *quantities* for other parts of the bravura.

"Yours ever, "B.

"P. S. — You shall have them in the course of the day."

LETTER 130. TO MR. MURRAY.

"August 26. 1813.

"I have looked over and corrected one proof, but not so carefully (God knows if you can read it through, but I can't) as to preclude your eye from discovering some omission of mine or *com*mission of your printer. If you have patience, look it over. Do you know any body who can stop — I mean *point* — commas, and so forth; for I am, I hear, a sad hand at your punctuation. I have, but with some difficulty, *not* added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month. It is now fearfully long, being more than a canto and a half of Childe Harold, which contains but 882 lines per book, with all late additions inclusive.

"The last lines Hodgson likes. It is not often he does, and when he don't he tells me with great energy, and I fret and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel, and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself.

[1] He calls the letter of Mr. Croker "unexpected," because, in their previous correspondence and interviews on the subject, that gentleman had not been able to hold out so early a prospect of a passage, nor one which was likely to be so agreeable in point of society.

"I was quite sorry to hear you say you stayed in town on my account, and I hope sincerely you did not mean so superfluous a piece of politeness.

"Our *six* critiques! — they would have made half a Quarterly by themselves; but this is the age of criticism."

The following refer apparently to a still later edition: —

LETTER 131. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Stilton, Oct. 3. 1813.

"I have just recollected an alteration you may make in the proof to be sent to Aston. — Among the lines on Hassan's Serai, not far from the beginning, is this —

"Unmeet for Solitude to share.

Now to share implies more than *one*, and Solitude is a single gentleman; it must be thus —

"For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear;

and so on. — My address is Aston Hall, Rotherham.

"Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a Stilton cheese from me for your trouble. Ever yours, "B.

"If[1] the old line stands let the other run thus —

"Nor there will weary traveller halt,
To bless the sacred bread and salt.

"*Note.* — To partake of food — to break bread and taste salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest; even though an enemy, his person from that moment becomes sacred.

"There is another additional note sent yesterday — on the Priest in the Confessional.

"P. S. — I leave this to your discretion; if any body thinks the old line a good one or the cheese a bad one, don't accept either. But, in that case, the word *share* is repeated soon after in the line —

"To share the master's bread and salt;

and must be altered to —

"To break the master's bread and salt.

This is not so well, though — confound it!"

LETTER 132. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Oct. 12. 1813.

"You must look The Giaour again over carefully; there are a few lapses, particularly in the last page. — 'I *know* 'twas false; she could not die;' it was, and ought to be — '*knew*.' Pray observe this and similar mistakes.

"I have received and read the British Review. I really think the writer in most points very right. The only mortifying thing is the accusation of imitation. *Crabbe*'s passage I never saw[2]; and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric* measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who likes it. The Giaour is certainly a bad character, but not dangerous; and I think his fate and his feelings will meet with few proselytes. I shall be very glad to hear from or of you, when you please; but don't put yourself out of your way on my account."

LETTER 133. TO MR. MOORE.

"Bennet Street, August 22. 1813.

"As our late — I might say, deceased — correspondence had too much of the town-life leaven in it, we will now, 'paulo majora,' prattle a little of literature in all its branches; and first of the first — criticism. The Prince is at Brighton, and Jackson, the boxer, gone to Margate, having, I believe, decoyed Yarmouth to see a milling in that polite neighbourhood. Mad^e. de Stael Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant, — kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhawsen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be, — but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could — write an Essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance — and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.

"In a 'mail-coach copy' of the Edinburgh, I perceive The Giaour is second article. The numbers are still in the Leith smack — *pray which way is the wind?* The said article is so very mild and sentimental, that it must be written by Jeffery *in love*; — you know he is gone to America to marry some fair one, of whom he has been, for several *quarters*, *éperdument amoureux*.[3] Seriously — as Winifred

[1] This is written on a separate slip of paper enclosed.

[2] The passage referred to by the Reviewers is in the poem entitled "Resentment;" and the following is, I take for granted, the part which Lord Byron is accused by them of having imitated: —

"Those are like wax — apply them to the fire,
Melting, they take th' impressions you desire:
Easy to mould, and fashion as you please,
And again moulded with an equal ease:
Like smelted iron these the forms retain;
But, once impress'd, will never melt again."

[3] [Mr. Jeffrey married, in 1814, Miss Wilkes, the daughter of Mr. Wilkes of New York, and grand-niece of the famous John Wilkes.]

Jenkins says of Lismahago — Mr. Jeffrey (or his deputy) 'has done the handsome thing by me,' and I say *nothing*. But this I will say, if you and I had knocked one another on the head in this quarrel, how he would have laughed, and what a mighty bad figure we should have cut in our posthumous works. By the by, I was call'd *in* the other day to mediate between two gentlemen bent upon carnage, and, — after a long struggle between the natural desire of destroying one's fellow-creatures, and the dislike of seeing men play the fool for nothing, — I got one to make an apology, and the other to take it, and left them to live happy ever after. One was a peer, the other a friend untitled, and both fond of high play; — and one, I can swear for, though very mild, 'not fearful,' and so dead a shot, that, though the other is the thinnest of men, he would have split him like a cane. They both conducted themselves very well, and I put them out of *pain* as soon as I could.

"There is an American Life of G. F. Cooke, *Scurra* deceased, lately published. Such a book! — I believe, since Drunken Barnaby's Journal, nothing like it has drenched the press. All green-room and tap-room — drams and the drama — brandy, whisky-punch, and, *latterly*, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous, — first, that a man should live so long drunk, and, next, that he should have found a sober biographer. There are some very laughable things in it, nevertheless; — but the pints he swallowed, and the parts he performed, are too regularly registered.

"All this time you wonder I am not gone; so do I; but the accounts of the plague are very perplexing — not so much for the thing itself as the quarantine established in all ports, and from all places, even from England. It is true, the forty or sixty days would, in all probability, be as foolishly spent on shore as in the ship; but one likes to have one's choice, nevertheless. Town is awfully empty; but not the worse for that. I am really puzzled with my perfect ignorance of what I mean to do; — not stay, if I can help it, but where to go? [1] Sligo is for the North; — a pleasant place, Petersburgh, in September, with one's ears and nose in a muff, or else tumbling into one's neckcloth or pocket-handkerchief! If the winter treated Buonaparte with so little ceremony, what would it inflict upon your solitary traveller? — Give me a *sun*, I care not how hot, and sherbet, I care not how cool, and *my* Heaven is as easily made as your Persian's. [2] The Giaour is now a thousand and odd lines. 'Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day, eh, Moore? — thou wilt needs be a wag, but I forgive it.

"Yours ever, "BYRON.

"P. S. — I perceive I have written a flippant and rather cold-hearted letter! let it go, however. I have said nothing, either, of the brilliant sex; but the fact is, I am at this moment in a far more serious, and entirely new, scrape than any of the last twelve months, — and that is saying a good deal. It is unlucky we can neither live with nor without these women.

"I am now thinking of regretting that, just as I have left Newstead, you reside near it. Did you ever see it? *do* — but don't tell me that you like it. If I had known of such intellectual neighbourhood, I don't think I should have quitted it. You could have come over so often, as a bachelor, — for it was a thorough bachelor's mansion — plenty of wine and such sordid sensualities — with books enough, room enough, and an air of antiquity about all (except the lasses) that would have suited you, when pensive, and served you to laugh at when in glee. I had built myself a bath and a *vault* — and now I sha'n't even be buried in it. It is odd that we can't even be certain of a *grave*, at least a particular one. I remember, when about fifteen, reading your poems there, which I can repeat almost now, — and asking all kinds of questions about the author, when I heard that he was not dead according to the preface; wondering if I should ever see him — and though, at that time, without the smallest poetical propensity myself, very much taken, as you may imagine, with that volume. Adieu — I commit you to the care of the gods — Hindoo, Scandinavian, and Hellenic!

[1] One of his travelling projects appears to have been a visit to Abyssinia: — at least, I have found, among his papers, a letter founded on that supposition, in which the writer entreats of him to procure information concerning "a kingdom of Jews mentioned by Bruce as residing on the mountain of Samen in that country. I have had the honour," he adds, "of some correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Buchanan and the Reverend and learned G. S. Faber, on the subject of the existence of this kingdom of Jews, which, if it prove to be a fact, will more clearly elucidate many of the Scripture prophecies; . . . . . and, if Providence favours your Lordship's mission to Abyssinia, an intercourse might be established between England and that country, and the English ships, according to the Rev. Mr. Faber, might be the principal means of transporting the kingdom of Jews, now in Abyssinia, to Egypt, in the way to their own country, Palestine."

[2] "A Persian's Heav'n is easily made —
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

"P. S. 2d.—There is an excellent review of Grimm's Correspondence and Mad^e. de Stael in this N^o. of the E. R. Jeffrey, himself, was my critic last year; but this is, I believe, by another hand. I hope you are going on with your *grand coup*—pray do—or that damned Lucien Buonaparte will beat us all. I have seen much of his poem in MS., and he really surpasses every thing beneath Tasso. Hodgson is translating him *against* another bard. You and (I believe, Rogers,) Scott, Gifford, and myself, are to be referred to as judges between the twain,—that is, if you accept the office. Conceive our different opinions! I think we, most of us (I am talking very impudently, you will think—*us*, indeed!) have a way of our own,—at least, you and Scott certainly have."

LETTER 134. TO MR. MOORE.

"August 28. 1813.

"Ay, my dear Moore, 'there *was* a time'—I have heard of your tricks, when 'you was campaigning at the King of Bohemy.'[1] I am much mistaken if, some fine London spring, about the year 1815, that time does not come again. After all, we must end in marriage; and I can conceive nothing more delightful than such a state in the country, reading the county newspaper, &c., and kissing one's wife's maid. Seriously, I would incorporate with any woman of decent demeanour to-morrow—that is, I would a month ago, but, at present, * * *

"Why don't you 'parody that Ode?'[2]—Do you think I should be *tetchy?* or have you done it, and won't tell me?—You are quite right about Giamschid, and I have reduced it to a dissyllable within this half hour.[3] I am glad to hear you talk of Richardson, because it tells me what you won't—that you are going to beat Lucien. At least tell me how far you have proceeded. Do you think me less interested about your works, or less sincere than our friend Ruggiero? I am not—and never was. In that thing of mine, the 'English Bards,' at the time when I was angry with all the world, I never 'disparaged your parts,' although I did not know you personally;—and have always regretted that you don't give us an *entire* work, and not sprinkle yourself in detached pieces—beautiful, I allow, and quite *alone* in our language[4], but still giving us a right to expect a *Shah Nameh* (is that the name?) as well as gazelles. Stick to the East;—the oracle, Stael, told me it was the only poetical policy. The North, South, and West, have all been exhausted; but from the East, we have nothing but Southey's unsaleables,—and these he has contrived to spoil, by adopting only their most outrageous fictions.[5] His personages don't interest us, and yours will. You will have no competitor; and, if you had, you ought to be glad of it. The little I have done in that way is merely a 'voice in the wilderness' for you; and if it has had any success, that also will prove that the public are orientalising, and pave the path for you.

"I have been thinking of a story, grafted on the amours of a Peri and a mortal—something like, only more *philanthropical* than, Cazotte's Diable Amoureux.[6] It would require a good deal of poesy, and

[1] [See Foote's farce of "The Mayor of Garrat."]

[2] The Ode of Horace,

"Natis in usum lætitiæ," &c.;

some passages of which I told him might be parodied, in allusion to some of his late adventures:

"Quanta laboras in Charybdi!
Digne puer meliore flammâ!"

[3] In his first edition of The Giaour he had used this word as a trisyllable,—"Bright as the gem of Giamschid,"—but on my remarking to him, upon the authority of Richardson's Persian Dictionary, that this was incorrect, he altered it to "Bright as the ruby of Giamschid." On seeing this, however, I wrote to him, "that, in the comparison of his heroine's eye to a 'ruby' might mischiefully call up the idea of its being bloodshot, he had better change the line to "Bright as the jewel of Giamschid;"—which he accordingly did in the following edition.

[4] Having already endeavoured to obviate the charge of vanity, to which I am aware I expose myself by being thus accessory to the publication of eulogies, so warm and so little merited, on myself, I shall here only add, that it will abundantly console me under such a charge, if, in whatever degree the judgment of my noble friend may be called in question for these praises, he shall, in the same proportion, receive credit for the good-nature and warm-heartedness by which they were dictated.

[5] ["Lord Byron contemplated, at one time, a pilgrimage to the East; and had he accomplished it, we should have had poetry filled with Rajahpoots. The annals of Mewar are as heroic as those of England and Scotland. Old Chund, their heroic bard, has sung them. Why does not some young English bard arise in the East? But we have only cadets and writers; and they never venture higher than to translate."—WILSON.

"In the sixty nine-books, comprising one hundred thousand stanzas, of which the epic of the poet Chund consists, every noble family of Rajast'han will find some record of their ancestors. To read this poet well is a sure road to honour; and my own gooru was allowed, even by the professional bards, to excel therein. As he read, I rapidly translated about thirty thousand stanzas."—TOD: *Annals of Rajast'han.*]

[6] [The Diable Amoureux appeared in 1772. In 1790, at the age of seventy, Cazotte translated, at Paris, four volumes of Arabian Tales, a continuation of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." In 1792, he was thrown into the prison of the Abbaye. When the massacre of the 2nd September took place, being delivered into the

tenderness is not my forte. For that, and other reasons, I have given up the idea, and merely suggest it to you, because, in intervals of your greater work, I think it a subject you might make much of.[1] If you want any more books, there is 'Castellan's Mœurs des Ottomans,' the best compendium of the kind I ever met with, in six small tomes. I am really taking a liberty by talking in this style to my 'elders and my betters;'—pardon it, and don't *Rochefoucault my motives.*"

LETTER 130. TO MR. MOORE.

"August—September, I mean—1, 1813.

"I send you, begging your acceptance, Castellan, and three vols. on Turkish literature, not yet looked into. The *last* I will thank you to read, extract what you want, and return in a week, as they are lent to me by that brightest of Northern constellations, Mackintosh, — amongst many other kind things into which India has warmed him; for I am sure your *home* Scotsman is of a less genial description.

"Your Peri, my dear M., is sacred and inviolable; I have no idea of touching the hem of her petticoat. Your affectation of a dislike to encounter me is so flattering, that I begin to think myself a very fine fellow. But you are laughing at me — 'Stap my vitals, Tam! thou art a very impudent person;' and, if you are not laughing at me, you deserve to be laughed at. Seriously, what on earth can you, or have you, to dread from any poetical flesh breathing? It really puts me out of humour to hear you talk thus.

"'The Giaour' I have added to a good deal; but still in foolish fragments. It contains about 1200 lines, or rather more — now printing. You will allow me to send you a copy. You delight me much by telling me that I am in your good graces, and more particularly as to temper; for, unluckily, I have the reputation of a very bad one. But they say the devil is amusing when pleased, and I must have been more venomous than the old serpent, to have hissed or stung in your company. It may be, and would appear to a third person, an incredible thing, but I know you will believe me when I say, that I am as anxious for your success as one human being can be for another's, — as much as if I had never scribbled a line. Surely the field of fame is wide enough for all; and if it were not, I would not willingly rob my neighbour of a rood of it. Now you have a pretty property of some thousand acres there, and when you have passed your present Inclosure Bill, your income will be doubled, (there's a metaphor, worthy of a Templar, namely, pen and law,) while my wild common is too remote to incommode you, and quite incapable of such fertility. I send you (which return per post, as the printer would say) a curious letter from a friend of mine[2], which will let you into the origin of 'The Giaour.' Write soon. Ever, dear Moore, yours most entirely, &c.

"P. S. — This letter was written to me on account of a *different story* circulated by some gentlewomen of our acquaintance, a little too close to the text. The part erased contained merely some Turkish names, and circumstantial evidence of the girl's detection, not very important or decorous."

LETTER 136. TO MR. MOORE.

"Sept. 5, 1813.

"You need not tie yourself down to a day with Toderini[3], but send him at your leisure, having anatomised him into such annotations as you want; I do not believe that he has ever undergone that process before, which is the best reason for not sparing him now.

"Rogers has returned to town, but not yet recovered of the Quarterly. What fellows these reviewers are! 'these bugs do fear us all.' They made you fight, and me (the milkiest of men) a satirist, and will end by making Rogers madder than Ajax. I have been reading Memory again, the other day, and Hope together, and retain all my preference of the former. His elegance is really wonderful — there is no such thing as a vulgar line in his book.

hands of the assassins, his daughter cast herself between him and the murderers, and prevented the execution of their purpose; but he was again condemned to death, and suffered on the 25th. His "Œuvres Morales et Badines" are collected in four vols. 8vo.]

[1] I had already, singularly enough, anticipated this suggestion, by making the daughter of a Peri the heroine of one of my stories, and detailing the love adventures of her aërial parent in an episode. In acquainting Lord Byron with this circumstance, in my answer to the above letter, I added, "All I ask of your friendship is — not that you will abstain from Peris on my account, for that is too much to ask of human (or, at least, author's) nature — but that, whenever you mean to pay your addresses to any of these aërial ladies, you will, at once, tell me so, frankly and instantly, and let me, at least, have my choice whether I shall be desperate enough to go on, with such a rival, or at once surrender the whole race into your hands, and take, for the future, to Antediluvians with Mr. Montgomery."

[2] The letter of Lord Sligo, already given.

[3] ["Della Letteratura Turchesca," Venez. 1787, 3 vols. 8vo.]

"What say you to Buonaparte? Remember, I back him against the field, barring catalepsy and the Elements. Nay, I almost wish him success against all countries but this, — were it only to choke the Morning Post, and his undutiful father-in-law, with that rebellious bastard of Scandinavian adoption, Bernadotte. Rogers wants me to go with him on a crusade to the Lakes, and to besiege you on our way. This last is a great temptation, but I fear it will not be in my power, unless you would go on with one of us somewhere — no matter where. It is too late for Matlock, but we might hit upon some scheme, high life or low, — the last would be much the best for amusement. I am so sick of the other, that I quite sigh for a cider-cellar, or a cruise in a smuggler's sloop.

"You cannot wish more than I do that the Fates were a little more accommodating to our parallel lines, which prolong ad infinitum without coming a jot nearer. I almost wish I were married, too — which is saying much. All my friends, seniors and juniors, are in for it, and ask me to be godfather, — the only species of parentage which, I believe, will ever come to my share in a lawful way; and, in an unlawful one, by the blessing of Lucina, we can never be certain, — though the parish may. I suppose I shall hear from you to-morrow. If not, this goes as it is; but I leave room for a P. S., in case any thing requires an answer.

"Ever, &c.

"No letter — *n'importe*. Rogers thinks the Quarterly will be at *me* this time: if so, it shall be a war of extermination — no *quarter*. From the youngest devil down to the oldest woman of that review, all shall perish by one fatal lampoon. The ties of nature shall be torn asunder, for I will not even spare my bookseller; nay, if one were to include readers also, all the better."

Letter 137. TO MR. MOORE.

"September 8. 1813.

"I am sorry to see Toderini again so soon, for fear your scrupulous conscience should have prevented you from fully availing yourself of his spoils. By this coach I send you a copy of that awful pamphlet 'The Giaour,' which has never procured me half so high a compliment as your modest alarm. You will (if inclined in an evening) perceive that I have added much in quantity, — a circumstance which may truly diminish your modesty upon the subject.

"You stand certainly in great need of a 'lift' with Mackintosh. My dear Moore, you strangely under-rate yourself. I should conceive it an affectation in any other; but I think I know you well enough to believe that you don't know your own value. However, 'tis a fault that generally mends; and, in your case, it really ought. I have heard him speak of you as highly as your wife could wish; and enough to give all your friends the jaundice.

"Yesterday I had a letter from *Ali Pacha!* brought by Dr. Holland, who is just returned from Albania. It is in Latin, and begins 'Excellentissime *nec non* Carissime,' and ends about a gun he wants made for him; — it is signed 'Ali Vizir.' What do you think he has been about? H. tells me that, last spring, he took a hostile town, where, forty-two years ago, his mother and sisters were treated as Miss Cunigunde was by the Bulgarian cavalry. He takes the town, selects all the survivors of this exploit — children, grandchildren, &c. to the tune of six hundred, and has them shot before his face. Recollect, he spared the rest of the city, and confined himself to the Tarquin pedigree, — which is more than I would. So much for 'dearest friend.'"

Letter 138. TO MR. MOORE.

"Sept. 9. 1813.

"I write to you from Mr. Murray's, and I may say, from Murray, who, if you are not predisposed in favour of any other publisher, would be happy to treat with you, at a fitting time, for your work. I can safely recommend him as fair, liberal, and attentive, and certainly, in point of reputation, he stands among the first of 'the trade.' I am sure he would do you justice. I have written to you so much lately, that you will be glad to see so little now.

"Ever, &c. &c."

Letter 139. TO MR. MOORE.

"September 27. 1813.

"Thomas Moore,

"(Thou wilt never be called '*true* Thomas,' like he of Ercildoune,) why don't you write to me? — as you won't, I must. I was near you at Aston the other day, and hope I soon shall be again. If so, you must and shall meet me, and go to Matlock and elsewhere, and take what, in *flash* dialect, is poetically termed 'a lark,' with Rogers and me for accomplices. Yesterday, at Holland House, I was introduced to Southey — the best-looking bard I have seen for some time. To have that poet's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his Sapphics. He is certainly a prepossessing person to

look on, and a man of talent, and all that, and — *there* is his eulogy.

"* * read me *part* of a letter from you. By the foot of Pharaoh, I believe there was abuse, for he stopped short, so he did, after a fine saying about our correspondence, and *looked* — I wish I could revenge myself by attacking you, or by telling you that I have *had* to defend you — an agreeable way which one's friends have of recommending themselves by saying — 'Ay, ay, *I* gave it Mr. Such-a-one for what he said about your being a plagiary, and a rake, and so on.' But do you know that you are one of the very few whom I never have the satisfaction of hearing abused, but the reverse; — and do you suppose I will forgive *that?*

"I have been in the country, and ran away from the Doncaster races. It is odd, — I was a visitor in the same house which came to my sire as a residence with Lady Carmarthen, (with whom he adulterated before his majority — by the by, remember *she* was not my mamma,) — and they thrust me into an old room, with a nauseous picture over the chimney, which I should suppose my papa regarded with due respect, and which, inheriting the family taste, I looked upon with great satisfaction. I stayed a week with the family, and behaved very well — though the lady of the house is young, and religious, and pretty, and the master is my particular friend. I felt no wish for any thing but a poodle dog, which they kindly gave me. Now, for a man of my courses not even to have *coveted*, is a sign of great amendment. Pray pardon all this nonsense, and don't 'snub me when I'm in spirits.'

"Ever yours, "Bn.

"Here's an impromptu for you by a 'person of quality,' written last week, on being reproached for low spirits:

"When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye:
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink;
My Thoughts their dungeon know too well —
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And bleed within their silent cell."[1]

Letter 140. TO MR. MOORE.

"October 2. 1813.

"You have not answered some six letters of mine. This, therefore, is my penultimate. I will write to you once more, but, after that — I swear by all the saints — I am silent and supercilious. I have met Curran at Holland House — he beats every body; — his imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics — I never met his equal. Now, were I a woman, and eke a virgin, that is the man I should make my Scamander. He is quite fascinating. Remember, I have met him but once; and you, who have known him long, may probably deduct from my panegyric. I almost fear to meet him again, lest the impression should be lowered. He talked a great deal about you — a theme never tiresome to me, nor any body else that I know. What a variety of expression he conjures into that naturally not very fine countenance of his! He absolutely changes it entirely. I have done — for I can't describe him, and you know him. On Sunday I return to * *, where I shall not be far from you. Perhaps I shall hear from you in the mean time. Good night.

"Saturday morn. — Your letter has cancelled all my anxieties. I did *not suspect* you in *earnest*. Modest again! Because I don't do a very shabby thing, it seems, I 'don't fear your competition.' If it were reduced to an alternative of preference, I *should* dread you, as much as Satan does Michael. But is there not room enough in our respective regions? Go on — it will soon be my turn to forgive. To-day I dine with Mackintosh and Mrs. *Stale* — as John Bull may be pleased to denominate Corinne — whom I saw last night, at Covent Garden, yawning over the humour of Falstaff.

"The reputation of 'gloom,' if one's friends are not included in the *reputants*, is of great service; as it saves one from a legion of impertinents, in the shape of common-place acquaintance. But thou know'st I can be a right merry and conceited fellow, and rarely 'larmoyant.' Murray shall reinstate your line forthwith.[2] I believe the blunder in the motto was mine; — and yet I have, in general, a memory for *you*, and am sure it was rightly printed at first.

"I do 'blush' very often, if I may believe Ladies H. and M.; — but luckily, at present, no one sees me. Adieu."

Letter 141. TO MR. MOORE.

"November 30. 1813.

"Since I last wrote to you, much has occurred, good, bad, and indifferent, — not to

[1] Now printed in his Works. [See p. 557.]

[2] The motto to The Giaour, which is taken from one of the Irish Melodies, had been quoted by him incorrectly in the first editions of the poem. He made afterwards a similar mistake in the lines from Burns prefixed to the Bride of Abydos.

make me forget you, but to prevent me from reminding you of one who, nevertheless, has often thought of you, and to whom *your* thoughts, in many a measure, have frequently been a consolation. We were once very near neighbours this autumn; and a good and bad neighbourhood it has proved to me. Suffice it to say, that your French quotation was confoundedly to the purpose, — though very *unexpectedly* pertinent, as you may imagine by what I *said* before, and my silence since. However, 'Richard's himself again,' and except all night and some part of the morning, I don't think very much about the matter.

"All convulsions end with me in rhyme; and to solace my midnights, I have scribbled another Turkish story[1] — not a Fragment — which you will receive soon after this. It does not trench upon your kingdom in the least, and if it did, you would soon reduce me to my proper boundaries. You will think, and justly, that I run some risk of losing the little I have gained in fame, by this further experiment on public patience; but I have really ceased to care on that head. I have written this, and published it, for the sake of the *employment*, — to wring my thoughts from reality, and take refuge in 'imaginings,' however 'horrible;' and, as to success! those who succeed will console me for a failure — excepting yourself and one or two more, whom luckily I love too well to wish one leaf of their laurels a tint yellower. This is the work of a week, and will be the reading of an hour to you, or even less, — and so, let it go * * * *.

"P.S.—Ward and I *talk* of going to Holland. I want to see how a Dutch canal looks after the Bosphorus. Pray respond."

LETTER 142. TO MR. MOORE.

"December 8. 1813.

"Your letter, like all the best, and even kindest things in this world, is both painful and pleasing. But, first, to what sits nearest. Do you know I was actually about to dedicate to you, — not in a formal inscription, as to one's *elders*, — but through a short prefatory letter, in which I boasted myself your intimate, and held forth the prospect of *your* poem; when, lo! the recollection of your strict injunctions of secrecy as to the said poem, more than *once* repeated by word and letter, flashed upon me, and marred my intents. I could have no motive for repressing my own desire of alluding to you (and not a day passes that I do not think and talk of you), but an idea that you might, yourself, dislike it. You cannot doubt my sincere admiration, waving personal friendship for the present, which, by the by, is not less sincere and deep rooted. I have you by rote and by heart; of which 'ecce signum!' When I was at * *, on my first visit, I have a habit, in passing my time a good deal alone, of — I won't call it singing, for that I never attempt except to myself — but of uttering, to what I think tunes, your 'Oh breathe not,' 'When the last glimpse,' and 'When he who adores thee,' with others of the same minstrel; — they are my matins and vespers. I assuredly did not intend them to be overheard, but, one morning, in comes, not La Donna, but Il Marito, with a very grave face, saying, 'Byron, I must request you won't sing any more, at least of *those* songs.' I stared, and said, 'Certainly, but why?' — 'To tell you the truth,' quoth he, 'they make my wife *cry*, and so melancholy, that I wish her to hear no more of them.'

"Now, my dear M., the effect must have been from your words, and certainly not my music. I merely mention this foolish story to show you how much I am indebted to you for even your pastimes. A man may praise and praise, but no one recollects but that which pleases — at least, in composition. Though I think no one equal to you in that department, or in satire, — and surely no one was ever so popular in both, — I certainly am of opinion that you have not yet done all *you* can do, though more than enough for any one else. I want, and the world expects, a longer work from you; and I see in you what I never saw in poet before, a strange diffidence of your own powers, which I cannot account for, and which must be unaccountable, when a *Cossac* like me can appal a *cuirassier*. Your story I did not, could not, know, — I thought only of a Peri. I wish you had confided in me, not for your sake, but mine, and to prevent the world from losing a much better poem than my own, but which, I yet hope, this *clashing* will not even now deprive them of.[2] Mine is the work of a week, written, *why* I have

[1] The Bride of Abydos.

[2] Among the stories intended to be introduced into Lalla Rookh, which I had begun, but, from various causes, never finished, there was one which I had made some progress in, at the time of the appearance of "The Bride," and which, on reading that poem, I found to contain such singular coincidences with it, not only in locality and costume, but in plot and characters, that I immediately gave up my story altogether, and began another on an entirely new subject, the Fire-worshippers. To this circumstance, which I immediately communicated to him, Lord Byron alludes in this letter. In my hero (to whom I had even given the name of "Zelim," and who was a descendant of Ali, outlawed, with all his

[illegible]

"[illegible] *Write to me, and tell me of yourself.* [illegible] *what Rousseau said to* [illegible] *—'Have we quarrelled? you have talked to me of* [illegible]*, and never once mentioned yourself!'*

"*P.S.*—*The last sentence is an indirect apology for my egotism,*—but I believe in *letters it is allowed. I wish it was* [illegible]*. I have met with an odd reflection in Grimm;* [illegible] *—at least the bad part—be applied to you or me, though one of us has certainly an indifferent name—but this it is:—'Many people have the reputation of being wicked, with whom we should be too happy to pass our lives.' I need not add it is a woman's saying—a Mademoiselle de Sommery's.*"

CHAP. XVIII.

1813.

JOURNAL.—FIVE AND TWENTY!—[illegible]—[illegible]—[illegible]—READING ONE'S OWN COMPOSITIONS.—[illegible]—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—[illegible]—[illegible]—SCOTT'S WRITINGS.—[illegible]—BONAPARTE'S [illegible]—[illegible]—LUCRETIUS.—[illegible]—[illegible] L'ALLEMAGNE.—[illegible]—EDINBURGH REVIEW.—LORD CARLISLE.—PORTRAITS OF ROGERS, SOUTHEY, SOTHEBY, MOORE, AND WARD.—WHO IS JUNIUS?—A DREAM.—[illegible]—[illegible]—[illegible]—LADY MELBOURNE.—TRIANGULAR GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.—[illegible]—[illegible]—[illegible]—MACKINTOSH'S REVIEW OF ROGERS.

At this time Lord Byron commenced a Journal, or Diary, from the pages of which I have already selected a few extracts, and of which I shall now lay as much more as is producible before the reader. Employed chiefly,—as such a record, from its nature, must be,—about persons still living, and occurrences still recent, it would be impossible, of course, to submit it to the public eye, without the omission of some portion of its contents, and unluckily, too, of that very portion which, from its reference to the secret pursuits and feelings of the writer, would the most livelily pique and gratify the curiosity of the reader. Enough, however, will, I trust, still remain, even after all this necessary winnowing, to enlarge still further the view we have here opened into the interior of the poet's life and habits, and to indulge harmlessly that taste, as general as it is natural, which leads us to contemplate with pleasure a great mind in its undress, and to rejoice in the discovery, so consoling to human pride, that even the mightiest, in their moments of ease and weakness, resemble ourselves.[2]

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followers, by the reigning Caliph) it was my intention to shadow out, as I did afterwards in another form, the national cause of Ireland. To quote the words of my letter to Lord Byron on the subject:—"I chose this story because one writes best about what one feels most, and I thought the parallel with Ireland would enable me to infuse some vigour into my hero's character. But to aim at vigour and strong feeling after you is hopeless;—that region 'was made for Cæsar.'"

[1] [" De la Litterature du Midi de l'Europe."]

[2] " C'est surtout aux hommes qui sont hors de toute comparaison par le génie qu'on aime à ressembler au moins par les foiblesses." — GINGUÉNÉ.

"JOURNAL, BEGUN NOVEMBER 14. 1813.

"If this had been begun ten years ago, and faithfully kept!!! — heigho! there are too many things I wish never to have remembered, as it is. Well, — I have had my share of what are called the pleasures of this life, and have seen more of the European and Asiatic world than I have made a good use of. They say 'Virtue is its own reward,' — it certainly should be paid well for its trouble. At five-and-twenty, when the better part of life is over, one should be *something*; — and what am I? nothing but five-and-twenty — and the odd months. What have I seen? the same man all over the world, — ay, and woman too. Give *me* a Mussulman who never asks questions, and a she of the same race who saves one the trouble of putting them. But for this same plague — yellow fever — and Newstead delay, I should have been by this time a second time close to the Euxine. If I can overcome the last, I don't so much mind your pestilence; and, at any rate, the spring shall see me there, — provided I neither marry myself, nor unmarry any one else in the interval. I wish one was — I don't know what I wish. It is odd I never set myself seriously to wishing without attaining it — and repenting. I begin to believe with the good old Magi, that one should only pray for the nation, and not for the individual; — but, on my principle, this would not be very patriotic.

"No more reflections. — Let me see — last night I finished 'Zuleika,' my second Turkish Tale. I believe the composition of it kept me alive — for it was written to drive my thoughts from the recollection of —

'Dear sacred name, rest ever unreveal'd.'

At least, even here, my hand would tremble to write it. This afternoon I have burnt the scenes of my commenced comedy. I have some idea of expectorating a romance, or rather a tale in prose; — but what romance could equal the events —

'quæque ipse . . . . . vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.'

"To-day Henry Byron[1] called on me with my little cousin Eliza.[2] She will grow up a beauty and a plague; but, in the mean time, it is the prettiest child! dark eyes and eyelashes, black and long as the wing of a raven. I think she is prettier even than my niece, Georgina, — yet I don't like to think so neither; and though older, she is not so clever.

"Dallas called before I was up, so we did not meet. Lewis, too, — who seems out of humour with every thing. What can be the matter? he is not married — has he lost his own mistress, or any other person's wife? Hodgson, too, came. He is going to be married, and he is the kind of man who will be the happier. He has talent, cheerfulness, every thing that can make him a pleasing companion; and his intended is handsome and young, and all that. But I never see any one much improved by matrimony. All my coupled contemporaries are bald and discontented. W. and S. have both lost their hair and good humour; and the last of the two had a good deal to lose. But it don't much signify what falls *off* a man's temples in that state.

"Mem. I must get a toy to-morrow, for Eliza, and send the device for the seals of myself and * * * * * Mem. too, to call on the Stael and Lady Holland to-morrow, and on * *, who has advised me (without seeing it, by the by) not to publish 'Zuleika;' I believe he is right, but experience might have taught him that not to print is *physically* impossible. No one has seen it but Hodgson and Mr. Gifford. I never in my life *read* a composition, save to Hodgson, as he pays me in kind. It is a horrible thing to do too frequently; — better print, and they who like may read, and if they don't like, you have the satisfaction of knowing that they have, at least, *purchased* the right of saying so.

"I have declined presenting the Debtors' Petition, being sick of parliamentary mummeries. I have spoken thrice; but I doubt my ever becoming an orator. My first was liked; the second and third — I don't know whether they succeeded or not. I have never yet set to it *con amore*; — one must have some excuse to one's self for laziness, or inability, or both, and this is mine. 'Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me;' — and then, I have 'drunk medicines,' not to make me love others, but certainly enough to hate myself.

"Two nights ago I saw the tigers sup at Exeter 'Change. Except Veli Pacha's lion in the Morea, — who followed the Arab keeper like a dog, — the fondness of the hyæna for her keeper amused me most. Such a conversazione! — There was a 'hippopotamus,' like Lord Liverpool in the face;

[1] [The Rev. Henry Byron, second son of the Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron, son of William, the fourth Lord. He died in 1821.]

[2] [Daughter of the gentleman referred to in the preceding note: she was married, in 1830, to George Rochford Clarke, Esq.]

and the 'Ursine Sloth' hath the very voice and manner of my valet—but the tiger talked too much. The elephant took and gave me my money again—took off my hat—opened a door—*trunked* a whip—and behaved so well, that I wish he was my butler. The handsomest animal on earth is one of the panthers; but the poor antelopes were dead. I should hate to see one *here:*—the sight of the *camel* made me pine again for Asia Minor. 'Oh quando te aspiciam?'

"November 16.

"Went last night with Lewis to see the first of Antony and Cleopatra. It was admirably got up, and well acted—a salad of Shakspeare and Dryden. Cleopatra strikes me as the epitome of her sex—fond, lively, sad, tender, teasing, humble, haughty, beautiful, the devil!—coquettish to the last, as well with the 'asp' as with Antony. After doing all she can to persuade him that—but why do they abuse him for cutting off that poltroon Cicero's head? Did not Tully tell Brutus it was a pity to have spared Antony? and did he not speak the Philippics? and are not '*words things?*'[1] and such '*words*' very pestilent '*things*' too? If he had had a hundred heads, they deserved (from Antony) a rostrum (his was stuck up there) apiece—though, after all, he might as well have pardoned him, for the credit of the thing. But to resume—Cleopatra, after securing him, says, 'yet go—it is your interest,' &c.—how like the sex! and the questions about Octavia—it is woman all over.

"To-day received Lord Jersey's invitation to Middleton—to travel sixty miles to meet Madame De Stael! I once travelled three thousand to get among silent people; and this same lady writes octavos, and *talks* folios. I have read her books—like most of them, and delight in the last; so I won't hear it, as well as read.

"Read Burns to-day. What would he have been, if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley. What a wreck is that man! and all from bad pilotage; for no one had ever better gales, though now and then a little too squally. Poor dear Sherry! I shall never forget the day he and Rogers and Moore and I passed together; when *he* talked, and *we* listened, without one yawn, from six till one in the morning.

"Got my seals ******. Have again forgot a plaything for *ma petite cousine* Eliza; but I must send for it to-morrow. I hope Harry will bring her to me. I sent Lord Holland the proofs of the last 'Giaour,' and 'The Bride of Abydos.' He won't like the latter, and I don't think that I shall long. It was written in four nights to distract my dreams from * *. Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time, I must have gone mad, by eating my own heart,—bitter diet!—Hodgson likes it better than 'The Giaour,' but nobody else will,—and he never liked the Fragment. I am sure, had it not been for Murray, *that* would never have been published, though the circumstances which are the ground-work make it * * * heigh-ho!

"To-night I saw both the sisters of **; my God! the youngest so like! I thought I should have sprung across the house, and am so glad no one was with me in Lady H.'s box. I hate those likenesses—the mock-bird, but not the nightingale—so like as to remind, so different as to be painful.[2] One quarrels equally with the points of resemblance and of distinction.

"Nov. 17.

"No letter from **; but I must not complain. The respectable Job says, 'Why should a *living man* complain?' I really don't know, except it be that a *dead man* can't; and he, the said patriarch, *did* complain, nevertheless, till his friends were tired and his wife recommended that pious prologue, 'Curse—and die;' the only time, I suppose, when but little relief is to be found in swearing. I have had a most kind letter from Lord Holland on 'The Bride of Abydos,' which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I *did* think, at the time, that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland House, and

[1] ["But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think,
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages," &c. *Don Juan*, c. iii. st. 88.]

[2] —— "my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below;
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same."
The Giaour.

am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded satire, of which I would suppress even the memory; — but people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, I verily believe, out of contradiction.

"George Ellis and Murray have been talking something about Scott and me, George pro Scoto, — and very right too. If they want to depose him, I only wish they would not set me up as a competitor.[1] Even if I had my choice, I would rather be the Earl of Warwick than all the *kings* he ever made! Jeffrey and Gifford I take to be the monarch-makers in poetry and prose. The British Critic, in their Rokeby Review, have presupposed a comparison which I am sure my friends never thought of, and W. Scott's subjects are injudicious in descending to. I like the man — and admire his works to what Mr. Braham calls *Entusymusy*. All such stuff can only vex him, and do me no good. Many hate his politics — (I hate all politics); and, here, a man's politics are like the Greek *soul* — an *εἴδωλον*, besides God knows what *other soul*; but their estimate of the two generally go together.

"Harry has not brought *ma petite cousine*. I want us to go to the play together; — she has been but once. Another short note from Jersey, inviting Rogers and me on the 23d. I must see my agent to-night. I wonder when that Newstead business will be finished. It cost me more than words to part with it — and to *have* parted with it! What matters it what I do? or what becomes of me? — but let me remember Job's saying, and console myself with being 'a living man.'

"I wish I could settle to reading again, — my life is monotonous, and yet desultory. I take up books, and fling them down again. I began a comedy, and burnt it because the scene ran into *reality*; — a novel, for the same reason. In rhyme, I can keep more away from facts; but the thought always runs through, through . . . . . yes, yes, through. I have had a letter from Lady Melbourne — the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest of women.

"Not a word from * *. Have they set out from * *? or has my last precious epistle fallen into the lion's jaws? If so — and this silence looks suspicious — I must clap on my 'musty morion' and 'hold out my iron.' I am out of practice — but I won't begin again at Manton's now. Besides, I would not return his shot. I was once a famous wafer-splitter; but then the bullies of society made it necessary. Ever since I began to feel that I had a bad cause to support, I have left off the exercise.

"What strange tidings from that Anakim of anarchy — Buonaparte! Ever since I defended my bust of him at Harrow against the rascally time-servers, when the war broke out in 1803, he has been a 'Héros de Roman' of mine — on the Continent; I don't want him here. But I don't like those same flights — leaving of armies, &c. &c. I am sure when I fought for his bust at school, I did not think he would run away from himself. But I should not wonder if he banged them yet. To be beat by men would be something; but by three stupid, legitimate-old-dynasty boobies of regular-bred sovereigns — O-hone-a-rie! — O-hone-a-rie! It must be, as Cobbett says, his marriage with the thick-lipped and thick-headed *Autrichienne* brood. He had better have kept to her who was kept by Barras. I never knew any good come of your young wife, and legal espousals, to any but your 'sober-blooded boy' who 'eats fish' and

[1] ["To have kept his ground at the crisis when 'Rokeby' appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages; for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage — a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had hitherto preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little velitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the first two cantos of Childe Harold. I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the Hours of Idleness, nor the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief diversion. Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his taking the wind out of my sails, there was, I judged, a species of cowardice in desisting from the task which I had undertaken, and it was time enough to retreat when the battle should be more decidedly lost." — SIR WALTER SCOTT: Introd. to Rokeby, *Poet. Works*, vol. ix. p. 15.]

drinketh 'no sack.' Had he not the whole opera? all Paris? all France? But a mistress is just as perplexing — that is, *one* — two or more are manageable by division.

"I have begun, or had begun, a song, and flung it into the fire. It was in remembrance of Mary Duff, my first of flames, before most people begin to burn. I wonder what the devil is the matter with me! I can do nothing, and — fortunately there is nothing to do. It has lately been in my power to make two persons (and their connections) comfortable, *pro tempore*, and one happy, *ex tempore*, — I rejoice in the last particularly, as it is an excellent man.* I wish there had been more inconvenience and less gratification to my self-love in it, for then there had been more merit. We are all selfish — and I believe, ye gods of Epicurus! I believe in Rochefoucault about *men*, and in Lucretius (not Busby's translation) about yourselves. Your bard has made you very *nonchalant* and blest; but as he has excused *us* from damnation, I don't envy you your blessedness *much* — a little, to be sure. I remember, last year, * * said to me, at * *, 'Have we not passed our last month like the gods of Lucretius?' And so we had. She is an adept in the text of the original (which I like too); and when that booby Bus. sent his translating prospectus, she subscribed. But, the devil prompting him to add a specimen, she transmitted him a subsequent answer, saying, that 'after perusing it, her conscience would not permit her to allow her name to remain on the list of subscribblers.' Last night, at Lord H.'s — Mackintosh, the Ossulstones, Puysegur, &c. there — I was trying to recollect a quotation (as *I* think) of Stael's, from some Teutonic sophist about architecture. 'Architecture,' says this Macoronico Tedescho, 'reminds me of frozen music.' It is somewhere — but where? — the demon of perplexity must know and won't tell. I asked M., and he said it was not in her: but P——r said it must be *hers*, it was so *like*. H. laughed, as he does at all 'De l'Allemagne,' — in which, however, I think he goes a little too far. B., I hear, contemns it too. But there are fine passages; — and, after all, what is a work — any — or every work — but a desert with fountains, and, perhaps, a grove or two, every day's journey? To be sure, in Madame, what we often mistake, and 'pant for,' as the 'cooling stream,' turns out to be the '*mirage*' (criticè *verbiage*); but we do, at last, get to something like the temple of Jove Ammon, and then the waste we have passed is only remembered to gladden the contrast.

"Called on C * *, to explain * * *. She is very beautiful, to my taste, at least; for on coming home from abroad, I recollect being unable to look at any woman but her — they were so fair, and unmeaning, and *blonde*. The darkness and regularity of her features reminded me of my 'Jannat al Aden.' But this impression wore off; and now I can look at a fair woman, without longing for a Houri. She was very good-tempered, and every thing was explained.

"To-day, great news — 'the Dutch have taken Holland,' — which, I suppose, will be succeeded by the actual explosion of the Thames. Five provinces have declared for young Stadt, and there will be inundation, conflagration, constupration, consternation, and every sort of nation and nations, fighting away, up to their knees, in the damnable quags of this will-o'-the-wisp abode of Boors. It is said Bernadotte is amongst them, too; and, as Orange will be there soon, they will have (Crown) Prince Stork and King Log in their Loggery at the same time. Two to one on the new dynasty!

"Mr. Murray has offered me one thousand guineas for 'The Giaour' and 'The Bride of Abydos.' I won't — it is too much, though I am strongly tempted, merely for the *say* of it. No bad price for a fortnight's (a week each) what? — the gods know — it was intended to be called poetry.

"I have dined regularly to-day, for the first time since Sunday last — this being Sabbath, too. All the rest, tea and dry biscuits — six *per diem*. I wish to God I had not dined now! — It kills me with heaviness, stupor, and horrible dreams; — and yet it was but a pint of bucellas, and fish.[2] Meat I never touch, — nor much vegetable diet. I wish I were in the country, to take exercise, — instead of being obliged to *cool* by abstinence, in lieu of it. I should not so much mind a little accession of flesh, — my bones can well bear it. But the worst is, the devil always came with it, — till I starved him out, — and I will *not* be the slave of *any* appetite. If I do err, it shall be my heart, at least, that heralds the way, Oh, my head — how it aches? — the horrors of digestion! I wonder how Buonaparte's dinner agrees with him?

"Mem. I must write to-morrow to 'Master Shallow, who owes me a thousand pounds,' and seems, in his letter, afraid I

[1] Evidently, Mr. Hodgson.

[2] He had this year so far departed from his strict plan of diet as to eat fish occasionally.

should ask him for it[1]; — as if I would! — I don't want it (just now, at least,) to begin with; and though I have often wanted that sum, I never asked for the repayment of 10*l.* in my life — from a friend. His bond is not due this year, and I told him when it was, I should not enforce it. How often must he make me say the same thing?

"I am wrong — I did once ask * * *[2] to repay me. But it was under circumstances that excused me *to him*, and would to any one. I took no interest, nor required security. He paid me soon, — at least, his *padre*. My head! I believe it was given me to ache with. Good even.

"Nov. 22. 1813.

"'Orange Boven!' So the bees have expelled the bear that broke open their hive. Well, — if we are to have new De Witts and De Ruyters, God speed the little republic! I should like to see the Hague and the village of Brock, where they have such primitive habits. Yet, I don't know, — their canals would cut a poor figure by the memory of the Bosphorus; and the Zuyder Zee look awkwardly after 'Ak-Denizi.' No matter, — the bluff burghers, puffing freedom out of their short tobacco-pipes, might be worth seeing; though I prefer a cigar or a hooka, with the rose-leaf mixed with the milder herb of the Levant. I don't know what liberty means, — never having seen it, — but wealth is power all over the world; and as a shilling performs the duty of a pound (besides sun and sky and beauty for nothing) in the East, — *that* is the country. How I envy Herodes Atticus! — more than Pomponius. And yet a little *tumult*, now and then, is an agreeable quickener of sensation; such as a revolution, a battle, or an *aventure* of any lively description. I think I rather would have been Bonneval, Ripperda, Alberoni, Hayreddin, or Horuc Barbarossa, or even Wortley Montague, than Mahomet himself.

"Rogers will be in town soon? — the 23d is fixed for our Middleton visit. Shall I go? umph! — In this island, where one can't ride out without overtaking the sea, it don't much matter where one goes.

"I remember the effect of the *first* Edinburgh Review on me. I heard of it six weeks before, — read it the day of its denunciation, — dined and drank three bottles of claret, (with S. B. Davies, I think,) neither ate nor slept the less, but, nevertheless, was not easy till I had vented my wrath and my rhyme, in the same pages, against every thing and every body. Like George, in the Vicar of Wakefield, 'the fate of my paradoxes' would allow me to perceive no merit in another. I remembered only the maxim of my boxing-master, which, in my youth, was found useful in all general riots, — 'Whoever is not for you is against you — *mill* away right and left,' and so I did; — like Ishmael, my hand was against all men, and all men's anent me. I did wonder, to be sure, at my own success —

"'And marvels so much wit is all his own,"

as Hobhouse sarcastically says of somebody (not unlikely myself, as we are old friends); — but were it to come over again, I would *not*. I have since redde[3] the cause of my couplets, and it is not adequate to the effect. C * * told me that it was believed I alluded to poor Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in one of the lines. I thank Heaven I did not know it — and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies.

"Rogers is silent, — and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house — his drawing-room — his library — you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!

"Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is *Epic;* and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation; — posterity will probably select. He has *passages* equal to any thing. At present, he has *a party*, but no *public* — except for his prose writings. The life of Nelson is beautiful.

"Sotheby is a *Littérateur*, the Oracle of

[1] We have here another instance, in addition to the munificent aid afforded to Mr. Hodgson, of the generous readiness of the poet, notwithstanding his own limited means, to make the resources he possessed available for the assistance of his friends.

[2] Left blank thus in the original.

[3] It was thus that he, in general, spelled this word.

the Coteries, of the * * s, Lydia White (Sydney Smith's 'Tory Virgin'), Mrs. Wilmot (she, at least, is a swan, and might frequent a purer stream,) Lady Beaumont, and all the Blues, with Lady C * * * at their head — but I say nothing of *her* — 'look in her face and you forget them all,' and every thing else. Oh that face! — by 'te, Diva potens Cypri,' I would, to be beloved by that woman, build and burn another Troy.

"M * *e has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents, — poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what — every thing, in the 'Post-Bag!' There is nothing M * * e may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society, he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to * * * * speaks 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one fault — and that one I daily regret — he is not *here*.

"Nov. 23.

"Ward — I like Ward.[1] By Mahomet! I begin to think I like every body; — a disposition not to be encouraged; — a sort of social gluttony that swallows every thing set before it. But I like Ward. He is *piquant;* and, in my opinion, will stand *very* high in the House, and every where else, if he applies *regularly*. By the by, I dine with him to-morrow, which may have some influence on my opinion. It is as well not to trust one's gratitude *after* dinner. I have heard many a host libelled by his guests, with his burgundy yet reeking on their rascally lips.

"I have taken Lord Salisbury's box at Covent Garden for the season; and now I must go and prepare to join Lady Holland and party, in theirs, at Drury Lane, *questa sera*.

"Holland doesn't think the man *is Junius;* but that the yet unpublished journal throws great light on the obscurities of that part of George the Second's reign. — What is this to George the Third's? I don't know what to think. Why should Junius be yet dead? If suddenly apoplexed, would he rest in his grave without sending his ειδωλον to shout in the ears of posterity, 'Junius was X. Y. Z., Esq., buried in the parish of * * *. Repair his monument, ye churchwardens! Print a new edition of his Letters, ye booksellers!' Impossible, — the man must be alive, and will never die without the disclosure. I like him; — he was a good hater.

"Came home unwell and went to bed, — not so sleepy as might be desirable.

"Tuesday morning.

"I awoke from a dream! — well! and have not others dreamed? — Such a dream! — but she did not overtake me. I wish the dead would rest, however. Ugh! how my blood chilled, — and I could not wake — and — and — heigho!

"'Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than could the substance of ten thousand * * s,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow * *.'

I do not like this dream, — I hate its 'foregone conclusion.' And am I to be shaken by shadows? Ay, when they remind us of — no matter — but, if I dream thus again, I will try whether *all* sleep has the like visions. Since I rose, I've been in considerable bodily pain also; but it is gone, and now, like Lord Ogleby, I am wound up for the day.

"A note from Mountnorris — I dine with Ward; — Canning is to be there, Frere and Sharpe, perhaps Gifford. I am to be one of 'the five' (or rather six), as Lady * * said a little sneeringly yesterday. They are all good to meet, particularly Canning, and — Ward, when he likes. I wish I may be well enough to listen to these intellectuals.

"No letters to-day; — so much the better, — there are no answers. I must not dream again; — it spoils even reality. I will go out of doors, and see what the fog will do for me. Jackson has been here: the boxing world much as usual; — but the club increases. I shall dine at Crib's to-morrow. I like energy — even animal energy — of all kinds; and I have need of both mental and corporeal. I have not dined out, nor, indeed *at all*, lately: have heard no music — have seen nobody. Now for a *plunge* — high life and low life. 'Amant *alterna* Camœnæ!'

"I have burnt my *Roman* — as I did the first scenes and sketch of my comedy — and, for aught I see, the pleasure of burning is quite as great as that of printing. These two last would not have done. I ran into *realities* more than ever; and some would have been recognised and others guessed at.

"Redde the Ruminator — a collection of Essays, by a strange, but able, old man (Sir Egerton Brydges), and a half-wild young one, author of a poem on the Highlands, called 'Childe Alarique.'[2] The word 'sensibility'

[1] [The late Earl of Dudley.]

[2] [R. P. Gillies, Esq.; author of "The Confessions of Sir Henry Longueville," a novel, and translator of several of the scenes from German and Danish tragedies, which have, from time to time, appeared in Blackwood's Magazine.]

(always my aversion) occurs a thousand times in these Essays; and, it seems, is to be an excuse for all kinds of discontent. This young man can know nothing of life; and, if he cherishes the disposition which runs through his papers, will become useless, and, perhaps, not even a poet, after all, which he seems determined to be. God help him! no one should be a rhymer who could be any thing better. And this is what annoys one, to see Scott and Moore, and Campbell and Rogers, who might have all been agents and leaders, now mere spectators. For, though they may have other ostensible avocations, these last are reduced to a secondary consideration. * *, too, frittering away his time among dowagers and unmarried girls. If it advanced any *serious* affair, it were some excuse; but, with the unmarried, that is a hazardous speculation, and tiresome enough, too; and, with the veterans, it is not much worth trying, unless, perhaps, one in a thousand.

"If I had any views in this country, they would probably be parliamentary. But I have no ambition; at least, if any, it would be 'aut Cæsar aut nihil.' My hopes are limited to the arrangement of my affairs, and settling either in Italy or the East (rather the last), and drinking deep of the languages and literature of both. Past events have unnerved me; and all I can now do is to make life an amusement, and look on while others play. After all, even the highest game of crowns and sceptres, what is it? *Vide* Napoleon's last twelvemonth. It has completely upset my system of fatalism. I thought, if crushed, he would have fallen, when 'fractus illabitur orbis,' and not have been pared away to gradual insignificance; that all this was not a mere *jeu* of the gods, but a prelude to greater changes and mightier events. But men never advance beyond a certain point; and here we are, retrograding, to the dull, stupid old system, — balance of Europe — poising straws upon kings' noses, instead of wringing them off! Give me a republic, or a despotism of one, rather than the mixed government of one, two, three. A republic! — look in the history of the Earth — Rome, Greece, Venice, France, Holland, America, our short (eheu!) Commonwealth, and compare it with what they did under masters. The Asiatics are not qualified to be republicans, but they have the liberty of demolishing despots, which is the next thing to it. To be the first man — not the Dictator — not the Sylla, but the Washington or the Aristides — the leader in talent and truth — is next to the Divinity! Franklin, Penn, and, next to these, either Brutus or Cassius — even Mirabeau — or St. Just. I shall never be any thing, or rather always be nothing. The most I can hope is, that some will say, 'He might, perhaps, if he would.'

"12, midnight.

"Here are two confounded proofs from the printer. I have looked at the one, but for the soul of me, I can't look over that 'Giaour' again, — at least, just now, and at this hour — and yet there is no moon.

"Ward talks of going to Holland, and we have partly discussed an *ensemble* expedition. It must be in ten days, if at all, if we wish to be in at the Revolution. And why not? * * is distant, and will be at * *, still more distant, till spring. No one else, except Augusta, cares for me; no ties — no trammels — *andiamo dunque — se torniamo, bene — se non, ch' importa?* Old William of Orange talked of dying in 'the last ditch' of his dingy country. It is lucky I can swim, or I suppose I should not well weather the first. But let us see. I have heard hyænas and jackalls in the ruins of Asia; and bullfrogs in the marshes; besides wolves and angry Mussulmans. Now, I should like to listen to the shout of a free Dutchman.

"Alla! Viva! For ever! Hourra! Huzza! — which is the most rational or musical of these cries? 'Orange Boven,' according to the Morning Post.

"Wednesday, 24.

"No dreams last night of the dead, nor the living; so — I am 'firm as the marble, founded as the rock,' till the next earthquake.

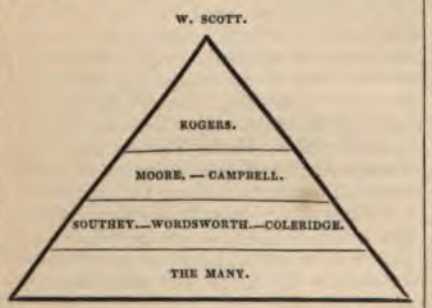
"Ward's dinner went off well. There was not a disagreeable person there — unless *I* offended any body, which I am sure I could not by contradiction, for I said little, and opposed nothing. Sharpe (a man of elegant mind, and who has lived much with the best — Fox, Horne Tooke, Windham, Fitzpatrick, and all the agitators of other times and tongues,) told us the particulars of his last interview with Windham, a few days before the fatal operation which sent 'that gallant spirit to aspire the skies.'[1] Windham, — the first in one department of oratory and talent, whose only fault was his refinement beyond the intellect of half his hearers, — Windham, half his life an active participator in the events of the earth, and one of those who governed nations, — *he* regretted, — and dwelt much on that regret,

[1] [Mr. Windham's death took place in 1810, in consequence of a contusion of the hip, produced by a fall, while exerting himself to save the valuable library of his friend Mr. North, from the flames.]

that 'he had not entirely devoted himself to literature and science!!!' His mind certainly would have carried him to eminence there, as elsewhere;—but I cannot comprehend what debility of that mind could suggest such a wish. I, who have heard him, cannot regret any thing but that I shall never hear him again. What! would he have been a plodder? a metaphysician?—perhaps a rhymer? a scribbler? Such an exchange must have been suggested by illness. But he is gone, and Time 'shall not look upon his like again.'

"I am tremendously in arrear with my letters,—except to * *, and to her my thoughts overpower me:—my words never compass them. To Lady Melbourne I write with most pleasure—and her answers, so sensible, so *tactique*—I never met with half her talent. If she had been a few years younger, what a fool she would have made of me, had she thought it worth her while,—and I should have lost a valuable and most agreeable *friend*. Mem. a mistress never is nor can be a friend. While you agree, you are lovers; and, when it is over, any thing but friends.

"I have not answered W. Scott's last letter,—but I will. I regret to hear from others, that he has lately been unfortunate in pecuniary involvements. He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list (I value him more as the last of the *best* school)—Moore and Campbell both *third*—Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge—the rest, ὀι πολλοι—thus:—



There is a triangular 'Gradus ad Parnassum!'—the names are too numerous for the base of the triangle. Poor Thurlow has gone wild about the poetry of Queen Bess's reign—*c'est dommage*. I have ranked the names upon my triangle more upon what I believe popular opinion, than any decided opinion of my own. For, to me, some of M * *'s [Moore's] last *Erin* sparks—'As a beam o'er the face of the waters'—'When he who adores thee'—'Oh blame not'—and 'Oh breathe not his name'—are worth all the Epics that ever were composed.

"* * [Rogers] thinks the Quarterly will attack me next. Let them. I have been 'peppered so highly' in my time, *both* ways, that it must be cayenne or aloes to make me taste. I can sincerely say, that I am not very much alive *now* to criticism. But—in tracing this—I rather believe that it proceeds from my not attaching that importance to authorship which many do, and which, when young, I did also. 'One gets tired of every thing, my angel,' says Valmont. The 'angels' are the only things of which I am not a little sick—but I do think the preference of *writers* to *agents*—the mighty stir made about scribbling and scribes, by themselves and others—a sign of effeminacy, degeneracy, and weakness. Who would write, who had any thing better to do? 'Action—action—action'—said Demosthenes: 'Actions—actions,' I say, and not writing,—least of all, rhyme. Look at the querulous and monotonous lives of the 'genus;'—except Cervantes, Tasso, Dante, Ariosto, Kleist (who were brave and active citizens), Æschylus, Sophocles, and some other of the antiques also—what a worthless, idle brood it is!

"12, Mezza Notte.

"Just returned from dinner with Jackson (the Emperor of Pugilism) and another of the select, at Crib's, the champion's. I drank more than I like, and have brought away some three bottles of very fair claret—for I have no headach. We had Tom Crib up after dinner;—very facetious, though somewhat prolix. He don't like his situation—wants to fight again—pray Pollux (or Castor, if he was the *miller*) he may! Tom has been a sailor—a coal-heaver—and some other genteel profession, before he took to the cestus. Tom has been in action at sea, and is now only three-and-thirty. A great man! has a wife and a mistress, and conversations well—bating some sad omissions and misapplications of the aspirate. Tom is an old friend of mine; I have seen some of his best battles in my nonage. He is now a publican, and, I fear, a sinner;—for Mrs. Crib is on alimony, and Tom's daughter lives with the champion. *This* Tom told me,—Tom, having an opinion of my morals, passed her off as a legal spouse. Talking of her, he said, 'she was the truest of women'—from which I immediately inferred she could *not* be his wife, and so it turned out.

"These panegyrics don't belong to matrimony; — for, if 'true,' a man don't think it necessary to say so; and if not, the less he says the better. Crib is the only man, except * * * *, I ever heard harangue upon his wife's virtue; and I listened to both with great credence and patience, and stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth, when I found yawning irresistible. — By the by, I am yawning now — so, good night to thee. — Νωάιρων.

"Thursday, November 26.

"Awoke a little feverish, but no headach — no dreams neither, thanks to stupor! Two letters; one from * * * *, the other from Lady Melbourne — both excellent in their respective styles. * * * *'s contained also a very pretty lyric on 'concealed griefs;' if not her own, yet very like her. Why did she not say that the stanzas were, or were not, of her composition? I do not know whether to wish them *hers* or not. I have no great esteem for poetical persons, particularly women; they have so much of the 'ideal' in *practics*, as well as *ethics*.

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff, &c. &c. &c. &c.[1]

"Lord Holland invited me to dinner today; but three days' dining would destroy me. So, without eating at all since yesterday, I went to my box at Covent Garden.

"Saw * * * * looking very pretty, though quite a different style of beauty from the other two. She has the finest eyes in the world, out of which she pretends *not* to see, and the longest eyelashes I ever saw, since Leila's and Phannio's Moslem curtains of the light. She has much beauty, — just enough, — but is, I think, *méchante*.

"I have been pondering on the miseries of separation, that — oh how seldom we see those we love! yet we live ages in moments, *when met*. The only thing that consoles me during absence is the reflection that no mental or personal estrangement, from ennui or disagreement, can take place; and when people meet hereafter, even though many changes may have taken place in the mean time, still, unless they are *tired* of each other, they are ready to reunite, and do not blame each other for the circumstances that severed them.

"Saturday 27. (I believe — or rather am in *doubt*, which is the ne plus ultra of mortal faith.)

"I have missed a day; and, as the Irishman said, or Joe Miller says for him, 'have gained a loss,' or *by* the loss. Every thing is settled for Holland, and nothing but a cough, or a caprice of my fellow-traveller's, can stop us. Carriage ordered, funds prepared, and, probably, a gale of wind into the bargain. *N'importe* — I believe, with Clym o' the Clow, or Robin Hood, 'By our Mary, (dear name!) thou art both Mother and May, I think it never was a man's lot to die before this day.'[2] Heigh for Helvoetsluys, and so forth!

"To-night I went with young Henry Fox to see 'Nourjahad,' a drama, which the Morning Post hath laid to my charge, but of which I cannot even guess the author. I wonder what they will next inflict upon me. They cannot well sink below a melodrama; but that is better than a satire, (at least, a personal one,) with which I stand truly arraigned, and in atonement of which I am resolved to bear silently all criticisms, abuses, and even praises, for bad pantomimes never composed by me, without even a contradictory aspect. I suppose the root of this report is my loan to the manager of my Turkish drawings for his dresses, to which he was more welcome than to my name. I suppose the real author will soon own it, as it has succeeded; if not, Job be my model, and Lethe my beverage!

"* * * * has received the portrait safe; and, in answer, the only remark she makes upon it is, 'indeed it is like' — and again, 'indeed it is like.' With her the likeness 'covered a multitude of sins;' for I happen to know that this portrait was not a flatterer, but dark and stern, — even black as the mood in which my mind was scorching last July, when I sat for it. All the others of me, like most portraits whatsoever, are, of course, more agreeable than nature.

"Redde the Edinburgh Review of Rogers. He is ranked highly; but where he should be. There is a summary view of us all — *Moore* and *me* among the rest[3]; and both

[1] This passage has been already extracted.

[2] ["Ah deere ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
That art both Mother and May,
I think it was never man's destinye
To die before his day."
Ballad of Robin Hood.]

[3] [The following is the passage to which Lord Byron alludes: — "Greece, the mother of freedom and of poetry in the west, which had long employed only the antiquary, the artist, and the philologist, was at length destined, after an interval of many silent and inglorious ages, to awaken the genius of a poet. Full of enthusiasm for those perfect forms of heroism and liberty which his imagination had placed in the recesses of antiquity, he gave vent to his impatience of the imperfections of living men and real institutions, in an original strain of sublime satire, which clothes moral anger in imagery of an almost horrible grandeur; and which, though it cannot coincide with the estimate of reason, yet could only flow from that worship of perfection which is the soul of all true poetry." — *Edinb. Rev.* vol. xxii. p. 37.]

(the *first* justly) praised — though, by implication (justly again) placed beneath our memorable friend. Mackintosh is the writer, and also of the critique on the Stael.[1] His grand essay on Burke, I hear, is for the next number. But I know nothing of the Edinburgh, or of any other Review, but from rumour; and I have long ceased — indeed, I could not, in justice, complain of any, even though I were to rate poetry, in general, and my rhymes in particular, more highly than I really do. To withdraw *myself* from *myself* (oh that cursed selfishness!) has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all; and publishing is also the continuance of the same object, by the action it affords to the mind, which else recoils upon itself. If I valued fame, I should flatter received opinions, which have gathered strength by time, and will yet wear longer than any living works to the contrary. But, for the soul of me, I cannot and will not give the lie to my own thoughts and doubts, come what may. If I am a fool, it is, at least, a doubting one; and I envy no one the certainty of his self-approved wisdom.

"All are inclined to believe what they covet, from a lottery-ticket up to a passport to Paradise, — in which, from the description, I see nothing very tempting. My restlessness tells me I have something within that 'passeth show.' It is for Him, who made it, to prolong that spark of celestial fire which illuminates, yet burns, this frail tenement; but I see no such horror in a 'dreamless sleep,' and I have no conception of any existence which duration would not render tiresome. How else 'fell the angels,' even according to your creed? They were immortal, heavenly, and happy, as their *apostate Abdiel* is now by his treachery. Time must decide; and eternity won't be the less agreeable or more horrible because one did not expect it. In the mean time, I am grateful for some good, and tolerably patient under certain evils — grace à Dieu et mon bon tempérament.

"Sunday, 28th.

"Monday, 29th.

[1] ["In the last Edinburgh Review you will find two articles of mine, one on Rogers, and the other on Madame de Stael: they are both, especially the first, thought too panegyrical. I like the praises which I have bestowed on Lord Byron, and Thomas Moore. I am convinced of the justness of the praises given to Madame de Stael." — *Mackintosh's Life*, vol. ii. p. 266.]

CHAPTER XIX.

1813.

JOURNAL *continued*. — MR. FRANCIS HORNER. — LORD JOHN RUSSELL. — NOURJAHAD. — MONK LEWIS. — MISS MILBANKE. — MR. LEIGH HUNT. — A BLUE-STOCKING PARTY. — FAME. — MR. GALT. — THE GIAOUR STORY. — MADAME DE STAEL. — MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL. — HENRY FOX. — LORD GLENBERVIE. — BUFFON. — CIGARS. — MRS. INCHBALD. — THE EARL OF CARLISLE. — MR. ALLEN. — ROBERT BURNS. — ANECDOTES OF SHERIDAN. — THE DEVIL'S DRIVE. — CLARISSA HARLOWE. — PARTY POLITICS. — PUBLICATION OF THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS. — MR. GALLY KNIGHT'S PERSIAN TALES. — LETTERS TO MR. GIFFORD AND MR. MURRAY. — MR. CANNING. — THOMAS ASHE. — MR. MERIVALE'S RONCESVAUX. — MATRIMONIAL PROJECT.

"Tuesday, 30th.

"Two days missed in my log-book; — hiatus *haud* deflendus. They were as little worth recollection as the rest; and, luckily, laziness or society prevented me from *notching* them.

"Sunday, I dined with the Lord Holland in St. James's Square. Large party — among them Sir S. Romilly and Lady R^y. — General Sir Somebody Bentham, a man of science and talent, I am told — Horner — *the* Horner[2], an Edinburgh Reviewer, an excellent speaker in the 'Honourable House,' very pleasing, too, and gentlemanly in company, as far as I have seen — Sharpe — Philips of Lancashire[3] — Lord John Russell, and others, 'good men and true.' Holland's society is very good; you always see some one or other in it worth knowing. Stuffed myself with sturgeon, and exceeded in champagne and wine in general, but not to confusion of head. When I *do* dine, I gorge like an Arab or a Boa snake, on fish and vegetables, but no meat. I am always better, however, on my tea and biscuit than any other regimen, and even *that* sparingly.

[2] [Francis Horner, Esq. member of parliament for St. Mawes. He died in 1817. See *post*, note to Letter 268.]

[3] [Now Sir George Philips, bart., so created in 1828. Sir George was, for several years, member of parliament for Kidderminster.]

"Why does Lady H. always have that damned screen between the whole room and the fire? I, who bear cold no better than an antelope, and never yet found a sun quite *done* to my taste, was absolutely petrified, and could not even shiver. All the rest, too, looked as if they were just unpacked, like salmon from an ice-basket, and set down to table for that day only. When she retired, I watched their looks as I dismissed the screen, and every cheek thawed, and every nose reddened with the anticipated glow.

"Saturday, I went with Harry Fox to Nourjahad; and, I believe, convinced him, by incessant yawning, that it was not mine. I wish the precious author would own it, and release me from his fame. The dresses are pretty, but not in costume;—Mrs. Horn's, all but the turban, and the want of a small dagger (if she is a sultana), *perfect*. I never saw a Turkish woman with a turban in my life — nor did any one else. The sultanas have a small poniard at the waist. The dialogue is drowsy — the action heavy — the scenery fine — the actors tolerable. I can't say much for their seraglio — Teresa, Phannio, or * * * *, were worth them all.

"Sunday, a very handsome note from Mackintosh, who is a rare instance of the union of very transcendent talent and great good nature. To-day (Tuesday) a very pretty billet from M. la Baronne de Stael Holstein. She is pleased to be much pleased with my mention of her and her last work in my notes.[1] I spoke as I thought. Her works are my delight, and so is she herself, for — half an hour. I don't like her politics — at least, her *having changed* them; had she been *qualis ab incepto*, it were nothing. But she is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually; — she ought to have been a man. She *flatters* me very prettily in her note; — but I *know* it. The reason that adulation is not displeasing is, that, though untrue, it shows one to be of consequence enough, in one way or other, to induce people to lie, to make us their friend: — that is their concern.

"* * is, I hear, thriving on the repute of a *pun* which was *mine* (at Mackintosh's dinner some time back), on Ward, who was asking, 'how much it would take to *re-whig* him?' I answered that, probably, 'he must first, before he was *re-whigged*, be re-*warded*.' This foolish quibble, before the Stael and Mackintosh, and a number of conversationers, has been mouthed about, and at last settled on the head of * *, where long may it remain!

George[2] is returned from afloat to get a new ship. He looks thin, but better than I expected. I like George much more than most people like their heirs. He is a fine fellow, and every inch a sailor. I would do any thing, *but apostatise*, to get him on in his profession.

"Lewis called. It is a good and good-humoured man, but pestilently prolix and paradoxical and *personal*. If he would but talk half, and reduce his visits to an hour, he would add to his popularity. As an author he is very good, and his vanity is *ouverte*, like Erskine's, and yet not offending.

"Yesterday, a very pretty letter from Annabella[3], which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! — without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress — a girl of twenty — a peeress that is to be, in her own right — an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess — a mathematician — a metaphysician, and yet, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages.

"Wednesday, December 1. 1813.

"To-day responded to La Baronne de Stael Holstein, and sent to Leigh Hunt (an acquisition to my acquaintance — through Moore — of last summer) a copy of the two Turkish tales. Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden times — much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive, aspect. If he goes on *qualis ab incepto*, I know few men who will deserve more praise or obtain it. I must go and see him again; — the rapid succession of adventure, since last summer, added to some serious uneasiness and business, have interrupted our acquaintance; but he is a man worth knowing; and though, for his own sake, I wish him out of prison, I like to study character in such situations. He has been unshaken, and will continue so. I don't

[1] [In one of the notes to the Bride of Abydos, Lord Byron had referred the reader to a passage in "De l'Allemagne," on the analogy between painting and poetry.]

[2] His cousin, the present Lord Byron.

[3] Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.

think him deeply versed in life ; — he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), and enamoured of the beauty of that 'empty name,' as the last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every day proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opiniated, as all men who are the *centre* of *circles*, wide or narrow — the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three are gathered together — must be, and as even Johnson was ; but, withal, a valuable man, and less vain than success and even the consciousness of preferring 'the right to the expedient' might excuse.

"To-morrow there is a party of *purple* at the 'blue' Miss * * *'s [Berry's]. Shall I go ? um ! — I don't much affect your bluebottles ; — but one ought to be civil. There will be, 'I guess now' (as the Americans say), the Staels and Mackintoshes — good — the * * * s and * * * s — not so good — the * * * s, &c. &c. — good for nothing. Perhaps that blue-winged Kashmirian butterfly of book-learning, Lady * * * *, will be there. I hope so ; it is a pleasure to look upon that most beautiful of faces.

"Wrote to H. : — he has been telling that I——.[1] I am sure, at least, *I* did not mention it, and I wish he had not. He is a good fellow, and I obliged myself ten times more by being of use than I did him, — and there's an end on't.

"Baldwin is boring me to present their King's Bench petition. I presented Cartwright's last year ; and Stanhope and I stood against the whole House, and mouthed it valiantly — and had some fun and a little abuse for our opposition. But 'I am not i' th' vein' for this business. Now, had * * been here, she would have *made* me do it. *There* is a woman, who, amid all her fascination, always urged a man to usefulness or glory. Had she remained, she had been my tutelar genius.

"Baldwin is very importunate — but, poor fellow, 'I can't get out, I can't get out — said the starling.' Ah, I am as bad as that dog Sterne, who preferred whining over 'a dead ass to relieving a living mother' — villain —hypocrite—slave—sycophant ! but *I* am no better. Here I cannot stimulate myself to a speech for the sake of these unfortunates, and three words and half a smile of * * had she been here to urge it (and urge it she infallibly would — at least she always pressed me on senatorial duties, and particularly in the cause of weakness) would have made me an advocate, if not an orator. Curse on Rochefoucault for being always right ! In him a lie were virtue, — or, at least, a comfort to his readers.

"George Byron has not called to-day ; I hope he will be an admiral, and, perhaps, Lord Byron into the bargain. If he would but marry, I would engage never to marry myself, or cut him out of the heirship. He would be happier, and I should like nephews better than sons.

"I shall soon be six-and-twenty (January 22d, 1814). Is there any thing in the future that can possibly console us for not being always *twenty-five ?*

"Oh Gioventu !
Oh Primavera ! gioventu dell' anno.
Oh Gioventu ! primavera della vita.

"Sunday, December 5.

"Dallas's nephew (son to the American Attorney-general) is arrived in this country, and tells Dallas that my rhymes are very popular in the United States. These are the first tidings that have ever sounded like *Fame* to my ears — to be redde on the banks of the Ohio ! The greatest pleasure I ever derived, of this kind, was from an extract, in Cooke the actor's life, from his journal, stating that in the reading-room at Albany, near Washington, he perused English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. To be popular in a rising and far country has a kind of *posthumous feel*, very different from the ephemeral *eclat* and fête-ing, buzzing and party-ing compliments of the well-dressed multitude. I can safely say that, during my *reign* in the spring of 1812, I regretted nothing but its duration of six weeks instead of a fortnight, and was heartily glad to resign.

"Last night I supped with Lewis ; — and, as usual, though I neither exceeded in solids nor fluids, have been half dead ever since. My stomach is entirely destroyed by long abstinence, and the rest will probably follow. Let it — I only wish the *pain* over. The 'leap in the dark' is the least to be dreaded.

"The Duke of * * called. I have told them forty times that, except to half-a-dozen old and specified acquaintances, I am invisible. His Grace is a good, noble, ducal person ; but I am content to think so at a distance, and so — I was not at home.

"Galt called. — Mem. — to ask some one to speak to Raymond in favour of his play. We are old fellow-travellers, and, with all his eccentricities, he has much strong sense, experience of the world, and is, as far as I

[1] Two or three words are here scratched out in the manuscript, but the import of the sentence evidently is that Mr. Hodgson (to whom the passage refers) had been revealing to some friends the secret of Lord Byron's kindness to him.

have seen, a good-natured philosophical fellow. I showed him Sligo's letter on the reports of the Turkish girl's *aventure* at Athens soon after it happened. He and Lord Holland, Lewis, and Moore, and Rogers, and Lady Melbourne have seen it. Murray has a copy. I thought it had been *unknown*, and wish it were; but Sligo arrived only some days after, and the *rumours* are the subject of his letter. That I shall preserve, — *it is as well*. Lewis and Galt were both *horrified;* and L. wondered I did not introduce the situation into 'The Giaour.' He *may* wonder; — he might wonder more at that production's being written at all. But to describe the *feelings* of *that situation* were impossible — it is *icy* even to recollect them.

"The Bride of Abydos was published on Thursday the second of December; but how it is liked or disliked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most partial reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination — from selfish regrets to vivid recollections — and recalled me to a country replete with the *brightest* and *darkest*, but always most *lively* colours of my memory. Sharpe called, but was not let in — which I regret.

"Saw * * yesterday. I have not kept my appointment at Middleton, which has not pleased him, perhaps; and my projected voyage with * * will, perhaps, please him less. But I wish to keep well with both. They are instruments that don't do, in concert; but, surely, their separate tones are very musical, and I won't give up either.

"It is well if I don't jar between these great discords. At present I stand tolerably well with all, but I cannot adopt their *dislikes;* — so many *sets*. Holland's is the first; — every thing *distingué* is welcome there, and certainly the *ton* of his society is the best. Then there is Madame de Stael's — there I never go, though I might, had I courted it. It is composed of the * *s and the * * family, with a strange sprinkling, — orators, dandies, and all kinds of *Blue*, from the regular Grub Street uniform, down to the azure jacket of the *Littérateur*. To see * * and * * sitting together, at dinner, always reminds me of the grave, where all distinctions of friend and foe are levelled; and they — the Reviewer and Reviewée — the Rhinoceros and Elephant — the Mammoth and Megalonyx — all will lie quietly together. They now *sit* together, as silent, but not so quiet, as if they were already immured.

"I did not go to the Berrys' the other night. The elder is a woman of much talent, and both are handsome, and must have been beautiful. To-night asked to Lord H.'s — shall I go? um! — perhaps.

"Morning, two o'clock.

"Went to Lord H.'s — party numerous — *mi*lady in perfect good humour, and consequently *perfect*. No one more agreeable, or perhaps so much so, when she will. Asked for Wednesday to dine and meet the Stael — asked particularly, I believe, out of mischief to see the first interview after the *note*, with which Corinne professes herself to be so much taken. I don't much like it; she always talks of *my*self or *her*self, and I am not (except in soliloquy, as now,) much enamoured of either subject — especially one's works. What the devil shall I say about 'De l'Allemagne?' I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe me; and I know, by experience, I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, &c. &c. The lover, Mr. * * [Rocca], was there to-night, and C * * said 'it was the only proof *he* had seen of her good taste.' Monsieur L' Amant is remarkably handsome; but *I* don't think more so than her book.

"C * * [Campbell] looks well, — seems pleased, and dressed to *sprucery*. A blue coat becomes him, — so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit, or a wedding-garment, and was witty and lively. He abused Corinne's book, which I regret; because, firstly, he understands German, and is consequently a fair judge; and, secondly, he is *first-rate*, and, consequently, the best of judges. I reverence and admire him; but I won't give up my opinion — why should I? I read *her* again and again, and there can be no affectation in this. I cannot be mistaken (except in taste) in a book I read and lay down, and take up again; and no book can be totally bad which finds *one*, even *one* reader, who can say as much sincerely.

"Campbell talks of lecturing next spring; his last lectures were eminently successful. Moore thought of it, but gave it up, — I don't know why. * * had been prating *dignity* to him, and such stuff; as if a man disgraced himself by instructing and pleasing at the same time.

"Introduced to Marquis Buckingham[1] — saw Lord Gower[2] — he is going to Holland;

[1] [Now Duke of Buckingham.]

[2] [George-Granville Leveson Gower, the present Duke of Sutherland.]

Sir J. and Lady Mackintosh and Horner, G. Lamb, with I know not how many (Richard Wellesley, one — a clever man), grouped about the room. Little Henry Fox, a very fine boy, and very promising in mind and manner, — he went away to bed, before I had time to talk to him. I am sure I had rather hear him than all the *savans*.

" Monday, Dec. 6.

" Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing was called the *Bride* of Abydos? It is a cursed awkward question, being unanswerable. *She* is not a *bride*, only about to be one; but for, &c. &c. &c.

" I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull;* but the detection * * * is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to make it, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman.

" Campbell last night seemed a little nettled at something or other — I know not what. We were standing in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition similar to that which is used in Catholic churches, and, seeing us, he exclaimed, 'Here is some *incense* for you.' Campbell answered — 'Carry it to Lord Byron, *he is used to it*.'

" Now, this comes of 'bearing no brother near the throne.'[1] I, who have no throne, nor wish to have one *now*, whatever I may have done, am at perfect peace with all the poetical fraternity: or, at least, if I dislike any, it is not *poetically*, but *personally*. Surely the field of thought is infinite; what does it signify who is before or behind in a race where there is no *goal?* The temple of fame is like that of the Persians, the universe; our altar, the tops of mountains. I should be equally content with Mount Caucasus, or Mount Anything; and those who like it, may have Mount Blanc or Chimborazo, without my envy of their elevation.

" I think I may *now* speak thus; for I have just published a poem, and am quite ignorant whether it is *likely* to be *liked* or not. I have hitherto heard little in its commendation, and no one can *downright* abuse it to one's face, except in print. It can't be good, or I should not have stumbled over the threshold, and blundered in my very title. But I began it with my heart full of * * *, and my head of orientali*ties* (I can't call them *isms*), and wrote on rapidly.

" This journal is a relief. When I am tired — as I generally am — out comes this, and down goes every thing. But I can't read it over; and God knows what contradictions it may contain. If I am sincere with myself (but I fear one lies more to one's self than to any one else), every page should confute, refute, and utterly abjure its predecessor.

" Another scribble from Martin Baldwin the petitioner; I have neither head nor nerves to present it. That confounded supper at Lewis's has spoiled my digestion and my philanthropy. I have no more charity than a cruet of vinegar. Would I were an ostrich, and dieted on fire-irons, — or any thing that my gizzard could get the better of.

" To-day saw Ward. His uncle[2] is dying, and W. don't much affect our Dutch determinations. I dine with him on Thursday, provided *l'oncle* is not dined upon, or peremptorily bespoke by the posthumous epicures before that day. I wish he may recover — not for *our* dinner's sake, but to disappoint the undertaker, and the rascally reptiles that may well wait, since they *will* dine at last.

" Gell called — he of Troy — after I was out. Mem. — to return his visit. But my Mems. are the very land-marks of forgetfulness; — something like a light-house, with a ship wrecked under the nose of its lantern. I never look at a Mem. without seeing that I have remembered to forget. Mem. — I have forgotten to pay Pitt's taxes, and suppose I shall be surcharged. 'An I do not turn rebel when thou art king' — oons! I believe my very biscuit is leavened with that impostor's imposts.

" Lady Melbourne returns from Jersey's to-morrow; — I must call. A Mr. Thomson has sent a song, which I must applaud. I hate annoying them with censure or silence; — and yet I hate *lettering*.

" Saw Lord Glenbervie and his Prospectus, at Murray's, of a new Treatise on Timber. Now here is a man more useful than all the historians and rhymers ever planted. For, by preserving our woods and forests, he furnishes materials for all the history of Britain worth reading, and all the odes worth nothing.[3]

" Redde a good deal, but desultorily. My head is crammed with the most useless

[1] [See BYRONIANA.]

[2] [Colonel William Bosville, of Gunthwait and Thorpe-hall, Yorkshire. He died on the 16th of December, 1813.]

[3] [The exertions used by Lord Glenbervie and his brother Commissioners of the Woods and Forests were highly praiseworthy. During this year, they had appropriated thirty-five thousand acres for the purpose of raising navy timber.]

lumber. It is odd that when I do read, I can only bear the chicken broth of—*any thing* but Novels. It is many a year since I looked into one, (though they are sometimes ordered, by way of experiment, but never taken,) till I looked yesterday at the worst parts of the Monk. These descriptions ought to have been written by Tiberius at Caprea—they are forced—the *philtered* ideas of a jaded voluptuary. It is to me inconceivable how they could have been composed by a man of only twenty—his age when he wrote them. They have no nature—all the sour cream of cantharides. I should have suspected Buffon of writing them on the death-bed of his detestable dotage. I had never redde this edition, and merely looked at them from curiosity and recollection of the noise they made, and the name they have left to Lewis. But they could do no harm, except * * * *.

"Called this evening on my agent—my business as usual. Our strange adventures are the only inheritances of our family that have not diminished.

"I shall now smoke two cigars, and get me to bed. The cigars don't keep well here. They get as old as a *donna di quaranti anni* in the sun of Africa. The Havannah are the best;—but neither are so pleasant as a hooka or chiboque. The Turkish tobacco is mild, and their horses entire—two things as they should be. I am so far obliged to this Journal, that it preserves me from verse,—at least from keeping it. I have just thrown a poem into the fire (which it has relighted to my great comfort), and have smoked out of my head the plan of another. I wish I could as easily get rid of thinking, or, at least, the confusion of thought.

"Tuesday, December 7.

"Went to bed, and slept dreamlessly, but not refreshingly. Awoke, and up an hour before being called; but dawdled three hours in dressing. When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation),—sleep, eating, and swilling—buttoning and unbuttoning—how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a dormouse.

"Redde the papers and *tea*-ed and soda-watered, and found out that the fire was badly lighted. Lord Glenbervie wants me to go to Brighton—um!

"This morning, a very pretty billet from the Stael about meeting her at Ld. H.'s to-morrow. She has written, I dare say, twenty such this morning to different people, all equally flattering to each. So much the better for her and those who believe all she wishes them, or they wish to believe. She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to 'The Bride.' This is to be accounted for in several ways,—firstly, all women like all, or any, praise; secondly, this was unexpected, because I have never courted her; and, thirdly, as Scrub says, those who have been all their lives regularly praised, by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and, fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and, perhaps, the only one.

"A knock—knocks single and double. Bland called. He says Dutch society (he has been in Holland) is second-hand French; but the women are like women every where else. This is a bore: I should like to see them a little *un*like; but that can't be expected.

"Went out—came home—this, that, and the other—and 'all is vanity, saith the preacher,' and so say I, as part of his congregation. Talking of vanity, whose praise do I prefer? Why, Mrs. Inchbald's, and that of the Americans. The first, because her 'Simple Story' and 'Nature and Art' are, to me, *true* to their *titles*; and, consequently, her short note to Rogers about 'The Giaour' delighted me more than any thing, except the Edinburgh Review. I like the Americans, because *I* happened to be in *Asia*, while the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers were redde in *America*. If I could have had a speech against the *Slave Trade, in Africa*, and an epitaph on a dog in *Europe* (i. e. in the Morning Post), my *vertex sublimis* would certainly have displaced stars enough to overthrow the Newtonian system.

"Friday, December 10. 1813.

"I am *ennuyé* beyond my usual tense of that yawning verb, which I am always conjugating; and I don't find that society much mends the matter. I am too lazy to shoot myself—and it would annoy Augusta, and perhaps * *; but it would be a good thing for George, on the other side, and no bad one for me; but I won't be tempted.

"I have had the kindest letter from Moore. I *do* think that man is the best-hearted, the only *hearted* being I ever encountered; and, then, his talents are equal to his feelings.

"Dined on Wednesday at Lord H.'s—the Stafford's, Staels, Cowpers, Ossulstones, Melbournes, Mackintoshes, &c. &c.—and was introduced to the Marquis and Mar-

chioness of Stafford,—an unexpected event. My quarrel with Lord Carlisle (their or his brother-in-law) having rendered it improper, I suppose, brought it about. But, if it was to happen at all, I wonder it did not occur before. She is handsome, and must have been beautiful—and her manners are *princessly*.

"The Stael was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now very good friends; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I had really any *bonhommie*. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. 'c'est un démon.' True enough, but rather premature, for *she* could not have found it out, and so—she wants me to dine there next Sunday.

"Murray prospers, as far as circulation. For my part, I adhere (in liking) to my Fragment. It is no wonder that I wrote one—my mind is a fragment.

"Saw Lord Gower, Tierney, &c. in the square. Took leave of Lord Gower, who is going to Holland and Germany. He tells me that he carries with him a parcel of 'Harolds' and 'Giaours,' &c. for the readers of Berlin, who, it seems, read English, and have taken a caprice for mine. Um!—have I been *German* all this time, when I thought myself *Oriental?*

"Lent Tierney my box for to-morrow; and received a new comedy sent by Lady C. A.—but *not hers*. I must read it, and endeavour not to displease the author. I hate annoying them with cavil; but a comedy I take to be the most difficult of compositions, more so than tragedy.

"Galt says there is a coincidence between the first part of 'The Bride' and some story of his—whether published or not, I know not, never having seen it. He is almost the last person on whom any one would commit literary larceny, and I am not conscious of any *witting* thefts on any of the genus. As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous,—'there is nothing new under the sun.'

"Went last night to the play. Invited out to a party, but did not go;—right. Refused to go to Lady * *'s on Monday;—right again. If I must fritter away my life, I would rather do it alone. I was much tempted;—C * * looked so Turkish with her red turban, and her regular, dark, and clear features. Not that *she* and *I* ever were, or could be, any thing; but I love any aspect that reminds me of the 'children of the sun.'

"To dine to-day with Rogers and Sharpe, for which I have some appetite, not having tasted food for the preceding forty-eight hours. I wish I could leave off eating altogether.

"Saturday, December 11.

"Sunday, December 12.

"By Galt's answer, I find it is some story in *real life*, and not any work with which my late composition coincides. It is still more singular, for mine is drawn from *existence* also.

"I have sent an excuse to M. de Stael. I do not feel sociable enough for dinner to-day;—and I will not go to Sheridan's on Wednesday. Not that I do not admire and prefer his unequalled conversation; but—that '*but*' must only be intelligible to thoughts I cannot write. Sheridan was in good talk at Rogers's the other night, but I only stayed till *nine*. All the world are to be at the Stael's to-night, and I am not sorry to escape any part of it. I only go out to get me a fresh appetite for being alone. Went out—did not go to the Stael's but to Ld. Holland's. Party numerous—conversation general. Stayed late—made a blunder—got over it—came home and went to bed, not having eaten. Rather empty, but *fresco*, which is the great point with me.

"Monday, December 13, 1813.

"Called at three places—read, and got ready to leave town to-morrow. Murray has had a letter from his brother bibliopole of Edinburgh, who says, 'he is lucky in having such a *poet*'—something as if one was a pack-horse, or 'ass, or any thing that is his:' or, like Mrs. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after the Odes on Razors,—'Laws, sir, we keeps a poet.' The same illustrious Edinburgh bookseller once sent an order for books, poesy, and cookery, with this agreeable postscript—'The *Harold* and *Cookery* are much wanted.' Such is fame, and, after all, quite as good as any other 'life in others' breath.' 'Tis much the same to divide purchasers with Hannah Glasse or Hannah More.

"Some editor of some magazine has *announced* to Murray his intention of abusing the thing '*without reading it*.' So much the better; if he redde it first, he would abuse it more.

"Allen (Lord Holland's Allen—the best informed and one of the ablest men I know—a perfect Magliabecchi—a devourer, a Helluo of books, and an observer of men,) has lent me a quantity of Burns's unpublished and never-to-be published, Letters. They are full of oaths and obscene songs. What an antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sen-

suality — soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity — all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay! [1]

"It seems strange; a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthly, the material, the *physique* of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or, at least, never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone can prevent them from disgusting.

"December 14, 15, 16.

"Much done, but nothing to record. It is quite enough to set down my thoughts, — my actions will rarely bear retrospection.

"December 17, 18.

"Lord Holland told me a curious piece of sentimentality in Sheridan. [2] The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other *hommes marquans*, and mine was this: — 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the *best* comedy (School for Scandal), the *best* drama (in my mind, far before that St. Giles's lampoon, the Beggar's Opera), the best farce (the Critic — it is only too good for a farce), and the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best Oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' Somebody told S. this the next day, and on hearing it he burst into tears!

"Poor Brinsley! if they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said these few, but most sincere, words than have written the Iliad or made his own celebrated Philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to 'my elders and my betters.'

"Went to my box at Covent Garden tonight; and my delicacy felt a little shocked at seeing S * * *'s mistress (who, to my certain knowledge, was actually educated, from her birth, for her profession) sitting with her mother, 'a three-piled b——d, b——d-Major to the army,' in a private box opposite. I felt rather indignant; but, casting my eyes round the house, in the next box to me, and the next, and the next, were the most distinguished old and young Babylonians of quality; — so I burst out a laughing. It was really odd; Lady * * *divorced* — Lady * * and her daughter, Lady * *, both *divorceable* — Mrs. * * *, in the next the *like*, and still nearer * * * * * * ! What an assemblage to *me*, who know all their histories. It was as if the house had been divided between your public and your *understood* courtesans; — but the intriguantes much outnumbered the regular mercenaries. On the other side were only Pauline and *her* mother, and, next box to her, three of inferior note. Now, where lay the difference between *her* and *mamma*, and Lady * * and daughter? except that the two last may enter Carleton and any *other house*, and the two first are limited to the opera and b—— house. How I do delight in observing life as it really is! — and myself, after all, the worst of any. But no matter — I must avoid egotism, which, just now, would be no vanity.

"I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called 'The Devil's Drive [4],' the notion of which I took from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'

[1] ["Mr. Moore had better have drawn his pen through these words, unless he wished to provoke a *mutato nomine*. Inebriety is not certainly a common or prominent vice, elsewhere than among the lowest vulgar of these times; yet perhaps it may have attracted the notice of some of our readers, that not a few who, under the old system of manners, would have been likely to bear the reputation of jolly companions, have, mainly in consequence of the change, fallen into habits infinitely more injurious, both to body and mind — those of the solitary drinker. Such habits are miserable in any case; but in the case of a man constitutionally disposed to melancholy, and more given to exert his imagination than any other of his faculties, we may be assured they can rarely fail to be fatal. The poet, above all, who accustoms himself to labour in his not more surely exciting than exhausting vocation, with a bottle at his elbow, is a lost man. His case is a thousand times worse than that of any mere tavern merrimaker, like Robert Burns, can be; he mixes his vice inextricably with his genius—and, the finer the genius, the more unconquerable will the vice become." — *Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

[2] This passage of the Journal has already appeared in my Life of Sheridan.

[3] These names are all left blank in the original.

[4] Of this strange, wild poem, which extends to about two hundred and fifty lines, the only copy that Lord Byron, I believe, ever wrote, he presented to Lord Holland. Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is, for the most part, rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Mr. Coleridge *, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Professor Porson. There are, however, some of the stanzas of "The Devil's Drive" well worth preserving.

I.

"The Devil return'd to hell by two,
And he stay'd at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,
And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,

* Or Mr. Southey, — for the right of authorship in them seems still undecided. [The verses in question are the joint production of Southey and Coleridge. See Southey's Poet. Works, vol. iii. p. 83. ed. 1838.]

"Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets on * * *.[1] I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise — and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions. I detest the Petrarch so much[2], that I would not be the man even to have obtained his Laura, which the metaphysical, whining dotard never could.

And sausages made of a self-slain Jew,
And bethought himself what next to dó,
'And,' quoth he, 'I'll take a drive.
I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

2.

"'And what shall I ride in?' quoth Lucifer, then —
'If I follow'd my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a wagon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnish'd again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.

3.

"'I have a state coach at Carleton House,
A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends
By driving my favourite pace:
And they handle their rein's with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of the race.

4.

"'So now for the earth, to take my chance.'
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stepped across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

5.

"But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hover'd a moment upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perch'd on a mountain of slain;
And he gazed with delight from its growing height;
Not often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well:
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blush'd like the waves of hell!
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he —
'Methinks they have here little need of *me!*' * * *

8.

"But the softest note that sooth'd his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing,
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which Horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying —
As round her fell her long fair hair;

[1] [See Works, p. 557.]

"January 16. 1814.

"To-morrow I leave town for a few days. I saw Lewis to-day, who is just returned from Oatlands, where he has been squabbling with Mad. de Stael about himself, Clarissa Harlowe, Mackintosh, and me. My homage has never been paid in that quarter, or we would have agreed still worse. I don't talk — I can't flatter, and won't listen, except to a pretty or a foolish woman. She bored

And she look'd to Heaven with that frenzied air
Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
A child of famine dying:
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done,
And the fall of the vainly flying!

10.

"But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,
And what did he there, I pray?
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
What we see every day;
But he made a tour, and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the *Row*,
Who bid pretty well — but they *cheated* him, though!

11.

"The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mall*,
Its coachman and his coat;
So instead of a pistol, he cock'd his tail,
And seized him by the throat:
'Aha,' quoth he, 'what have we here?
'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer!'

12.

"So he sat him on his box again,
And bade him have no fear,
But be true to his club, and stanch to his rein,
His brothel, and his beer;
'Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
I would rather see him here.'

17.

"The Devil gat next to Westminster,
And he turn'd to 'the room' of the Commons;
But he heard, as he purposed to enter in there,
That 'the Lords' had received a summons;
And he thought, as a '*quondam* aristocrat,' [flat:
He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them were
And he walk'd up the house, so like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

18.

"He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,
The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,
And Johnny of Norfolk — a man of some size —
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;
And he heard — which set Satan himself a staring —
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*.
And the Devil was shock'd — and quoth he, 'I must go,
For I find we have much better manners below.
If thus he harangues when he passes my border,
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order.'"

[2] He learned to think more reverently of "the Petrarch" afterwards.

Lewis with praises of himself till he sickened — found out that Clarissa was perfection, and Mackintosh the first man in England. There I agree, at least *one* of the first — but Lewis did not. As to Clarissa, I leave to those who can read it to judge and dispute. I could not do the one, and am, consequently, not qualified for the other. She told Lewis wisely, he being my friend, that I was affected, in the first place; and that, in the next place, I committed the heinous offence of sitting at dinner with my *eyes* shut, or half shut. I wonder if I really have this trick. I must cure myself of it, if true. One insensibly acquires awkward habits, which should be broken in time. If this is one, I wish I had been told of it before. It would not so much signify if one was always to be checkmated by a plain woman, but one may as well see some of one's neighbours, as well as the plate upon the table.

"I should like, of all things, to have heard the Amabæan eclogue between her and Lewis — both obstinate, clever, odd, garrulous, and shrill. In fact, one could have heard nothing else. But they fell out, alas! — and now they will never quarrel again. Could not one reconcile them for the 'nonce?' Poor Corinne — she will find that some of her fine sayings won't suit our fine ladies and gentlemen.

"I am getting rather into admiration of * *, the youngest sister of * *. A wife would be my salvation. I am sure the wives of my acquaintances have hitherto done me little good. * * is beautiful, but very young, and, I think, a fool. But I have not seen enough to judge; besides, I hate an *esprit* in petticoats. That she won't love me is very probable, nor shall I love her. But, on my system, and the modern system in general, that don't signify. The business (if it came to business) would probably be arranged between papa and me. She would have her own way; I am good-humoured to women, and docile; and, if I did not fall in love with her, which I should try to prevent, we should be a very comfortable couple. As to conduct, *that* she must look to. But *if* I love, I shall be jealous; — and for that reason I will not be in love. Though, after all, I doubt my temper, and fear I should not be so patient as becomes the *bienséance* of a married man in my station. Divorce ruins the poor *femme*, and damages are a paltry compensation. I do fear my temper would lead me into some of our oriental tricks of vengeance, or, at any rate, into a summary appeal to the court of twelve paces. So 'I'll none on't,' but e'en remain single and solitary; — though I should like to have somebody now and then to yawn with one.

Ward, and, after him, * *, has stolen one of my buffooneries about Mde. de Stael's Metaphysics and the Fog, and passed it, by speech and letter, as their own. As Gibbet says, 'they are the most of a gentleman of any on the road.' W. is in sad enmity with the Whigs about this Review of Fox[1] (if he *did* review him); — all the epigrammatists and essayists are at him. I hate *odds*, and wish he may beat them. As for me, by the blessing of indifference, I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments; and, as it is the shortest and most agreeable and summary feeling imaginable, the first moment of an universal republic would convert me into an advocate for single and uncontradicted despotism. The fact is, riches are power, and poverty is slavery all over the earth, and one sort of establishment is no better nor worse for a *people* than another. I shall adhere to my party, because it would not be honourable to act otherwise; but, as to *opinions*, I don't think politics *worth* an *opinion*. *Conduct* is another thing: — if you begin with a party, go on with them. I have no consistency, except in politics; and *that* probably arises from my indifference on the subject altogether."

I must here be permitted to interrupt, for a while, the progress of this Journal, — which extends through some months of the succeeding year, — for the purpose of noticing, without infringement of chronological order, such parts of the poet's literary history and correspondence as belong properly to the date of the year 1813.

At the beginning, as we have seen, of the month of December, The Bride of Abydos was published, — having been struck off, like its predecessor, The Giaour, in one of those paroxysms of passion and imagination which adventures such as the poet was now engaged in were, in a temperament like his, calculated to excite. As the mathematician of old required but a spot to stand upon, to be able, as he boasted, to move the world, so a certain degree of foundation in *fact* seemed necessary to Byron, before that lever which he knew how to apply to the world of the passions could be wielded by him. So small, however, was, in many instances, the connection with reality which satisfied him, that to aim at tracing through his stories these links with his own fate and

[1] [A review of the "Correspondence of Gilbert Wakefield with Mr. Fox," written by the Hon. John William Ward, afterwards Earl of Dudley, which appeared in the Quarterly Review for July, 1813.]

fortunes, which were, after all, perhaps, visible but to his own fancy, would be a task as uncertain as unsafe; — and this remark applies not only to The Bride of Abydos, but to the Corsair, Lara, and all the other beautiful fictions that followed, in which, though the emotions expressed by the poet may be, in general, regarded as vivid recollections of what had at different times agitated his own bosom, there are but little grounds, — however he might himself, occasionally, encourage such a supposition, — for connecting him personally with the groundwork or incidents of the stories.

While yet uncertain about the fate of his own new poem, the following observations on the work of an ingenious follower in the same track were written.

LETTER 143. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Dec. 4. 1813.

"I have redde through your Persian Tales [1], and have taken the liberty of making some remarks on the *blank* pages. There are many beautiful passages, and an interesting story; and I cannot give you a stronger proof that such is my opinion, than by the *date* of the *hour* — *two o'clock*, — till which it has kept me awake *without a yawn*.

The conclusion is not quite correct in *costume*: there is no *Mussulman suicide* on record — at least for *love*. But this matters not. The tale must have been written by some one who has been on the spot, and I wish him, and he deserves, success. Will you apologise to the author for the liberties I have taken with his MS.? Had I been less awake to, and interested in, his theme, I had been less obtrusive; but you know *I* always take this in good part, and I hope he will. It is difficult to say what *will* succeed, and still more to pronounce what *will not*. *I* am at this moment in *that uncertainty* (on our *own* score); and it is no small proof of the author's powers to be able to *charm* and *fix* a *mind*'s attention on similar subjects and climates in such a predicament. That he may have the same effect upon all his readers is very sincerely the wish, and hardly the *doubt*, of yours truly, "B."

To the Bride of Abydos he made additions, in the course of printing, amounting, altogether, to near two hundred lines; and, as usual, among the passages thus added, were some of the happiest and most brilliant in the whole poem. The opening lines, — "Know ye the land," &c. — supposed to have been suggested to him by a song of Goëthe's [2] — were among the number of these new insertions, as were also those fine verses, — "Who hath not proved how feebly words essay," &c. Of one of the most popular lines in this latter passage, it is not only curious, but instructive, to trace the progress to its present state of finish. Having at first written —

"Mind on her lip and music in her face,"

he afterwards altered it to —

"The mind of music breathing in her face."

But, this not satisfying him, the next step of correction brought the line to what it is at present —

"The mind, the music breathing from her face." [3]

But the longest, as well as most splendid, of those passages, with which the perusal of his own strains, during revision, inspired him, was that rich flow of eloquent feeling which follows the couplet, — "Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark," &c. — a strain of poetry, which, for energy and tenderness of thought, for music of versification, and selectness of diction, has, throughout the greater portion of it, but few rivals in either ancient or modern song. All this passage was sent, in successive scraps, to the printer, — correction following correction, and thought re-enforced by thought. We have here, too, another example of that retouching process by which some of his most exquisite effects were attained. Every reader remembers the four beautiful lines —

"Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!"

In the first copy of this passage sent to

[1] Poems by Mr. Gally Knight, of which Mr. Murray had transmitted the MS. to Lord Byron, without, however, communicating the name of the author.

[2] "Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn," &c.

[3] Among the imputed plagiarisms so industriously hunted out in his writings, this line has been, with somewhat more plausibility than is frequent in such charges, included, — the lyric poet Lovelace having, it seems, written,

"The melody and music of her face."

Sir Thomas Brown, too, in his Religio Medici, says — "There is music even in beauty," &c. The coincidence, no doubt, is worth observing, and the task of "tracking" thus a favourite writer "in the snow (as Dryden expresses it) of others" is sometimes not unamusing; but to those who found upon such resemblances a general charge of plagiarism, we may apply what Sir Walter Scott says, in that most agreeable work, his Lives of the Novelists: — "It is a favourite theme of laborious dulness to trace such coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and of course to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics."

the publisher, the last line was written thus —

"And tints to-morrow with { *an airy* / a fancied } ray" —

the following note being annexed: — "Mr. Murray, — Choose which of the two epithets, 'fancied,' or 'airy,' may be the best; or, if neither will do, tell me, and I will dream another." The poet's dream was, it must be owned, lucky, — "prophetic" being the word, of all others, for his purpose.[1]

I shall select but one more example, from the additions to this poem, as a proof that his eagerness and facility in producing was sometimes almost equalled by his anxious care in correcting. In the long passage just referred to, the six lines beginning "Blest as the Muezzin's strain," &c., having been despatched to the printer too late for insertion, were, by his desire added in an errata page; the first couplet, in its original form, being as follows: —

"Soft as the Mecca-Muezzin's strains invite
Him who hath journey'd far to join the rite."

In a few hours after, another scrap was sent off, containing the lines thus —

"Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's dome,
Which welcomes Faith to view her Prophet's tomb" —

with the following note to Mr. Murray: —

"December 3. 1813.

"Look out in the Encyclopedia, article *Mecca*, whether it is there or at *Medina* the Prophet is entombed. If at Medina, the first lines of my alteration must run —

"Blest as the call which from Medina's dome
Invites Devotion to her Prophet's tomb," &c.

If at Mecca, the lines may stand as before. Page 45. canto 2d, Bride of Abydos.

"Yours, "B.

"You will find this out either by article *Mecca*, *Medina*, or *Mohammed*. I have no book of reference by me."

Immediately after succeeded another note: —

"Did you look out? Is it *Medina* or *Mecca* that contains the *Holy* Sepulchre? Don't make me blaspheme by your negligence. I have no book of reference, or I would save you the trouble. I *blush*, as a good Mussulman, to have confused the point.

"Yours, B."

Notwithstanding all these various changes, the couplet in question stands at present thus: —

"Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call."

In addition to his own watchfulness over the birth of his new poem, he also, as will be seen from the following letter, invoked the veteran taste of Mr. Gifford on the occasion: —

LETTER 144. TO MR. GIFFORD.

"November 12. 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"I hope you will consider, when I venture on any request, that it is the reverse of a certain Dedication, and is addressed, *not* to 'The Editor of the Quarterly Review,' but to Mr. Gifford. You will understand this, and on that point I need trouble you no farther.

"You have been good enough to look at a thing of mine in MS. — a Turkish story, and I should feel gratified if you would do it the same favour in its probationary state of printing. It was written, I cannot say for amusement, nor 'obliged by hunger and request of friends,' but in a state of mind, from circumstances which occasionally occur to 'us youth,' that rendered it necessary for me to apply my mind to something, any thing but reality; and under this not very brilliant inspiration it was composed. Being done, and having at least diverted me from myself, I thought you would not perhaps be offended if Mr. Murray forwarded it to you. He has done so, and to apologise for his doing so a second time is the object of my present letter.

"I beg you will *not* send me any answer. I assure you very sincerely I know your time to be occupied, and it is enough, more than enough, if you read; you are not to be bored with the fatigue of answers.

A word to Mr. Murray will be sufficient, and send it either to the flames or

"A hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of wind to fly or fall abroad.

It deserves no better than the first, as the work of a week, and scribbled 'stans pede in uno' (by the by, the only foot I have to stand on); and I promise never to trouble you again under forty cantos, and a voyage between each. Believe me ever

"Your obliged and affectionate servant,

"BYRON."

[1] It will be seen, however, from a subsequent letter to Mr. Murray, that he himself was at first unaware of the peculiar felicity of this epithet; and it is therefore probable, that, after all, the merit of the choice may have belonged to Mr. Gifford.

The following letters and notes, addressed to Mr. Murray at this time, cannot fail, I think, to gratify all those to whom the history of the labours of genius is interesting: —

LETTER 145. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Nov. 12. 1813.

"Two friends of mine (Mr. Rogers and Mr. Sharpe) have advised me not to risk at present any single publication separately, for various reasons. As they have not seen the one in question, they can have no bias for or against the merits (if it has any) or the faults of the present subject of our conversation. You say all the last of 'The Giaour' are gone — at least out of your hands. Now, if you think of publishing any new edition with the last additions which have not yet been before the reader (I mean distinct from the two-volume publication), we can add 'The Bride of Abydos,' which will thus steal quietly into the world: if liked, we can then throw off some copies for the purchasers of former 'Giaours;' and, if not, I can omit it in any future publication. What think you? I really am no judge of those things; and, with all my natural partiality for one's own productions, I would rather follow any one's judgment than my own.

"P. S. — Pray let me have the proofs I sent *all* to-night. I have some alterations that I have thought of that I wish to make speedily. I hope the proof will be on separate pages, and not all huddled together on a mile-long ballad-singing sheet, as those of The Giaour sometimes are; for then I can't read them distinctly."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Nov. 13. 1813.

"Will you forward the letter to Mr. Gifford with the proof? There is an alteration I may make in Zuleika's speech, in second canto (the only one of *hers* in that canto). It is now thus —

"And curse — if I could curse — the day.

It must be —

"And mourn — I dare not curse — the day,
That saw my solitary birth, &c. &c.

"Ever yours, "B.

"In the last MS. lines sent, instead of 'living heart,' correct to 'quivering heart.' It is in line ninth of the MS. passage.

"Ever yours again, "B."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Alteration of a line in Canto 2nd.

"Instead of —

"And tints to-morrow with a *fancied* ray,

Print —

"And tints to-morrow with *prophetic* ray.

"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray;

Or,

"An { *gilds* / tints } the hope of morning with its ray;

Or,

"And gilds to-morrow's hope with heavenly ray.

"I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford which of them is best, or rather *not worst*.

"Ever, &c.

"You can send the request contained in this at the same time with the *revise*, *after* I have seen the *said revise*."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Nov. 13. 1813.

"Certainly. Do you suppose that no one but the Galileans are acquainted with Adam, and Eve, and Cain [1], and Noah? — Surely, I might have had Solomon, and Abraham, and David, and even Moses. When you know that *Zuleika* is the *Persian poetical* name for *Potiphar*'s wife, on whom and Joseph there is a long poem, in the Persian, this will not surprise you. If you want authority, look at Jones, D'Herbelot, Vathek, or the notes to the Arabian Nights; and, if you think it necessary, model this into a note.

"Alter, in the inscription, 'the most affectionate respect,' to 'with every sentiment of regard and respect.'"

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Nov. 14. 1813.

"I sent you a note for the *ignorant*, but I really wonder at finding *you* among them. I don't care one lump of sugar for my *poetry*; but for my *costume*, and my *correctness* on those points (of which I think the *funeral* was a proof), I will combat lustily.

"Yours, &c."

"Nov. 14. 1813.

"Let the revise which I sent just now (and *not* the proof in Mr. Gifford's possession) be returned to the printer, as there are several additional corrections, and two new lines in it. Yours, &c."

[1] Some doubt had been expressed by Mr. Murray as to the propriety of his putting the name of Cain into the mouth of a Mussulman.

LETTER 146. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 15. 1813.

"Mr. Hodgson has looked over and *stopped*, or rather *pointed*, this revise, which must be the one to print from. He has also made some suggestions, with most of which I have complied, as he has always, for these ten years, been a very sincere, and by no means (at times) flattering critic of mine. *He* likes it (you will think *flatteringly*, in this instance) better than The Giaour, but doubts (and so do I) its being so popular; but, contrary to some others, advises a separate publication. On this we can easily decide. I confess I like the *double* form better. Hodgson says, it is *better versified* than any of the others; which is odd, if true, as it has cost me less time (though more hours at a time) than any attempt I ever made.

"P. S. — Do attend to the punctuation: I can't, for I don't know a comma — at least where to place one.

"That Tory of a printer has omitted two lines of the opening, and *perhaps more*, which were in the MS. Will you, pray, give him a hint of accuracy? I have reinserted the *two*, but they were in the manuscript, I can swear."

LETTER 147. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 17. 1813.

"That you and I may distinctly understand each other on a subject, which, like 'the dreadful reckoning when men smile no more,' makes conversation not very pleasant, I think it as well to *write* a few lines on the topic. — Before I left town for Yorkshire, you said that you were ready and willing to give five hundred guineas for the copyright of 'The Giaour;' and my answer was — from which I do not mean to recede — that we would discuss the point at Christmas. The new story may or may not succeed; the probability, under present circumstances, seems to be, that it may at least pay its expenses — but even that remains to be proved, and till it is proved one way or the other, we will say nothing about it. Thus then be it: I will postpone all arrangement about it, and The Giaour also, till Easter, 1814; and you shall then, according to your own notions of fairness, make your own offer for the two. At the same time, I do not rate the last in my own estimation at half The Giaour; and according to your own notions of its worth and its success within the time mentioned, be the addition or deduction to or from whatever sum may be your proposal for the first, which has already had its success.

"The pictures of Phillips I consider as *mine*, all three; and the one (not the Arnaout) of the two best is much at *your service*, if you will accept it as a present, from

"Yours very truly, &c.

"P. S. — The expense of engraving from the miniature send me in my account, as it was destroyed by my desire; and have the goodness to burn that detestable print from it immediately.

"To make you some amends for eternally pestering you with alterations, I send you Cobbett to confirm your orthodoxy.

"One more alteration of *a* into *the* in the MS.; it must be — 'The *heart whose softness*,' &c.

"Remember — and in the inscription, 'To the Right Honourable Lord Holland,' *without* the previous names, Henry," &c.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 20. 1813.

"More work for the *Row*. I am doing my best to beat 'The Giaour' — *no* difficult task for any one but the author."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 22. 1813.

"I have no time to *cross*-investigate, but I believe and hope all is right. I care less than you will believe about its success, but I can't survive a single *misprint*; it *chokes* me to see words misused by the printers. Pray look over, in case of some eyesore escaping me.

"P. S. — Send the earliest copies to Mr. Frere, Mr. Canning, Mr. Heber, Mr. Gifford, Lord Holland, Lady Melbourne (Whitehall), Lady Caroline Lamb, (Brocket), Mr. Hodgson (Cambridge), Mr. Merivale, Mr. Ward, from the author."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 23. 1813.

"You wanted some reflections, and I send you *per Selim* (see his speech in Canto 2d, page 46.), eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an *ethical* tendency. One more revise — positively the last, if decently done — at any rate the *pen*ultimate. Mr. Canning's approbation (*if* he did approve) I need not say makes me proud.[1] As to printing, print as you will and how you will —

[1] Mr. Canning had addressed the following note to Mr. Murray: — "I received the books, and, among them, The Bride of Abydos. It is very, very beautiful. Lord Byron (when I met him, one day, at dinner at Mr. Ward's) was so kind as to promise to give me a copy of it. I mention this, not to save my purchase, but because I should be really flattered by the present."

by itself, if you like; but let me have a few copies in *sheets*.

"November 24. 1813.

"You must pardon me once more, as it is all for your good: it must be thus—

"He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.

'*Makes*' is closer to the passage of Tacitus, from which the line is taken, and is, besides, a stronger word than '*leaves*.'

"Mark where his carnage and his conquests cease—
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace."

LETTER 148. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 27. 1813.

"If you look over this carefully by the *last proof* with my corrections, it is probably right; this *you* can *do* as well or better;—I have not now time. The copies I mentioned to be sent to different friends last night, I should wish to be made up with the new Giaours, if it also is ready. If not, send The Giaour afterwards.

"The Morning Post says *I* am the author of Nourjahad!! This comes of lending the drawings for their dresses; but it is not worth a *formal contradiction*. Besides, the criticisms on the *supposition* will, some of them, be quite amusing and furious. The *Orientalism*—which I hear is very splendid—of the melodrame (whosoever it is, and I am sure I don't know) is as good as an advertisement for your Eastern Stories, by filling their heads with glitter.

"P. S. You will of course *say* the truth, that I am *not* the melodramist—if any one charges me in your presence with the performance."

LETTER 149. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 28. 1813.

"Send another copy (if not too much of a request) to Lady Holland of the *Journal* [1], in my name, when you receive this; it is for *Earl Grey*—and I will relinquish my *own*. Also to Mr. Sharpe, Lady Holland, and Lady Caroline Lamb, copies of 'The Bride' as soon as convenient.

"P. S.—Mr. Ward and myself still continue our purpose; but I shall not trouble you on any arrangement on the score of The Giaour and The Bride till our return,—or, at any rate, before *May*, 1814,—that is, six months from hence: and before that time you will be able to ascertain how far your offer may be a losing one: if so, you can deduct proportionably; and if not, I shall not at any rate allow you to go higher than your present proposal, which is very handsome, and more than fair. [2]

"I have had—but this must be *entre nous*—a very kind note, on the subject of 'The Bride,' from Sir James Mackintosh, and an invitation to go there this evening, which it is now too late to accept." [3]

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 29. 1813.

"Sunday—Monday morning—three o'clock—in my doublet and hose,—*swearing*.

"I send you in time an errata page, containing an omission of mine, which must be thus added, as it is too late for insertion in the text. The passage is an imitation altogether from Medea in Ovid, and is incomplete without these two lines. Pray let this be done, and directly; it is necessary, will add one page to your book (*making*), and can do no harm, and is yet in time for the *public*. Answer me, thou oracle, in the affirmative. You can send the loose pages to those who have copies already, if they like; but certainly to all the *critical* copyholders.

"P. S.—I have got out of my bed, (in which, however, I could not sleep, whether I had amended this or not,) and so good morning. I am trying whether De l'Allemagne will act as an opiate, but I doubt it."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 29. 1813.

"'*You have looked at it!*' to much purpose, to allow so stupid a blunder to stand; it is *not* '*courage*' but '*carnage*;' and if you don't want me to cut my own throat, see it altered.

"I am very sorry to hear of the fall of Dresden."

LETTER 150. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Nov. 29. 1813. Monday.

"You will act as you please upon that point; but whether I go or stay, I shall not say another word on the subject till May—nor then, unless quite convenient to yourself. I have many things I wish to leave to your care, principally papers. The *vases* need not be now sent, as Mr. Ward is gone to Scotland. You are right about the errata

[1] Penrose's Journal, a book published by Mr. Murray at this time.

[2] Mr. Murray had offered him a thousand guineas for the two poems.

[3] ["Lord Byron is the author of the day; six thousand of his 'Bride of Abydos' have been sold within a month."—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH: *Life*, vol. ii. p. 266.]

page; place it at the beginning. Mr. Perry is a little premature in his compliments: these may do harm by exciting expectation, and I think we ought to be above it — though I see the next paragraph is on the *Journal*[1], which makes me suspect *you* as the author of both.

"Would it not have been as well to have said 'in two cantos' in the advertisement? they will else think of *fragments*, a species of composition very well for *once*, like *one ruin* in a *view*; but one would not build a town of them. The Bride, such as it is, is my first *entire* composition of any length (except the Satire, and be d—d to it), for The Giaour is but a string of passages, and Childe Harold is, and I rather think always will be, unconcluded. I return Mr. Hay's note, with thanks to him and you.

"There have been some epigrams on Mr. Ward: one I see to-day.[2] The first I did not see, but heard yesterday. The second seems very bad. I only hope that Mr. Ward does not believe that I had any connection with either. The Regent is the only person on whom I ever expectorated an epigram, or ever should; and even if I were disposed that way, I like and value him too well to allow my politics to contract into spleen, or to admire any thing intended to annoy him or his. You need not take the trouble to answer this, as I shall see you in the course of the afternoon.

"P. S.—I have said this much about the epigrams, because I live so much in the *opposite camp*, and, from my post as an engineer, might be suspected as the flinger of these hand-grenadoes; but with a worthy foe I am all for open war, and not this bush-fighting, and have not had, nor will have, any thing to do with it. I do not know the author."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Nov. 30. 1813.

"Print this at the end of *all that is of 'The Bride of Abydos,'* as an errata page. Bn.

"Omitted, canto 2d, page 47., after line 449.,

"So that those arms cling closer round my neck.

Read,

"Then, if my lip once murmur, it must be
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Tuesday evening, Nov. 30. 1813.

"For the sake of correctness, particularly in an errata page, the alteration of the couplet I have just sent (half an hour ago) must take place, in spite of delay or cancel; let me see the *proof* early to-morrow. I found out *murmur* to be a neuter *verb*, and have been obliged to alter the line so as to make it a substantive, thus —

"The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!

Don't send the copies to the *country* till this is all right."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Dec. 2. 1813.

"When you can, let the couplet enclosed be inserted either in the page, or in the errata page. I trust it is in time for some of the copies. This alteration is in the same part — the page *but one* before the last correction sent.

P.S.—I am afraid, from all I hear, that people are rather inordinate in their expectations, which is very unlucky, but cannot now be helped. This comes of Mr. Perry and one's wise friends; but do not *you* wind *your* hopes of success to the same pitch, for fear of accidents, and I can assure you that my philosophy will stand the test very fairly; and I have done every thing to ensure you, at all events, from positive loss, which will be some satisfaction to both."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Dec. 3. 1813.

"I send you a *scratch* or *two*, the which *heal*. The Christian Observer is very savage, but certainly well written — and quite uncomfortable at the naughtiness of book and author. I rather suspect you won't much like the *present* to be more moral, if it is to share also the usual fate of your virtuous volumes.

"Let me see a proof of the *six* before incorporation."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Monday evening, Dec. 6. 1813.

"It is all very well, except that the lines are not numbered properly, and a diabolical mistake, page 67., which *must* be corrected with the *pen*, if no other way remains; it is the omission of '*not*,' before '*disagreeable*,' in the *note* on the *amber* rosary. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the threshold — I mean the *misnomer* of Bride. Pray do not let a copy go without the '*not*;' it is nonsense,

[1] "Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman."

[2] ["They say Ward has no heart, but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."]

and worse than nonsense, as it now stands. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire.

"P.S.—It is still *hath* instead of *have* in page 20.; never was any one so *misused* as I am by your devils of printers.

"P.S.—I hope and trust the '*not*' was inserted in the first edition. We must have something — any thing — to set it right. It is enough to answer for one's own bulls, without other people's."

LETTER 151. TO MR. MURRAY.

"December 27. 1813.

"Lord Holland is laid up with the gout, and would feel very much obliged if you could obtain, and send as soon as possible, Madame D'Arblay's (or even Miss Edgeworth's) new work. I know they are not out; but it is perhaps possible for your *Majesty* to command what we cannot with much suing purchase, as yet. I need not say that when you are able or willing to confer the same favour on me, I shall be obliged. I would almost fall sick myself to get at Madame D'Arblay's writings.

"P. S.—You were talking to-day of the American edition of a certain unquenchable memorial of my younger days. As it can't be helped now, I own I have some curiosity to see a copy of trans-Atlantic typography. This you will perhaps obtain, and one for yourself; but I must beg that you will not *import more*, because, *seriously*, I *do wish* to have that thing forgotten as much as it has been forgiven.

"If you send to the Globe editor, say that I want neither excuse nor contradiction, but merely a discontinuance of a most ill-grounded charge. I never was consistent in any thing but my politics; and as my redemption depends on that solitary virtue, it is murder to carry away my last anchor."

Of these hasty and characteristic missives with which he despatched off his "still-breeding thoughts," there yet remain a few more that might be presented to the reader; but enough has here been given to show the fastidiousness of his self-criticism, as well as the restless and unsatisfied ardour with which he pressed on in pursuit of perfection, — still seeing, according to the usual doom of genius, much farther than he could reach.

An appeal was, about this time, made to his generosity, which the reputation of the person from whom it proceeded would, in the minds of most people, have justified him in treating with disregard, but which a more enlarged feeling of humanity led him to view in a very different light; for, when expostulated with by Mr. Murray on his generous intentions towards one "whom nobody else would give a single farthing to," he answered, "it is for that very reason *I* give it, because nobody else will." The person in question was Mr. Thomas Ashe, author of a certain notorious publication called "The Book," which, from the delicate mysteries discussed in its pages, attracted far more notice than its talent, or even mischief, deserved. In a fit, it is to be hoped, of sincere penitence, this man wrote to Lord Byron, alleging poverty as his excuse for the vile uses to which he had hitherto prostituted his pen, and soliciting his Lordship's aid towards enabling him to exist, in future, more reputably. To this application the following answer, marked, in the highest degree, by good sense, humanity, and honourable sentiment, was returned by Lord Byron: —

LETTER 152. TO MR. ASHE.

"4. Bennet Street, St. James's, Dec. 14. 1813.

"Sir,

"I leave town for a few days to-morrow: on my return, I will answer your letter more at length. Whatever may be your situation, I cannot but commend your resolution to abjure and abandon the publication and composition of works such as those to which you have alluded. Depend upon it they amuse *few*, disgrace both *reader* and *writer*, and benefit *none*. It will be my wish to assist you, as far as my limited means will admit, to break such a bondage. In your answer, inform me what sum you think would enable you to extricate yourself from the hands of your employers, and to regain, at least, temporary independence, and I shall be glad to contribute my mite towards it. At present, I must conclude. Your name is not unknown to me, and I regret, for your own sake, that you have ever lent it to the works you mention. In saying this, I merely repeat your *own words* in your letter to me, and have no wish whatever to say a single syllable that may appear to insult your misfortunes. If I have, excuse me; it is unintentional. Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

In answer to this letter, Ashe mentioned, as the sum necessary to extricate him from his difficulties, 150*l.* — to be advanced at the rate of ten pounds per month; and, some short delay having occurred in the reply to this demand, the modest applicant, in renewing his suit, complained, it appears, of neglect: on which Lord Byron, with a good

temper which few, in a similar case, could imitate, answered him as follows : —

LETTER 153. TO MR. ASHE.

" January 5. 1814.

" Sir,

" When you accuse a stranger of neglect, you forget that it is possible business or absence from London may have interfered to delay his answer, as has actually occurred in the present instance. But to the point. I am willing to do what I can to extricate you from your situation. Your first scheme[1] I was considering ; but your own impatience appears to have rendered it abortive, if not irretrievable. I will deposit in Mr. Murray's hands (with his consent) the sum you mentioned, to be advanced for the time at ten pounds per month.

" P. S.—I write in the greatest hurry, which may make my letter a little abrupt ; but, as I said before, I have no wish to distress your feelings."

The service thus humanely proffered was no less punctually performed ; and the following is one of the many acknowledgments of payment which I find in Ashe's letters to Mr. Murray : — " I have the honour to enclose you another memorandum for the sum of ten pounds, in compliance with the munificent instructions of Lord Byron."[2]

His friend, Mr. Merivale, one of the translators of those Selections from the Anthology which we have seen he regretted so much not having taken with him on his travels, published a poem about this time, which he thus honours with his praise.

LETTER 154. TO MR. MERIVALE.

" January, 1814.

" My dear Merivale,

" I have redde Roncesvaux with very great pleasure, and (if I were so disposed) see very little room for criticism. There is a choice of two lines in one of the last cantos, — I think ' Live and protect' better, because ' Oh who ?' implies a doubt of Roland's power or inclination. I would allow the — but that point you yourself must determine on — I mean the doubt as to where to place a part of the Poem, whether between the actions or no. Only if you wish to have all the success you deserve, *never listen to friends*, and — as I am not the least troublesome of the number — least of all to me.

" I hope you will be out soon. *March*, sir, *March* is the month for the *trade*, and they must be considered. You have written a very noble Poem, and nothing but the detestable taste of the day can do you harm, — but I think you will beat it. Your measure is uncommonly well chosen and wielded."[3]

In the extracts from his Journal just given, there is a passage that cannot fail to have been remarked, where, in speaking of his admiration of some lady, whose name he has himself left blank, the noble writer says — " a wife would be the salvation of me." It was under this conviction, which not only himself but some of his friends entertained, of the prudence of his taking timely refuge in matrimony from those perplexities which form the sequel of all less regular ties, that he had been induced, about a year before, to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage, — at least, as seriously as his thoughts were ever capable of being so turned, — and chiefly, I believe, by the advice and intervention of his friend Lady Melbourne, to become a suitor for the hand of a relative of that lady, Miss Milbanke. Though his proposal was not then accepted, every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied the refusal ; a wish was even expressed that they should continue to write to each other, and a correspondence, in consequence, — somewhat singular between two young persons of different sexes, inasmuch as love was not the subject of it, — ensued between them. We have seen how highly Lord Byron estimated as well the virtues as the accomplishments of the young lady ; but it is evident that on neither side, at this period, was love either felt or professed.[4]

In the mean time, new entanglements, in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young poet : and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he again found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock, as some security against their recurrence. There

[1] His first intention had been to go out, as a settler, to Botany Bay.

[2] When these monthly disbursements had amounted to 70*l.*, Ashe wrote to beg that the whole remaining sum of 80*l.* might be advanced to him at one payment, in order to enable him, as he said, to avail himself of a passage to New South Wales, which had been again offered to him. The sum was accordingly, by Lord Byron's orders, paid into his hands.

[3] This letter is but a fragment, — the remainder being lost.

[4] The reader has already seen what Lord Byron himself says, in his Journal, on this subject : — " What an odd situation and friendship is ours ! — without one spark of love on either side," &c. &c.

were, indeed, in the interval between Miss Milbanke's refusal and acceptance of him, two or three other young women of rank who, at different times, formed the subject of his matrimonial dreams. In the society of one of these, whose family had long honoured me with their friendship, he and I passed much of our time, during this and the preceding spring; and it will be found that, in a subsequent part of his correspondence, he represents me as having entertained an anxious wish that he should so far cultivate my fair friend's favour as to give a chance, at least, of matrimony being the result.

That I, more than once, expressed some such feeling, is undoubtedly true. Fully concurring with the opinion, not only of himself, but of others of his friends, that in marriage lay his only chance of salvation from the sort of perplexing attachments into which he was now constantly tempted, I saw in none of those whom he admired with more legitimate views so many requisites for the difficult task of winning him into fidelity and happiness, as in the lady in question. Combining beauty of the highest order with a mind intelligent and ingenuous,—having just learning enough to give refinement to her taste, and far too much taste to make pretensions to learning,—with a patrician spirit proud as his own, but showing it only in a delicate generosity of spirit, a feminine high-mindedness, which would have led her to tolerate his defects in consideration of his noble qualities and his glory, and even to sacrifice silently some of her own happiness rather than violate the responsibility in which she stood pledged to the world for his;—such was, from long experience, my impression of the character of this lady; and perceiving Lord Byron to be attracted by her more obvious claims to admiration, I felt a pleasure no less in rendering justice to the still rarer qualities which she possessed, than in endeavouring to raise my noble friend's mind to the contemplation of a higher model of female character than he had, unluckily for himself, been much in the habit of studying.

To this extent do I confess myself to have been influenced by the sort of feeling which he attributes to me. But in taking for granted (as it will appear he did from one of his letters) that I entertained any very decided or definite wishes on the subject, he gave me more credit for seriousness in my suggestions than I deserved. If even the lady herself, the unconscious object of these speculations, by whom he was regarded in no other light than that of a distinguished acquaintance, could have consented to undertake the perilous,—but still possible and glorious,—achievement of attaching Byron to virtue, I own that, sanguinely as, in theory, I might have looked to the result, I should have seen, not without trembling, the happiness of one whom I had known and valued from her childhood risked in the experiment.

I shall now proceed to resume the thread of the Journal, which I had broken off, and of which, it will be perceived, the noble author himself had, for some weeks, at this time, interrupted the progress.

CHAPTER XX.

1814.

JOURNAL. — THE WEEPING STANZAS. — NEWSPAPER ASSAULTS. — MR. HOBHOUSE. — FALL OF BUONAPARTE. — REPUBLICS. — KEAN. — KEMBLE. — SCHILLER'S ROBBERS, AND FIESCO.—MONTI'S ARISTODEMO. — REYNOLDS'S SAFIE.—MRS. MULE.—MISS EDGEWORTH'S PATRONAGE. — MR. CAMPBELL AND MR. MERIVALE. — MARRIAGE OF LORD PORTSMOUTH AND MISS HANSON. — SHERIDAN. — BROUGHAM. — MRS. JORDAN. — CONGREVE. — VANBRUGH. — WESTMINSTER FORUM, SCOTT VERSUS BYRON. — ANTI-BYRON.— QUARRELS OF AUTHORS. — JEFFREY. — LONDON LIFE. — BUONAPARTE'S ABDICATION.

"JOURNAL, 1814.—February 18. Better than a month since I last journalised:—most of it out of London and at Notts., but a busy one and a pleasant, at least three weeks of it. On my return, I find all the newspapers in hysterics[1], and town in an uproar,

[1] Immediately on the appearance of The Corsair, (with those obnoxious verses, "Weep, daughter of a royal line," appended to it,) a series of attacks, not confined to Lord Byron himself, but aimed also at all those who had lately become his friends, was commenced in the Courier and Morning Post, and carried on through the greater part of the months of February and March. The point selected by these writers, as a ground of censure on the poet, was one which *now*, perhaps, even themselves would agree to class among his claims to praise,—namely, the atonement which he had endeavoured to make for the youthful violence of his Satire by a measure of justice, amiable even in its overflowings, to every one whom he conceived he had wronged.

Notwithstanding the careless tone in which, here and elsewhere, he speaks of these assaults, it is evident that they annoyed him;—an effect which, in reading them over now, we should be apt to wonder they could produce, did we not recollect the property which Dryden attributes to "small wits," in common with certain other small animals:—

"We scarce could know they live, but that they *bite*."

on the avowal and republication of two stanzas on Princess Charlotte's weeping at Regency's speech to Lauderdale in 1812.[1] They are daily at it still;—some of the abuse good, all of it hearty. They talk of a motion in our House upon it—be it so.

"Got up—redde the Morning Post, containing the battle of Buonaparte[2], the destruction of the Custom-house[3], and a paragraph on me as long as my pedigree, and vituperative, as usual.[4]

"Hobhouse is returned to England. He is my best friend, the most lively, and a man of the most sterling talents extant.

"'The Corsair' has been conceived, written, published, &c. since I last took up this journal. They tell me it has great success;—it was written *con amore*, and much from *existence*. Murray is satisfied with its progress; and if the public are equally so with the perusal, there's an end of the matter.

"Nine o'clock.

"Been to Hanson's on business. Saw Rogers, and had a note from Lady Melbourne, who says, it is said I am 'much out of spirits.' I wonder if I really am or not? I have certainly enough of 'that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart,' and it is better they should believe it to be the result of these attacks than of the real cause; but—ay, ay, always *but*, to the end of the chapter.

"Hobhouse has told me ten thousand anecdotes of Napoleon, all good and true. My friend H. is the most entertaining of companions, and a fine fellow to boot.

"Redde a little—wrote notes and letters, and am alone, which Locke says is bad company. 'Be not solitary, be not idle.'[5]—Um!—the idleness is troublesome; but I can't see so much to regret in the solitude. The more I see of men, the less I like them. If I could but say so of women too, all would be well. Why can't I? I am now six-and-twenty; my passions have had enough to cool them; my affections more than enough to wither them,—and yet—and yet—always *yet* and *but*—'Excellent well, you are a fishmonger—get thee to a nunnery.'—'They fool me to the top of my bent.'

"Midnight.

"Began a letter, which I threw into the fire. Redde—but to little purpose. Did not visit Hobhouse, as I promised and ought. No matter, the loss is mine. Smoked cigars.

"Napoleon!—this week will decide his fate. All seems against him; but I believe and hope he will win—at least, beat back the invaders. What right have we to prescribe sovereigns to France? Oh for a Republic! 'Brutus, thou sleepest.' Hobhouse abounds in continental anecdotes of this extraordinary man; all in favour of his intellect and courage, but against his *bonhommie*. No wonder;—how should he, who knows mankind well, do other than despise and abhor them?

"The greater the equality, the more impartially evil is distributed, and becomes lighter by the division among so many—therefore, a Republic!

"More notes from Madame de Staël unanswered—and so they shall remain. I admire her abilities, but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry.

"Shall I go to Mackintosh's on Tuesday? um!—I did not go to Marquis Lansdowne's, nor to Miss Berry's, though both are pleasant. So is Sir James's,—but I

The following is a specimen of the terms in which these party scribes could then speak of one of the masters of English song:—"They might have slept in oblivion with Lord Carlisle's Dramas and Lord Byron's Poems."—"Some certainly extol Lord Byron's Poem much, but most of the best judges place his Lordship rather low in the list of our minor poets."

[1] [See *Works*, p. 552.]

[2] [The battle of Brienne was fought, Feb. 1. 1814.]

[3] [By fire, on the 12th of February.]

[4] ["We are informed from very good authority, that as soon as the House of Lords meet again, a Peer of very independent principles and character intends to give notice of a motion occasioned by a late spontaneous avowal of a copy of verses by Lord Byron, addressed to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, in which he has taken the most unwarrantable liberties with her august father's character and conduct: this motion being of a personal nature, it will be necessary to give the noble Satirist some days' notice, that he may prepare himself for his defence against a charge of so aggravated a nature," &c.—*Morning Post*, Feb. 18.]

[5] ["Solitude," said the Doctor one day, "is dangerous to reason, without being favourable to virtue: pleasures of some sort are necessary to the intellectual as to the corporeal health; and those who resist gaiety will be likely, for the most part, to fall a sacrifice to appetite; for the solicitations of sense are always at hand, and a dram to a vacant and solitary person is a speedy and seducing relief."—"Remember," continued he, "that the solitary mortal is certainly luxurious, probably superstitious, and possibly mad: the mind stagnates for want of employment, grows morbid, and is extinguished like a candle in foul air. 'All is best,' says Cheyne, 'as it has been, excepting the errors of our own free will.' Burton concludes his long book upon melancholy with this important precept—'*Be not solitary, be not idle.*' Remember Cheyne's position, and observe Burton's precept."—*Johnsoniana*, p. 36.]

[illegible] — I believe one is not the better for parties; at least, when some reputation is [illegible].

"I wonder how the devil any body could make such a world, for what purpose [illegible] — and kings — and [illegible] of colleges — and women of [illegible] age — and many men of any age — and myself, most of all!

> "[illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

"[illegible] — [illegible]! [illegible] — nature — truth without exaggeration or diminution. Kemble's Hamlet is perfect; — but Hamlet is not Nature. Richard is a man; and Kean is Richard. Now to my own concerns.

"Went to Waite's. Teeth are all right and white; but he says that I grind them in my sleep and chip the edges. That same sleep is no friend of mine, though I court him sometimes for half the twenty-four.

"February 20.

"Got up and tore out two leaves of this Journal — I don't know why. Hodgson just called and gone. He has much bonhomie with his other good qualities, and more talent than he has yet had credit for beyond his circle.

"An invitation to dine at Holland House to meet Kean. He is worth meeting; and I hope, by getting into good society, he will be prevented from falling like Cooke.[1] He is greater now on the stage, and off he should never be less. There is a stupid and underrating criticism upon him in one of the newspapers. I thought that, last night, though great, he rather under-acted more than the first time. This may be the effect of these cavils, but I hope he has more sense than to mind them. He cannot expect to maintain his present eminence, or to advance still higher, without the envy of his green-room fellows, and the nibbling of their adherents. But, if he don't beat them all, why then — merit hath no purchase in "these coster-monger days."

"I wish that I had a talent for the drama; I would write a tragedy now. But no, — it is gone. Hodgson talks of one, — he will do it well; — and I think M—e [Moore] should try. He has wonderful powers, and much variety; besides, he has lived and felt. To write so as to bring home to the heart, the heart must have been tried, — but, perhaps, cased to be so. While you are under the influence of passions, you only feel, but cannot describe them, — any more than, when in action, you could turn round and tell the story to your next neighbour! When all is over, — all, all, and irrevocable, — trust to memory — she is then but too faithful.

"Went out, and answered some letters, yawned now and then, and reddle the 'Robbers.' Fine, — but 'Fiesco' is better[2]; and Alfieri and Monti's 'Aristodemo' best.[4] They are more equal than the Tedeschi dramatists.

"Answered — or rather acknowledged — the receipt of young Reynolds's poem, Safie. The lad is clever, but much of his thoughts are borrowed, — *ahem*, the Reviewers may find out.[5] I hate discouraging a young one; and I think, — though wild and more oriental than he would be, had he seen the scenes where he has placed his tale, — that he has much talent, and, certainly, fire enough.

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1 ("Whether you boast a monarch's birth,
While wealth unbounded round you flows,
Or poor, and spring from vulgar earth,
We pay for his victim Pluto knows.
We all must tread the paths of fate,
And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat, ah! never to return."
FRANCIS.]

2 ["Kean enjoyed a beef-steak at the Coal-Hole, or a devil or a grill at one of the small taverns near the theatre; but the dress and ceremony, and good behaviour incident to 'company' overcast him altogether. He visited Lord Byron (then his great admirer) very reluctantly." — Proctor's Life of Kean, vol. ii. p. 140.

The sequel of the actor's story, if possible a still sadder and more degrading one than that of his eminent predecessor G. F. Cooke, is given with all tenderness by this biographer.]

3 [Schiller's "Robbers" and "Fiesco" have both been translated into English; the former by Mr. Thompson, the latter by Messrs. Noehden and Stoddart.]

4 ["Monti owed the first diffusion of his reputation to his 'Aristodemo,' a tragedy, which is a stock play, notwithstanding the passion and interest are totally confined to the chief character." — HOBHOUSE.]

5 [Safie, a poem by John Hamilton Reynolds, Esq., in imitation of Lord Byron, was published in 1814. For Lord Byron's friendly letter of advice to the youthful author, see BYRONIANA.]

"Received a very singular epistle; and the mode of its conveyance, through Lord H.'s hands, as curious as the letter itself. But it was gratifying and pretty.

"Sunday, February 27.

"Here I am, alone, instead of dining at Lord H.'s, where I was asked, — but not inclined to go any where. Hobhouse says I am growing a *loup garou*, — a solitary hobgoblin. True; — 'I am myself alone.' The last week has been passed in reading — seeing plays — now and then visitors — sometimes yawning and sometimes sighing, but no writing, — save of letters. If I could always read, I should never feel the want of society. Do I regret it? — um! — 'Man delights not me,' and only one woman — at a time.

"There is something to me very softening in the presence of a woman, — some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them — which I cannot at all account for, having no very high opinion of the sex. But yet, — I always feel in better humour with myself and every thing else, if there is a woman within ken. Even Mrs. Mule [1], my fire-lighter, — the most ancient and withered of her kind, — and (except to myself) not the best-tempered — always makes me laugh, — no difficult task when I am 'i' the vein.'

"Heigho! I would I were in mine island! — I am not well; and yet I look in good health. At times, I fear, 'I am not in my perfect mind;' — and yet my heart and head have stood many a crash, and what should ail them now? They prey upon themselves, and I am sick — sick — 'Prithee, undo this button — why should a cat, a rat, a dog have life — and *thou* no life at all?' [2] Six-and-twenty years, as they call them, why, I might and should have been a Pasha by this time. 'I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun.' [3]

"Buonaparte is not yet beaten; but has rebutted Blucher, and repiqued Schwartzenburg. [4] This it is to have a head. If he again wins, 'Væ victis!'

"Sunday, March 6.

"On Tuesday last dined with Rogers, — Madame de Staël, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine, and Payne Knight, Lady Donegal, and Miss R. there. Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Madame de Recamier's handkerchief; Erskine a few stories of himself only. *She* is going to write a big book about England, she says; — I believe her. Asked by her how I liked Miss * *'s [Edgeworth's] thing, called * * [Patronage], and answered (very sincerely) that I thought it very bad for *her*, and worse than any of the others. Afterwards thought it possible Lady Donegal [5], being Irish, might be a patroness of * * [Miss Edgeworth], and was rather sorry for my opinion, as I hate putting people into fusses, either with themselves or their favourites; it looks as if one did it on purpose. The party went off very well, and the fish was very much to my gusto. But we got up too soon after the women; and Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner that we wish her in — the drawing-room.

"To-day C. [Campbell] called, and while sitting here in came Merivale. [6] During our colloquy, C. (ignorant that Merivale was the writer) abused the 'mawkishness of the Quarterly Review of Grimm's Correspondence.' I (knowing the secret) changed the conversation as soon as I could; and C. went away, quite convinced of having made the most favourable impression on his new acquaintance. Merivale is luckily a very good-natured fellow, or, God he knows what might have been engendered from such a mala-

[1] This ancient housemaid, of whose gaunt and witch-like appearance it would be impossible to convey any idea but by the pencil, furnished one among the numerous instances of Lord Byron's proneness to attach himself to any thing, however homely, that had once enlisted his good nature in its behalf, and become associated with his thoughts. He first found this old woman at his lodgings in Bennet Street, where, for a whole season, she was the perpetual scarecrow of his visitors. When, next year, he took chambers in Albany, one of the great advantages which his friends looked to in the change was, that they should get rid of this phantom. But, no, — there she was again — he had actually brought her with him from Bennet Street. The following year saw him married, and, with a regular establishment of servants, in Piccadilly; and here, — as Mrs. Mule had not made her appearance to any of the visitors, — it was concluded, rashly, that the witch had vanished. One of those friends, however, who had most fondly indulged in this persuasion, happening to call one day when all the male part of the establishment were abroad, saw, to his dismay, the door opened by the same grim personage, improved considerably in point of habiliments since he last saw her, and keeping pace with the increased scale of her master's household, as a new peruke, and other symptoms of promotion, testified. When asked "how he came to carry this old woman about with him from place to place," Lord Byron's only answer was, "The poor old devil was so kind to me."

[2] ["Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all?"— *Lear*, act v. sc. 3.]

[3] ["I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone."
Macbeth, act v. sc. 5.]

[4] [Napoleon fought the battle of Nangis against Blucher on the 17th of February, 1814, and that of Montereau against Prince Schwartzenburg on the following day.]

[5] [The Marquis of Donegal married, in 1795, Anna, daughter of the late Sir Edward May, bart.]

[6] [J. H. Merivale, Esq., author of "Orlando in Roncesvalles," &c. &c.; now one of the Commissioners of the Bankruptcy Court.]

prop. I did not look at him while this was going on, but I felt like a coal — for I like Merivale, as well as the article in question.

"Asked to Lady Keith's[1] to-morrow evening — I think I will go; but it is the first party invitation I have accepted this 'season,' as the learned Fletcher called it, when that youngest brat of Lady * *'s cut my eye and cheek open with a misdirected pebble — 'Never mind, my Lord, the scar will be gone before the *season;*' as if one's eye was of no importance in the mean time.

"Lord Erskine called, and gave me his famous pamphlet[2], with a marginal note and corrections in his handwriting. Sent it to be bound superbly, and shall treasure it.

"Sent my fine print of Napoleon to be framed. It *is* framed; and the Emperor becomes his robes as if he had been hatched in them.

"March 7.

"Rose at seven — ready by half-past eight — went to Mr. Hanson's, Berkeley Square — went to church with his eldest daughter, Mary Anne (a good girl), and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth.[3] Saw her fairly a countess — congratulated the family and groom (bride) — drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherris) to their felicity, and all that — and came home. Asked to stay to dinner, but could not. At three sat to Phillips for faces. Called on Lady M. [Melbourne] — I like her so well, that I always stay too long. (Mem. to mend of that.)

"Passed the evening with Hobhouse, who has begun a poem, which promises highly; — wish he would go on with it. Heard some curious extracts from a life of Morosini, the blundering Venetian, who blew up the Acropolis at Athens with a bomb, and be d—d to him! Waxed sleepy — just come home — must go to bed, and am engaged to meet Sheridan to-morrow at Rogers's.

"Queer ceremony that same of marriage — saw many abroad, Greek and Catholic — one, at *home*, many years ago. There be some strange phrases in the prologue (the exhortation), which made me turn away, not to laugh in the face of the surpliceman. Made one blunder, when I joined the hands of the happy — rammed their left hands, by mistake, into one another. Corrected it — bustled back to the altar-rail, and said 'Amen.' Portsmouth responded as if he had got the whole by heart; and, if any thing, was rather before the priest. It is now midnight and * * *.

"March 10. Thor's Day.

"On Tuesday dined with Rogers, — Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe, — much talk, and good, — all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old times — Horne Tooke — the Trials — evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when *I*, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an English Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

"Set down Sheridan at Brookes's, — where, by the by, he could not have well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means to stand for Westminster, as Cochrane[4] (the stock-jobbing hoaxer) must vacate. Brougham is a candidate. I fear for poor dear Sherry. Both have talents of the highest order, but the youngster has *yet* a character. We shall see, if he lives to Sherry's age, how he will pass over the redhot ploughshares of public life. I don't know why, but I hate to see the *old* ones lose; particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding all his *méchanceté*.

"Received many, and the kindest, thanks from Lady Portsmouth, *père* and *mère*, for my match-making. I don't regret it, as she looks the countess well, and is a very good girl. It is odd how well she carries her new honours. She looks a different woman, and high-bred, too. I had no idea that I could make so good a peeress.

"Went to the play with Hobhouse. Mrs. Jordan superlative in Hoyden[5], and Jones well enough in Foppington. *What plays!* what wit! — he!as! Congreve and Vanbrugh are your only comedy. Our society is too insipid now for the like copy. Would *not* go to Lady Keith's. Hobhouse thought it odd. I wonder *he* should like parties. If one is in love, and wants to break a commandment and covet any thing that is there, they do very well. But to go out amongst the mere herd, without a motive, pleasure,

[1] [Hester-Maria, eldest daughter and co-heir of Henry Thrale, Esq., of Streatham, the friend of Dr. Johnson, was married, in 1808, to Viscount Keith.]

[2] [Thomas Lord Erskine published, in 1797, a pamphlet entitled "A View of the Causes and Consequences of the War with France," which is said to have gone through forty-eight editions.]

[3] [This marriage was declared null in 1828; a jury having decided, that Lord Portsmouth was not *compos mentis* when he contracted it.]

[4] [Lord Cochrane, now Earl of Dundonald, was expelled from the order of the Bath, and from his seat in the House of Commons in the early part of 1814, in consequence of having been found guilty by the Court of King's Bench of an improper manœuvre on the Stock Exchange, in combination with his uncle Mr. Cochrane Johnstone. His lordship's career as a sea officer had been before that unfortunate time illustrious, and it has been even more so subsequently.]

[5] [Mrs. Jordan finally retired from the stage in 1815, and died at St. Cloud in July, 1816.]

or pursuit —'sdeath! 'I'll none of it.' He told me an odd report, — that *I* am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in privacy. Um! — people sometimes hit near the truth; but never the whole truth. H. don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant; nor does any one — nor — nor — nor — however, it is a lie — but, 'I doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth!'

"I shall have letters of importance to-morrow. Which, * *, * *, or * *? heigho! — * * is in my heart, * * in my head, * * in my eye, and the *single* one, Heaven knows where. All write, and will be answered. 'Since I have crept in favour with myself, I must maintain it;' but *I* never 'mistook my person,' though I think others have.

"* * called to-day in great despair about his mistress, who has taken a freak of * * *. He began a letter to her, but was obliged to stop short — I finished it for him, and he copied and sent it. If *he* holds out, and keeps to my instructions of affected indifference, she will lower her colours. If she don't, he will, at least, get rid of her, and she don't seem much worth keeping. But the poor lad is in love — if that is the case, she will win. When they once discover their power, *finita è la musica*.

"Sleepy, and must go to bed.

"Tuesday, March 15.

"Dined yesterday with Rogers, Mackintosh, and Sharpe. Sheridan could not come. Sharpe told several very amusing anecdotes of Henderson, the actor.[1] Stayed till late, and came home, having drunk so much *tea*, that I did not get to sleep till six this morning. R. says I am to be in *this* Quarterly — cut up, I presume, as they 'hate us youth.' *N'importe*. As Sharpe was passing by the doors of some debating society (the Westminster Forum), in his way to dinner, he saw rubricked on the walls *Scott's* name and *mine* — 'Which the best poet?' being the question of the evening; and I suppose all the Templars and *would-bes* took our rhymes in vain in the course of the controversy. Which had the greater show of hands, I neither know nor care; but I feel the coupling of the names as a compliment, — though I think Scott deserves better company.

"W. W. [Wedderburn Webster] called — Lord Erskine, Lord Holland, &c. &c. Wrote to * * the Corsair report. She says she don't wonder, since 'Conrad is so *like*.' It is odd that one, who knows me so thoroughly, should tell me this to my face. However, if she don't know, nobody can.

"Mackintosh is, it seems, the writer of the defensive letter in the Morning Chronicle. If so, it is very kind, and more than I did for myself.[2]

"Told Murray to secure for me Bandello's Italian Novels at the sale to-morrow. To me they will be *nuts*. Redde a satire on myself, called 'Anti-Byron,' and told Murray to publish it if he liked. The object of the author is to prove me an atheist and a systematic conspirator against law and government. Some of the verse is good; the prose I don't quite understand. He asserts that my 'deleterious works' have had 'an effect upon civil society, which requires,' &c. &c. &c. and his own poetry. It is a lengthy poem, and a long preface, with an harmonious title-page. Like the fly in the fable, I seem to have got upon a wheel which makes much dust; but, unlike the said fly, I do not take it all for my own raising.

"A letter from *Bella*[3], which I answered. I shall be in love with her again, if I don't take care.

"I shall begin a more regular system of reading soon.

"Thursday, March 17.

"I have been sparring with Jackson for exercise this morning; and mean to continue and renew my acquaintance with the muffles. My chest, and arms, and wind are in very good plight, and I am not in flesh. I used to be a hard hitter, and my arms are very long for my height (5 feet 8½ inches). At any rate, exercise is good, and this the severest of all; fencing and the broad-sword never fatigued me half so much.

"Redde the 'Quarrels of Authors' (another sort of *sparring*) — a new work, by that most entertaining and researching writer, Israeli. They seem to be an irritable set,

[1] [This great actor and amiable and accomplished man died in 1785, in his thirty-seventh year. In Mr. Sharpe's elegant little volume of "Essays" will be found an interesting letter to Henderson, written a few days before his death, giving an account of John Kemble's first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Hamlet. "There has not," says Mr. Sharpe, "been such a first appearance since yours; yet nature, though she has been bountiful to him in figure, has denied him a voice. You have been so long without a 'brother near the throne,' that it will perhaps benefit you to be obliged to bestir yourself in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lord Townley, and Maskwell; but in Lear, Richard, Falstaff, and Benedict, you have nothing to fear, notwithstanding the known fickleness of the public, and its great love of novelty." — p. 19.]

[2] [See Byroniana.]

[3] [Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron.]

and I wish myself well out of it. 'I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.' What the devil had I to do with scribbling? It is too late to inquire, and all regret is useless. But, an' it were to do again, — I should write again, I suppose. Such is human nature, at least my share of it; — though I shall think better of myself, if I have sense to stop now. If I have a wife, and that wife has a son — by any body — I will bring up mine heir in the most anti-poetical way — make him a lawyer, or a pirate, or — any thing. But, if he writes too, I shall be sure he is none of mine, and cut him off with a Bank token. Must write a letter — three o'clock.

"Sunday, March 20.

"I intended to go to Lady Hardwicke's [1], but won't. I always begin the day with a bias towards going to parties; but, as the evening advances, my stimulus fails, and I hardly ever go out — and, when I do, always regret it. This might have been a pleasant one; — at least, the hostess is a very superior woman. Lady Lansdowne's [2] to morrow — Lady Heathcote's [3] Wednesday. Um! — I must spur myself into going to some of them, or it will look like rudeness, and it is better to do as other people do — confound them!

"Redde Machiavel, parts of Chardin, and Sismondi, and Bandello — by starts. Redde the Edinburgh, 44, just come out. In the beginning of the article on 'Edgeworth's Patronage,' I have gotten a high compliment, I perceive. [4] Whether this is creditable to me, I know not; but it does honour to the editor, because he once abused me. Many a man will retract praise; none but a high-spirited mind will revoke its censure, or *can* praise the man it has once attacked. I have often, since my return to England, heard Jeffrey most highly commended by those who know him for things independent of his talents. I admire him for *this* — not because he has *praised me* (I have been so praised elsewhere and abused, alternately, that mere habit has rendered me as indifferent to both as a man at twenty-six can be to any thing), but because he is, perhaps, the *only man* who, under the relations in which he and I stand, or stood, with regard to each other, would have had the liberality to act thus; none but a great soul dared hazard it. [5] The height on which he stands has not made him giddy; — a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter. As to the justice of his panegyric, that is matter of taste. There are plenty to question it, and glad, too, of the opportunity.

"Lord Erskine called to-day. He means to carry down his reflections on the war — or rather wars — to the present day. I trust that he will. Must send to Mr. Murray to get the binding of my copy of his pamphlet finished, as Lord E. has promised me to correct it, and add some marginal notes to it. Any thing in his handwriting will be a treasure, which will gather compound interest from years. Erskine has high expectations of Mackintosh's promised History. Undoubtedly it must be a classic, when finished.

"Sparred with Jackson again yesterday morning, and shall to-morrow. I feel all the better for it, in spirits, though my arms and shoulders are very stiff from it. Mem. to attend the pugilistic dinner: — Marquess Huntley [6] is in the chair.

"Lord Erskine thinks that ministers must be in peril of going out. So much the better for him. To me it is the same who are in or out; — we want something more than a change of ministers, and some day we will have it.

"I remember [7], in riding from Chrisso to Castri (Delphos), along the sides of Parnassus, I saw six eagles in the air. It is uncommon to see so many together; and it was the number — not the species, which is

[1] [Philip Yorke, third Earl of Hardwicke, married, in 1782, Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres.]

[2] [Louisa-Emma, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, was married, in 1808, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, at that time Lord Henry Petty.]

[3] [Catharine-Sophia, daughter of John Manners, Esq., of Grantham-Grange, co. Lincoln: she was married, in 1793, to Sir Gilbert Heathcote.]

[4] ["It is no slight consolation to us, while suffering under alternate reproaches for ill-timed severity, and injudicious praise, to reflect that no very mischievous effects have as yet resulted to the literature of the country, from this imputed misbehaviour on our part. Powerful genius, we are persuaded, will not be repressed even by unjust castigation; nor will the most excessive praise that can be lavished by sincere admiration ever abate the efforts that are fitted to attain to excellence. Our alleged severity upon a youthful production has not prevented the noble author from becoming the first poet of his time." — *Edinb. Rev.* vol. xxii. p. 416.]

[5] [— "All our little feuds, at least all mine,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine,
To make such puppets of us things below,)
Are over: Here's a health to 'Auld Lang Syne!'
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face — but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."
Don Juan, c. x. st. 16.]

[6] [Afterwards fifth, and last, Duke of Gordon. He died in May, 1836.]

[7] Part of this passage has been already extracted, but I have allowed it to remain here in its original position, on account of the singularly sudden manner in which it is introduced.

common enough — that excited my attention.[1]

"The last bird I ever fired at was an *eaglet*, on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, near Vostitza. It was only wounded, and I tried to save it, the eye was so bright; but it pined, and died in a few days; and I never did since, and never will, attempt the death of another bird. I wonder what put these two things into my head just now? I have been reading Sismondi, and there is nothing there that could induce the recollection.

"I am mightily taken with Braccio di Montone, Giovanni Galeazzo, and Eccelino. But the last is *not* Bracciaferro (of the same name), Count of Ravenna, whose history I want to trace. There is a fine engraving in Lavater, from a picture by Fuseli, of *that* Ezzelin, over the body of Meduna, punished by him for a *hitch* in her constancy during his absence in the Crusades. He was right — but I want to know the story.[2]

"Tuesday, March 22.

"Last night, *party* at Lansdowne House. To-night, *party* at Lady Charlotte Greville's[3] — deplorable waste of time, and something of temper. Nothing imparted — nothing acquired — talking without ideas: — if any thing like *thought* in my mind, it was not on the subjects on which we were gabbling. Heigho! — and in this way half London pass what is called life. To-morrow there is Lady Heathcote's — shall I go? yes — to punish myself for not having a pursuit.

"Let me see — what did I see? The only person who much struck me was Lady S**d's [Stafford's[4]] eldest daughter, Lady C. L.[5] [Charlotte Leveson.] They say she is *not* pretty. I don't know — every thing is pretty that pleases; but there is an air of *soul* about her — and her colour changes — and there is that shyness of the antelope (which I delight in) in her manner so much, that I observed her more than I did any other woman in the rooms, and only looked at any thing else when I thought she might perceive and feel embarrassed by my scrutiny. After all, there may be something of association in this. She is a friend of Augusta's, and whatever she loves I can't help liking.

"Her mother, the Marchioness, talked to me a little; and I was twenty times on the point of asking her to introduce me to *sa fille*, but I stopped short. This comes of that affray with the Carlisles.

"Earl Grey told me laughingly of a paragraph in the last *Moniteur*, which has stated, among other symptoms of rebellion, some particulars of the *sensation* occasioned in all our government gazettes by the 'tear' lines, — *only* amplifying, in its re-statement, an epigram (by the by, no epigram except in the *Greek* acceptation of the word) into a *roman*. I wonder the Couriers, &c. &c., have not translated that part of the Moniteur, with additional comments.[6]

"The Princess of Wales has requested Fuseli to paint from 'The Corsair,' — leaving to him the choice of any passage for the subject: so Mr. Locke tells me. Tired, jaded, selfish, and supine — must go to bed.

"*Roman*, at least *Romance*, means a song sometimes, as in the Spanish. I suppose this is the Moniteur's meaning, unless he has confused it with 'The Corsair.'

"Albany, March 28.

"This night got into my new apartments[7], rented of Lord Althorpe, on a lease of seven years. Spacious, and room for my books and sabres. *In* the *house*, too, another advantage. The last few days, or whole week,

[1] [In his Diary for 1821, Lord Byron says, "I saw a flight of *twelve* eagles (Hobhouse says they were vultures, at least in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus, and on beholding the birds had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage." — See *Works*, p. 11.]

[2] [Fuseli's picture of Ezzelin Bracciaferro musing over Meduna, slain by him for disloyalty during his absence in the Holy Land, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1780. Mr. Knowles, in his Life of the painter, relates the following anecdote: — "Fuseli frequently invented the subject of his pictures without the aid of the poet or historian, as in his composition of Ezzelin, Belisaire, and some others: these he denominated 'philosophical ideas intuitive, or sentiment personified.' On one occasion he was much amused by the following inquiry of Lord Byron: 'I have been looking in vain, Mr. Fuseli, for some months, in the poets and historians of Italy, for the subject of your picture of Ezzelin: pray where is it to be found?' 'Only in my brain, my Lord,' was the answer; 'for I invented it.'" — Vol. i. p. 403.]

[3] Daughter of William-Henry Cavendish, third Duke of Portland, married, in 1793, to Charles Greville, Esq.]

[4] [Now Duchess Countess of Sutherland: 1838.]

[5] [Now Countess of Surrey: 1838.]

[6] ["On vient de publier à Londres une caricature insolente et grossière contre le mariage projeté de la Princesse de Galles avec le Prince d'Orange. En commentant cette gravure, le *Town Talk* a osé avancer, que la Princesse Charlotte déteste son époux futur, et que ses veritables affections étaient sacrifiées à des vues politiques. Le Lord Byron a fait de ce bruit populaire le sujet d'une romance." — *Moniteur*.]

[7] [In 1808 Albany House in Piccadilly, long occupied by the Duke of York and Albany, was converted into sets of chambers for single gentlemen, and the gardens behind were also built over with additional suites of rooms. Those of Lord Byron were in the original house on the ground floor, No. 2.]

have been very abstemious, regular in exercise, and yet very *un*well.

"Yesterday, dined *tête-à-tête* at the Cocoa[1] with Scrope Davies — sat from six till midnight — drank between us one bottle of champagne and six of claret, neither of which wines ever affect me. Offered to take Scrope home in my carriage; but he was tipsy and pious, and I was obliged to leave him on his knees praying to I know not what purpose or pagod. No headach, nor sickness, that night nor to-day. Got up, if any thing, earlier than usual — sparred with Jackson *ad sudorem*, and have been much better in health than for many days. I have heard nothing more from Scrope. Yesterday paid him four thousand eight hundred pounds, a debt of some standing, and which I wished to have paid before. My mind is much relieved by the removal of that *debit*.

"Augusta wants me to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused *every* body else, but I can't deny her any thing; — so I must e'en do it, though I had as lief 'drink up Eisel — eat a crocodile.'[2] Let me see — Ward, the Hollands, the Lambs, Rogers, &c. &c. — every body, more or less, have been trying for the last two years to accommodate this *couplet* quarrel, to no purpose. I shall laugh if Augusta succeeds.

"Redde a little of many things — shall get in all my books to-morrow. Luckily this room will hold them — with 'ample room and verge, &c. the characters of hell to trace.'[3] I must set about some employment soon; my heart begins to eat *itself* again.

"April 8.

"Out of town six days. On my return, find my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal; — the thieves are in Paris. It is his own fault. Like Milo, he would rend the oak[4]; but it closed again, wedged his hands, and now the beasts — lion, bear, down to the dirtiest jackal — may all tear him. That Muscovite winter *wedged* his arms; — ever since, he has fought with his feet and teeth. The last may still leave their marks; and 'I guess now' (as the Yankees say) that he will yet play them a pass. He is in their rear — between them and their homes. Query — will they ever reach them?

"Saturday, April 9. 1814.

"I mark this day!

"Napoleon Buonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world. 'Excellent well.' Methinks Sylla did better; for he revenged and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes — the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record.[5] Dioclesian did well too — Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise — Charles the Fifth but so so — but Napoleon, worst of all. What! wait till they were in his capital, and then talk of his readiness to give up what is already gone!! 'What whining monk art thou — what holy cheat?' 'Sdeath! — Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this. The 'Isle of Elba' to retire to! — Well — if it had been Caprea, I should have marvelled less. 'I see men's minds are but a parcel of their fortunes.' I am utterly bewildered and confounded.

"I don't know — but I think *I*, even *I* (an insect compared with this creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But, after all, a crown may be not worth dying for. Yet, to outlive *Lodi* for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! 'Expende — quot libras in duce summo invenies?'[6] I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*.[7] Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil:

[1] [A club established about a century ago, in St. James's Street.]

[2] [*Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2.]

[3] [Gray's Bard.]

[4] He adopted this thought afterwards in his Ode to Napoleon, as well as most of the historical examples, in the following paragraph;

["He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how look'd he round?"
See *Works*, p. 461.]

[5] ["The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur home.
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power."
Works, p. 461.]

[6] ["Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:
And is this all?"
Gifford's Juvenal, vol. ii. p. 26.]

[7] ["In the Statistical Account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh, the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles. Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! *And is this all!* Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration."—*Ib.*]

n of the historian won't rate it lucat.

! 'something too much of this.' n't give him up even now; though dmirers have, 'like the thanes, n him.'

" April 10.

not know that I am happiest when it this I am sure of, that I never in the society even of *her* I love, ows too well, and the devil probably hout a yearning for the company mp and my utterly confused and over library.[1] Even in the day, I y my carriage oftener than I use or *Per esempio*, — I have not stirred ese rooms for these four days past: re sparred for exercise (windows h Jackson an hour daily, to atten- keep up the ethereal part of me. violent the fatigue, the better my the rest of the day; and then, my have that calm nothingness of lan- ich I most delight in. To-day I ed one hour — written an ode to Buonaparte — copied it — eaten its — drunk four bottles of soda redde away the rest of my time — giving poor * * a world of advice is mistress of his, who is plaguing a phthisic and intolerable tedious- am a pretty fellow truly to lecture e sect.' No matter, my counsels rown away.

" April 19. 1814.

e is ice at both poles, north and all extremes are the same — misery to the highest and the lowest only, emperor and the beggar, when un- l and unthroned. There is, to be mned insipid medium — an equinoc- — no one knows where, except upon l measurement.

nd all our *yesterdays* have lighted fools e way to dusty death.'

ep no further journal of that same torch-light; and, to prevent me from returning, like a dog, to the vomit of memory, I tear out the remaining leaves of this volume, and write, in *Ipecacuanha*, — 'that the Bourbons are restored!!!' — 'Hang up philosophy.' To be sure, I have long despised myself and man, but I never spat in the face of my species before — 'O fool! I shall go mad.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

1814.

PUBLICATION OF THE CORSAIR. — PRESENTATION OF THE COPY-RIGHT. — DEDICATION TO MR. MOORE. — LETTERS TO MR. MURRAY. — NEWSTEAD. — SIX-AND-TWENTY! — THE PRINCE REGENT. — PROPOSED RECONCILIATION WITH LORD CARLISLE. — LETTERS TO MR. MOORE. — WINDSOR POETICS. — ANTI-BYRON. — FAREWELL TO POETRY. — ODE TO NAPOLEON. — SINGULAR DETERMINATION.

THE perusal of this singular Journal having made the reader acquainted with the chief occurrences that marked the present period of his history — the publication of The Corsair, the attacks upon him in the newspapers, &c. — there only remains for me to add his correspondence at the same period, by which the moods and movements of his mind, during these events, will be still further illustrated.

TO MR. MURRAY.

" Sunday, Jan. 2. 1814.

" Excuse this dirty paper — it is the *penultimate* half-sheet of a quire. Thanks for your books and the Ln. Chron., which I return. The Corsair is copied, and now at Lord Holland's; but I wish Mr. Gifford to have it to-night.

" Mr. Dallas is very *perverse;* so that I have offended both him and you, when I really meaned to do good, at least to one, and certainly not to annoy either.[2] But I shall

uch company," says Pope, "as I have kept, h as I love it, I love reading better, and would nployed in reading than in the most agreeable n."

I made a present of the copyright of "The o Mr. Dallas, who thus describes the manner e gift was bestowed: — "On the 28th of De- alled in the morning on Lord Byron, whom posing 'The Corsair.' He had been working a few days, and he read me the portion he . After some observations he said, 'I have a — I will.' He then added, that he should finish it soon, and asked me to accept of the copyright. I was much surprised. He had, before he was aware of the value of his works, declared that he never would take money for them, and that I should have the whole advantage of all he wrote. This declaration became morally void when the question was about thousands, instead of a few hundreds; and I perfectly agree with the admired and admirable author of Waverley, that 'the wise and good accept not gifts which are made in heat of blood, and which may be after repented of.' — I felt this on the sale of 'Childe Harold,' and observed it to him. The copyright of 'The Giaour' and 'The

[illegible] Chase.—Is pretty confident of the Title itself; but we cannot be sure. If I get it from Lord Holland, it shall be sure.

"Yours, &c."

TO MR. MURRAY.

[illegible] 1814.

"I will answer your letter this evening; in the mean time, it may be sufficient to say, that there was no intention on my part to annoy you, but merely to serve Dallas, and also to rescue myself from a possible imputation that I had other objects than fame in writing so frequently. Whenever I avail myself of any profit arising from my pen, depend upon it, it is not for my own convenience; at least it never has been so, and I hope never will.

"P. S.—I shall answer this evening, and will set all right about Dallas. I thank you for your expressions of personal regard, which I can assure you I do not lightly value.

LETTER 136. TO MR. MOORE.

"January 6, 1814.

"I have got a devil of a long story in the press, entitled 'The Corsair,' in the regular heroic measure. It is a pirate's isle, peopled with my own creatures, and you may easily suppose they do a world of mischief through the three cantos. Now for your dedication—if you will accept it. This is positively my last experiment on public literary opinion, till I turn my thirtieth year,—if so be I flourish until that downhill period. I have a confidence for you—a perplexing one to me, and, just at present, in a state of abeyance in itself.

"However, we shall see. In the mean time, you may amuse yourself with my suspense, and put all the justices of peace in requisition, in case I come into your county with 'hackbut bent.'

"Seriously, whether I am to hear from her or him, it is a *pause*, which I shall fill up with as few thoughts of my own as I can borrow from other people. Any thing is better than stagnation; and now, in the interregnum of my autumn and a strange summer adventure, which I don't like to think of (I don't mean **'s, however, which is laughable only), the untithetical state of my sensations makes me alive, and Macbeth can 'sleep no more:'—he was lucky in getting rid of the drowsy sensation of waking again.

"Pray write to me. I must send you a copy of the letter of dedication. When do you come out? I am sure we don't clash this time, for I am all at sea, and in action,—and a wife, and a mistress, &c.

"Thomas, thou art a happy fellow; but if you wish us to be so, you must come up to town, as you did last year: and we shall have a world to say, and to see, and to hear. Let me hear from you.

"P. S.—Of course you will keep my secret, and don't even talk in your sleep of it. Happen what may, your dedication is ensured, being already written; and I shall copy it out fair to-night, in case business or amusement—*Amant alterna Camenae*."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Jan. 7, 1814.

"You don't like the dedication—very well; there is another: but you will send the other to Mr. Moore, that he may know I had written it. I send also mottoes for the cantos. I think you will allow that an elephant may be more sagacious, but cannot be more docile.

"Yours, "BN.

"The name is again altered to *Medora*."[1]

LETTER 138. TO MR. MOORE.

"January 8, 1814.

"As it would not be fair to press you into a dedication, without previous notice, I send you *two*, and I will tell you *why two*. The first, Mr. M., who sometimes takes upon him the critic (and I bear it from *astonishment*), says, may do you *harm*—God forbid!—this alone makes me listen to him. The fact is, he is a damned Tory, and has, I dare swear, something of *self*, which I cannot divine, at the bottom of his objection, as it is the allusion to Ireland to which he objects. But he be d—d—though a good fellow enough (your sinner would not be worth a d—n).

Bride of Abydos' remained undisposed of, though the poems were selling rapidly, nor had I the slightest notion that he would ever again give me a copyright. But as he continued in the resolution of not appropriating the sale of his works to his own use, I did not scruple to accept that of 'The Corsair,' and I thanked him. He asked me to call and hear the portions read as he wrote them. I went every morning, and was astonished at the rapidity of his composition. He gave me the poem complete on New-year's day, 1814, saying, that my acceptance of it gave him great pleasure, and that I was fully at liberty to publish it with any bookseller I pleased, independent of the profit."

Out of this last-mentioned permission arose the momentary embarrassment between the noble poet and his publisher, to which the above notes allude.

[1] It had been at first Genevra,—not Francesca, as Mr. Dallas asserts.

"Take your choice; — no one, save he and Mr. Dallas, has seen either, and D. is quite on my side, and for the first.[1] If I can but testify to you and the world how truly I admire and esteem you, I shall be quite satisfied. As to *prose*, I don't know Addison's from Johnson's; but I will try to mend my cacology. Pray perpend, pronounce, and don't be offended with either.

"My last epistle would probably put you in a fidget. But the devil, who *ought* to be civil on such occasions, proved so, and took my letter to the right place.

"Is it not odd? — the very fate I said she had escaped from * *, she has now undergone from the worthy * *. Like Mr. Fitzgerald[2], shall I not lay claim to the character of 'Vates?' — as he did in the Morning Herald for prophesying the fall of Buonaparte, — who, by the by, I don't think is yet fallen. I wish he would rally and rout your legitimate sovereigns, having a mortal hate to all royal entails. — But I am scrawling a treatise. Good night. Ever, &c."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"January 11. 1814.

"Correct this proof by Mr. Gifford's (and from the MSS.), particularly as to the *pointing*. I have added a section for *Gulnare*, to fill up the parting, and dismiss her more ceremoniously. If Mr. Gifford or you dislike, 'tis but a *sponge* and another midnight better employed than in yawning over Miss * * [Edgeworth]; who, by the by, may soon return the compliment.

"Wednesday or Thursday.

"P. S. — I have redde * * ["Patronage"]. It is full of praises of Lord Ellenborough!!! (from which I infer near and dear relations at the bar).

"I do not love Madame de Stael; but, depend upon it, she beats all your natives hollow as an authoress, in my opinion; and I would not say this if I could help it.

"P. S. — Pray report my best acknowledgments to Mr. Gifford in any words that may best express how truly his kindness obliges me. I won't bore him with *lip* thanks or *notes*."

TO MR. MOORE.

"January 13. 1814.

"I have but a moment to write, but all is as it should be. I have said really far short of my opinion, but if you think enough, I am content. Will you return the proof by the post, as I leave town on Sunday, and have no other corrected copy? I put 'servant,' as being less familiar before the public; because I don't like presuming upon our friendship to infringe upon forms. As to the other *word*, you may be sure it is one I cannot hear or repeat too often.

"I write in an agony of haste and confusion. — Perdonate."

LETTER 157. TO MR. MURRAY.

"January 15. 1814.

"Before any proof goes to Mr. Gifford, it may be as well to revise this, where there are *words omitted*, faults committed, and the devil knows what. As to the dedication, I cut out the parenthesis of *Mr.*[3], but not another word shall move unless for a better. Mr. Moore has seen, and decidedly preferred the part your Tory bile sickens at. If every syllable were a rattle-snake, or every letter a pestilence, they should not be expunged. Let those who cannot swallow chew the expressions on Ireland; or though Mr. Croker should array himself in all his terrors against them, I care for none of you, except Gifford; and he won't abuse me, except I deserve it — which will at least reconcile me to his justice. As to the poems in Hobhouse's volume, the translation from the Romaic is well enough; but the best of the other volume (of *mine*, I mean) have been already printed. But do as you please — only as I shall be absent when you come

[1] The first was, of course, the one that I preferred. The other ran as follows: —

"January 7. 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because, though it contained something relating to you which every one had been glad to hear, yet there was too much about politics, and poesy, and all things whatsoever, ending with that topic on which most men are fluent, and none very amusing — *one's self*. It might have been re-written — but to what purpose? My praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firmly-established fame; and with my most hearty admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering were as worthy your acceptance as your regard is dear to,

"Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,

"BYRON."

[2] [William-Thomas Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the "Small Beer Poet." For more than thirty years this harmless poetaster was an attendant at the anniversary dinners of the Literary Fund, and constantly honoured the occasion with an Ode, which he himself recited with most comical dignity of emphasis. He died in 1820. See the opening lines of "English Bards," &c.]

[3] He had at first, after the words "Scott alone," inserted, in a parenthesis, — "He will excuse the *Mr.* — 'we do not say *Mr.* Cæsar.'"

out, *do*, *pray*, let Mr. *Dallas* and *you* have a care of the *press*. "Yours, &c."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"1814. January 16.

"I do believe that the devil never created or perverted such a fiend as the fool of a printer.[1] I am obliged to enclose you, *luckily* for me, this *second* proof, *corrected*, because there is an ingenuity in his blunders peculiar to himself. Let the press be guided by the present sheet. "Yours, &c.

"*Burn the other*.

"Correct *this also* by the other, in some things which I may have forgotten. There is one mistake he made, which, if it had stood, I would most certainly have broken his neck."

LETTER 158. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, January 22. 1814.

"You will be glad to hear of my safe arrival here. The time of my return will depend upon the weather, which is so impracticable, that this letter has to advance through more snows than ever opposed the Emperor's retreat. The roads are impassable, and return impossible for the present; which I do not regret, as I am much at my ease, and *six-and-twenty* complete this day — a very pretty age, if it would always last. Our coals are excellent, our fire-places large, my cellar full, and my head empty; and I have not yet recovered my joy at leaving London. If any unexpected turn occurred with my purchaser, I believe I should hardly quit the place at all; but shut my door, and let my beard grow.

"I forgot to mention (and I hope it is unnecessary) that the lines beginning — *Remember him*, &c. must *not* appear with *The Corsair*. You may slip them in with the smaller pieces newly annexed to *Childe Harold*; but on *no* account permit them to be appended to The Corsair. Have the goodness to recollect this particularly.

"The books I have brought with me are a great consolation for the confinement, and I bought more as we came along. In short, I never consult the thermometer, and shall not put up prayers for a *thaw*, unless I thought it would sweep away the invaders of France. Was ever such as Blucher's proclamation?

"Just before I left town, Kemble the compliment of desiring me to wri *gedy;* I wish I could, but I find my sc mood subsiding — not before it was but it is lucky to check it at al lengthen my letter, you will thin coming on again; so good-by.

"Yours alway,

"P. S. — If you hear any news o or retreat on the part of the Allies (call them), pray send it. He has n wishes to manure the fields of Fran an *invading* army. I hate invaders countries, and have no patience w cowardly cry of exultation over h whose name you all turned whiter th snow to which you (under Provider that special favourite of Heaven, Pri gent) are indebted for your triumphs

"I open my letter to thank you fo just received. The 'Lines to a Lady ing' must go with The Corsair. I c thing for consequences, on this poin politics are to me like a young mist an old man — the worse they grow, the I become of them. As Mr. Gifford li 'Portuguese Translation[2],' pray inse an addition to The Corsair. [Lady moreland thought it so bad, that after me translate it, she gave *her own* ver which is, for aught I know, the best two. But I cannot give up my w lines, and I *do* think them good, and mind what it 'looks like.']

"In all points of difference betwe Gifford and Mr. Dallas, let the first k place; and in all points of differen tween Mr. Gifford and Mr. Anybody shall abide by the former; if I am I can't help it. But I would rather right with any other person. So th an end of that matter. After all the t he has taken about me and mine, I be very ungrateful to feel or act oth Besides, in point of judgment, he is be lowered by a comparison. In *poli* may be right too; but that with m *feeling*, and I can't *torify* my nature."

[1] The amusing rages into which he was thrown by the printer were vented not only in these notes, but frequently on the proof-sheets themselves. Thus, a passage in the dedication having been printed "the first of her bands in estimation," he writes in the margin, "*bards*, not *bands* — was there ever such a stupid misprint?" and in correcting a line that had been curtailed of its due number of syllables, he says, "*Do not* omit words — it is quite enough to alter or mis-spell them."

[2] His translation of the pretty Portuguese so mi chamas." He was tempted to try another this ingenious thought, which is, perhaps, st happy, and has never, I believe, appeared in pri

"You call me still your *life* — ah! change the
Life is as transient as th' inconstant's sigh;
Say rather I'm your *soul*, more just that name
For, like the soul, my love can never die."

LETTER 159. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, February 4. 1814.

"I need not say that your obliging letter was very welcome, and not the less so for being unexpected. At the same time I received a very kind one from Mr. D'Israeli, which I shall acknowledge and thank him for to-morrow.

"It doubtless gratifies me much that our *finale* has pleased, and that the curtain drops gracefully.[1] *You* deserve it should, for your promptitude and good nature in arranging immediately with Mr. Dallas; and I can assure you that I esteem your entering so warmly into the subject, and writing to me so soon upon it, as a personal obligation. We shall now part, I hope, satisfied with each other. I *was* and *am* quite in earnest in my prefatory promise not to intrude any more; and this not from any affectation, but a thorough conviction that it is the best policy, and is at least respectful to my readers, as it shows that I would not willingly run the risk of forfeiting their favour in future. Besides, I have other views and objects, and think that I shall keep this resolution; for, since I left London, though shut up, *snow*-bound, *thaw*-bound, and tempted with all kinds of paper, the dirtiest of ink, and the bluntest of pens, I have not even been haunted by a wish to put them to their combined uses, except in letters of business. My rhyming propensity is quite gone, and I feel much as I did at Patras on recovering from my fever — weak, but in health, and only afraid of a relapse. I do most fervently hope I never shall.

"I see by the Morning Chronicle there hath been discussion in the *Courier;* and I read in the Morning Post a wrathful letter about Mr. Moore, in which some Protestant Reader has made a sad confusion about *India* and Ireland.

"You are to do as you please about the smaller poems; but I think removing them *now* from The Corsair looks like *fear;* and if so, you must allow me not to be pleased. I should also suppose that, after the *fuss* of these newspaper esquires, they would materially assist the circulation of The Corsair; an object I should imagine at *present* of more importance to *yourself* than Childe Harold's seventh appearance. Do as you like; but don't allow the withdrawing that *poem* to draw any imputation of *dismay* upon me. [I care about as much for the Courier as I do for the Prince, or all princes whatsoever, except Korlorsky.]

"Pray make my respects to Mr. Ward, whose praise I value most highly, as you well know; it is in the approbation of such men that fame becomes worth having. To Mr. Gifford I am always grateful, and surely not less so now than ever. And so good night to my authorship.

"I have been sauntering and dozing here very quietly, and not unhappily. You will be happy to hear that I have completely established my title-deeds as marketable, and that the purchaser has succumbed to the terms, and fulfils them, or is to fulfil them forthwith. He is now here, and we go on very amicably together, — one in each *wing* of the Abbey. We set off on Sunday — I for town, he for Cheshire.

"Mrs. Leigh is with me — much pleased with the place, and less so with me for parting with it, to which not even the price can reconcile her. Your parcel has not yet arrived — at least the *Mags.* &c.; but I have received Childe Harold and The Corsair.

"I believe both are very correctly printed, which is a great satisfaction.

"I thank you for wishing me in town; but I think one's success is most felt at a distance, and I enjoy my solitary self-importance in an agreeable sulky way of my own, upon the strength of your letter — for which I once more thank you, and am, very truly, &c.

"P. S. — Don't you think Buonaparte's next *publication* will be rather expensive to the Allies? Perry's Paris letter of yesterday looks very reviving. What a Hydra and Briareus it is! I wish they would pacify: there is no end to this campaigning."

LETTER 160. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, February 5. 1814.

"I quite forgot, in my answer of yesterday, to mention that I have no means of ascertaining whether the Newark *Pirate* has been doing what you say.[2] If so, he is a rascal, and a *shabby* rascal too; and if his offence is punishable by law or pugilism, he shall be fined or buffeted. Do you try and discover, and I will make some inquiry here. Perhaps some *other* in town may have gone on printing, and used the same deception.

"The *fac-simile* is omitted in Childe Harold, which is very awkward, as there is a

[1] It will be recollected that he had announced The Corsair as "the last production with which he should trespass on public patience for some years."

[2] Reprinting the "Hours of Idleness."

note expressly on the subject. Pray *replace* it as *usual*.

"On second and third thoughts, the withdrawing the small poems from The Corsair (even to add to Childe Harold) looks like shrinking and shuffling after the fuss made upon one of them by the Tories. Pray replace them in The Corsair's appendix. I am sorry that Childe Harold requires some and such abetments to make him move off; but, if you remember, I told you his popularity would not be permanent. It is very lucky for the author that he had made up his mind to a temporary reputation in time. The truth is, I do not think that any of the present day (and least of all, one who has not consulted the flattering side of human nature) have much to hope from posterity; and you may think it affectation very probably, but, to me, my present and past success has appeared very singular, since it was in the teeth of so many prejudices. I almost think people like to be contradicted. If Childe Harold flags, it will hardly be worth while to go on with the engravings: but do as you please; I have done with the whole concern; and the enclosed lines, written years ago, and copied from my skull-cap, are among the last with which you will be troubled. If you like, add them to Childe Harold, if only for the sake of another outcry. You received so long an answer yesterday, that I will not intrude on you further than to repeat myself,

"Yours, &c.

"P. S.—Of course, in reprinting (if you have occasion), you will take great care to be correct. The present editions seem very much so, except in the last note of Childe Harold, where the word *responsible* occurs twice nearly together; correct the second into *answerable*."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newark, February 6. 1814.

"I am thus far on my way to town. Master Ridge[1] I have seen, and he owns to having *reprinted* some *sheets*, to make up a few complete remaining copies! I have now given him fair warning, and if he plays such tricks again, I must either get an injunction, or call for an account of profits (as I never have parted with the copyright), or, in short, any thing vexatious, to repay him in his own way. If the weather does not relapse, I hope to be in town in a day or two.

"Yours, &c."

[1] The printer at Newark.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 7. 1814.

"I see all the papers in a sad commotion with those eight lines; and the Morning Post, in particular, has found out that I am a sort of Richard III.—deformed in mind and *body*. The *last* piece of information is not very new to a man who passed five years at a public school.

"I am very sorry you cut out those lines for Childe Harold. Pray re-insert them in their old place in 'The Corsair.'"

LETTER 161. TO MR. HODGSON.

"February 28. 1814.

"There is a youngster, and a clever one, named Reynolds, who has just published a poem called 'Safie,' published by Cawthorne. He is in the most natural and fearful apprehension of the Reviewers; and as you and I both know by experience the effect of such things upon a *young* mind, I wish *you* would take his production into dissection, and do it *gently*. *I* cannot, because it is inscribed to me; but I assure you this is not my motive for wishing him to be tenderly entreated, but because I know the misery, at his time of life, of untoward remarks upon first appearance.

"Now for *self*. Pray thank your *cousin*—it is just as it should be, to my liking, and propably *more* than will suit any one else's. I hope and trust that you are well and well doing. Peace be with you. Ever yours, my dear friend."

LETTER 162. TO MR. MOORE.

"February 10. 1814.

"I arrived in town late yesterday evening, having been absent three weeks, which I passed in Notts. quietly and pleasantly. You can have no conception of the uproar the eight lines on the little Royalty's weeping in 1812 (now republished) have occasioned. The R**, who had always thought them *yours*, chose—God knows why—on discovering them to be mine, to be *affected* 'in sorrow rather than anger.' The Morning Post, Sun, Herald, Courier, have all been in hysterics ever since. M. is in a fright, and wanted to shuffle; and the abuse against me in all directions is vehement, unceasing, loud—some of it good, and all of it hearty. I feel a little compunctious as to the R**'s *regret*;—'would he had been only angry! but I fear him not.'

"Some of these same assailments you have probably seen. My person (which is

excellent for 'the nonce') has been denounced in verses, the more like the subject, inasmuch as they halt exceedingly. Then, in another, I am an *atheist*, a *rebel*, and, at last, the *devil* (*boiteux*, I presume).[1] My demonism seems to be a female's conjecture; if so, perhaps, I could convince her that I am but a mere mortal, — if a queen of the Amazons may be believed, who says *αριστον χωλος οιθει*. I quote from memory, so my Greek is probably deficient; but the passage is *meant* to mean * *.

"Seriously, I am in, what the learned call, a dilemma, and the vulgar, a scrape; and my friends desire me not to be in a passion; and, like Sir Fretful, I assure them that I am 'quite calm,' — but I am nevertheless in a fury.

"Since I wrote thus far, a friend has come in, and we have been talking and buffooning till I have quite lost the thread of my thoughts; and as I won't send them unstrung to you, good morning, and

"Believe me ever, &c.

"P. S. — Murray, during my absence, *omitted* the Tears in several of the copies. I have made him replace them, and am very wroth with his qualms; — 'as the wine is poured out, let it be drunk to the dregs.'"

TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 10. 1814.

"I am much better, and indeed quite well, this morning. I have received *two*, but I presume there are more of the *Ana*, subsequently, and also something previous, to which the Morning Chronicle replied. You also mentioned a parody on the *Skull*. I wish to see them all, because there may be things that require notice either by pen or person.

"Yours, &c.

"You need not trouble yourself to answer this; but send me the things when you get them."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 12. 1814.

"If you have copies of the 'Intercepted Letters[2],' Lady Holland would be glad of a volume; and when you have served others, have the goodness to think of your humble servant.

"You have played the devil by that injudicious *suppression*, which you did totally without my consent. Some of the papers have exactly said what might be expected. Now I *do* not, and *will* not be supposed to shrink, although myself and every thing belonging to me were to perish with my memory. Yours, &c. "Bn.

"P. S. — Pray attend to what I stated yesterday on *technical* topics."

LETTER 163. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Monday, February 14. 1814.

"Before I left town yesterday, I wrote you a note, which I presume you received. I have heard so many different accounts of *your* proceedings, or rather of those of others towards *you*, in consequence of the publication of these everlasting lines, that I am anxious to hear from yourself the real state of the case. Whatever responsibility, obloquy, or effect is to arise from the publication, should surely *not* fall upon you in any degree; and I can have no objection to your stating, as distinctly and publicly as you please, *your* unwillingness to publish them, and my own obstinacy upon the subject. Take any course you please to vindicate *yourself*, but leave me to fight my own way; and, as I before said, do not *compromise* me by any thing which may look like *shrinking* on *my* part; as for your own, make the best of it. Yours, "Bn."

LETTER 164. TO MR. ROGERS.

"February 16. 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"I wrote to Lord Holland briefly, but I hope distinctly, on the subject which has lately occupied much of my conversation with him and you.[3] As things now stand, upon that topic my determination must be unalterable.

"I declare to you most sincerely that there is no human being on whose regard and esteem I set a higher value than on Lord Holland's; and, as far as concerns himself, I would concede even to humiliation, without any view to the future, and solely from my sense of his conduct as to the past. For the rest, I conceive that I have already done all in my power by the suppression.[4] If that is not enough, they must act as they please; but I will not 'teach my tongue a most inherent baseness,' come what may. You will probably be at

[1] [See Byroniana, *sub anno* 1814.]

[2] ["Letters and Despatches of the Generals, Ministers, &c., at Paris, to the Emperor Napoleon, at Dresden; intercepted by the advanced Troops of the Allies in the North of Germany;" published by Mr. Murray in 1814.]

[3] Relative to a proposed reconciliation between Lord Carlisle and himself.

[4] Of the Satire.

the Marquis of Lansdowne's to-night. I am asked, but I am not sure that I shall be able to go. Hobhouse will be there. I think, if you knew him well, you would like him.

"Believe me always yours very affectionately, "B."

LETTER 165. TO MR. ROGERS.

"February 16. 1814.

"If Lord Holland is satisfied, as far as regards himself and Lady Hd., and as this letter expresses him to be, it is enough.

"As for any impression the public may receive from the revival of the lines on Lord Carlisle, let them keep it, — the more favourable for him, and the worse for me, — better for all.

"All the sayings and doings in the world shall not make me utter another word of conciliation to any thing that breathes. I shall bear what I can, and what I cannot I shall resist. The worst they could do would be to exclude me from society. I have never courted it, nor, I may add, in the general sense of the word, enjoyed it — and 'there is a world elsewhere!'

"Any thing remarkably injurious, I have the same means of repaying as other men, with such interest as circumstances may annex to it.

"Nothing but the necessity of adhering to regimen prevents me from dining with you to-morrow.

"I am yours most truly.

"BN."

LETTER 166. TO MR. MOORE.

"February 16. 1814.

"You may be assured that the only prickles that sting from the Royal hedgehog are those which possess a torpedo property, and may benumb some of my friends. *I* am quite silent, and 'hush'd in grim repose.' The frequency of the assaults has weakened their effects, — if ever they had any; — and, if they had had much, I should hardly have held my tongue, or withheld my fingers. It is something quite new to attack a man for abandoning his resentments. I have heard that previous praise and subsequent vituperation were rather ungrateful, but I did not know that it was wrong to endeavour to do justice to those who did not wait till I had made some amends for former and boyish prejudices, but received me into their friendship, when I might still have been their enemy.

"You perceive justly that I must *intentionally* have made my fortune like Sir Francis Wronghead. It were better if there were more merit in my independence, but it really is something nowadays to be independent at all, and the *less* temptation to be otherwise, the more uncommon the case, in these times of paradoxical servility. I believe that most of our hates and likings have been hitherto nearly the same; but from henceforth they must, of necessity, be one and indivisible, — and now for it! I am for any weapon, — the pen, till one can find something sharper, will do for a beginning.

"You can have no conception of the ludicrous solemnity with which these two stanzas have been treated. The Morning Post gave notice of an intended motion in the House of my brethren on the subject, and God he knows what proceedings besides; — and all this, as Bedreddin in the 'Nights' says, 'for making a cream tart without pepper.' This last piece of intelligence is, I presume, too laughable to be true; and the destruction of the Custom-house appears to have, in some degree, interfered with mine; added to which, the last battle of Buonaparte has usurped the column hitherto devoted to my bulletin.

"I send you from this day's Morning Post the best which have hitherto appeared on this 'impudent doggerel,' as the Courier calls it. There was another about my *diet*, when a boy — not at all bad — some time ago; but the rest are but indifferent.

"I shall think about your *oratorical* hint[1]; — but I have never set much upon 'that cast,' and am grown as tired as Solomon of every thing, and of myself more than any thing. This is being what the learned call philosophical, and the vulgar lack-a-daisical. I am, however, always glad of a blessing[2]; pray, repeat yours soon, — at least your letter, and I shall think the benediction included.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER 167. TO MR. DALLAS.

"February 17. 1814.

"The Courier of this evening accuses me of having 'received and pocketed' large sums for my works. I have never yet received, nor wish to receive, a farthing for any. Mr. Murray offered a thousand for The Giaour and Bride of Abydos, which I said was too

[1] I had endeavoured to persuade him to take a part in parliamentary affairs, and to exercise his talent for oratory more frequently.

[2] In concluding my letter, having said "God bless you!" I added — "that is, if you have no objection."

much, and that if he could afford it at the end of six months, I would then direct how it might be disposed of; but neither then, nor at any other period, have I ever availed myself of the profits on my own account. For the republication of the Satire I refused four hundred guineas; and for the previous editions I never asked nor received a *sous*, nor for any writing whatever. I do not wish you to do any thing disagreeable to yourself; there never was nor shall be any conditions nor stipulations with regard to any accommodation that I could afford you; and, on your part, I can see nothing derogatory in receiving the copyright. It was only assistance afforded to a worthy man, by one not quite so worthy.

"Mr. Murray is going to contradict this [1]; but your *name* will not be mentioned: for your own part, you are a free agent, and are to do as you please. I only hope that now, as always, you will think that I wish to take no unfair advantage of the accidental opportunity which circumstances permitted me of being of use to you.

"Ever, &c."

In consequence of this letter, Mr. Dallas addressed an explanation to one of the newspapers, of which the following is a part; — the remainder being occupied with a rather clumsily managed defence of his noble benefactor on the subject of the Stanzas.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

"Sir,

"I have seen the paragraph in an evening paper, in which Lord Byron is *accused* of 'receiving and pocketing' large sums for his works. I believe no one who knows him has the slightest suspicion of this kind; but the assertion being public, I think it a justice I owe to Lord Byron to contradict it publicly. I address this letter to you for that purpose, and I am happy that it gives me an opportunity at this moment to make some observations which I have for several days been anxious to do publicly, but from which I have been restrained by an apprehension that I should be suspected of being prompted by his Lordship.

"I take upon me to affirm, that Lord Byron never received a shilling for any of his works. To my certain knowledge, the profits of the Satire were left entirely to the publisher of it. The gift of the copyright of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage I have already publicly acknowledged in the dedication of the new edition of my novels; and I now add my acknowledgment for that of The Corsair, not only for the profitable part of it, but for the delicate and delightful manner of bestowing it while yet unpublished. With respect to his two other poems, The Giaour and The Bride of Abydos, Mr. Murray, the publisher of them, can truly attest that no part of the sale of them has ever touched his hands, or been disposed of for his use. Having said thus much as to facts, I cannot but express my surprise that it should ever be deemed a matter of reproach that he should appropriate the pecuniary returns of his works. Neither rank nor fortune seems to me to place any man above this; for what difference does it make in honour and noble feelings, whether a copyright be bestowed, or its value employed, in beneficent purposes? I differ with my Lord Byron on this subject as well as some others; and he has constantly, both by word and action, shown his aversion to receiving money for his productions."

LETTER 168. TO MR. MOORE.

"February 26. 1814.

"Dallas had, perhaps, have better kept silence; — but that was *his* concern, and, as his facts are correct, and his motive not dishonourable to himself, I wished him well through it. As for his interpretations of the lines, he and any one else may interpret them as they please. I have and shall adhere to my taciturnity, unless something very particular occurs to render this impossible. Do *not you* say a word. If any one is to speak, it is the person principally concerned. The most amusing thing is, that every one (to me) attributes the abuse to the *man they personally most dislike!* — some say C * *r [Croker], some C * *e [Coleridge], others F * * d [Fitzgerald], &c. &c. &c. I do not know, and have no clue but conjecture. I discovered, and he turns out a hireling, he must be left to his wages; if a cavalier, he must 'wink, and hold out his iron.'

"I had some thoughts of putting the question to C * *r [Croker], but Hobhouse, who, I am sure, would not dissuade me if it were right, advised me by all means *not;* — 'that I had no right to take it upon suspicion,' &c. &c. Whether H. is correct I am not aware, but he believes himself so, and says there can be but one opinion on that subject. This I am, at least, sure of, that he would never prevent me from doing what he deemed the duty of a *preux* chevalier. In such cases — at least, in this country — we must act according to usages. In considering

[1] The statement of the Courier, &c.

this instance, I dismiss my own personal feelings. Any man will and must fight, when necessary,—even without a motive. *Here*, I should take it up really without much resentment; for, unless a woman one likes is in the way, it is some years since I felt a *long* anger. But, undoubtedly, could I, or may I, trace it to a man of station, I should and shall do what is proper.

"* * was angerly, but tried to conceal it. *You* are not called upon to avow the 'Twopenny,' and would only gratify them by so doing. Do you not see the great object of all these fooleries is to set him, and you, and me, and all persons whatsoever, by the ears?—more especially those who are on good terms,—and nearly succeeded. Lord H. wished me to *concede* to Lord Carlisle—concede to the devil;—to a man who used me ill? I told him, in answer, that I would neither concede nor recede on the subject, but be silent altogether; unless any thing more could be said about Lady H. and himself, who had been since my very good friends;—and there it ended. This was no time for concessions to Lord C.

"I have been interrupted, but shall write again soon. Believe me ever, my dear Moore, &c."

Another of his friends having expressed, soon after, some intention of volunteering publicly in his defence, he lost no time in repressing him by the following sensible letter:—

LETTER 169. TO WEDDERBURN WEBSTER, ESQ.

"February 28. 1814.

"My dear W.,

"I have but a few moments to write to you. *Silence* is the only answer to the things you mention; nor should I regard that man as my friend who said a word more on the subject. I care little for attacks, but I will not submit to *defences*; and I do hope and trust that *you* have never entertained a serious thought of engaging in so foolish a controversy. Dallas's letter was, to his credit, merely as to facts which he had a right to state; *I* neither have nor shall take the least *public* notice, nor permit any one else to do so. If I discover the writer, then I may act in a different manner; but it will not be in writing.

"An expression in your letter has induced me to write this to you, to entreat you not to interfere in any way in such a business,—it is now nearly over, and depend upon it *they* are much more chagrined by my silence than they could be by the best defence in the world. I do not know any thing that would vex me more than any further reply to these things.

"Ever yours, in haste,

"B."

LETTER 170. TO MR. MOORE.

"March 3. 1814.

"My dear Friend,

"I have a great mind to tell you that I *am* 'uncomfortable,' if only to make you come to town; where no one ever more delighted in seeing you, nor is there any one to whom I would sooner turn for consolation in my most vapourish moments. The truth is, I have 'no lack of argument' to ponder upon of the most gloomy description, but this arises from *other* causes. Some day or other, when we are *veterans*, I may tell you a tale of present and past times; and it is not from want of confidence that I do not now,—but—but—always a *but* to the end of the chapter.

"There is nothing, however, upon the *spot* either to love or hate;—but I certainly have subjects for both at no very great distance, and am besides embarrassed between *three* whom I know, and one (whose name, at least) I do not know. All this would be very well if I had no heart; but, unluckily, I have found that there is such a thing still about me, though in no very good repair, and, also, that it has a habit of attaching itself to *one* whether I will or no. 'Divide et impera,' I begin to think, will only do for politics.

"If I discover the 'toad,' as you call him, I shall 'tread,'—and put spikes in my shoes to do it more effectually. The effect of all these fine things I do not inquire much nor perceive. I believe * * felt them more than either of us. People are civil enough, and I have had no dearth of invitations,—none of which, however, I have accepted. I went out very little last year, and mean to go about still less. I have no passion for circles, and have long regretted that I ever gave way to what is called a town life;—which, of all the lives I ever saw (and they are nearly as many as Plutarch's), seems to me to leave the least for the past and future.

"How proceeds the poem? Do not neglect it, and I have no fears. I need not say to you that your fame is dear to me,—I really might say *dearer* than my own; for I have lately begun to think my things have been strangely over-rated; and, at any rate, whether or not, I have done with them for ever. I may say to you what I would not say to every body, that the last two were written, The Bride in four, and The Corsair

in ten days [1], — which I take to be a most humiliating confession, as it proves my own want of judgment in publishing, and the public's in reading things, which cannot have stamina for permanent attention. 'So much for Buckingham.'

"I have no dread of your being too hasty, and I have still less of your failing. But I think a *year* a very fair allotment of time to a composition which is not to be Epic; and even Horace's 'Nonum prematur' must have been intended for the Millennium, or some longer-lived generation than ours. I wonder how much we should have had of *him*, had he observed his own doctrines to the letter. Peace be with you! Remember that I am always and most truly yours, &c.

"P. S. — I never heard the 'report' you mention, nor, I dare say, many others. But, in course, you, as well as others, have 'damned good-natured friends,' who do their duty in the usual way. One thing will make you laugh. * * * *"

LETTER 171. TO MR. MOORE.

"March 12. 1814.

"Guess darkly, and you will seldom err. At present, I shall say no more, and, perhaps — but no matter. I hope we shall some day meet, and whatever years may precede or succeed it, I shall mark it with the 'white stone' in my calendar. I am not sure that I shall not soon be in your neighbourhood again. If so, and I am alone (as will probably be the case), I shall invade and carry you off, and endeavour to atone for sorry fare by a sincere welcome. I don't know the person absent (barring 'the sect') I should be so glad to see again.

"I have nothing of the sort you mention but *the lines* (the Weepers), if you like to have them in the Bag. I wish to give them all possible circulation. The *Vault* reflection is downright actionable, and to print it would be peril to the publisher; but I think the Tears have a natural right to be bagged, and the editor (whoever he may be) might supply a facetious note or not, as he pleased.

"I cannot conceive how the *Vault* [2] has got about, — but so it is. It is too *farouche;* but, truth to say, my satires are not very playful. I have the plan of an epistle in my head, *at* him and *to* him; and, if they are not a little quieter, I shall embody it. I should say little or nothing of *myself*. As to mirth and ridicule, that is out of my way; but I have a tolerable fund of sternness and contempt, and, with Juvenal before me, I shall perhaps read him a lecture he has not lately heard in the Cabinet. From particular circumstances, which came to my knowledge almost by accident, I could 'tell him what he is — I know him well.'

"I meant, my dear M., to write to you a long letter, but I am hurried, and time clips my inclination down to yours, &c.

"P. S. — *Think again* before you *shelf* your poem. There is a youngster, (older than me, by the by, but a younger poet,) Mr. G. Knight, with a volume of Eastern Tales, written since his return, — for he has been in the countries. He sent to me last summer, and I advised him to write one in *each measure*, without any intention, at that time, of doing the same thing. Since that, from a habit of writing in a fever, I have anticipated him in the variety of measures, but quite unintentionally. Of the stories, I know nothing, not having seen them [3]; but *he* has some lady in a sack, too, like The Giaour: — he told me at the time.

"The best way to make the public 'forget' me is to remind them of yourself. You cannot suppose that *I* would ask you or advise you to publish, if I thought you would *fail*. I really have *no* literary envy; and I do not believe a friend's success ever sat nearer another than yours does to my best wishes. It is for *elderly gentlemen* to 'bear no brother near,' and cannot become our disease for more years than we may perhaps number. I wish you to be out before Eastern subjects are again before the public."

[1] In asserting that he devoted but four days to the composition of The Bride, he must be understood to refer only to the first sketch of that poem, — the successive additions by which it was increased to its present length having occupied, as we have seen, a much longer period. The Corsair, on the contrary, was, from beginning to end, struck off at a heat — there being but little alteration or addition afterwards, — and the rapidity with which it was produced (being at the rate of nearly two hundred lines a day) would be altogether incredible, had we not his own, as well as his publisher's, testimony to the fact. Such an achievement, — taking into account the surpassing beauty of the work, — is, perhaps, wholly without a parallel in the history of Genius, and shows that 'écrire *par passion*,' as Rousseau expresses it, may be sometimes a shorter road to perfection than any that Art has ever struck out.

[2] Those bitter and powerful lines which he wrote on the opening of the vault that contained the remains of Henry VIII. and Charles I. [See *Works*, p. 558.]

[3] He was not yet aware, it appears, that the anonymous manuscript sent to him by his publisher was from the pen of Mr. Knight.

LETTER 172. TO MR. MURRAY.

"March 12, 1814.

"I have not time to read the whole MS.[1], but what I have seen seems very well written (both *prose* and *verse*), and, though I am and can be no judge (at least a *fair* one on this subject), containing nothing which you *ought* to hesitate publishing upon *my* account. If the author is not Dr. *Busby* himself, I think it a pity, on his *own* account, that he should dedicate it to his subscribers; nor can I perceive what Dr. Busby has to do with the matter except as a translator of Lucretius, for whose doctrines he is surely not responsible. I tell you openly, and really most sincerely, that, if published at all, there is no earthly reason why you should *not*; on the contrary, I should receive it as the greatest compliment *you* could pay to your good opinion of my candour, to print and circulate that or any other work, attacking me in a manly manner, and without any malicious intention, from which, as far as I have seen, I must exonerate this writer.

"He is wrong in one thing — *I* am no *atheist*; but if he thinks I have published principles tending to such opinions, he has a perfect right to controvert them. Pray publish it; I shall never forgive myself if I think that I have prevented you.

"Make my compliments to the author, and tell him I wish him success: his verse is very deserving of it; and I shall be the last person to suspect his motives.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — If *you* do not publish it, some one else will. You cannot suppose me so narrow-minded as to shrink from discussion. I repeat once for all, that I think it a good poem (as far as I have redde); and that is the only point *you* should consider. How odd that *eight lines* should have given birth, I really think, to *eight thousand*, including *all* that has been said, and will be on the subject!"

LETTER 173. TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 9. 1814.

"All these news are very fine; but nevertheless I want my books, if you can find, or cause them to be found for me, — if only to lend them to Napoleon, in "the Island of Elba," during his retirement. I also (if convenient, and you have no party with you,) should be glad to speak with you, for a few minutes, this evening, as I have had a letter from Mr. Moore, and wish to ask you, as the best judge, of the best time for him to publish the work he has composed. I need not say, that I have his success much at heart; not only because he is my friend, but something much better — a man of great talent, of which he is less sensible than I believe any even of his enemies. If you can so far oblige me as to step down, do so; and if you are otherwise occupied, say nothing about it. I shall find you at home in the course of next week.

"P. S. — I see Sotheby's Tragedies advertised. The Death of Darnley is a famous subject — one of the best, I should think, for the drama. Pray let me have a copy when ready.

"Mrs. Leigh was very much pleased with her books, and desired me to thank you; she means, I believe, to write to you her acknowledgments."

LETTER 174. TO MR. MOORE.

"2. Albany, April 9. 1814.

"Viscount Althorp is about to be married[2], and I have gotten his spacious bachelor apartments in Albany, to which you will, I hope, address a speedy answer to this mine epistle.

"I am but just returned to town, from which you may infer that I have been out of it; and I have been boxing, for exercise, with Jackson for this last month daily. I have also been drinking, and, on one occasion, with three other friends at the Cocoa Tree, from six till four, yea, unto five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two — then supped, and finished with a kind of regency punch composed of madeira, brandy, and *green* tea, no *real* water being admitted therein. There was a night for you! without once quitting the table, except to ambulate home, which I did alone, and in utter contempt of a hackney-coach and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance. And so, — I am very well, and they say it will hurt my constitution.

"I have also, more or less, been breaking a few of the favourite commandments; but I mean to pull up and marry, if any one will have me. In the mean time, the other

[1] The manuscript of a long grave satire, entitled "Anti-Byron," which had been sent to Mr. Murray, and by him forwarded to Lord Byron, with a request — not meant, I believe, seriously — that he would give his opinion as to the propriety of publishing it.

[2] [Viscount Althorp (now Earl Spencer) married, 14th April, 1814, Esther, only daughter and heir of Richard Acklom, Esq., of Wiseton Hall, Notts.]

day I nearly killed myself with a collar of brawn, which I swallowed for supper, and *in*digested for I don't know how long: but that is by the by. All this gourmandise was in honour of Lent; for I am forbidden meat all the rest of the year, but it is strictly enjoined me during your solemn fast. I have been, and am, in very tolerable love; but of that hereafter as it may be.

"My dear Moore, say what you will in your preface; and quiz any thing or any body, — me if you like it. Oons! dost thou think me of the *old*, or rather *elderly*, school? If one can't jest with one's friends, with whom can we be facetious? You have nothing to fear from **, whom I have not seen, being out of town when he called. He will be very correct, smooth, and all that, but I doubt whether there will be any 'grace beyond the reach of art;' — and, whether there is or not, how long will you be so d—d modest? As for Jeffrey, it is a very handsome thing of him to speak well of an old antagonist, — and what a mean mind dared not do. Any one will revoke praise; but — were it not partly my own case — I should say that very few have strength of mind to unsay their censure, or follow it up with praise of other things.

"What think you of the review of *Levis*?[1] It beats the Bag and my hand-grenade hollow, as an invective, and hath thrown the Court into hysterics, as I hear from very good authority. Have you heard from ***?

"No more rhyme for — or rather, *from* — me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer. I have had my day, and there's an end. The utmost I expect, or even wish, is to have it said in the Biographia Britannica, that I might perhaps have been a poet, had I gone on and amended. My great comfort is, that the temporary celebrity I have wrung from the world has been in the very teeth of all opinions and prejudices. I have flattered no ruling powers; I have never concealed a single thought that tempted me. They can't say I have truckled to the times, nor to popular topics, (as Johnson, or somebody, said of Cleveland,) and whatever I have gained has been at the expenditure of as much *personal* favour as possible; for I do believe never was a bard more unpopular, *quoad homo*, than myself. And now I have done; — 'ludite nunc alios.' Every body may be d—d, as they seem fond of it, and resolve to stickle lustily for endless brimstone.

"Oh — by the by, I had nearly forgot. There is a long poem, an 'Anti-Byron,' coming out, to prove that I have formed a conspiracy to overthrow, by *rhyme*, all religion and government, and have already made great progress! It is not very scurrilous, but serious and ethereal. I never felt myself important, till I saw and heard of my being such a little Voltaire as to induce such a production. Murray would not publish it, for which he was a fool, and so I told him; but some one else will, doubtless. 'Something too much of this.'

"Your French scheme is good, but let it be *Italian;* all the Angles will be at Paris. Let it be Rome, Milan, Naples, Florence, Turin, Venice, or Switzerland, and 'egad!' (as Bayes saith,) I will connubiate and join you; and we will write a new 'Inferno' in our Paradise. Pray think of this — and I will really buy a wife and a ring, and say the ceremony, and settle near you in a summer-house upon the Arno, or the Po, or the Adriatic.

"Ah! my poor little pagod, Napoleon, has walked off his pedestal. He has abdicated, they say. This would draw molten brass from the eyes of Zatanai. What! 'kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet and then be baited by the rabble's curse!' I cannot bear such a crouching catastrophe. I must stick to Sylla, for my modern favourites don't do, — their resignations are of a different kind. All health and prosperity, my dear Moore. Excuse this lengthy letter. Ever, &c.

"P. S. — The Quarterly quotes you frequently in an article on America[2]; and every body I know asks perpetually after you and yours. When will you answer them in person?"

He did not long persevere in his resolution against writing, as will be seen from the following notes to his publisher.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 10. 1814.

"I have written an Ode on the fall of Napoleon, which, if you like, I will copy out, and make you a present of. Mr. Merivale has seen part of it, and likes it. You may show it to Mr. Gifford, and print

[1] ["Souvenirs et Portraits, par M. de Levis." See *Edin. Review*, vol. xxii. p. 281.]

[2] [A critique on Inchiquen's "State of Society in America," in which the reviewer had quoted Mr. Moore's description of the city of Washington in 1806: —

"That famed metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt, and heroes yet unborn."]

it, or not, as you please — it is of no consequence. It contains nothing in *his* favour, and no allusion whatever to our own government or the Bourbons.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — It is in the measure of my stanzas at the end of Childe Harold, which were much liked, beginning, 'And thou art dead,' &c. &c. There are ten stanzas of it — ninety lines in all."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 11. 1814.

"I enclose you a letter*et* from Mrs. Leigh.

"It will be best *not* to put my name to our *Ode;* but you may *say* as openly as you like that it is mine, and I can inscribe it to Mr. Hobhouse, from the *author*, which will mark it sufficiently. After the resolution of not publishing, though it is a thing of little length and less consequence, it will be better altogether that it is anonymous; but we will incorporate it in the first *tome* of ours that you find time or the wish to publish. Yours alway, "B.

"P. S. — I hope you got a note of alterations, sent this matin?

"P. S. — Oh my books! my books! will you never find my books?

"Alter '*potent* spell' to '*quickening* spell:' the first (as Polonius says) 'is a vile phrase,' and means nothing, besides being commonplace and *Rosa-Matilda-ish*."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 12. 1814.

"I send you a few notes and trifling alterations, and an additional motto from Gibbon, which you will find *singularly appropriate*. A 'Good-natured Friend' tells me there is a most scurrilous attack on *us* in the Anti-jacobin Review, which you have *not* sent. Send it, as I am in that state of languor which will derive benefit from getting into a passion. Ever, &c."

LETTER 175. TO MR. MOORE.

"Albany, April 20. 1814.

"I *am* very glad to hear that you are to be transient from Mayfield so very soon, and was taken in by the first part of your letter.[1] Indeed, for aught I know, you may be treating me, as Slipslop says, with 'ironing' even now. I shall say nothing of the *shock*, which had nothing of *humeur* in it; as I am apt to take even a critic, and still more a friend, at his word, and never to doubt that I have been writing cursed nonsense, if they say so. There was a mental reservation in my pact with the public[2], in behalf of *anonymes;* and, even had there not, the provocation was such as to make it physically impossible to pass over this damnable epoch of triumphant tameness. 'Tis a cursed business; and, after all, I shall think higher of rhyme and reason, and very humbly of your heroic people, till — Elba becomes a volcano, and sends him out again.[3] I can't think it all over yet.

"My departure for the Continent depends, in some measure, on the *in*continent. I have two country invitations at home, and don't know what to say or do. In the mean time, I have bought a macaw and a parrot, and have got up my books; and I box and fence daily, and go out very little.

"At this present writing, Louis the Gouty is wheeling in triumph into Piccadilly, in all the pomp and rabblement of royalty. I had an offer of seats to see them pass; but, as I have seen a Sultan going to mosque, and been at *his* reception of an ambassador, the Most Christian King 'hath no attractions for me:' — though in some coming year of the Hegira, I should not dislike to see the place where he *had* reigned, shortly after the second revolution, and a happy sovereignty of two months, the last six weeks being civil war.

"Pray write, and deem me ever, &c."

LETTER 176. TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 21. 1814.

"Many thanks with the letters which I return. You know I am a jacobin, and

[1] I had begun my letter in the following manner: — "Have you seen the 'Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte?' — I suspect it to be either Fitzgerald's or Rosa Matilda's. Those rapid and masterly portraits of all the tyrants that preceded Napoleon have a vigour in them which would incline me to say that Rosa Matilda is the person — but then, on the other hand, that powerful grasp of history," &c. &c. After a little more of this mock parallel, the letter went on thus: — "I should like to know what *you* think of the matter? — Some friends of mine here *will* insist that it is the work of the author of Childe Harold, — but then they are not so well read in Fitzgerald and Rosa Matilda as I am; and, besides, they seem to forget that *you* promised, about a month or two ago, not to write any more for years. Seriously," &c. &c.

I quote this foolish banter merely to show how safely, even on his most sensitive points, one might venture to jest with him.

[2] We find D'Argenson thus encouraging Voltaire to break a similar vow: — "Continue to write without fear for five-and-twenty years longer, but write poetry, notwithstanding your oath in the preface to Newton."

[3] [Buonaparte reached Elba the 4th of May, 1814, and escaped from it on the 26th of February, 1815.]

could not wear white, nor see the installation of Louis the Gouty.

"This is sad news, and very hard upon the sufferers at any, but more at *such* a time —I mean the Bayonne sortie.

"You should urge Moore to come *out*.

"P. S. — I want *Moreri* to purchase for good and all. I have a Bayle, but want Moreri too.

"P. S. — Perry hath a piece of compliment to-day; but I think the *name* might have been as well omitted.[1] No matter; they can but throw the old story of inconsistency in my teeth — let them, — I mean, as to not publishing. However, *now* I will keep my word. Nothing but the occasion, which was *physically* irresistible, made me swerve; and I thought an *anonyme* within my *pact* with the public. It is the only thing I have or shall set about."

LETTER 177. TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 25. 1814.

"Let Mr. Gifford have the letter and return it at his leisure. I would have offered it, had I thought that he liked things of the kind.

"Do you want the last page *immediately?* I have doubts about the lines being worth printing; at any rate, I must see them again and alter some passages, before they go forth in any shape into the *ocean* of circulation; — a very conceited phrase, by the by: well then — *channel* of publication will do.

"'I am not i' the vein,' or I could knock off a stanza or three for the Ode, that might answer the purpose better.[2] At all events, I *must* see the lines again *first*, as there be two I have altered in my mind's manuscript already. Has any one seen and judged of them? that is the criterion by which I will abide — only give me a *fair* report, and 'nothing extenuate,' as I will in that case do something else. Ever, &c.

"I want *Moreri*, and an *Athenæus*."

LETTER 178. TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 26. 1814.

"I have been thinking that it might be as well to publish no more of the Ode separately, but incorporate it with any of the other things, and include the smaller poem too (in that case) — which I must previously correct, nevertheless. I can't, for the head of me, add a line worth scribbling; my 'vein' is quite gone, and my present occupations are of the gymnastic order — boxing and fencing — and my principal conversation is with my macaw and Bayle. I want my Moreri, and I want Athenæus.

"P. S. — I hope you sent back that poetical packet to the address which I forwarded to you on Sunday: if not, pray do; or I shall have the author screaming after his Epic."

LETTER 179. TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 26. 1814.

"I have no guess at your author, — but it is a noble poem[3], and worth a thousand odes of anybody's. I suppose I may keep this copy; — after reading it, I really regret having written my own. I say this very sincerely, albeit unused to think humbly of myself.

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[1] ["Lord Byron has written a very beautiful Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte. The noble poet speaks with becoming indignation of the manner in which the tyrant has borne himself in his fall." — *M. Chron.*]

[2] Mr. Murray had requested of him to make some additions to the Ode, so as to save the stamp duty imposed upon publications not exceeding a single sheet; and he afterwards added, in successive editions, five or six stanzas, the original number being but eleven. There were also three more stanzas, which he never printed, but which, for the just tribute they contain to Washington, are worthy of being preserved: —

"There was a day — there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's — Gaul thine —
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

"But thou, forsooth, must be a king,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star — the string — the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but One!"

[3] A Poem by Mr. [now the Rt. Hon. Sir] Stratford Canning, full of spirit and power, entitled "Buonaparte." In a subsequent note to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron says, — "I do not think less highly of 'Buonaparte' for knowing the author. I was aware that he was a man of talent, but did not suspect him of possessing *all* the *family* talents in such perfection."

"I don't like the additional stanzas *at all*, and they had better be left out. The fact is, I can't do any thing I am asked to do, however gladly I *would*; and at the end of a week my interest in a composition goes off. This will account to you for my doing no better for your 'Stamp Duty' postscript.

"The S. R. is very civil — but what do they mean by Childe Harold resembling Marmion? and the next two, Giaour and Bride, *not* resembling Scott? I certainly never intended to copy him; but, if there be any copyism, it must be in the two poems, where the same versification is adopted. However, they exempt The Corsair from all resemblance to any thing, though I rather wonder at his escape.

"If ever I did any thing original, it was in Childe Harold, which *I* prefer to the other things always, after the first week. Yesterday I re-read English Bards; — bating the *malice*, it is the *best*. Ever, &c."

A resolution was, about this time, adopted by him, which, however strange and precipitate it appeared, a knowledge of the previous state of his mind may enable us to account for satisfactorily. He had now, for two years, been drawing upon the admiration of the public with a rapidity and success which seemed to defy exhaustion, — having crowded, indeed, into that brief interval the materials of a long life of fame. But admiration is a sort of impost from which most minds are but too willing to relieve themselves. The eye grows weary of looking up to the same object of wonder, and begins to exchange, at last, the delight of observing its elevation for the less generous pleasure of watching and speculating on its fall. The reputation of Lord Byron had already begun to experience some of these consequences of its own prolonged and constantly renewed splendour. Even among that host of admirers who would have been the last to find fault, there were some not unwilling to repose from praise; while they, who had been from the first reluctant eulogists, took advantage of these apparent symptoms of satiety to indulge in blame.[1]

The loud outcry raised, at the beginning of the present year, by his verses to the Princess Charlotte, had afforded a vent for much of this reserved venom; and the tone of disparagement in which some of his assailants now affected to speak of his poetry was, however absurd and contemptible in itself, precisely that sort of attack which was the most calculated to wound his, at once, proud and diffident spirit. As long as they confined themselves to blackening his moral and social character, so far from offending, their libels rather fell in with his own shadowy style of self-portraiture, and gratified the strange inverted ambition that possessed him. But the slighting opinion which they ventured to express of his genius, — seconded as it was by that inward dissatisfaction with his own powers, which they whose standard of excellence is highest are always the surest to feel, — mortified and disturbed him; and, being the first sound of ill augury that had come across his triumphal career, startled him, as we have seen, into serious doubts of its continuance.

Had he been occupying himself, at the time, with any new task, that confidence in his own energies, which he never truly felt but while in the actual exercise of them, would have enabled him to forget these humiliations of the moment in the glow and excitement of anticipated success. But he had just pledged himself to the world to take a long farewell of poesy, — had sealed up that only fountain from which his heart ever drew refreshment or strength, — and thus was left, idly and helplessly, to brood over the daily taunts of his enemies, without the power of avenging himself when they insulted his person, and but too much disposed to agree with them when they made light of his genius. "I am afraid, (he says, in no-

[1] It was the fear of this sort of back-water current to which so rapid a flow of fame seemed liable, that led some even of his warmest admirers, ignorant as they were yet of the boundlessness of his resources, to tremble a little at the frequency of his appearances before the public. In one of my own letters to him, I find this apprehension thus expressed: — "If you did not write so well, — as the Royal wit observed, — I should say you write too much; at least, too much in the same strain. The Pythagoreans, you know, were of opinion that the reason why we do not hear or heed the music of the heavenly bodies is that they are always sounding in our ears; and I fear that even the influence of *your* song may be diminished by falling upon the world's dull ear too constantly."

The opinion, however, which a great writer of our day (himself one of the few to whom his remark replies) had the generosity, as well as sagacity, to pronounce on this point, at a time when Lord Byron was indulging in the fullest lavishment of his powers, must be regarded, after all, as the most judicious and wise: — "But they cater ill for the public," says Sir Walter Scott, "and give indifferent advice to the poet, supposing him possessed of the highest qualities of his art, who do not advise him to labour while the laurel around his brows yet retains its freshness. Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure that any labour which he might bestow in revisal would not rather efface then refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality which they exhibit when flung rough from the hand of a master." — *Biographical Memoirs, by* Sir W. Scott. [Miscell. Prose Works, vol. iv. p. 361.]

ticing these attacks in one of his letters,) what you call *trash* is plaguily to the purpose, and very good sense into the bargain; and, to tell the truth, for some little time past, I have been myself much of the same opinion."

In this sensitive state of mind,—which he but ill disguised or relieved by an exterior of gay defiance or philosophic contempt,—we can hardly feel surprised that he should have, all at once, come to the resolution, not only of persevering in his determination to write no more in future, but of purchasing back the whole of his past copyrights, and suppressing every page and line he had ever written. On his first mention of this design, Mr. Murray naturally doubted as to its seriousness; but the arrival of the following letter, enclosing a draft for the amount of the copyrights, put his intentions beyond question.

LETTER 180. TO MR. MURRAY.

"2. Albany, April 29. 1814.

"Dear Sir,

"I enclose a draft for the money; when paid, send the copyrights. I release you from the thousand pounds agreed on for The Giaour and Bride, and there's an end.

"If any accident occurs to me, you may do then as you please; but, with the exception of two copies of each for *yourself* only, I expect and request that the advertisements be withdrawn, and the remaining copies of *all* destroyed; and any expense so incurred I will be glad to defray.

"For all this, it might be as well to assign some reason. I have none to give, except my own caprice, and I do not consider the circumstance of consequence enough to require explanation.

"In course, I need hardly assure you that they never shall be published with my consent, directly, or indirectly, by any other person whatsoever,—that I am perfectly satisfied, and have every reason so to be, with your conduct in all transactions between us as publisher and author.

"It will give me great pleasure to preserve your acquaintance, and to consider you as my friend. Believe me very truly, and for much attention,

"Your obliged and very obedient servant,

"BYRON.

"P. S.—I do not think that I have overdrawn at Hammersley's; but if *that* be the case, I can draw for the superflux on Hoare's. The draft is 5*l.* short, but that I will make up. On payment—*not* before—return the copyright papers."

In such a conjuncture, an appeal to his good nature and considerateness was, as Mr. Murray well judged, his best resource; and the following prompt reply will show how easily, and at once, it succeeded.

LETTER 181. TO MR. MURRAY.

"May 1. 1814.

"Dear Sir,

"If your present note is serious, and it really would be inconvenient, there is an end of the matter; tear my draft, and go on as usual: in that case, we will recur to our former basis. That *I* was perfectly *serious*, in wishing to suppress all future publication is true; but certainly not to interfere with the convenience of others, and more particularly your own. Some day, I will tell you the reason of this apparently strange resolution. At present, it may be enough to say that I recall it at your suggestion; and as it appears to have annoyed you, I lose no time in saying so.

"Yours truly,

"B."

CHAPTER XXII.

1814.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.—KEAN'S SIR GILES OVERREACH.—SONG, I SPEAK NOT, I TRACE NOT.—SUPPER AT WATIER'S.—LETTERS TO MR. MOORE.—RHYMING EPISTLE.—PROGRESS OF LARA.—HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.—LETTERS TO MR. MOORE AND MR. MURRAY.—PUBLICATION OF LARA, IN CONJUNCTION WITH MR. ROGERS'S JACQUELINE.—SECOND PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE TO MISS MILBANKE.

DURING my stay in town this year, we were almost daily together; and it is in no spirit of flattery to the dead I say, that the more intimately I became acquainted with his disposition and character, the more warmly I felt disposed to take an interest in every thing that concerned him. Not that, in the opportunities thus afforded me of observing more closely his defects, I did not discover much to lament, and not a little to condemn. But there was still, in the neighbourhood of even his worst faults, some atoning good quality, which was always sure, if brought kindly and with management into play, to neutralise their ill effects. The very frankness, indeed, with which he avowed his errors seemed to imply a confidence in his own power of redeeming them,—a consciousness

that he could afford to be sincere. There was also, in such entire unreserve, a pledge that nothing worse remained behind; and the same quality that laid open the blemishes of his nature gave security for its honesty. "The cleanness and purity of one's mind," says Pope, "is never better proved than in discovering its own faults, at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water."

The theatre was, at this time, his favourite place of resort. We have seen how enthusiastically he expresses himself on the subject of Mr. Kean's acting, and it was frequently my good fortune, during this season, to share in his enjoyment of it,—the orchestra being, more than once, the place where, for a nearer view of the actor's countenance, we took our station. For Kean's benefit, on the 25th of May, a large party had been made by Lady J * * [Jersey [1]], to which we both belonged; but Lord Byron having also taken a box for the occasion, so anxious was he to enjoy the representation uninterrupted, that, by rather an unsocial arrangement, only himself and I occupied his box during the play, while every other in the house was crowded almost to suffocation; nor did we join the remainder of our friends till supper. Between the two parties, however, Mr. Kean had no reason to complain of a want of homage to his talents; as Lord Jersey, on that occasion, presented him with a hundred pound share in the theatre; while Lord Byron sent him, next day, the sum of fifty guineas [2]; and, not long after, on seeing him act some of his favourite parts, made him presents of a handsome snuff-box [3] and a costly Turkish sword.

Such effect had the passionate energy of Kean's acting on his mind, that, once, in seeing him play Sir Giles Overreach, he was so affected as to be seized with a sort of convulsive fit; and we shall find him, some years after, in Italy, when the representation of Alfieri's tragedy of Mirra had agitated him in the same violent manner, comparing the two instances as the only ones in his life when "any thing under reality" had been able to move him so powerfully.

The following are a few of the notes which I received from him during this visit to town.

TO MR. MOORE.

"May 4. 1814.

"Last night we supp'd at R——fe's [4] board, &c. [5]

"I wish people would not shirk their *dinners* — ought it not to have been a dinner? [6] — and that d—d anchovy sandwich!

"That plaguy voice of yours made me sentimental, and almost fall in love with a girl who was recommending herself, during your song, by *hating* music. But the song is past, and my passion can wait, till the *pucelle* is more harmonious.

"Do you go to Lady Jersey's to-night? It is a large party, and you won't be bored into 'softening rocks,' and all that. Othello is to-morrow and Saturday too. Which day shall we go? When shall I see you? If you call, let it be after three, and as near four as you please.

"Ever, &c."

TO MR. MOORE.

"May 4. 1814.

"Dear Tom,

"Thou hast asked me for a song, and I enclose you an experiment, which has cost me something more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting. [7] Now, if it be so, throw it into the fire without *phrase*.

"Ever yours,

"BYRON.

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[1] [Sarah-Sophia, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland. She was married to the Earl of Jersey in 1804.]

[2] To such lengths did he, at this time, carry his enthusiasm for Kean, that when Miss O'Neil soon after appeared, and, by her matchless representation of feminine tenderness, attracted all eyes and hearts, he was not only a little jealous of her reputation, as interfering with that of his favourite, but, in order to guard himself against the risk of becoming a convert, refused to go to see her act. I endeavoured sometimes to persuade him into witnessing, at least, one of her performances; but his answer was, (punning upon Shakspeare's word, "unanealed,") "No — I'm resolved to continue *un-Oneiled*."

To the great queen of all actresses, however, it will be seen, by the following extract from one of his journals, he rendered due justice: — "Of actors, Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the medium between the two. But Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together."— *Detached Thoughts*.

[3] ["This box," says Mr. Proctor, "was of gold, having a boar-hunt on the top wrought in mosaic. It was presented to Kean by Mr. Merivale, to whom the actor's family were indebted for many friendly attentions. The tragedian took the boar for his crest; not because of the boar-hunt, but because it was the ensign of our third Richard." — *Life of Kean*, vol. ii. p. 131.]

[4] [George-Augustus-Henry-Anne Parkyns, second Baron Rancliffe.]

[5] An epigram here followed, which, as founded on a scriptural allusion, I thought it better to omit.

[6] We had been invited by Lord R. to dine *after* the play, — an arrangement which, from its novelty, delighted Lord Byron exceedingly. The dinner, however, afterwards dwindled into a mere supper, and this change was long a subject of jocular resentment with him.

[7] I had begged of him to write something for me to set to music.

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame;
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

"Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace
Were those hours — can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain—
We will part, — we will fly to — unite it again!

"Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!
Forgive me, adored one! — forsake, if thou wilt; —
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,
And *man* shall not break it — whatever *thou* may'st.

"And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

"One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign —
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*."

TO MR. MOORE.

"Will you and Rogers come to my box at Covent, then? I shall be there, and none else — or I won't be there, if you *twain* would like to go without me. You will not get so good a place hustling among the publican *boxers*, with damnable apprentices (six feet high) on a back row. Will you both oblige me and come, — or one — or neither — or, what you will?

"P. S. — An' you will, I will call for you at half-past six, or any time of your own dial."

TO MR. MOORE.

"I have gotten a box for Othello to-night, and send the ticket for your friends the Rancliffes. I seriously recommend to you to recommend to them to go for half an hour, if only to see the third act — they will not easily have another opportunity. We — at least, I — cannot be there, so there will be no one in their way. Will you give or send it to them? it will come with a better grace from you than me.

"I am in no good plight, but will dine at * * 's with you, if I can. There is music and Covent-g.

"Will you go, at all events, to my box there afterwards, to see a *début* of a young 16[1] in the 'Child of Nature?'"

[1] Miss Foote's first appearance, which we witnessed together. [In April, 1831, Miss Foote became Countess of Harrington.]

TO MR. MOORE.

"Sunday matin.

"Was not Iago perfection? particularly the last look. I was *close* to him (in the orchestra), and never saw an English countenance half so expressive.

"I am acquainted with no *im*material sensuality so delightful as good acting; and, as it is fitting there should be good plays, now and then, besides Shakspeare's, I wish you or Campbell would write one: — the rest of 'us youth' have not heart enough.

"You were cut up in the Champion — is it not so? this day so am I — even to *shocking* the editor. The critic writes well; and as, at present, poesy is not my passion predominant, and my snake of Aaron has swallowed up all the other serpents, I don't feel fractious. I send you the paper, which I mean to take in for the future. We go to M.'s together. Perhaps I shall see you before, but don't let me *bore* you, now nor ever.

"Ever, as now, truly and affectionately, &c."

TO MR. MOORE.

"May 5. 1814.

"Do you go to the Lady Cahir's[2] this even? If you do go — and whenever we are bound to the same follies — let us embark in the same 'Shippe of Fooles.' I have been up till five, and up at nine; and feel heavy with only winking for the last three or four nights.

"I lost my party and place at supper trying to keep out of the way of * * * *. I would have gone away altogether, but that would have appeared a worse affectation than t'other. You are of course engaged to dinner, or we may go quietly together to my box at Covent Garden, and afterwards to this assemblage. Why did you go away so soon?

"Ever, &c.

"P. S. — *Ought not* Rancliffe's supper to have been a dinner? Jackson is here, and I must fatigue myself into spirits."

TO MR. MOORE.

"May 18. 1814.

"Thanks — and punctuality. *What* has passed at * * * * 's House? I suppose that *I* am to know, and 'pars fui' of the conference. I regret that your * * * * s will

[2] [Emily, daughter of James St. John Jeffreys, Esq. of Blarney Castle, co. Cork. In 1816, Lord Cahir was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Glengall.]

detain you so late, but I suppose you will be at Lady Jersey's. I am going earlier with Hobhouse. You recollect that to-morrow we sup and see Kean.

"P. S. — *Two* to-morrow is the hour of pugilism."

The supper to which he here looks forward, took place at Watier's, of which club he had lately become a member; and, as it may convey some idea of his irregular mode of diet, and thus account, in part, for the frequent derangement of his health, I shall here attempt, from recollection, a description of his supper on this occasion. We were to have been joined by Lord Rancliffe, who however did not arrive, and the party accordingly consisted but of ourselves. Having taken upon me to order the repast, and knowing that Lord Byron, for the last two days, had done nothing towards sustenance, beyond eating a few biscuits and (to appease appetite) chewing mastic, I desired that we should have a good supply of, at least, two kinds of fish. My companion, however, confined himself to lobsters, and of these finished two or three, to his own share, — interposing, sometimes, a small liqueur-glass of strong white brandy, sometimes a tumbler of very hot water, and then pure brandy again, to the amount of near half a dozen small glasses of the latter, without which, alternately with the hot water, he appeared to think the lobster could not be digested. After this, we had claret, of which having despatched two bottles between us, at about four o'clock in the morning we parted.

As Pope has thought his "delicious lobster-nights" worth commemorating, these particulars of one in which Lord Byron was concerned may also have some interest.

Among other nights of the same description which I had the happiness of passing with him, I remember once, in returning home from some assembly at rather a late hour, we saw lights in the windows of his old haunt Stevens's, in Bond Street, and agreed to stop there and sup. On entering, we found an old friend of his, Sir Godfrey Webster, who joined our party, and the lobsters and brandy and water being put in requisition, it was (as usual on such occasions) broad daylight before we separated.

LETTER 182. TO MR. MOORE.

"May 23. 1814.

"I must send you the Java government gazette of July 3d, 1813, just sent to me by Murray. Only think of *our* (for it is you and I) setting paper warriors in array in the Indian seas. Does not this sound like fame — something almost like *posterity?* It is something to have scribblers squabbling about us 5000 miles off, while we are agreeing so well at home. Bring it with you in your pocket; — it will make you laugh, as it hath me. Ever yours, "B.

"P. S. — Oh the anecdote!" * * *

To the circumstance mentioned in this letter he recurs more than once in the Journals which he kept abroad; as thus, in a passage of his "Detached Thoughts," — where it will be perceived that, by a trifling lapse of memory, he represents himself as having produced this gazette, for the first time, on our way to dinner.

"In the year 1814, as Moore and I were going to dine with Lord Grey in Portman Square, I pulled out a 'Java Gazette' (which Murray had sent to me), in which there was a controversy on our respective merits as poets. It was amusing enough that we should be proceeding peaceably to the same table while they were squabbling about us in the Indian seas (to be sure the paper was dated six months before), and filling columns with Batavian criticism. But this is fame, I presume."

The following poem, written about this time, and, apparently, for the purpose of being recited at the Caledonian Meeting, I insert principally on account of the warm feeling which it breathes towards Scotland and her sons: —

"Who hath not glow'd above the page where Fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;
The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame — no tyrant could command.

"That race is gone — but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the Northern veteran's claim,
But give support — the world hath given him fame!

"The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerly following where the mighty led —
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath — 'tis all their fate allows —
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,

eeding phantom of each martial form
the cloud, or darkling in the storm;
ad, she chants the solitary song,
ft lament for him who tarries long —
n, whose distant relics vainly crave
ronach's wild requiem to the brave!

eaven — not man — must charm away the woe
bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow:
derness and time may rob the tear
its bitterness for one so dear:
n's gratitude perchance may spread
less pillow for the widow'd head;
hten well her heart's maternal care,
an from penury the soldier's heir."

183. TO MR. MOORE.

"May 31. 1814.

I shall probably not see you here I write to request that, if not incon- to yourself, you will stay in town day; if not to gratify me, yet to great many others, who will be very lose you. As for myself, I can only that I wish you would either remain ime with us, or not come at all; for natches of society make the subse- eparations bitterer than ever.

elieve you think that I have not been ir with that Alpha and Omega of &c. with whom you would willingly nited me. But if you consider what er said on the subject, you will less that my pride should have taken rm; particularly as nothing but the ay flirtation of every-day people ever d between your heroine and myself. ndy * * appeared to wish it — or even ppose it — I would have gone on, and ssibly married (that is, *if* the other n equally accordant) with the same ence which has frozen over the 'Black almost all my passions. It is that ndifference which makes me so un- and apparently capricious. It is not ss of new pursuits, but that nothing es me sufficiently to *fix*; neither do I feel disgusted, but simply indifferent to almost all excitements. The proof of this is, that obstacles, the slightest even, *stop* me. This can hardly be *timidity*, for I have done some impudent things too, in my time; and in almost all cases, opposition is a stimulus. In mine, it is not; if a straw were in my way, I could not stoop to pick it up.

"I have sent this long tirade, because I would not have you suppose that I have been *trifling* designedly with you or others. If you think so, in the name of St. Hubert (the patron of antlers and hunters) let me be married out of hand — I don't care to whom, so it amuses any body else, and don't interfere with me much in the day time.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER 184. TO MR. MOORE.

"June 14. 1814.

"I *could* be very sentimental now, but I won't. The truth is, that I have been all my life trying to harden my heart, and have not yet quite succeeded — though there are great hopes — and you do not know how it sunk with your departure. What adds to my regret is having seen so little of you during your stay in this crowded desert, where one ought to be able to bear thirst like a camel, — the springs are so few, and most of them so muddy.

"The newspapers will tell you all that is to be told of emperors, &c.[1] They have dined, and supped, and shown their flat faces in all thoroughfares, and several saloons. Their uniforms are very becoming, but rather short in the skirts; and their conversation is a catechism, for which and the answers I refer you to those who have heard it.

"I think of leaving town for Newstead soon. If so, I shall not be remote from your recess, and (unless Mrs. M. detains you at home over the caudle-cup and a new cradle) we will meet. You shall come to

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ew days after this, he sent me a long rhyming ll of jokes and pleasantries upon every thing and around him, of which the following are the producible: —

say *I P*" — not a syllable further in prose;
ar man 'of all measures,' dear Tom, — so, here oes!
oes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,
e buoyant supporters the bladders of rhyme.
eight breaks them down, and we sink in the ood,
smother'd, at least, in respectable mud,
the divers of bathos lie drown'd in a heap,
uthey's last pæan has pillow'd his sleep; —
feto de se' who, half drunk with his malmsey,
out of his depth and was lost in a calm sea,
Singing 'Glory to God' in a spick-and-span stanza,
The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never man saw.

"The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes —
Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman, —
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.
I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party, —
For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.
You know, *we* are used to quite different graces,
* * * * * * *
The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-mere breeches whisk'd round in a waltz with the J * *,
Who, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted
With majesty's presence as those she invited."

me, or I to you, as you like it; — but *meet* we will. An invitation from Aston has reached me, but I do not think I shall go. I have also heard of * * * — I should like to see her again, for I have not met her for years; and though 'the light that ne'er can shine again' is set, I do not know that 'one dear smile like those of old' might not make me for a moment forget the 'dulness' of 'life's stream.'

"I am going to R * *'s to-night — to one of those suppers which '*ought* to be dinners.' I have hardly seen her, and never *him*, since you set out. I told you, you were the last link of that chain. As for * *, we have not syllabled one another's names since. The post will not permit me to continue my scrawl. More anon.

"Ever, dear Moore, &c.

"P. S. — Keep the Journal[1]; I care not what becomes of it; and if it has amused you, I am glad that I kept it. 'Lara' is finished, and I am copying him for my third vol., now collecting; — but *no separate* publication."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"June 14. 1814.

"I return your packet of this morning. Have you heard that Bertrand has returned to Paris with the account of Napoleon's having lost his senses? It is a *report;* but, if true, I must, like Mr. Fitzgerald and Jeremiah (of lamentable memory), lay claim to prophecy; that is to say, of saying, that he *ought* to go out of his senses, in the penultimate stanza of a certain Ode[2], — the which, having been pronounced *nonsense* by several profound critics, has a still further pretension, by its unintelligibility, to inspiration. "Ever, &c."

LETTER 185. TO MR. ROGERS.

"June 9. 1814.

"I am always obliged to trouble you with my awkwardnesses, and now I have a fresh one. Mr. W.[3] called on me several times, and I have missed the honour of making his acquaintance, which I regret, but which *you*, who know my desultory and uncertain habits, will not wonder at, and will, I am sure, attribute to any thing but a wish to offend a person who has shown me much kindness, and possesses character and talents entitled to general respect. My mornings are late, and passed in fencing and boxing, and a variety of most unpoetical exercises, very wholesome, &c., but would be very disagreeable to my friends, whom I am obliged to exclude during their operation. I never go out till the evening, and I have not been fortunate enough to meet Mr. W. at Lord Lansdowne's or Lord Jersey's, where I had hoped to pay him my respects.

"I would have written to him, but a few words from you will go further than all the apologetical sesquipedalities I could muster on the occasion. It is only to say that, without intending it, I contrive to behave very ill to every body, and am very sorry for it.

"Ever, dear R., &c."

The following undated notes to Mr. Rogers must have been written about the same time: —

"Sunday.

"Your non-attendance at Corinne's is very *à propos*, as I was on the eve of sending you an excuse. I do not feel well enough to go there this evening, and have been obliged to despatch an apology. I believe I need not add one for not accepting Mr. Sheridan's invitation on Wednesday, which I fancy both you and I understood in the same sense: — with him the saying of Mirabeau, that '*words* are *things*,' is not to be taken literally.

"Ever, &c."

"I will call for you at a quarter before *seven*, if that will suit you. I return you Sir Proteus[4], and shall merely add in return, as Johnson said of, and to, somebody or other, 'Are we alive after all this censure?'

"Believe me, &c."

"Tuesday.

"Sheridan was yesterday, at first, too sober to remember your invitation, but in the dregs of the third bottle he fished up his memory. The Stael out-talked Whitbread, was *ironed* by Sheridan, confounded Sir Humphry, and utterly perplexed your slave. The rest (great names in the red book,

[1] The Journal from which I have given extracts in the preceding pages.

[2] ["Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth —
So long obey'd — so little worth!" *Works*, p. 462.]

[3] [The Rev. Francis (afterwards Archdeacon) Wrangham, author of "Sermons, Practical and Occasional," "Poems," the "British Plutarch," the "Lyrics of Horace translated," &c. &c.]

[4] A satirical pamphlet, in which all the writers of the day were attacked. [Entitled, "Sir Proteus: a Satirical Ballad, by P. M. O'Donovan, Esq."]

nevertheless,) were mere segments of the circle. Ma'mselle danced a Russ saraband with great vigour, grace, and expression.

"Ever, &c."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"June 21. 1814.

"I suppose 'Lara' is gone to the devil, — which is no great matter, only let me know, that I may be saved the trouble of copying the rest, and put the first part into the fire. I really have no anxiety about it, and shall not be sorry to be saved the copying, which goes on very slowly, and may prove to you that you may *speak out* — or I should be less sluggish. "Yours, &c."

LETTER 186. TO MR. ROGERS.

"June 27. 1814.

"You could not have made me a more acceptable present than Jacqueline, — she is all grace and softness, and poetry; there is so much of the last, that we do not feel the want of story, which is simple, yet *enough*. I wonder that you do not oftener unbend to more of the same kind. I have some sympathy with the *softer* affections, though very little in *my* way, and no one can depict them so truly and successfully as yourself. I have half a mind to pay you in kind, or rather *un*kind, for I have just 'supped full of horror' in two cantos of darkness and dismay.

"Do you go to Lord Essex's to-night? if so, will you let me call for you at your own hour? I dined with Holland-house yesterday at Lord Cowper's; my Lady very gracious, which she can be more than any one when she likes. I was not sorry to see them again, for I can't forget that they have been very kind to me.

"Ever yours most truly,

"BN.

"P. S. — Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it? I would before, but for the 'Courier,' and the possible misconstructions at such a time. Perpend, pronounce."

On my return to London, for a short time, at the beginning of July, I found his poem of 'Lara,' which he had begun at the latter end of May, in the hands of the printer, and nearly ready for publication. He had, before I left town, repeated to me, as we were on our way to some evening party, the first one hundred and twenty lines of the poem, which he had written the day before, — at the same time giving me a general sketch of the characters and the story.

His short notes to Mr. Murray, during the printing of this work, are of the same impatient and whimsical character as those, of which I have already given specimens, in my account of his preceding publications: but, as matter of more interest now presses upon us, I shall forbear from transcribing them at length. In one of them he says, "I have just corrected some of the most horrible blunders that ever crept into a proof:" — in another, "I hope the next proof will be better; this was one which would have consoled Job, if it had been of his 'enemy's book:'" — a third contains only the following words: "Dear sir, you demanded more *battle* — there it is. Yours, &c."

The two letters that immediately follow were addressed to me, at this time, in town.

LETTER 187. TO MR. MOORE.

"July 8. 1814.

"I returned to town last night, and had some hopes of seeing you to-day, and would have called, — but I have been (though in exceeding distempered good health) a little head-achy with free living, as it is called, and am now at the freezing point of returning soberness. Of course, I should be sorry that our parallel lines did not deviate into intersection before you return to the country, — after that same nonsuit[1], whereof the papers have told us, — but, as you must be much occupied, I won't be affronted, should your time and business militate against our meeting.

"Rogers and I have almost coalesced into a joint invasion of the public. Whether it will take place or not, I do not yet know, and I am afraid Jacqueline (which is very beautiful) will be in bad company.[2] But in this case, the lady will not be the sufferer.

"I am going to the sea, and then to Scotland; and I have been doing nothing, — that is, no good, — and am very truly, &c."

[1] He alludes to an action for piracy brought by Mr. Power (the publisher of my musical works), to the trial of which I had been summoned as a witness.

[2] Lord Byron afterwards proposed that I should make a third in this publication; but the honour was a perilous one, and I begged leave to decline it.

LETTER 188. TO MR. MOORE.

"I suppose, by your non-appearance, that the philosophy of my note, and the previous silence of the writer, have put or kept you in *humeur*. Never mind — it is hardly worth while.

"This day have I received information from my man of law of the *non* — and never likely to be — performance of purchase by Mr. Claughton, of *im*pecuniary memory. He don't know what to do, or when to pay; and so all my hopes and worldly projects and prospects are gone to the devil. He (the purchaser, and the devil too, for aught I care), and I, and my legal advisers, are to meet to-morrow, the said purchaser having first taken special care to inquire 'whether I would meet him with temper?' — Certainly. The question is this — I shall either have the estate back, which is as good as ruin, or I shall go on with him dawdling, which is rather worse. I have brought my pigs to a Mussulman market. If I had but a wife now, and children, of whose paternity I entertained doubts, I should be happy, or rather fortunate, as Candide or Scarmentado. In the mean time, if you don't come and see me, I shall think that Sam.'s bank is broke too; and that you, having assets there, are despairing of more than a piastre in the pound for your dividend. Ever, &c."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"July 18. 1814.

"You shall have one of the pictures. I wish you to send the proof of 'Lara' to Mr. Moore, 33. Bury Street, *to-night*, as he leaves town to-morrow, and wishes to see it before he goes[1]; and I am also willing to have the benefit of his remarks. Yours, &c."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"July 18. 1814.

"I think *you* will be satisfied even to *repletion* with our northern friends[2], and I won't deprive you longer of what I think will give you pleasure; for my own part, my modesty, or my vanity, must be silent.

"P. S.— If you could spare it for an hour in the evening, I wish you to send it up to Mrs. Leigh, your neighbour, at the London Hotel, Albemarle Street."

LETTER 189. TO MR. MURRAY.

"July 23. 1814.

"I am sorry to say that the print[3] is by no means approved of by those who have seen it, who are pretty conversant with the original, as well as the picture from whence it is taken. I rather suspect that it is from the *copy*, and not the *exhibited* portrait, and in this dilemma would recommend a suspension, if not an abandonment, of the *prefixion* to the volumes which you purpose inflicting upon the public.

"With regard to *Lara*, don't be in any hurry. I have not yet made up my mind on the subject, nor know what to think or do till I hear from you; and Mr. Moore appeared to me in a similar state of indetermination. I do not know that it may not be better to *reserve* it for the *entire* publication you proposed, and not adventure in hardy singleness, or even backed by the fairy Jacqueline. I have been seized with all kinds of doubts, &c. &c. since I left London.

"Pray let me hear from you, and believe me, &c."

LETTER 190. TO MR. MURRAY.

"July 24. 1814.

"The minority must, in this case, carry it, so pray let it be so, for I don't care sixpence for any of the opinions you mention, on such a subject: and P * * [Phillips] must be a dunce to agree with them. For my own part, I have no objection at all; but Mrs. Leigh and my cousin must be better judges of the likeness than others; and they hate it; and so I won't have it at all.

"Mr. Hobhouse is right as for his conclusion: but I deny the premises. The name only is Spanish[4]; the country is not Spain, but the Morea.

"Waverley is the best and most interesting novel I have redde since — I don't know when. I like it as much as I hate 'Patronage,' and the 'Wanderer,' and 'O'Donnell,' and all the feminine trash of the last four months. Besides, it is all easy to me, because I have been in Scotland so much (though then young enough too), and feel at home with the people, Lowland and Gael.

[1] In a note which I wrote to him, before starting, next day, I find the following: — "I got Lara at three o'clock this morning — read him before I slept, and was enraptured. I take the proofs with me."

[2] He here refers to an article in No. 45. of the Edinburgh Review, just then published, on The Corsair and Bride of Abydos.

[3] An engraving by Agar from Phillips's portrait of him.

[4] Alluding to Lara.

"A note will correct what Mr. Hobhouse thinks an error (about the feudal system in Spain); — it is *not* Spain. If he puts a few words of prose any where, it will set all right.

"I have been ordered to town to vote. I shall disobey. There is no good in so much prating, since 'certain issues strokes should arbitrate.' If you have any thing to say, let me hear from you.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 191. TO MR. MURRAY.

"August 3. 1814.

"It is certainly a little extraordinary that you have not sent the Edinburgh Review, as I requested, and hoped it would not require a note a day to remind you. I see *advertisements* of Lara and Jacqueline; pray, *why?* when I requested you to postpone publication till my return to town.

"I have a most amusing epistle from the Ettrick bard — Hogg; in which, speaking of his bookseller, whom he denominates the 'shabbiest' of the *trade* for not 'lifting his bills,' he adds, in so many words, 'G—d d—n him and them both.' This is a pretty prelude to asking you to adopt him (the said Hogg); but this he wishes; and if you please, you and I will talk it over. He has a poem ready for the press (and your *bills* too, if '*lift*able'), and bestows some benedictions on Mr. Moore for his abduction of Lara from the forthcoming Miscellany.[1]

"P. S. — Sincerely, I think Mr. Hogg would suit you very well; and surely he is a man of great powers, and deserving of encouragement. I must knock out a Tale for him, and you should at all events consider before you reject his suit. Scott is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind; and Hogg says that, during the said gale, 'he is sure that Scott is not quite at his ease, to say the best of it.' Ah! I wish these home-keeping bards could taste a Mediterranean white squall, or 'the Gut' in a gale of wind, or even the 'Bay of Biscay' with no wind at all."

LETTER 192. TO MR. MOORE.

"Hastings, August 3. 1814.

"By the time this reaches your dwelling, I shall (God wot) be in town again probably. I have been here renewing my acquaintance with my old friend Ocean; and I find his bosom as pleasant a pillow for an hour in the morning as his daughters of Paphos could be in the twilight. I have been swimming and eating turbot, and smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs, — and listening to my friend Hodgson's raptures about a pretty wife-elect of his, — and walking on cliffs, and tumbling down hills, and making the most of the 'dolce far-niente' for the last fortnight. I met a son of Lord Erskine's, who says he has been married a year, and is the 'happiest of men;' and I have met the aforesaid H., who is also the 'happiest of men;' so, it is worth while being here, if only to witness the superlative felicity of these foxes, who have cut off their tails, and would persuade the rest to part with their brushes to keep them in countenance.

"It rejoiceth me that you like 'Lara.' Jeffrey is out with his 45th Number, which I suppose you have got. He is only too kind to me, in my share of it, and I begin to fancy myself a golden pheasant, upon the strength of the plumage wherewith he hath bedecked me. But then, 'surgit amari,' &c. — the gentlemen of the Champion, and Perry, have got hold (I know not how) of the condolatory address to Lady Jersey on the picture-abduction by our Regent, and have published them — with my name, too, smack — without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! D—n their impudence, and d—n every thing. It has put me out of patience, and so, I shall say no more about it.

"You shall have Lara and Jacque (both with some additions) when out; but I am still demurring and delaying, and in a fuss, and so is Rogers in his way.

"Newstead is to be mine again. Claughton forfeits twenty-five thousand pounds; but that don't prevent me from being very prettily ruined. I mean to bury myself there — and let my beard grow — and hate you all.

"Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Ettick minstrel and shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray; and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose 'bills' are never 'lifted,' he adds, *totidem verbis*, 'God d—n him and them both.' I laughed, and so would you too, at the way in which this execration is introduced. The said Hogg is a strange

[1] Mr. Hogg had been led to hope that he should be permitted to insert this poem in a Miscellany which he had at this time some thoughts of publishing; and whatever advice I may have given against such a mode of disposing of the work arose certainly not from any ill will to this ingenious and remarkable man, but from a consideration of what I thought most advantageous to the fame of Lord Byron.

being, but of great, though uncouth, powers. I think very highly of him, as a poet; but he, and half of these Scotch and Lake troubadours, are spoilt by living in little circles and petty societies. London and the world is the only place to take the conceit out of a man — in the milling phrase. Scott, he says, is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind; — during which wind, he affirms, the said Scott, 'he is sure, is not at his ease, — to say the best of it.' Lord, Lord, if these home-keeping minstrels had crossed your Atlantic or my Mediterranean, and tasted a little open boating in a white squall — or a gale in 'the Gut' — or the 'Bay of Biscay,' with no gale at all — how it would enliven and introduce them to a few of the sensations! — to say nothing of an illicit amour or two upon shore, in the way of essay upon the Passions, beginning with simple adultery, and compounding it as they went along.

"I have forwarded your letter to Murray, — by the way, you had addressed it to *Miller*. Pray write to me, and say what art thou doing? 'Not finished!' — Oons! how is this? — these 'flaws and starts' must be 'authorised by your grandam,' and are unbecoming of any other author. I was sorry to hear of your discrepancy with the * * s, or rather your abjuration of agreement. I don't want to be impertinent, or buffoon on a serious subject, and am therefore at a loss what to say.

"I hope nothing will induce you to abate from the proper price of your poem, as long as there is a prospect of getting it. For my own part, I have *seriously* and *not whiningly* (for that is not my way — at least, it used not to be) neither hopes, nor prospects, and scarcely even wishes. I am, in some respects, happy, but not in a manner that can or ought to last, — but enough of that. The worst of it is, I feel quite enervated and indifferent. I really do not know, if Jupiter were to offer me my choice of the contents of his benevolent cask, what I would pick out of it. If I was born, as the nurses say, with a 'silver spoon in my mouth,' it has stuck in my throat, and spoiled my palate, so that nothing put into it is swallowed with much relish, — unless it be cayenne. However, I have grievances enough to occupy me that way too; — but for fear of adding to yours by this pestilent long diatribe, I postpone the reading of them, *sine die*.

"Ever, dear M., yours, &c.

"P. S. — Don't forget my godson. You could not have fixed on a fitter porter for his sins than me, being used to carry double without inconvenience."

LETTER 193. TO MR. MURRAY.

"August 4. 1814.

"Not having received the slightest answer to my last three letters, nor the book (the last number of the Edinburgh Review) which they requested, I presume that you were the unfortunate person who perished in the pagoda on Monday last, and address this rather to your executors than yourself, regretting that you should have had the ill luck to be the sole victim on that joyous occasion.

"I beg leave, then, to inform these gentlemen (whoever they may be) that I am a little surprised at the previous neglect of the deceased, and also at observing an advertisement of an approaching publication on Saturday next, against the which I protested, and do protest for the present.

"Yours (or theirs), &c.

"B."

LETTER 194. TO MR. MURRAY.

"August 5. 1814.

"The Edinburgh Review is arrived — thanks. I enclose Mr. Hobhouse's letter, from which you will perceive the work you have made. However, I have done: you must send my rhymes to the devil your own way. It seems, also, that the 'faithful and spirited likeness' is another of your publications. I wish you joy of it; but it is no likeness — that is the point. Seriously, if I have delayed your journey to Scotland, I am sorry that you carried your complaisance so far; particularly as upon trifles you have a more summary method; — witness the grammar of Hobhouse's 'bit of prose,' which has put him and me into a fever.

"Hogg must translate his own words: '*lifting*' is a quotation from his letter, together with 'God d—n,' &c., which I suppose requires no translation.

"I was unaware of the contents of Mr. Moore's letter; I think your offer very handsome, but of that you and he must judge. If he can get more, you won't wonder that he should accept it.

"Out with Lara, since it must be. The tome looks pretty enough — on the outside. I shall be in town next week, and in the mean time wish you a pleasant journey.

"Yours, &c.

"B."

LETTER 195. TO MR. MOORE.

"August 12. 1814.

"I was *not* alone, nor will be while I can help it. Newstead is not yet decided. Claughton is to make a grand effort by Saturday week to complete, — if not, he must give up twenty-five thousand pounds and the estate, with expenses, &c. &c. If I resume the Abbacy, you shall have due notice, and a cell set apart for your reception, with a pious welcome. Rogers I have not seen, but Larry and Jacky came out a few days ago. Of their effect I know nothing.

"There is something very amusing in *your* being an Edinburgh Reviewer. You know, I suppose, that Thurlow [1] is none of the placidest, and may possibly enact some tragedy on being told that he is only a fool. If, now, Jeffrey were to be slain on account of an article of yours, there would be a fine conclusion. For my part, as Mrs. Winifred Jenkins says, 'he has done the handsome thing by me, particularly in his last number; so, he is the best of men and the ablest of critics, and I won't have him killed — though I dare say many wish he were, for being so good-humoured.

"Before I left Hastings I got in a passion with an ink-bottle, which I flung out of the window one night with a vengeance; — and what then? Why, next morning I was horrified by seeing that it had struck, and split upon, the petticoat of Euterpe's graven image in the garden, and grimed her as if it were on purpose. [2] Only think of my distress, — and the epigrams that might be engendered on the Muse and her misadventure.

"I had an adventure almost as ridiculous, at some private theatricals near Cambridge — though of a different description — since I saw you last. I quarrelled with a man in the dark for asking me who I was (insolently enough to be sure), and followed him into the green-room (a *stable*) in a rage, amongst a set of people I never saw before. He turned out to be a low comedian, engaged to act with the amateurs, and to be a civil-spoken man enough, when he found out that nothing very pleasant was to be got by rudeness. But you would have been amused with the row, and the dialogue, and the dress — or rather the undress — of the party, where I had introduced myself in a devil of a hurry, and the astonishment that ensued. I had gone out of the theatre, for coolness, into the garden; — there I had tumbled over some dogs, and, coming away from them in very ill humour, encountered the man in a worse, which produced all this confusion.

"Well — and why don't you 'launch?' — Now is your time. The people are tolerably tired with me, and not very much enamoured of Wordsworth [3], who has just spawned a quarto of metaphysical blank verse, which is nevertheless only a part of a poem.

"Murray talks of divorcing Larry and Jacky — a bad sign for the authors, who, I suppose, will be divorced too, and throw the blame upon one another. Seriously, I don't care a cigar about it, and I don't see why Sam should.

"Let me hear from and of you and my godson. If a daughter, the name will do quite as well.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER 196. TO MR. MOORE.

"August 13. 1814.

"I wrote yesterday to Mayfield, and have just now enfranked your letter to mamma. My stay in town is so uncertain (not later than next week) that your packets for the north may not reach me; and as I know not exactly where I am going — however, *Newstead* is my most probable destination, and if you send your despatches before Tuesday, I can forward them to our new ally. But, after that day, you had better not trust to their arrival in time.

"Lord Kinnaird has been exiled from Paris, *on dit*, for saying the Bourbons were old women. The Bourbons might have been content, I think, with returning the compliment.

"I told you all about Jacky and Larry yesterday; — they are to be separated, — at least, so says the grand M., and I know no more of the matter. Jeffrey has done me more than 'justice;' but as to tragedy — um! — I have no time for fiction at present. A man cannot paint a storm with the vessel under bare poles on a lee-shore. When I get to land, I will try what is to be done, and, if I founder, there be plenty of mine elders and betters to console Melpomene.

"When at Newstead, you must come over, if only for a day — should Mrs. M. be *exigeante* of your presence. The place is worth seeing,

[1] [A critique on Lord Thurlow's poems had recently appeared in the Edinburgh Review.]

[2] His servant had brought him up a large jar of ink, into which, not supposing it to be full, he had thrust his pen down to the very bottom. Enraged, on finding it come out all smeared with ink, he flung the bottle out of the window into the garden, where it lighted, as here described, upon one of eight leaden Muses, that had been imported, some time before, from Holland, — the ninth having been, by some accident, left behind.

[3] [Mr. Wordsworth published, in 1814, his "Excursion; being part of the Recluse, a Poem."]

as a ruin, and I can assure you there *was* some fun there, even in my time; but that is past. The ghosts [1], however, and the gothics, and the waters, and the desolation, make it very lively still.

"Ever, dear Tom, yours, &c."

LETTER 197. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, September 2. 1814.

"I am obliged by what you have sent, but would rather not see any thing of the kind [2]; we have had enough already of these things, good and bad, and next month you need not trouble yourself to collect even the *higher* generation — on my account. It gives me much pleasure to hear of Mr. Hobhouse's and Mr. Merivale's good entreatment by the journals you mention.

"I still think Mr. Hogg and yourself might make out an alliance. *Dodsley*'s was, I believe, the last decent thing of the kind, and *his* had great success in its day, and lasted several years; but then he had the double advantage of editing and publishing. The Spleen, and several of *Gray*'s odes, much of *Shenstone*, and many others of good repute, made their first appearance in his collection. Now, with the support of Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, &c., I see little reason why you should not do as well; and, if once fairly established, you would have assistance from the youngsters, I dare say. Stratford Canning (whose 'Buonaparte' is excellent), and many others, and Moore, and Hobhouse, and I, would try a fall now and then (if permitted), and you might coax Campbell, too, into it. By the by, *he* has an unpublished (though printed) poem on a scene in Germany, (Bavaria, I think,) which I saw last year, that is perfectly magnificent, and equal to himself. I wonder he don't publish it.

"Oh! — do you recollect Sharp, the engraver's, mad letter about not engraving Phillips's picture of Lord *Foley* (as he blundered it)? well, I have traced it, I think. It seems, by the papers, a preacher of Johanna Southcote's is named *Foley;* and I can no way account for the said Sharp's confusion of words and ideas, but by that of his head's running on Johanna and her apostles. It was a mercy he did not say Lord *Tozer*. You know, of course, that Sharp is a believer in this new (old) virgin of spiritual impregnation. [3]

"I long to know what she will produce [4]; her being with child at sixty-five is indeed a miracle, but her getting any one to beget it, a greater.

"If you were not going to Paris or Scotland, I could send you some game: if you remain, let me know.

"P. S. — A word or two of 'Lara,' which your enclosure brings before me. It is of no great promise separately; but, as connected with the other tales, it will do very well for the volumes you mean to publish. I would recommend this arrangement — Childe Harold, the smaller Poems, Giaour, Bride, Corsair, Lara; the last completes the series, and its very likeness renders it necessary to the others. Cawthorne writes

[1] It was, if I mistake not, during his recent visit to Newstead, that he himself actually fancied he saw the ghost of the Black Friar, which was supposed to have haunted the Abbey from the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and which he thus describes, from the recollection perhaps of his own fantasy, in Don Juan: —

"It was no mouse, but, lo! a monk, array'd
In cowl and beads and dusky garb, appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard:
His garments only a slight murmur made:
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly; and as he pass'd Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye."

It is said, that the Newstead ghost appeared, also, to Lord Byron's cousin, Miss Fanny Parkins, and that she made a sketch of him from memory.

[2] The reviews and magazines of the month.

[3] [William Sharp was an engraver of great eminence. He was a strenuous disciple of the notorious Richard Brothers, and actually engraved two plates of the soi-disant prophet, lest one should be insufficient to produce the requisite number of impressions which would be called for on the arrival of the predicted Milenuium. He afterwards attached himself to the school of Johanna Southcote, of whose pretensions he was a stanch supporter to the last. On the death of the lunatic in 1814, Mr. Sharp publicly asserted his conviction, that "she was only gone to heaven for a season, to legitimate the embryo child." He died in 1825.]

[4] The following characteristic note, in reference to this passage, appears, in Mr. Gifford's hand-writing, on the copy of the above letter: — "It is a pity that Lord B. was ignorant of Jonson. The old poet has a Satire on the Court Pucelle that would have supplied him with some pleasantry on Johanna's pregnancy."

["Shall I advise thee, Pucelle? steal away
From court, while yet thy fame hath some small day;
The wits will leave you if they once perceive
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you leave
For sermoneers: of which now one, now other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o' the mother,
And practise for a miracle: take heed,
This age will lend no faith to Darrel's deed;
Or if it would, the court is the worst place,
Both for the mothers, and the babes of grace,
For there the wicked in the chair of scorn
Will call't a bastard, when a prophet's born.

"The last couplet has a singular bearing on the juggle of Johanna Southcote." — *Gifford's Jonson*, vol. viii. p. 438.]

that they are publishing *English Bards* in *Ireland:* pray enquire into this; because *it must* be stopped."

LETTER 198. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, September 7. 1814.

"I should think Mr. Hogg, for his own sake as well as yours, would be 'critical' as Iago himself, in his editorial capacity; and that such a publication would answer his purpose and yours too, with tolerable management. You should, however, have a good number to start with—I mean *good* in quality; in these days, there can be little fear of not coming up to the mark in quantity. There must be many 'fine things' in Wordsworth; but I should think it difficult to make *six* quartos (the amount of the whole) all fine, particularly the pedler's portion of the poem; but there can be no doubt of his powers to do almost any thing.

"I *am* 'very idle.' I have read the few books I had with me, and been forced to fish, for lack of other argument. I have caught a great many perch and some carp, which is a comfort, as one would not lose one's labour willingly.

"Pray, who corrects the press of your volumes? I hope 'The Corsair' is printed from the copy I corrected, with the additional lines in the first canto, and some *notes* from Sismondi and Lavater, which I gave you to add thereto. The arrangement is very well.

"My cursed people have not sent my papers since Sunday, and I have lost Johanna's divorce from Jupiter. Who hath gotten her with prophet? Is it Sharp, and how? * * * I should like to buy one of her seals: if salvation can be had at half-a-guinea a head, the landlord of the Crown and Anchor should be ashamed of himself for charging double for tickets to a mere terrestrial banquet. I am afraid, seriously, that these matters will lend a sad handle to your profane scoffers, and give a loose to much damnable laughter.

"I have not seen Hunt's Sonnets nor Descent of Liberty: he has chosen a pretty place wherein to compose the last. Let me hear from you before you embark.

"Ever, &c."

["P. S. — Mrs. Leigh and the children are very well. I have just read to her a sentence from your epistle, and the remark was, 'How well he writes!' So you see you may set up as author in person, whenever you please."]

LETTER 199. TO MR. MOORE.

"Newstead Abbey, September 15. 1814.

"This is the fourth letter I have begun to you within the month. Whether I shall finish or not, or burn it like the rest, I know not. When we meet, I will explain *why* I have not written — *why* I have not asked you here, as I wished — with a great many other *whys* and wherefores, which will keep cold. In short, you must excuse all my seeming omissions and commissions, and grant me more *re*mission than St. Athanasius will to yourself, if you lop off a single shred of mystery from his pious puzzle. It is my creed (and it may be St. Athanasius's too) that your article on Thurlow will get somebody killed, and *that*, on the *Saints*, get him d—d afterwards, which will be quite enow for one number. Oons, Tom! you must not meddle just now with the incomprehensible; for if Johanna Southcote turns out to be * * *

"Now for a little egotism. My affairs stand thus. To-morrow I shall know whether a circumstance of importance enough to change many of my plans will occur or not. If it does not, I am off for Italy next month, and London, in the mean time, next week. I have got back Newstead and twenty-five thousand pounds (out of twenty-eight paid already), — as a 'sacrifice,' the late purchaser calls it, and he may choose his own name. I have paid some of my debts, and contracted others; but I have a few thousand pounds, which I can't spend after my own heart in this climate, and so, I shall go back to the south. Hobhouse, I think and hope, will go with me; but, whether he will or not, I shall. I want to see Venice, and the Alps, and Parmesan cheeses, and look at the coast of Greece, or rather Epirus, from Italy, as I once did — or fancied I did — that of Italy, when off Corfu. All this, however, depends upon an event, which may, or may not, happen. Whether it will, I shall know probably to-morrow; and, if it does, I can't well go abroad at present.

"Pray pardon this parenthetical scrawl. You shall hear from me again soon; — I don't call this an answer.

"Ever most affectionately, &c."

The "circumstance of importance," to which he alludes in this letter, was his second proposal for Miss Milbanke, of which he was now waiting the result. His own account, in his Memoranda, of the circumstances that led to this step is, in substance, as far as I can trust my recollection, as follows. A person, who had for some time

stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was — who was to be the object of his choice; and while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected, — remarking to him, that Miss Milbanke had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done; — and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, sitting together. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that, after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person; — I will write to her." He accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter, — but, on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter; — it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one." — "Then it *shall* go," said Lord Byron; and in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate.[1]

LETTER 200. TO MR. MOORE.

"Nd., September 15. 1814.

"I have written to you one letter to-night, but must send you this much more, as I have not franked my number, to say that I rejoice in my god-daughter, and will send her a coral and bells, which I hope she will accept, the moment I get back to London.

"My head is at this moment in a state of confusion, from various causes, which I can neither describe nor explain — but let that pass. My employments have been very rural — fishing, shooting, bathing, and boating. Books I have but few here, and those I have read ten times over, till sick of them. So, I have taken to breaking soda-water bottles with my pistols, and jumping into the water, and rowing over it, and firing at the fowls of the air. But why should I 'monster my nothings' to you, who are well employed, and happily too, I should hope? For my part, I am happy, too, in my way — but, as usual, have contrived to get into three or four perplexities, which I do not see my way through. But a few days, perhaps a day, will determine one of them.

"You do not say a word to me of your poem. I wish I could see or hear it. I neither could, nor would, do it or its author any harm. I believe I told you of Larry and Jacquy. A friend of mine was reading — at least a friend of his was reading — said Larry and Jacquy in a Brighton coach. A passenger took up the book and queried as to the author. The proprietor said 'there were *two*' — to which the answer of the unknown was, 'Ay, ay, — a joint concern, I suppose, *summot* like Sternhold and Hopkins.'

"Is not this excellent? I would not have missed the 'vile comparison' to have 'scaped being one of the 'Arcades ambo et cantare pares.' Good night. Again yours."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS MILBANKE — ACCEPTATION. — LETTERS TO MOORE AND DRURY. — WEDDING PREPARATIONS. — VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE. — STATE OF LORD BYRON'S MIND AND FEELINGS. — EVENINGS AT DOUGLAS KINNAIRD'S. — PECUNIARY EMBARRASSMENTS. — SEAHAM. — MARRIAGE. — LETTERS TO MOORE AND MURRAY. — HONEY-MOON. — HEBREW MELODIES. — DEATH OF THE DUKE OF DORSET. — LETTER TO COLERIDGE.

LETTER 201. TO MR. MOORE.

"Newstead Abbey, Sept. 20. 1814.

"Here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh!
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy. — My dear Moore, I am going to be married — that is, I am accepted[2], and one usually hopes the

[1] ["This recital will amuse some and shock others: us it both amuses and shocks; and we presume that it presents a fair specimen of the thoughts and feelings of that high life into which all men must be admitted, as Byron was by birth and Moore by genius (so said his lordship), ere they can hope to become poets! Nothing in the lowest farce was ever lower; yet it may be said to have been the prologue to a tragedy which had a grievous catastrophe. It may not be always much amiss to employ a friend to buy one a shandrydan or a trotting pony; but when the transaction regards a wife, pray keep the pen in your own hand: for if you employ an amanuensis — a secretary — a clerk, not only to write your proposal of marriage to your intended, but commission him to put his finger on the object proper for your choice, you have only to look along the 'vista of your future years,' and 'tis shut up by that impressive temple, Doctors' Commons."— WILSON.]

[2] On the day of the arrival of the lady's answer, he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented

rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be), *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with 'golden opinions of all sorts of men,' and full of 'most blest conditions' as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity, — which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London, and got a blue coat.

"She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not enquire. But I do know, that she has talents and excellent qualities; and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors and taken me.

"Now, if you have any thing to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the mean time, I tell you (a *secret*, by the by, — at least till I know she wishes it to be public) that I have proposed and am accepted. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months. I am going to town to-morrow; but expect to be here, on my way there, within a fortnight.

"If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I need not say that nothing will give me greater pleasure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and, seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person, that — that — in short, I wish I was a better. Ever, &c."

Letter 202. TO THE COUNTESS OF ***.

"Albany, October 5, 1814.

"Dear Lady * *,

"Your recollection and invitation do me great honour; but I am going to be 'married, and can't come.' My intended is two hundred miles off, and the moment my business here is arranged, I must set out in a great hurry to be happy. Miss Milbanke is the good-natured person who has undertaken me, and, of course, I am very much in love, and as silly as all single gentlemen must be in that sentimental situation. I have been accepted these three weeks; but when the event will take place, I don't exactly know. It depends partly upon lawyers, who are never in a hurry. One can be sure of nothing; but, at present, there appears no other interruption to this intention, which seems as mutual as possible, and now no secret, though I did not tell first, — and all our relatives are congratulating away to right and left in the most fatiguing manner.

"You perhaps know the lady. She is niece to Lady Melbourne, and cousin to Lady Cowper and others of your acquaintance, and has no fault, except being a great deal too good for me, and that *I* must pardon, if nobody else should. It might have been *two* years ago, and, if it had, would have saved me a world of trouble. She has employed the interval in refusing about half a dozen of my particular friends, (as she did me once, by the way,) and has taken me at last, for which I am very much obliged to her. I wish it was well over, for I do hate bustle, and there is no marrying without some; — and then, I must not marry in a black coat, they tell me, and I can't bear a blue one.

"Pray forgive me for scribbling all this nonsense. You know I must be serious all the rest of my life, and this is a parting piece of buffoonery, which I write with tears in my eyes, expecting to be agitated. Believe me most seriously and sincerely your obliged servant, "Byron.

"P. S. — My best rems. to Lord * * on his return."

Letter 203. TO MR. MOORE.

"October 7, 1814.

"Notwithstanding the contradictory paragraph in the Morning Chronicle, which must have been sent by * *, or perhaps — I know not why I should suspect Claughton of such a thing, and yet I partly do, because it might interrupt his renewal of purchase, if so disposed; in short, it matters not, but we are all in the road to matrimony — lawyers settling, relations congratulating, my intended as kind as heart could wish, and every one, whose opinion I value, very glad of it. All her relatives, and all mine too, seem equally pleased.

"Perry was very sorry, and has *re*-contradicted, as you will perceive by this day's paper. It was, to be sure, a devil of an insertion, since the first paragraph came from Sir Ralph's own County Journal, and this in

him with his mother's wedding ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her window. Almost at the same moment, the letter from Miss Milbanke arrived; and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring." It *did* contain a very flattering acceptance of his proposal, and a duplicate of the letter had been sent to London, in case this should have missed him. — *Memoranda.*

the teeth of it would appear to him and his as *my* denial. But I have written to do away that, enclosing Perry's letter, which was very polite and kind.

"Nobody hates bustle so much as I do; but there seems a fatality over every scene of my drama, always a row of some sort or other. No matter—Fortune is my best friend; and as I acknowledge my obligations to her, I hope she will treat me better than she treated the Athenian, who took some merit to *himself* on some occasion, but (after that) took no more towns. In fact, *she*, that exquisite goddess, has hitherto carried me through every thing, and will, I hope, now; since I own it will be all *her* doing.

"Well, now, for thee. Your article on * * is perfection itself. You must not leave off reviewing. By Jove, I believe you can do any thing. There is wit, and taste, and learning, and good humour (though not a whit less severe for that), in every line of that critique.

"Next to *your* being an E. Reviewer, *my* being of the same kidney, and Jeffrey's being such a friend to both, are amongst the events which I conceive were not calculated upon in Mr.—what's his name?'s—'Essay on Probabilities.'[1]

"But, Tom, I say—Oons! Scott menaces the 'Lord of the Isles.'[2] Do you mean to compete? or lay by, till this wave has broke upon the *shelves?* (of booksellers, not rocks—a *broken* metaphor, by the way). You *ought* to be afraid of nobody; but your modesty is really as provoking and unnecessary as a * *'s. I am very merry, and have just been writing some elegiac stanzas on the death of Sir P. Parker.[3] He was my first cousin, but never met since boyhood. Our relations desired me, and I have scribbled and given it to Perry, who will chronicle it to-morrow. I am as sorry for him as one could be for one I never saw since I was a child; but should not have wept melodiously, except 'at the request of friends.'

"I hope to get out of town and be married, but I shall take Newstead in my way; and you must meet me at Nottingham and accompany me to mine Abbey. I will tell you the day when I know it.

"Ever, &c.

"P. S.—By the way my wife elect is perfection, and I hear of nothing but her merits and her wonders, and that she is 'very pretty.' Her expectations, I am told, are great; but *what*, I have not asked. I have not seen her these ten months."

LETTER 204. TO MR. MOORE.

"October 14. 1814.

"An' there were any thing in marriage that would make a difference between my friends and me, particularly in your case, I would 'none on't.' My agent sets off for Durham next week, and I shall follow him, taking Newstead and you in my way. I certainly did not address Miss Milbanke with these views, but it is likely she may prove a considerable *parti*. All her father can give, or leave her, he will; and from her childless uncle, Lord Wentworth, whose barony, it is supposed, will devolve on Ly. Milbanke (*his* sister), she has expectations. But these will depend upon his own disposition, which seems very partial towards her. She is an only child, and Sir R.'s estates, though dipped by electioneering, are considerable. Part of them are settled on her; but whether *that* will be *dowered* now, I do not know,—though, from what has been intimated to me, it probably will. The lawyers are to settle this among them, and I am getting my property into matrimonial array, and myself ready for the journey to Seaham, which I must make in a week or ten days.

"I certainly did not dream that she was attached to me, which it seems she has been for some time. I also thought her of a very cold disposition, in which I was also mistaken—it is a long story, and I won't trouble you with it. As to her virtues, &c. &c. you will hear enough of them (for she is a kind of *pattern* in the north), without my running into a display on the subject. It is well that *one* of us is of such fame, since there is sad deficit in the *morale* of that article upon my part,—all owing to my 'bitch of a star,' as Captain Tranchemont says of his planet.

"Don't think you have not said enough of me in your article on T * *; what more could or need be said?[4]

"Your long-delayed and expected work—I suppose you will take fright at 'The Lord of the Isles' and Scott now. You

[1] [A review of La Place's "Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités" had just appeared in the Edinburgh.]

[2] [Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles" was advertised in the autumn of this year, and published in the January following.]

[3] [See *Works*, p. 560. This gallant officer fell, in August 1814, at the early age of twenty-eight, whilst commanding, on shore, a party belonging to his ship, the Menelaus, and animating them, in storming the American camp near Baltimore.]

[4] ["We could name but one noble bard, among either the living or the dead, whose laurels are sufficiently abundant to keep the coronet totally out of sight."—See *Edin. Rev.* vol. xxiii. p. 411.]

must do as you like, — I have said my say. You ought to fear comparison with none, and any one would stare, who heard you were so tremulous, — though, after all, I believe it is the surest sign of talent. Good morning. I hope we shall meet soon, but I will write again, and perhaps you will meet me at Nottingham. Pray say so.

"P. S. — If this union is productive, you shall name the first fruits."

Letter 205. TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

"October 18. 1814.

"My dear Drury,

"Many thanks for your hitherto unacknowledged 'Anecdotes.' Now for one of mine — I am going to be married, and have been engaged this month. It is a long story, and, therefore, I won't tell it, — an old and (though I did not know it till lately) a *mutual* attachment. The very sad life I have led since I was your pupil must partly account for the offs and *ons* in this now to be arranged business. We are only waiting for the lawyers and settlements, &c.; and next week, or the week after, I shall go down to Seaham in the new character of a regular suitor for a wife of mine own.

"I hope Hodgson is in a fair way on the same voyage — I saw him and his idol at Hastings. I wish he would be married at the same time, — I should like to make a party, — like people electrified in a row, by (or rather through) the same chain, holding one another's hands, and all feeling the shock at once. I have not yet apprised him of this. He makes such a serious matter of all these things, and is so 'melancholy and gentlemanlike,' that it is quite overcoming to us choice spirits.

"They say one should'nt be married in a black coat. I won't have a blue one, — that's flat. I hate it.

"Yours, &c."

Letter 206. TO MR. COWELL.

"October 22. 1814.

"My dear Cowell,

"Many and sincere thanks for your kind letter — the bet, or rather forfeit, was one hundred to Hawke, and fifty to Hay (nothing to Kelly), for a guinea received from each of the two former.[1] I shall feel much obliged by your setting me right if I am incorrect in this statement in any way, and have reasons for wishing you to recollect as much as possible of what passed, and state it to Hodgson. My reason is this: some time ago Mr. * * * required a bet of me which I never made, and of course refused to pay, and have heard no more of it; to prevent similar mistakes is my object in wishing you to remember well what passed, and to put Hodgson in possession of your memory on the subject.

"I hope to see you soon in my way through Cambridge. Remember me to H., and believe me ever and truly, &c."

Soon after the date of this letter, Lord Byron had to pay a visit to Cambridge for the purpose of voting for Mr. Clarke, who had been started by Trinity College as one of the candidates for Sir Busick Harwood's Professorship. On this occasion, a circumstance occurred which could not but be gratifying to him. As he was delivering in his vote to the Vice-Chancellor, in the Senate House, the undergraduates in the gallery ventured to testify their admiration of him by a general murmur of applause and stamping of the feet. For this breach of order, the gallery was immediately cleared by order of the Vice-Chancellor.

At the beginning of the month of December, being called up to town by business, I had opportunities, from being a good deal in my noble friend's society, of observing the state of his mind and feelings, under the prospect of the important change he was now about to undergo; and it was with pain I found that those sanguine hopes[2] with which I had sometimes looked forward to the happy influence of marriage, in winning him over to the brighter and better side of life, were, by a view of all the circumstances of his present destiny, considerably diminished; while, at the same time, not a few doubts and misgivings, which had never before so strongly occurred to me, with regard to his own fitness, under any circumstances, for the matrimonial tie, filled me altogether with a degree of foreboding anxiety as to his fate, which the unfortunate events that followed but too fully justified.

The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shown

[1] He had agreed to forfeit these sums to the persons mentioned, should he ever marry.

[2] I had frequently, both in earnest and in jest, expressed these hopes to him; and, in one of my letters, after touching upon some matters relative to my own little domestic circle, I added, "This will all be unintelligible to you; though I sometimes cannot help thinking it within the range of possibility, that even *you*, volcano as you are, may, one day, cool down into something of the same *habitable* state. Indeed, when one thinks of lava having been converted into buttons for Isaac Hawkins Browne, there is no saying what such fiery things may be brought to at last.

themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life. "One misfortune (says Pope) of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them." To this remark there have, no doubt, been exceptions, — and I should pronounce Lord Byron, from my own experience, to be one of them, — but it would not be difficult, perhaps, to show, from the very nature and pursuits of genius, that such must generally be the lot of all pre-eminently gifted with it; and that the same qualities which enable them to command admiration are also those that too often incapacitate them from conciliating love.

The very habits, indeed, of abstraction and self-study to which the occupations of men of genius lead, are, in themselves, necessarily of an unsocial and detaching tendency, and require a large portion of indulgence from others not to be set down as unamiable. One of the chief sources, too, of sympathy and society between ordinary mortals being their dependence on each other's intellectual resources, the operation of this social principle must naturally be weakest in those whose own mental stores are most abundant and self-sufficing, and who, rich in such materials for thinking within themselves, are rendered so far independent of any aid from others. It was this solitary luxury (which Plato called "banqueting his own thoughts") that led Pope, as well as Lord Byron, to prefer the silence and seclusion of his library to the most agreeable conversation. — And not only too, is the necessity of commerce with other minds less felt by such persons, but, from that fastidiousness which the opulence of their own resources generates, the society of those less gifted than themselves becomes often a restraint and burden, to which not all the charms of friendship, or even love, can reconcile them. "Nothing is so tiresome (says the poet of Vaucluse, in assigning a reason for not living with some of his dearest friends) as to converse with persons who have not the same information as one's self."

But it is the cultivation and exercise of the imaginative faculty that, more than any thing, tends to wean the man of genius from actual life, and, by substituting the sensibilities of the imagination for those of the heart, to render, at last, the medium through which he feels no less unreal than that through which he thinks. Those images of ideal good and beauty that surround him in his musings soon accustom him to consider all that is beneath this high standard unworthy of his care; till, at length, the heart becoming chilled as the fancy warms, it too often happens that, in proportion as he has refined and elevated his theory of all the social affections, he has unfitted himself for the practice of them.[1] Hence so frequently it arises that, in persons of this temperament, we see some bright but artificial idol of the brain usurp the place of all real and natural objects of tenderness. The poet Dante, a wanderer away from wife and children, passed the whole of a restless and detached life in nursing his immortal dream of Beatrice; while Petrarch, who would not suffer his only daughter to reside beneath his roof, expended thirty-two years of poetry and passion on an idealised love.

It is, indeed, in the very nature and essence of genius to be for ever occupied intensely with self, as the great centre and source of its strength. Like the sister Rachel, in Dante, sitting all day before her mirror,

> "mai non si smaga
> Del suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto giorno."[2]

To this power of self-concentration, by which alone all the other powers of genius are made available, there is, of course, no such disturbing and fatal enemy as those sympathies and affections that draw the mind out actively towards others[3]; and, accordingly, it will be found that, among those who have felt within themselves a call to immortality, the greater number have, by a sort of instinct, kept aloof from such ties, and, instead of the softer duties and rewards of being amiable, reserved themselves for the high, hazardous chances of being great. In looking back through the lives of the most illustrious poets, — the class of intellect in which the characteristic features of genius are, perhaps, most strongly marked, — we shall find that, with scarcely one exception, from Homer down to Lord Byron,

[1] Of the lamentable contrast between sentiments and conduct, which this transfer of the seat of sensibility from the heart to the fancy produces, the annals of literary men afford unluckily too many examples. Alfieri, though he could write a sonnet full of tenderness to his mother, never saw her (says Mr. W. Rose) but once after their early separation, though he frequently passed within a few miles of her residence. The poet Young, with all his parade of domestic sorrows, was, it appears, a neglectful husband and harsh father; and Sterne (to use the words employed by Lord Byron) preferred "whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother."

[2] [——— "She
Before her glass abides the live-long day,
Her radiant eyes beholding."]

[3] It is the opinion of Diderot, in his Treatise on Acting, that not only in the art of which he treats, but in all those which are called imitative, the possession of real sensibility is a bar to eminence;—sensibility being, according to his view, "le caractère de la bonté de l'ame et de la médiocrité du génie."

they have been, in their several degrees, restless and solitary spirits, with minds wrapped up, like silk-worms, in their own tasks, either strangers, or rebels to domestic ties, and bearing about with them a deposit for posterity in their souls, to the jealous watching and enriching of which almost all other thoughts and considerations have been sacrificed.

"To follow poetry as one ought (says the authority[1] I have already quoted), one must forget father and mother and cleave to it alone." In these few words is pointed out the sole path that leads genius to greatness. On such terms alone are the high places of fame to be won;—nothing less than the sacrifice of the entire man can achieve them. However delightful, therefore, may be the spectacle of a man of genius tamed and domesticated in society, taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties, and enlightening without disturbing the sphere in which he moves, we must nevertheless, in the midst of our admiration, bear in mind that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for, or won. The poet thus circumstanced may be popular, may be loved; for the happiness of himself and those linked with him he is in the right road,—but not for greatness. The marks by which Fame has always separated her great martyrs from the rest of mankind are not upon him, and the crown cannot be his. He may dazzle, may captivate the circle, and even the times in which he lives, but he is not for hereafter.

To the general description here given of that high class of human intelligences to which he belonged, the character of Lord Byron was, in many respects, a signal exception. Born with strong affections and ardent passions, the world had, from first to last, too firm a hold on his sympathies to let imagination altogether usurp the place of reality, either in his feelings, or in the objects of them. His life, indeed, was one continued struggle between that instinct of genius, which was for ever drawing him back into the lonely laboratory of Self, and those impulses of passion, ambition, and vanity, which again hurried him off into the crowd, and entangled him in its interests; and though it may be granted that he would have been more purely and abstractedly the *poet*, had he been less thoroughly, in all his pursuits and propensities, the *man*, yet from this very mixture and alloy has it arisen that his pages bear so deeply the stamp of real life, and that in the works of no poet, with the exception of Shakspeare, can every various mood of the mind—whether solemn or gay, whether inclined to the ludicrous or the sublime, whether seeking to divert itself with the follies of society or panting after the grandeur of solitary nature—find so readily a strain of sentiment in accordance with its every passing tone.

But while the naturally warm cast of his affections and temperament gave thus a substance and truth to his social feelings, which those of too many of his fellow votaries of Genius have wanted, it was not to be expected that an imagination of such range and power should have been so early developed and unrestrainedly indulged without producing, at last, some of those effects upon the heart which have invariably been found attendant on such a predominance of this faculty. It must have been observed, indeed, that the period when his natural affections flourished most healthily was before he had yet arrived at the full consciousness of his genius,—before Imagination had yet accustomed him to those glowing pictures, after gazing upon which all else appeared cold and colourless. From the moment of this initiation into the wonders of his own mind, a distaste for the realities of life began to grow upon him. Not even that intense craving after affection, which nature had implanted in him, could keep his ardour still alive in a pursuit whose results fell so short of his "imaginings;" and though, from time to time, the combined warmth of his fancy and temperament was able to call up a feeling which to his eyes wore the semblance of love, it may be questioned whether his heart had ever much share in such passions, or whether, after his first launch into the boundless sea of imagination, he could ever have been brought back and fixed by any lasting attachment. Actual objects there were, in but too great number, who, as long as the illusion continued, kindled up his thoughts and were the themes of his song. But they were, after all, little more than mere dreams of the hour;—the qualities with which he invested them were almost all ideal, nor could have stood the test of a month's or even week's cohabitation. It was but the reflection of his own bright conceptions that he saw in each new object; and while persuading himself that they furnished the models of his heroines, he was, on the contrary, but fancying that he beheld his heroines in them.

There needs no stronger proof of the predominance of imagination in these attachments than his own serious avowal, in the

[1] Pope.

Journal already given, that often, when in the company of the woman he most loved, he found himself secretly wishing for the solitude of his own study. It was *there*, indeed, — in the silence and abstraction of that study, — that the chief scene of his mistress's empire and glory lay. It was there that, unchecked by reality, and without any fear of the disenchantments of truth, he could view her through the medium of his own fervid fancy, enamour himself of an idol of his own creating, and, out of a brief delirium of a few days or weeks, send forth a dream of beauty and passion through all ages.

While such appears to have been the imaginative character of his loves, (of all, except the one that lived unquenched through all,) his friendships, though, of course, far less subject to the influence of fancy, could not fail to exhibit also some features characteristic of the peculiar mind in which they sprung. It was a usual saying of his own, and will be found repeated in some of his letters, that he had "no genius for friendship," and that whatever capacity he might once have possessed for that sentiment had vanished with his youth. If in saying thus he shaped his notions of friendship according to the romantic standard of his boyhood, the fact must be admitted: but as far as the assertion was meant to imply that he had become incapable of a warm, manly, and lasting friendship, such a charge against himself was unjust, and I am not the only living testimony of its injustice.

To a certain degree, however, even in his friendships, the effects of a too vivid imagination, in disqualifying the mind for the cold contact of reality, were visible. We are told that Petrarch (who, in this respect, as in most others, may be regarded as a genuine representative of the poetic character) abstained purposely from a too frequent intercourse with his nearest friends, lest, from the sensitiveness he was so aware of in himself, there should occur any thing that might chill his regard for them [1]; and though Lord Byron was of a nature too full of social and kindly impulses ever to think of such a precaution, it is a fact confirmatory, at least, of the principle on which his brother poet, Petrarch, acted, that the friends, whether of his youth or manhood, of whom he had seen least, through life, were those of whom he always thought and spoke with the most warmth and fondness. Being brought less often to the touchstone of familiar intercourse, they stood naturally a better chance of being adopted as the favourites of his imagination, and of sharing, in consequence, a portion of that bright colouring reserved for all that gave it interest and pleasure. Next to the dead, therefore, whose hold upon his fancy had been placed beyond all risk of severance, those friends whom he but saw occasionally, and by such favourable glimpses as only renewed the first kindly impression they had made, were the surest to live unchangingly, and without shadow, in his memory.

To this same cause, there is little doubt, his love for his sister owed much of its devotedness and fervour. In a mind sensitive and versatile as his, long habits of family intercourse might have estranged, or at least dulled, his natural affection for her; — but their separation, during youth, left this feeling fresh and untried. [2] His very inexperience in such ties made the smile of a sister no less a novelty than a charm to him; and before the first gloss of this newly awakened sentiment had time to wear off, they were again separated, and for ever.

If the portrait which I have here attempted of the general character of those gifted with high genius be allowed to bear, in any of its features, a resemblance to the originals, it can no longer, I think, be matter of question whether a class so set apart from the track of ordinary life, so removed, by their very elevation, out of the influences of our common atmosphere, are at all likely to furnish tractable subjects for that most trying of all social experiments, matrimony. In reviewing the great names of philosophy and science, we shall find that all who have most distinguished themselves in those walks have, at least, virtually admitted their own unfitness for the marriage tie by remaining in celibacy; — Newton, Gassendi, Galileo, Descartes, Bayle, Locke, Leibnitz, Boyle, Hume, and a long list of other illustrious sages, having all led single lives. [3]

[1] See Foscolo's Essay on Petrarch. On the same principle, Orrery says, in speaking of Swift, "I am persuaded that his distance from his English friends proved a strong incitement to their mutual affection."

[2] That he was himself fully aware of this appears from a passage in one of his letters already given: — "My sister is in town, which is a great comfort; for, never having been much together, we are naturally more attached to each other."

[3] Wife and children, Bacon tells us, in one of his Essays, are "impediments to great enterprises:" and adds, "Certainly, the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men." See, with reference to this subject, Mr. D'Israeli's work on "The Literary Character," chapter xviii.: "Matrimony is said not to be well suited to the domestic life of genius."

The poetic race, it is true, from the greater susceptibility of their imaginations, have more frequently fallen into the ever ready snare. But the fate of the poets in matrimony has but justified the caution of the philosophers. While the latter have given warning to genius by keeping free of the yoke, the others have still more effectually done so by their misery under it; — the annals of this sensitive race having, at all times, abounded with proofs, that genius ranks but low among the elements of social happiness, — that, in general, the brighter the gift, the more disturbing its influence, and that in married life particularly, its effects have been too often like that of the "Wormwood Star," whose light filled the waters on which it fell with bitterness.

Besides the causes already enumerated as leading naturally to such a result, from the peculiarities by which, in most instances, these great labourers in the field of thought are characterised, there is also much, no doubt, to be attributed to an unluckiness in the choice of helpmates, — dictated, as that choice frequently must be, by an imagination accustomed to deceive itself. But from whatever causes it may have arisen, the coincidence is no less striking than saddening, that, on the list of married poets who have been unhappy in their homes, there should already be found four such illustrious names as Dante, Milton [1], Shakspeare [2], and Dryden; and that we should now have to add, as a partner in their destiny, a name worthy of being placed beside the greatest of them — Lord Byron.

I have already mentioned my having been called up to town in the December of this year. The opportunities I had of seeing Lord Byron during my stay were frequent; and, among them, not the least memorable or agreeable were those evenings we passed together at the house of his banker, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, where music — followed by its accustomed sequel of supper, brandy and water, and not a little laughter, — kept us together, usually, till rather a late hour. Besides those songs of mine which he has himself somewhere recorded as his favourites, there was also one to a Portuguese air, "The song of war shall echo through our mountains," which seemed especially to please him; — the national character of the music, and the recurrence of the words "sunny mountains," bringing back freshly to his memory the impressions of all he had seen in Portugal. I have, indeed, known few persons more alive to the charms of simple music; and not unfrequently have seen the tears in his eyes while listening to the Irish Melodies. Among those that thus affected him was one beginning, "When first I met thee warm and young," the words of which, besides the obvious feeling which they express, were intended also to admit of a political application. He, however, discarded the latter sense wholly from his mind, and gave himself up to the more natural sentiment of the song with evident emotion.

On one or two of these evenings, his favourite actor, Mr. Kean, was of the party; and on another occasion, we had at dinner his early instructor in pugilism, Mr. Jackson, in conversing with whom, all his boyish tastes seemed to revive; — and it was not a little amusing to observe how perfectly familiar with the annals of "The Ring [3]," and with all the most recondite phraseology of "the Fancy," was the sublime poet of Childe Harold.

The following note is the only one, of those I received from him at this time, worth transcribing: —

[1] Milton's first wife, it is well known, ran away from him within a month after their marriage, disgusted, says Phillips, "with his spare diet and hard study;" and it is difficult to conceive a more melancholy picture of domestic life than is disclosed in his nuncupative will, one of the witnesses to which deposes to having heard the great poet himself complain, that his children "were careless of him, being blind, and made nothing of deserting him."

[2] By whatever austerity of temper or habits the poets Dante and Milton may have drawn upon themselves such a fate, it might be expected that, at least, the "gentle Shakspeare" would have stood exempt from the common calamity of his brethren. But, among the very few facts of his life that have been transmitted to us, there is none more clearly proved than the unhappiness of his marriage. The dates of the birth of his children, compared with that of his removal from Stratford, — the total omission of his wife's name in the first draught of his will, and the bitter sarcasm of the bequest by which he remembers her afterwards, — all prove beyond a doubt both his separation from the lady early in life, and his unfriendly feeling towards her at the close of it.

In endeavouring to argue against the conclusion naturally to be deduced from this will, Boswell, with a strange ignorance of human nature, remarks: — "If he had taken offence at any part of his wife's conduct, I cannot believe that he would have taken this petty mode of expressing it." [Shakspeare bequeathed his brown-best bed to his wife. George Steevens suggests, by way of apology, a quotation for Venice Preserved, "The very bed that on his bridal night received him to the arms of Belvidera."]

[3] In a small book which I have in my possession, containing a sort of chronological History of the Ring, I find the name of Lord Byron, more than once, recorded among the "backers."

"December 14. 1814.

"My dearest Tom,

"I will send the pattern to-morrow, and since you don't go to our friend ('of the *keeping* part of the town') this evening, I shall e'en sulk at home over a solitary potation. My self-opinion rises much by your eulogy of my social qualities. As my friend Scrope is pleased to say, I believe I am very well for a 'holiday drinker.' Where the devil are you? With Woolriche[1], I conjecture — for which you deserve another abscess. Hoping that the American war will last for many years, and that all the prizes may be registered at Bermoothes, believe me, &c.

"P. S. — I have just been composing an epistle to the Archbishop for an especial licence. Oons! it looks serious. Murray is impatient to see you, and would call, if you will give him audience. Your new coat! — I wonder you like the colour, and don't go about, like Dives, in purple."

LETTER 207. TO MR. MURRAY.

"December 31. 1814.

"A thousand thanks for Gibbon: all the additions are very great improvements.

"At last I must be *most* peremptory with you about the *print* from Phillips's picture; it is pronounced on all hands the most stupid and disagreeable possible: so do, pray, have a new engraving, and let me see it first; there really must be no more from the same plate. I don't much care, myself; but every one I honour torments me to death about it, and abuses it to a degree beyond repeating. Now, don't answer with excuses; but, for my sake, have it destroyed: I never shall have peace till it is. I write in the greatest haste.

"P. S. — I have written this most illegibly; but it is to beg you to destroy the print, and have another 'by particular desire.' It must be d—d bad, to be sure, since every body says so but the original; and he don't know what to say. But do *do* it: that is, burn the plate, and employ a new *etcher* from the other picture. This is stupid and sulky."

On his arrival in town, he had, upon inquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in so utterly embarrassed a condition as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring his marriage. The die was, however, cast, and he had now no alternative but to proceed. Accordingly, at the end of December, accompanied by his friend Mr. Hobhouse, he set out for Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the lady's father, in the county of Durham, and on the 2d of January, 1815, was married.

"I saw him stand
Before an altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood; — as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then —
As in that hour — a moment o'er his face,
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, — and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been —
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her, who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light: —
What business had they there at such a time?"[2]

This touching picture agrees so closely, in many of its circumstances, with his own prose account of the wedding in his Memoranda, that I feel justified in introducing it, historically, here. In that Memoir, he described himself as waking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down, he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes, — his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was — married.

[1] Dr. Woolriche, an old and valued friend of mine, to whose skill, on the occasion here alluded to, I was indebted for my life.

[2] The Dream. ["It is hard to say, whether the cynical prose of the letters, or the bitter sadness of the poetry, augured the worst for the results of this rash union. It is sufficiently obvious, that Lord Byron did not solicit Miss Milbanke's hand under the influence of any thing which could deserve the name of love; and we fear it must also be admitted, that he entered on matrimonial life, not only without any serious consideration of the solemn and sacred obligations he was taking upon him, but in a mood and temper of mind very slightly tinged with those feelings and reflections which, even where it is too late for the high and delicate romance of an unwasted heart, spring up naturally on such occasions, and afford at least the prospect of a tender watchfulness and a generous protection to the woman who, in the freshness of youth and innocence, surrenders her all to a manly bosom."— *Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

The same morning, the wedded pair left Seaham for Halnaby, another seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, in the same county. When about to depart, Lord Byron said to the bride, "Miss Milbanke, are you ready?"—a mistake which the lady's confidential attendant pronounced to be a "bad omen."[1]

It is right to add, that I quote these slight details from memory, and am alone answerable for any inaccuracy there may be found in them.

LETTER 208. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Kirkby, January 6. 1815.

"*The* marriage took place on the 2d instant: so pray make haste and congratulate away.

"Thanks for the Edinburgh Review and the abolition of the print. Let the next be from the *other* of Phillips—I mean (*not* the Albanian, but) the original one in the exhibition; the last was from the copy. I should wish my sister and Lady Byron to decide upon the next, as they found fault with the last. *I* have no opinion of my own upon the subject.

"Mr. Kinnaird will, I dare say, have the goodness to furnish copies of the Melodies[2], if you state my wish upon the subject. You may have them, if you think them worth inserting. The volumes in their collected state must be inscribed to Mr. Hobhouse, but I have not yet mustered the expressions of my inscription; but will supply them in time.

"With many thanks for your good wishes, which have all been realised, I remain, very truly, yours, "BYRON."

LETTER 209. TO MR. MOORE.

"Halnaby, Darlington, January 10. 1815.

"I was married this day week. The parson has pronounced it—Perry has announced it—and the Morning Post, also, under the head of 'Lord Byron's Marriage'—as if it were a fabrication, or the puff-direct of a new stay-maker.

"Now for thine affairs. I have redde thee upon the Fathers[3], and it is excellent well. Positively, you must not leave off reviewing. You shine in it—you kill in it: and this article has been taken for Sydney Smith's (as I heard in town), which proves not only your proficiency in parsonology, but that you have all the airs of a veteran critic at your first onset. So, prithee, go on and prosper.

"Scott's 'Lord of the Isles' is out—'the mail-coach copy' I have, by special licence, of Murray.

"Now is *your* time;—you will come upon them newly and freshly. It is impossible to read what you have lately done (verse or prose) without seeing that you have trained on tenfold. * * has floundered; * * has foundered. *I* have tried the rascals (*i. e.* the public) with my Harrys and Larrys, Pilgrims and Pirates. Nobody but S * * * * y [Southey] has done any thing worth a slice of bookseller's pudding, and *he* has not luck enough to be found out in doing a good thing. Now, Tom, is thy time—'Oh, joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for thy fortune.' Let me hear from you soon, and believe me ever, &c.

"P. S.—Lady Byron is vastly well. How are Mrs. Moore and Joe Atkinson's 'Graces?' We must present our women to one another."

LETTER 210. TO MR. MOORE.

"January 19. 1815.

"Egad! I don't think he is 'down;' and my prophecy—like most auguries, sacred and profane—is not annulled, but inverted.

"To your question about the 'dog'[4]—Umph!—my 'mother,' I won't say any thing

[1] ["That Byron should have called his bride, the moment after marriage, 'Miss Milbanke,' *was* of ill omen; for it was cold as ice, when his looks should have been like that harmless lightning, that, without any noise, softly gleams through the twilight of the summer woods; and his words a blessing and a prayer prolonged in the spirit of the nuptial benediction, but confined now in its glowing sanctity to his own virgin's ear."—WILSON.]

[2] The Hebrew Melodies which he had employed himself in writing, during his recent stay in London.

[3] [A review, by Mr. Moore, of a work entitled "Select Passages from the Writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil, translated from the Greek by Hugh Stuart Boyd." See *Edinb. Rev.* vol. xxiv. p. 38.]

[4] I had just been reading Mr. Southey's fine poem of "Roderick;" and, with reference to an incident in it, had put the following question to Lord Byron—"I should like to know from *you*, who are one of the philocynic sect, whether it is probable that any dog (out of a melodrame) could recognise a master, whom neither his own mother or mistress was able to find out. I don't care about Ulysses' dog, &c.—all I want is to know from *you* (who are renowned as 'friend of the dog, companion of the bear') whether such a thing is probable."

["The dog who lay,
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and lick'd
His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up,
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
To court and chide the long-withheld caress."
Southey's Poet. Works, ed. 1838.]

against — that is, about her: but how long a 'mistress' or friend may recollect paramours or competitors (lust and thirst being the two great and only bonds between the amatory or the amicable), I can't say, — or, rather, you know, as well as I could tell you. But as for canine recollections, as far as I could judge by a cur of mine own, (always bating Boatswain, the dearest, and, alas! the maddest of dogs,) I had one (half a *wolf* by the she side) that doted on me at ten years old, and very nearly ate me at twenty. When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches [1], and never would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him. So, let Southey blush and Homer too, as far as I can decide upon quadruped memories.

"I humbly take it, the mother knows the son that pays her jointure — a mistress her mate, till he * * and refuses salary — a friend his fellow, till he loses cash and character — and a dog his master, till he changes him.

"So, you want to know about milady and me? But let me not, as Roderick Random says, 'profane the chaste mysteries of Hymen' [2] — damn the word, I had nearly spelt it with a small *h*. I like Bell as well as you do (or did, you villain!) Bessy — and that is (or was) saying a great deal.

"Address your next to Seaham, Stockton-on-Tees, where we are going on Saturday (a bore, by the way,) to see father-in-law, Sir Jacob, and my lady's lady-mother. Write — and write more at length — both to the public and yours ever most affectionately,

"B."

LETTER 211. TO MR. MOORE.

"Seaham, Stockton-on-Tees, February 2. 1815.

"I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all the women full of 'entusymusy' [3] about you, personally and poetically; and, in particular, that 'When first I met thee' has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog Power wanted you to omit part of it. They are all regretting your absence at Chatsworth, according to my informant — 'all the ladies quite,' &c. &c. &c. Stap my vitals!

"Well, now you have got home again — which I dare say is as agreeable as a 'draught of cool small beer to the scorched palate of a waking sot' — now you have got home again, I say, probably I shall hear from you. Since I wrote last, I have been transferred to my father-in-law's, with my lady and my lady's maid, &c. &c. &c. and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to — and in — admiration. Swift says 'no *wise* man ever married;' but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all possible future states. I still think one ought to marry upon *lease;* but am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term were for ninety and nine years.

"I wish you would respond, for I am here 'oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis.' Pray tell me what is going on in the way of intriguery, and how the w——s and rogues of the upper Beggar's Opera go on — or rather go off — in or after marriage; or who are going to break any particular commandment. Upon this dreary coast, we have nothing but county meetings and shipwrecks: and I have this day dined upon fish, which probably dined upon the crews of several colliers lost in the late gales. But I saw the sea once more in all the glories of surf and foam, — almost equal to the Bay of Biscay, and the interesting white squalls and short seas of Archipelago memory.

"My papa, Sir Ralpho, hath recently made a speech at a Durham tax-meeting; and not only at Durham, but here, several times since after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep, — as might possibly have been the case with some of his audience. Ever thine, "B.

"I must go to tea — damn tea. I wish it was Kinnaird's brandy, and with you to lecture me about it."

LETTER 212. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Seaham, Stockton-upon-Tees, February 2. 1815.

"You will oblige me very much by making an occasional inquiry in Albany, at my chambers, whether my books, &c. are kept in tolerable order, and how far my old woman [4] continues in health and industry as keeper of

[1] ["An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
The odds are, that he finds a handsome urn
To his memory — and two or three young misses,
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches,
And that *his* Argus bites him by — the breeches."
Don Juan, c. iii. st. 23.]

[2] The letter H. is blotted in the MS.

[3] It was thus that, according to his account, a certain celebrated singer and actor used frequently to pronounce the word "enthusiasm."

[4] Mrs. Mule.

my old den. Your parcels have been duly received and perused; but I had hoped to receive 'Guy Mannering' before this time. I won't intrude further for the present on your avocations, professional or pleasurable, but am, as usual,

"Very truly, &c."

LETTER 213. TO MR. MOORE.

"February 4. 1815.

"I enclose you half a letter from * *, which will explain itself—at least the latter part—the former refers to private business of mine own. If Jeffrey will take such an article, and you will undertake the revision, or, indeed, any portion of the article itself (for unless *you do*, by Phœbus, I will have nothing to do with it,) we can cook up, between us three, as pretty a dish of sour-crout as ever tipped over the tongue of a bookmaker.

"You can, at any rate, try Jeffrey's inclination. Your late proposal from him made me hint this to * *, who is a much better proser and scholar than I am, and a very superior man indeed. Excuse haste—answer this.

"Ever yours most,

"B.

"P. S.—All is well at home. I wrote to you yesterday."

LETTER 214. TO MR. MOORE,

"February 10. 1815.

"My dear Tom,

"Jeffrey has been so very kind about me and my damnable works, that I would not be indirect or equivocal with him, even for a friend. So, it may be as well to tell him that it is not mine; but that if I did not firmly and truly believe it to be much better than I could offer, I would never have troubled him or you about it. You can judge between you how far it is admissible, and reject it, if not of the right sort. For my own part, I have no interest in the article one way or the other, further than to oblige * *; and should the composition be a good one, it can hurt neither party,—nor, indeed, any one, saving and excepting Mr. * * * *.

"Curse catch me if I know what H * * means or meaned about the demonstrative pronoun [1], but I admire your fear of being inoculated with the same. Have you never found out that you have a particular style of your own, which is as distinct from all other people, as Hafiz of Shiraz from Hafiz of the Morning Post?

"So you allowed B * * and such like to hum and haw you, or, rather, Lady Jersey out of her compliment, and *me* out of mine. [2] Sun-burn me, but this was pitiful-hearted. However, I will tell her all about it when I see her.

"Bell desires me to say all kinds of civilities, and assure you of her recognition and high consideration. I will tell you of our movements south, which may be in about three weeks from this present writing. By the way, don't engage yourself in any travelling expedition, as I have a plan of travel into Italy, which we will discuss. And then, think of the poesy wherewithal we should overflow, from Venice to Vesuvius, to say nothing of Greece, through all which—God willing—we might perambulate in one twelve months. If I take my wife, you can take yours; and if I leave mine, you may do the same. 'Mind you stand by me in either case, Brother Bruin.' [3]

"And believe me inveterately yours,

"B."

LETTER 215. TO MR. MOORE.

"February 22. 1815.

"Yesterday I sent off the packet and letter to Edinburgh. It consisted of forty-one pages, so that I have not added a line; but in my letter, I mentioned what passed between you and me in autumn, as my inducement for presuming to trouble him either with my own or * *'s lucubrations. I am any thing but sure that it will do; but I have told Jeffrey that if there is any decent raw material in it, he may cut it into what shape he pleases, and warp it to his liking.

"So you *won't* go abroad, then, with *me*, —but alone. I fully purpose starting much about the time you mention, and alone, too.

"I hope J. won't think me very impudent in sending * * only: there was not room for a syllable. I have avowed * * as the author, and said that you thought or said, when I met you last, that he (J.) would not be angry at the coalition, (though, alas! we have not coalesced,) and so, if I have got into a scrape, I must get out of it—Heaven knows how.

"Your Anacreon [4] is come, and with it

[1] Some remark which he told me had been made with respect to the frequent use of the demonstrative pronoun both by himself and by Sir Walter Scott.

[2] Verses to Lady Jersey (containing an allusion to Lord Byron), which I had written, while at Chatsworth, but consigned afterwards to the flames.

[3] [See Foote's farce of the "Mayor of Garrat."]

[4] A seal, with the head of Anacreon, which I had given him.

I sealed (its first impression) the packet and epistle to our patron.

"Curse the Melodies and the Tribes to boot.[1] Braham is to assist — or hath assisted — but will do no more good than a second physician. I merely interfered to oblige a whim of Kinnaird's, and all I have got by it was 'a speech' and a receipt for stewed oysters.

"'Not meet' — pray don't say so. We must meet somewhere or somehow. Newstead is out of the question, being nearly sold again, or, if not, it is uninhabitable for my spouse. Pray write again. I will soon.

"P. S. — Pray when do you come out? ever or never? I hope I have made no blunder; but I certainly think you said to me, (after W * * th, whom I first pondered upon, was given up,) that * * and I might attempt * * * *. *His* length alone prevented me from trying my part, though I should have been less severe upon the Reviewée.

"Your seal is the best and prettiest of my set, and I thank you very much therefor. I have just been — or rather, ought to be — very much shocked by the death of the Duke of Dorset. We were at school together, and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met — but once, I think, since 1805 — and it would be a paltry affectation to pretend that I had any feeling for him worth the name. But there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart; and all I can say for it now is that — it is not worth breaking.

"Adieu — it is all a farce."

LETTER 216. TO MR. MOORE.

"March 2. 1815.

"My dear Thom,

"Jeffrey has sent me the most friendly of all possible letters, and has accepted * *'s article. He says he has long liked not only, &c. &c. but my character. This must be *your* doing, you dog — ar'nt you ashamed of yourself, knowing me so well? This is what one gets for having you for a father confessor.

"I feel merry enough to send you a sad song.[2] You once asked me for some words which you would set. Now you may set or not, as you like, — but there they are in a legible hand[3], and not in mine, but of my own scribbling; so you may say of them what you please. Why don't you write to me? I shall make you 'a speech'[4] if you don't respond quickly.

"I am in such a state of sameness and stagnation, and so totally occupied in consuming the fruits — and sauntering — and playing dull games at cards — and yawning — and trying to read old Annual Registers and the daily papers — and gathering shells on the shore — and watching the growth of stunted gooseberry bushes in the garden — that I have neither time nor sense to say more than yours ever, "B.

"P. S. — I open my letter again to put a question to you. What would Lady Cork[5], or any other fashionable Pidcock, give to collect you and Jeffrey and me to *one* party? I have been answering his letter, which suggested this dainty query. I can't help laughing at the thoughts of your face and mine; and our anxiety to keep the Aristarch in good humour during the *early* part of a compotation, till we got drunk enough to make him 'a speech.' I think the critic would have much the best of us — of one, at least — for I don't think diffidence (I mean social) is a disease of yours."

LETTER 217. TO MR. MOORE.

"March 8. 1815.

"An event — the death of poor Dorset — and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not — set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands. I am very glad you like them, for I flatter myself they will pass as an imitation of your style. If I could imitate it well, I should have no great ambition of originality — I wish I could make you exclaim with Dennis, 'That's my thunder, by G—d!'[6] I wrote

[1] I had taken the liberty of laughing a little at the manner in which some of his Hebrew Melodies had been set to music.

[2] The verses enclosed were those melancholy ones now printed in his works, "There's not a joy the world can give like those it takes away." [See *Works*, p. 560.]

[3] The MS. was in the handwriting of Lady Byron.

[4] These allusions to "a speech" are connected with a little incident, not worth mentioning, which had amused us both when I was in town. He was rather fond (and had been always so, as may be seen in his early letters) of thus harping on some conventional phrase or joke.

[5] ["The Hon. Mary Monkton, daughter of the first Viscount Galway, born April, 1747; married, in 1786, to Edmund, seventh Earl of Cork and Orrery. Lodge's Peerage dates her birth 1737, but this is a mistake, for an elder sister of the same name. Now (1838) in her *ninety-second* year, Lady Cork still entertains and enjoys society with extraordinary health, spirits, and vivacity; and Boswell's description of her *fifty-seven years ago* as 'the lively Miss Monkton, who used always to have the finest *bit of blue* at her parties, is characteristic to this day."—*Croker on Boswell.*]

[6] [——"'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl."
Dunciad.

"The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by

them with a view to your setting them, and as a present to Power, if he would accept the words, and *you* did not think yourself degraded, for once in a way, by marrying them to music.

"Sun-burn Nathan! — why do you always twit me with his vile Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all Kinnaird's doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper? But thou wilt be a wag, Thomas; and see what you get for it. Now for my revenge.

"Depend — and perpend — upon it that your opinion of * *'s poem will travel through one or other of the quintuple correspondents, till it reaches the ear, and the liver of the author.[1] Your adventure, however, is truly laughable — but how could you be such a potatoe? You 'a brother' (of the quill) too, 'near the throne,' to confide to a man's *own publisher* (who has 'bought,' or rather sold, 'golden opinions' about him) such a damnatory parenthesis! 'Between you and me,' quotha — it reminds me of a passage in the Heir at Law — 'Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I suppose.' — 'No — tête-à-tête with *five hundred people*;' and your confidential communication will doubtless be in circulation to that amount, in a short time, with several additions, and in several letters, all signed L. H. R. O. B., &c. &c. &c.

"We leave this place to-morrow, and shall stop on our way to town (in the interval of taking a house there) at Col. Leigh's, near Newmarket, where any epistle of yours will find its welcome way.

"I have been very comfortable here, — listening to that d—d monologue, which elderly gentlemen call conversation, and in which my pious father-in-law repeats himself every evening — save one, when he played upon the fiddle. However, they have been very kind and hospitable, and I like them and the place vastly, and I hope they will live many happy months. Bell is in health, and unvaried good-humour and behaviour. But we are all in the agonies of packing and parting; and, I suppose, by this time to-morrow I shall be stuck in the chariot with my chin upon a band-box. I have prepared, however, another carriage for the abigail, and all the trumpery which our wives drag along with them.

"Ever thine, most affectionately,

"B."

LETTER 218. TO MR. MOORE.

"March 17. 1815.

"I meaned to write to you before on the subject of your loss[2]; but the recollection of the uselessness and worthlessness of any observations on such events prevented me. I shall only now add, that I rejoice to see you bear it so well, and that I trust time will enable Mrs. M. to sustain it better. Every thing should be done to divert and occupy her with other thoughts and cares, and I am sure that all that can be done will.

"Now to your letter. Napoleon — but the papers will have told you all. I quite think with you upon the subject, and for my *real* thoughts this time last year, I would refer you to the last pages of the Journal I gave you. I can forgive the rogue for utterly falsifying every line of mine Ode — which I take to be the last and uttermost stretch of human magnanimity. Do you remember the story of a certain Abbé, who wrote a treatise on the Swedish Constitution and proved it indissoluble and eternal? Just as he had corrected the last sheet, news came that Gustavus III. had destroyed this immortal government. 'Sir,' quoth the Abbé, 'the King of Sweden may overthrow the *constitution*, but not *my book!!*' I think *of* the Abbé, but not *with* him.

"Making every allowance for talent and most consummate daring, there is, after all, a good deal in luck or destiny. He might have been stopped by our frigates — or wrecked in the Gulf of Lyons, which is particularly tempestuous — or — a thousand things. But he is certainly Fortune's favourite, and

> "Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
> Taking towns at his liking and crowns at his leisure,
> From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
> Making *balls for* the ladies, and *bows* to his foes.

You must have seen the account of his driving into the middle of the royal army, and the immediate effect of his pretty speeches.

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troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, ''Sdeath! that is my thunder.'" — WARBURTON.]

[1] He here alludes to a circumstance which I had communicated to him in a preceding letter. In writing to one of the numerous partners of a well-known publishing establishment (with which I have since been lucky enough to form a more intimate connection) I had said confidentially (as I thought), in reference to a poem that had just appeared, — "Between you and me, I do not much admire Mr. * *'s poem." The letter being chiefly upon business, was answered through the regular business channel, and, to my dismay, concluded with the following words: — "*We* are very sorry that you do not approve of Mr. * *'s new poem, and are your obedient, &c. &c. L. H. R. O., &c. &c.'"

[2] The death of his infant god-daughter, Olivia Byron Moore.

And now if he don't drub the Allies, there is 'no purchase in money.' If he can take France by himself, the devil's in't if he don't repulse the invaders, when backed by those celebrated sworders — those boys of the blade, the Imperial Guard, and the old and new army. It is impossible not to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his character and career. Nothing ever so disappointed me as his abdication, and nothing could have reconciled me to him but some such revival as his recent exploit; though no one could anticipate such a complete and brilliant renovation.

"To your question, I can only answer that there have been some symptoms which look a little gestatory. It is a subject upon which I am not particularly anxious, except that I think it would please her uncle, Lord Wentworth, and her father and mother. The former (Lord W.) is now in town, and in very indifferent health. You, perhaps, know that his property, amounting to seven or eight thousand a year, will eventually devolve upon Bell. But the old gentleman has been so very kind to her and me, that I hardly know how to wish him in heaven, if he can be comfortable on earth. Her father is still in the country.

"We mean to metropolise to-morrow, and you will address your next to Piccadilly. We have got the Duchess of Devon's house there, she being in France.

"I don't care what Power says to secure the property of the Song, so that it is *not* complimentary to me, nor any thing about 'condescending' or '*noble* author' — both 'vile phrases,' as Polonius says.

"Pray, let me hear from you, and when you mean to be in town. Your continental scheme is impracticable for the present. I have to thank you for a longer letter than usual, which I hope will induce you to tax my gratitude still further in the same way.

"You never told me about 'Longman' and 'next winter,' and I am *not* a 'milestone.'"[1]

LETTER 219. TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Piccadilly, March 31. 1815.

"Dear Sir,

"It will give me great pleasure to comply with your request, though I hope there is still taste enough left amongst us to render it almost unnecessary, sordid and interested as, it must be admitted, many of 'the trade' are, where circumstances give them an advantage. I trust you do not permit yourself to be depressed by the temporary partiality of what is called 'the public' for the favourites of the moment; all experience is against the permanency of such impressions. You must have lived to see many of these pass away, and will survive many more — I mean personally, for *poetically*, I would not insult you by a comparison.

"If I may be permitted, I would suggest that there never was such an opening for tragedy. In Kean, there is an actor worthy of expressing the thoughts of the characters which you have every power of embodying; and I cannot but regret that the part of Ordonio was disposed of before his appearance at Drury Lane.[2] We have had nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with 'Remorse' for very many years; and I should think that the reception of that play was sufficient to encourage the highest hopes of author and audience. It is to be hoped that you are proceeding in a career which could not but be successful. With my best respects to Mr. Bowles, I have the honour to be,

"Your obliged and very obedient servant,

"BYRON.

"P. S. — You mention my 'Satire,' lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say, that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since; more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends, which is 'heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough[3]; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks."

[1] I had accused him of having entirely forgot that, in a preceding letter, I had informed him of my intention to publish with the Messrs. Longman in the ensuing winter, and added that, in giving him this information, I found I had been — to use an elegant Irish metaphor — "whistling jigs to a mile-stone."

[2] ["Remorse" was brought out at Drury Lane, with considerable success, in January 1813. The part of Ordonio was intrusted to Rae. For an able analysis of this tragedy, see *Quart. Rev.* vol. xi. p. 177.]

[3] [— "none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegise an ass:
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays, the laureat of the long-ear'd kind."
See *Works*, p. 425.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

1815.

LONDON. — PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT. — SIR WALTER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BYRON. — DEATH OF LORD WENTWORTH. — ANECDOTES. — DRURY-LANE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT. — LETTERS TO MOORE. — DEATH OF WHITBREAD. — SOTHEBY'S IVAN. — STAGE ANECDOTES. — SHERIDAN AND COLMAN. — MONK LEWIS. — LETTERS TO MOORE AND MURRAY.

It was in the course of this spring that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott became, for the first time, personally acquainted with each other. Mr. Murray, having been previously on a visit to the latter gentleman, had been intrusted by him with a superb Turkish dagger, as a present to Lord Byron; and the noble poet, on their meeting this year in London, — the only time when these two great men had ever an opportunity of enjoying each other's society, — presented to Sir Walter, in return, a vase containing some human bones that had been dug up from under a part of the old walls of Athens. The reader, however, will be much better pleased to have these particulars in the words of Sir Walter Scott himself, who, with that good-nature which renders him no less amiable than he is admirable, has found time, in the midst of all his marvellous labours for the world, to favour me with the following interesting communication: [1] —

"My first acquaintance with Byron began in a manner rather doubtful. I was so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the Edinburgh, that I remember remonstrating against it with our friend, the editor, because I thought the 'Hours of Idleness' treated with undue severity. They were written, like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others than what had been suggested by his own imagination; but, nevertheles, I thought they contained some passages of noble promise. I was so much impressed with this, that I had thoughts of writing to the author; but some exaggerated reports concerning his peculiarities, and a natural unwillingness to intrude an opinion which was uncalled for, induced me to relinquish the idea.

"When Byron wrote his famous Satire, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime was having written a poem (Marmion, I think) for a thousand pounds; which was no otherwise true than that I sold the copy-right for that sum. Now, not to mention that an author can hardly be censured for accepting such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the trade made no complaints of their bargain [2], I thought the interference with my private affairs was rather beyond the limits of literary satire. On the other hand, Lord Byron paid me, in several passages, so much more praise than I deserved, that I must have been more irritable than I have ever felt upon such subjects, not to sit down contented, and think no more about the matter.

"I was very much struck, with all the rest of the world, at the vigour and force of imagination displayed in the first cantos of Childe Harold, and the other splendid productions which Lord Byron flung from him to the public with a promptitude that savoured of profusion. My own popularity, as a poet, was then on the wane, and I was unaffectedly pleased to see an author of so much

[1] A few passages at the beginning of these recollections have been omitted, as containing particulars relative to Lord Byron's mother, which have already been mentioned in the early part of this work. Among these, however, there is one anecdote, the repetition of which will be easily pardoned, on account of the infinitely greater interest as well as authenticity imparted to its details by coming from such an eyewitness as Sir Walter Scott: — "I remember," he says, "having seen Lord Byron's mother before she was married, and a certain coincidence rendered the circumstance rather remarkable. It was during Mrs. Siddons's first or second visit to Edinburgh, when the music of that wonderful actress's voice, looks, manner, and person, produced the strongest effect which could possibly be exerted by a human being upon her fellow-creatures. Nothing of the kind that I ever witnessed approached it by a hundred degrees. The high state of excitation was aided by the difficulties of obtaining entrance, and the exhausting length of time that the audience were contented to wait until the piece commenced. When the curtain fell, a large proportion of the ladies were generally in hysterics.

"I remember Miss Gordon of Ghight, in particular, harrowing the house by the desperate and wild way in which she shrieked out Mrs. Siddons's exclamation, in the character of Isabella, 'Oh my Byron! Oh my Byron!' A well-known medical gentleman, the benevolent Dr. Alexander Wood, tendered his assistance; but the thick-pressed audience could not for a long time make way for the doctor to approach his patient, or the patient the physician. The remarkable circumstance was, that the lady had not then seen Captain Byron, who, like Sir Toby, made her conclude with 'Oh!' as she had begun with it."

[2] ["On the contrary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret. — Introd. to Marmion: *Poet. Works*, vol. vii. p. 12.]

power and energy taking the field. Mr. John Murray happened to be in Scotland that season; and as I mentioned to him the pleasure I should have in making Lord Byron's acquaintance, he had the kindness to mention my wish to his Lordship, which led to some correspondence.

"It was in the spring of 1815 that, chancing to be in London, I had the advantage of a personal introduction to Lord Byron. Report had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. We met, for an hour or two almost daily, in Mr. Murray's drawing-room, and found a great deal to say to each other. We also met frequently in parties and evening society, so that for about two months I had the advantage of a considerable intimacy with this distinguished individual. Our sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics, upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I remember saying to him, that I really thought, that if he lived a few years he would alter his sentiments. He answered, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I will turn Methodist.' I replied, 'No — I don't expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penances.[1] The species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right.

"On politics, he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is now called Liberalism; but it appeared to me that the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the political principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disgusts, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar and, as it appeared to me, contradictory cast of mind: but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle.

"Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him the fine poem of Hardyknute[2], an imitation of the old Scottish Ballad, with which he was so much affected, that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated.[3]

"I saw Byron, for the last time, in 1815, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched, with me at Long's in Bond Street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good-humour, to which the presence of Mr. Mathews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller, Mr. Scott, of Gala, and I set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again. Several letters passed between us — one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts: — I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redoubted Elfi Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed, in the Iliad; for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver. It was full of dead men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the base. One ran thus: — 'The bones contained in this urn were found in certain ancient sepulchres within the land walls of Athens, in the month of February, 1811.' The other face bears the lines of Juvenal: —

"Expende — quot libras in duce summo invenies.
— Mors sola fatetur quantula hominum corpuscula."
Juv. x.[4]

"To these I have added a third inscription, in these words — 'The gift of Lord Byron to Walter Scott.'[5] There was a letter

[1] ["When I turn thirty, I will turn devout: I feel a great vocation that way in Catholic churches, and when I hear the organ." — *Lord Byron to Mr. Murray*, April 9, 1817.]

[2] [Mr. Lockhart says that on the blank leaf of his copy of Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen," Sir Walter Scott has written, "Hardyknute was the first poem that I ever learnt — the last that I shall forget."—*Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 83.]

[3] ["I have found out the seal cut on Murray's letter. It is meant for Sir Walter Scott; but it does not do him justice. Scott's — particularly when he recites — is a very intelligent countenance."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

[4] [See *antè*, p. 234.]

[5] Mr. Murray had, at the time of giving the vase, suggested to Lord Byron, that it would increase the value of the gift to add some such inscription; but the feeling of

with this vase more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones, — but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station, — most gratuitously exercised certainly, since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.

"We had a good deal of laughing, I remember, on what the public might be supposed to think, or say, concerning the gloomy and ominous nature of our mutual gifts.

"I think I can add little more to my recollections of Byron. He was often melancholy, — almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. In conversation he was very animated.

"I met with him very frequently in society; our mutual acquaintances doing me the honour to think that he liked to meet with me. Some very agreeable parties I can recollect, — particularly one at Sir George Beaumont's, where the amiable landlord had assembled some persons distinguished for talent. Of these I need only mention the late Sir Humphry Davy, whose talents for literature were as remarkable as his empire over science. Mr. Richard Sharp and Mr. Rogers were also present.

"I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret, and perhaps offensive, meaning in something casually said to him. In this case, I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect, than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his misconstruing my sentiments towards him, nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius which threw into the shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that, in my own case, the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion.

"I rummage my brains in vain for what often rushes into my head unbidden, — little traits and sayings which recall his looks, manner, tone, and gestures; and I have always continued to think that a crisis of life was arrived in which a new career of fame was opened to him, and that had he been permitted to start upon it, he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget."

LETTER 220. TO MR. MOORE.

"April 23. 1815.

"Lord Wentworth died last week. The bulk of his property (from seven to eight thousand per ann.) is entailed on Lady Milbanke and Lady Byron. The first is gone to take possession in Leicestershire, and attend the funeral, &c. this day.

"I have mentioned the facts of the settlement of Lord W.'s property, because the newspapers, with their usual accuracy, have been making all kinds of blunders in their statement. His will is just as expected — the principal part settled on Lady Milbanke (now Noel) and Bell, and a separate estate left for sale to pay debts (which are not great) and legacies to his natural son and daughter.

"Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy was last night damned. They may bring it on again, and probably will; but damned it was, — not a word of the last act audible. I went (*malgré* that I ought to have stayed at home in sackcloth for unc., but I could not resist the *first* night of any thing) to a private and quiet nook of my private box, and witnessed the whole process. The first three acts, with transient gushes of applause, oozed patiently but heavily on. I must say it was badly acted, particularly by Kean, who was groaned upon in the third act, — something about 'horror — such a horror' was the cause. Well! the fourth act became as muddy and turbid as need be; but the fifth — what Garrick used to call (like a fool) the *concoction* of a play[2] — the fifth act stuck fast

the noble poet on this subject will be understood from the following answer which he returned: —

"April 9. 1815.

"Thanks for the books. I have great objection to your proposition about inscribing the vase, — which is, that it would appear *ostentatious* on my part: and of course I must send it as it is, without any alteration.

"Yours, &c."

[1] [On the 22nd of April, "Ina," a tragedy by Mrs. Wilmot (now Lady Dacre), in which Kean played the principal character, was damned at Drury Lane.]

[2] ["JOHNSON: 'Mr. Hawkins came to me and complained, and told me that Garrick said his play was wrong in the *concoction*. Now, what is the concoction of a play?' — GARRICK: 'I — I — I — said, *first* concoction!' — JOHNSON: 'Well, he left out *first*.'" — BOSWELL. "Gar-

at the king's prayer. You know he says, 'he never went to bed without saying them, and did not like to omit them now.' But he was no sooner upon his knees, than the audience got upon their legs — the damnable pit — and roared, and groaned, and hissed, and whistled. Well, that was choked a little; but the ruffian-scene — the penitent peasantry — and killing the bishop and princes — oh, it was all over! The curtain fell upon unheard actors, and the announcement attempted by Kean for Monday was equally ineffectual. Mrs. Bartley was so frightened, that, though the people were tolerably quiet, the epilogue[1] was quite inaudible to half the house. In short, — you know all. I clapped till my hands were skinless, and so did Sir James Mackintosh, who was with me in the box. All the world were in the house, from the Jerseys, Greys, &c. &c. downwards. But it would not do. It is, after all, not an *acting* play; good language, but no power. * * * Women (saving Joanna Baillie) cannot write tragedy: they have not seen enough nor felt enough of life for it. I think Semiramis or Catherine II. might have written (could they have been unqueened) a rare play.

"It is, however, a good warning not to risk or write tragedies. I never had much bent that way; but if I had, this would have cured me.

"Ever, carissime Thom.,
"Thine, B."

LETTER 221. TO MR. MURRAY.

"May 21. 1815.

"You must have thought it very odd, not to say ungrateful, that I made no mention of the drawings[2], &c. when I had the pleasure of seeing you this morning. The fact is, that till this moment I had not seen them, nor heard of their arrival: they were carried up into the library, where I have not been till just now, and no intimation given to me of their coming. The present is so very magnificent, that — in short I leave Lady Byron to thank you for it herself, and merely send this to apologise for a piece of apparent and unintentional neglect on my own part. "Yours, &c."

rick had high authority for this expression. Dryden uses it in his preface to Œdipus."—MALONE. "And surely 'concoction' alone was as good as *first* concoction; which latter phrase Johnson was willing to admit: but it appears, from the Garrick Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 6., that Garrick really wrote '*first* concoction.'" — CROKER."]

[1] [The prologue was written by the Hon. William Lamb (now Viscount Melbourne); the epilogue by Mr. Thomas Moore.]

[2] Mr. Murray had presented Lady Byron with twelve drawings, by Stothard, from Lord Byron's Poems.

LETTER. 222. TO MR. MOORE.[3]

"13. Piccadilly Terrace, June 12. 1815.

"I have nothing to offer in behalf of my late silence, except the most inveterate and ineffable laziness; but I am too supine to invent a lie, or I *certainly* should, being ashamed of the truth. Kinnaird, I hope, has appeased your magnanimous indignation at his blunders. I wished and wish you were in the Committee, with all my heart.[4] It seems so hopeless a business, that the company of a friend would be quite consoling, — but more of this when we meet. In the mean time, you are entreated to prevail upon Mrs. Esterre to engage herself. I believe she has been written to, but your influence, in person or proxy, would probably go further than our proposals. What they are, I know not; all *my* new function consists in listening to the despair of Cavendish Bradshaw, the hopes of Kinnaird, the wishes of Lord Essex, the complaints of Whitbread, and the calculations of Peter Moore, — all of which, and whom, seem totally at variance. C. Bradshaw wants to light the theatre with *gas*, which may, perhaps (if the vulgar be believed), poison half the audience, and all the *dramatis personæ*. Essex has endeavoured to persuade Kean not to get drunk; the consequence of which is, that he has never been sober since. Kinnaird, with equal success, would have convinced Raymond that he, the said Raymond, had too much salary. Whitbread wants us to assess the pit another sixpence, — a d—d insidious proposition, — which will end in an O. P. combustion. To crown all, Robins, the auctioneer has the impudence to be displeased, because he has no dividend. The villain is a proprietor of shares, and a long-lunged orator in the meetings. I hear he has prophesied our incapacity, — 'a foregone conclusion,' whereof I hope to give him signal proofs before we are done.

"Will you give us an opera? No, I'll be sworn; but I wish you would.

"To go on with the poetical world, Walter Scott has gone back to Scotland. Murray, the bookseller, has been cruelly cudgelled of misbegotten knaves, 'in Kendal

[3] This and the following letter were addressed to me in Ireland, whither I had gone about the middle of the preceding month.

[4] He had lately become one of the members of the Sub-Committee, (consisting, besides himself, of the persons mentioned in this letter,) who had taken upon themselves the management of Drury Lane Theatre; and it had been his wish, on the first construction of the Committee, that I should be one of his colleagues. To some mistake in the mode of conveying this proposal to me, he alludes in the preceding sentence.

Green,' at Newington Butts, in his way home from a purlieu dinner, — and robbed — would you believe it? — of three or four bonds of forty pound a piece, and a seal-ring of his grandfather's, worth a million! This is his version, — but others opine that D'Israeli, with whom he dined, knocked him down with his last publication, 'The Quarrels of Authors,' in a dispute about copyright. Be that as it may, the newspapers have teemed with his 'injuria formæ,' and he has been embrocated, and invisible to all but the apothecary ever since.

"Lady B. is better than three months advanced in her progress towards maternity, and, we hope, likely to go well through with it. We have been very little out this season, as I wish to keep her quiet in her present situation. Her father and mother have changed their names to Noel, in compliance with Lord Wentworth's will, and in complaisance to the property bequeathed by him.

"I hear that you have been gloriously received by the Irish, — and so you ought. But don't let them kill you with claret and kindness at the national dinner in your honour, which, I hear and hope, is in contemplation. If you will tell me the day, I'll get drunk myself on this side of the water, and waft you an applauding hiccup over the Channel.

"Of politics, we have nothing but the yell for war; and C * * h [Castlereagh] is preparing his head for the pike, on which we shall see it carried before he has done. The loan has made every body sulky. I hear often from Paris, but in direct contradiction to the home statements of our hirelings. Of domestic doings, there has been nothing since Lady D * *. Not a divorce stirring, — but a good many in embryo, in the shape of marriages.

"I enclose you an epistle received this morning from I know not whom; but I think it will amuse you. The writer must be a rare fellow.[1]

"P. S. — A gentleman named D'Alton (not your Dalton) has sent me a National Poem called 'Dermid.' The same cause which prevented my writing to you operated against my wish to write to him an epistle of thanks. If you see him, will you make all kinds of fine speeches for me, and tell him that I am the laziest and most ungrateful of mortals?

"A word more; — don't let Sir John Stevenson (as an evidence on trials for copy-right, &c.) talk about the price of your next poem, or they will come upon you for the *property tax* for it. I am serious, and have just heard a long story of the rascally tax-men making Scott pay for his.[2] So, take care. Three hundred is a devil of a deduction out of three thousand."

LETTER 223. TO MR. MOORE.

"July 7. 1815.

"'Grata superveniet,' &c. &c. I had written to you again, but burnt the letter, because I began to think you seriously hurt at my indolence, and did not know how the buffoonery it contained might be taken. In the mean time, I have yours, and all is well.

"I had given over all hopes of yours. By-the-by, my 'grata superveniet' should be in the present tense; for I perceive it looks now as if it applied to this present scrawl reaching you, whereas it is to the receipt of thy Kilkenny epistle that I have tacked that venerable sentiment.

"Poor Whitbread died yesterday morning, — a sudden and severe loss. His health had been wavering, but so fatal an attack was not apprehended. He dropped down, and I believe never spoke afterwards. I perceive Perry attributes his death to Drury Lane, — a consolatory encouragement to the new Committee. I have no doubt that * *, who is of a plethoric habit, will be bled immediately; and as I have, since my marriage, lost much of my paleness, and — 'horresco referens' (for I hate even *moderate* fat) — that happy slenderness, to which when I first knew you, I had attained, I by no means sit easy under this dispensation of the Morning Chronicle. Every one must

[1] The following is the enclosure here referred to: —

"Darlington, June 3. 1815.

"My Lord,

"I have lately purchased a set of your works, and am quite vexed that you have not cancelled the Ode to Buonaparte. It certainly was prematurely written, without thought or reflection. Providence has now brought him to reign over millions again, while the same Providence keeps as it were in a garrison another potentate, who, in the language of Mr. Burke, 'he hurled from his throne.' See if you cannot make amends for your folly, and consider that, in almost every respect, human nature is the same, in every clime and in every period, and don't act the part of a *foolish boy*. — Let not Englishmen talk of the stretch of tyrants, while the torrents of blood shed in the East Indies cry aloud to Heaven for retaliation. Learn, good sir, not to cast the first stone.

I remain your Lordship's servant,

"J. R * *."

[2] [Such a claim was set up by the income tax commissioners in 1813; but Sir Walter Scott resisted, and ultimately carried his point.—See *Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott*, vol. iii. p. 100.]

regret the loss of Whitbread; he was surely a great and very good man.

"Paris is taken for the second time. I presume it, for the future, will have an anniversary capture. In the late battles, like all the world, I have lost a connexion,—poor Frederic Howard, the best of his race.[1] I had little intercourse, of late years, with his family, but I never saw or heard but good of him. Hobhouse's brother is killed. In short, the havoc has not left a family out of its tender mercies.

"Every hope of a republic is over, and we must go on under the old system. But I am sick at heart of politics and slaughters; and the luck which Providence is pleased to lavish on Lord Castlereagh is only a proof of the little value the gods set upon prosperity, when they permit such * * * s as he and that drunken corporal, old Blucher, to bully their betters. From this, however, Wellington should be excepted. He *is* a man,—and the Scipio of our Hannibal. However, he may thank the Russian frosts, which destroyed the *real élite* of the French army, for the successes of Waterloo.

"La! Moore—how you blasphemes about 'Parnassus' and 'Moses!' I am ashamed for you. Won't you do any thing for the drama? We beseech an Opera. Kinnaird's blunder was partly mine. I wanted you of all things in the Committee, and so did he. But we are now glad you were wiser; for it is, I doubt, a bitter business.

"When shall we see you in England? Sir Ralph Noel (*late* Milbanke—he don't promise to be *late* Noel in a hurry), finding that one man can't inhabit two houses, has given his place in the north to me for a habitation; and there Lady B. threatens to be brought to bed in November. Sir R. and my Lady Mother are to quarter at Kirby—Lord Wentworth's that was. Perhaps you and Mrs. Moore will pay us a visit at Seaham in the course of the autumn. If so, you and I (*without* our *wives*) will take a *lark* to Edinburgh and embrace Jeffrey. It is not much above one hundred miles from us. But all this, and other high matters, we will discuss at meeting, which I hope will be on your return. We don't leave town till August.

"Ever yours, &c.

"B."

[1] [The Honourable Frederick Howard, third son of the Earl of Carlisle.

——"when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lour'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard!"

Childe Harold, c. iii. st. 29. See *Works*, p. 31.]

LETTER 224. TO MR. SOTHEBY.

"Sept. 15. 1815. Piccadilly Terrace.

"Dear Sir,

"'Ivan' is accepted, and will be put in progress on Kean's arrival.

"The theatrical gentlemen have a confident hope of its success. I know not that any alterations for the stage will be necessary; if any, they will be trifling, and you shall be duly apprised. I would suggest that you should not attend any except the latter rehearsals—the managers have requested me to state this to you. You can see them, viz. Dibdin and Rae, whenever you please, and I will do any thing you wish to be done on your suggestion, in the mean time.

"Mrs. Mardyn is not yet out, and nothing can be determined till she has made her appearance—I mean as to her capacity for the part you mention, which I take it for granted is not in Ivan—as I think Ivan may be performed very well without her. But of that hereafter. Ever yours, very truly,

"BYRON.

"P. S.—You will be glad to hear that the season has begun uncommonly well—great and constant houses—the performers in much harmony with the Committee and one another, and as much good-humour as can be preserved in such complicated and extensive interests as the Drury Lane proprietary."

TO MR. SOTHEBY.

"September 25. 1815.

"Dear Sir,

"I think it would be advisable for you to see the acting managers when convenient, as there must be points on which you will want to confer; the objection I stated was merely on the part of the performers, and is *general* and not *particular* to this instance. I thought it as well to mention it at once—and some of the rehearsals you will doubtless see, notwithstanding.

"Rae, I rather think, has his eye on Naritzin for himself. He is a more popular performer than Bartley, and certainly the cast will be stronger with him in it: besides, he is one of the managers, and will feel doubly interested if he can act in both capacities. Mrs. Bartley will be Petrowna;—as to the Empress, I know not what to say or think. The truth is, we are not amply furnished with tragic women; but make the best of those we have,—you can take your choice of them. We have all great hopes of the success—on which, setting aside other considerations, we are particularly anxious,

as being the first tragedy to be brought out since the old Committee.

"By the way — I have a charge against you. As the great Mr. Dennis roared out on a similar occasion — 'By G—d *that* is *my* thunder!' so do I exclaim, '*This* is *my* lightning!' I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in the scene with Petrowna and the Empress, where the thought and almost expression are similar to Conrad's in the 3d canto of 'The Corsair.' I, however, do not say this to accuse you, but to exempt myself from suspicion[1], as there is a priority of six months' publication, on my part, between the appearance of that composition and of your tragedies.

"George Lambe meant to have written to you. If you don't like to confer with the managers at present, I will attend to your wishes — so state them. Yours very truly,

"Byron."

Letter 225. TO MR. TAYLOR.

"13. Terrace, Piccadilly, September 25. 1815.

"Dear Sir,

"I am sorry you should feel uneasy at what has by no means troubled me.[2] If your editor, his correspondents, and readers are amused, I have no objection to be the theme of all the ballads he can find room for — provided his lucubrations are confined to me only.

"It is a long time since things of this kind have ceased to 'fright me from my propriety;' nor do I know any similar attack which would induce me to turn again, — unless it involved those connected with me, whose qualities, I hope, are such as to exempt them in the eyes of those who bear no good-will to myself. In such a case, supposing it to occur — to *reverse* the saying of Dr. Johnson, — 'what the law could not do for me, I would do for myself,' be the consequences what they might.

"I return you, with many thanks, Colman and the letters. The poems, I hope, you intended me to keep; — at least, I shall do so till I hear the contrary. Very truly yours."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Sept. 25. 1815.

"Will you publish the Drury Lane 'Magpie?' or, what is more, will you give fifty, or even forty, pounds for the copyright of the said? I have undertaken to ask you this question on behalf of the translator, and wish you would. We can't get so much for him by ten pounds from any body else, and I, knowing your magnificence, would be glad of an answer. Ever, &c."

Letter 226. TO MR. MURRAY.

"September 27. 1816.

"That's right and splendid, and becoming a publisher of high degree. Mr. Concanen (the translator) will be delighted, and pay his washerwoman; and, in reward for your bountiful behaviour in this instance, I won't ask you to publish any more for Drury Lane, or any lane whatever, again. You will have no tragedy or any thing else from me, I assure you, and may think yourself lucky in having got rid of me, for good and all, without more damage. But I'll tell you what we will do for you, — act Sotheby's Ivan, which will succeed; and then your present and next impression of the dramas of that dramatic gentleman will be expedited to your heart's content: and if there is any thing very good, you shall have the refusal; but you sha'n't have any more requests.

"Sotheby has got a thought, and almost the words, from the third canto of The

[1] Notwithstanding this precaution of the poet, the coincidence in question was, but a few years after, triumphantly cited in support of the sweeping charge of plagiarism brought against him by some scribblers. The following are Mr Sotheby's lines: —

"And I have leapt
In transport from my flinty couch, to welcome
The thunder as it burst upon my roof,
And beckon'd to the lightning, as it flash'd
And sparkled on these fetters."

I have since been informed by Mr. Sotheby that, though not published, these lines had been written long before the appearance of Lord Byron's poem.

[1] [The following is the passage in the Corsair: —

"Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the midnight star:
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,
And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain:
He rais'd his iron hand to Heaven, and pray'd
One pitying flash to mar the form it made."

Corsair.]

[2] Mr. Taylor having inserted in the Sun newspaper (of which he was then chief proprietor) a sonnet to Lord Byron, in return for a present which his Lordship had sent him of a handsomely bound copy of all his works, there appeared in the same journal, on the following day (from the pen of some person who had acquired a control over the paper), a parody upon this sonnet, containing some disrespectful allusion to Lady Byron; and it is to this circumstance, which Mr. Taylor had written to explain, that the above letter, so creditable to the feelings of the noble husband, refers. [Mr. John Taylor, son of Chevalier Taylor, the oculist and autobiographer, was the author of a number of prologues, epilogues, and other light poetical pieces. His most popular effort was the humorous tale of Monsieur Tonson. He died in 1832.]

Corsair, which, you know, was published six months before his tragedy. It is from the storm in Conrad's cell. I have written to Mr. Sotheby to claim it; and, as Dennis roared out of the pit, 'By G—d, *that's my* thunder!' so do I, and will I, exclaim, 'By G—d that's *my lightning!*' that electrical fluid being, in fact, the subject of the said passage.

"You will have a print of Fanny Kelly, in the Maid, to prefix, which is honestly worth twice the money you have given for the MS. Pray what did you do with the note I gave you about Mungo Park?

"Ever, &c."

LETTER 227. TO MR. MOORE.

"13. Terrace, Piccadilly, October 28. 1815.

"You are, it seems, in England again, as I am to hear from every body but yourself; and I suppose you punctilious, because I did not answer your last Irish letter. When did you leave the 'swate country?' Never mind, I forgive you;—a strong proof of—I know not what—to give the lie to—

'He never pardons who hath done the wrong.'

"You have written to * *. You have also written to Perry, who intimates hope of an Opera from you. Coleridge has promised a tragedy. Now, if you keep Perry's word, and Coleridge keeps his own, Drury Lane will be set up; and, sooth to say, it is in grievous want of such a lift. We began at speed, and are blown already. When I say 'we,' I mean Kinnaird, who is the 'all in all sufficient,' and can count, which none of the rest of the Committee can.

"It is really very good fun, as far as the daily and nightly stir of these strutters and fretters go; and, if the concern could be brought to pay a shilling in the pound, would do much credit to the management. Mr. Sotheby, has an accepted tragedy, Ivan, whose first scene is in his sleep (I don't mean the author's). It was forwarded to us as a prodigious favourite of Kean's; but the said Kean, upon interrogation, denies his eulogy, and protests against his part. How it will end, I know not.

"I say so much about the theatre, because there is nothing else alive in London at this season. All the world are out of it, except us, who remain to lie in,—in December, or perhaps earlier. Lady B. is very ponderous and prosperous, apparently, and I wish it well over.

"There is a play before me from a personage who signs himself 'Hibernicus.' The hero is Malachi, the Irishman and king; and the villain and usurper, Turgesius, the Dane. The conclusion is fine. Turgesius is chained by the leg (*vide* stage direction) to a pillar on the stage; and King Malachi makes him a speech, not unlike Lord Castlereagh's about the balance of power and the lawfulness of legitimacy, which puts Turgesius into a frenzy—as Castlereagh's would, if his audience was chained by the leg. He draws a dagger and rushes at the orator; but, finding himself at the end of his tether, he sticks it into his own carcass, and dies, saying, he has fulfilled a prophecy.

"Now, this is *serious downright matter of fact*, and the gravest part of a tragedy which is not intended for burlesque. I tell it you for the honour of Ireland. The writer hopes it will be represented:—but what is Hope? nothing but the paint on the face of Existence; the least touch of Truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of. I am not sure that I have not said this last superfine reflection before. But never mind;—it will do for the tragedy of Turgesius, to which I can append it.

"Well, but how dost thou do? thou bard not of a thousand but three thousand! I wish your friend, Sir John Piano-forte[1], had kept that to himself, and not made it public at the trial of the song-seller in Dublin. I tell you why: it is a liberal thing for Longman to do, and honourable for you to obtain; but it will set all the 'hungry and dinnerless lank-jawed judges' upon the fortunate author. But they be d—d!—the 'Jeffrey and the Moore together are confident against the world in ink!' By the way, if poor Coleridge—who is a man of wonderful talent, and in distress[2], and about to publish two volumes of Poesy and Biography, and who has been worse used by the critics than ever we were—will you, if he comes out, promise me to review him favourably in the Edinburgh Review? Praise him I think you must, but you will also praise him *well*,—of all things the most difficult. It will be the making of him.

"This must be a secret between you and me, as Jeffrey might not like such a project;—nor, indeed, might C. himself like it. But I do think he only wants a pioneer and a sparkle or two to explode most gloriously. Ever yours most affectionately,

"B."

[1] [Sir John Stevenson, the eminent musical composer.]

[2] It is but justice both to "him that gave and him that took" to mention that the noble poet, at this time, with a delicacy which enhanced the kindness, advanced to the eminent person here spoken of, on the credit of some work he was about to produce, one hundred pounds.

"P S. — This is a sad scribbler's letter; but the next shall be 'more of this world.'"

As, after this letter, there occur but few allusions to his connection with the Drury Lane Management, I shall here avail myself of the opportunity to give some extracts from his "Detached Thoughts," containing recollections of his short acquaintance with the interior of the theatre.

"When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee and was one of the Sub-Committee of Management, the number of *plays* upon the shelves were about *five* hundred. Conceiving that amongst these there must be *some* of merit, in person and by proxy I caused an investigation. I do not think that of those which I saw there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as most of them! Mathurin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott, to whom I had recourse, firstly, in the hope that he would do something for us himself[1]; and, secondly, in despair, that he would point out to us any young (or old) writer of promise. Mathurin sent his Bertram and a letter *without* his address, so that at first I could give him no answer. When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer and something more substantial. His play succeeded; but I was at that time absent from England.

"I tried Coleridge too: but he had nothing feasible in hand at the time. Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered *all* his tregedies, and I pledged myself, and, notwithstanding many squabbles with my Committed Brethren, did get 'Ivan' accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But, lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepid*ness on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play. Sir James Bland Burgess did also present four tragedies and a farce, and I moved green-room and Sub-Committee, but they would not.

"Then the scenes I had to go through! — the authors, and the authoresses, and the milliners, and the wild Irishmen, — the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee, — who came in upon me! to all of whom it was proper to give a civil answer, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs. Glover's father, an Irish dancing-master of sixty years, calling upon me to request to play Archer, dressed in silk stockings on a frosty morning to show his legs (which were certainly good and Irish for his age, and had been still better,) — Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled 'The Bandit of Bohemia,' or some such title or production, — Mr. O'Higgins, then resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not fail to be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of a salvage appearance, and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be got over by reflecting upon the probable consequences of such cachinnation.

"As I am really a civil and polite person, and *do* hate giving pain when it can be avoided, I sent them up to Douglas Kinnaird, — who is a man of business, and sufficiently ready with a negative, — and left them to settle with him; and as at the beginning of next year I went abroad, I have since been little aware of the progress of the theatres.

"Players are said to be an impracticable people. They are so; but I managed to steer clear of any disputes with them, and excepting one debate[2] with the elder Byrne about Miss Smith's *pas de* — (something — I forget the technicals,) — I do not remember any litigation of my own. I used to protect Miss Smith, because she was like Lady Jane Harley in the face, and likenesses go a great

[1] ["I remember declining to write for the stage, and alleging in excuse, not only the probability that I might not succeed, but the unpleasant yet necessary and inevitable subjection in which I must, as a dramatic writer, be necessarily kept by 'the good folks of the green-room.' *Cæteraque*, as I added, *ingenio non subeunda meo*." Byron sprang up and crossed the room with great vivacity, saying, 'No, by G—', nor by mine either!' I cannot but think he had been thinking of some dramatic attempt, and that my answer had touched his pride." — Walter Scott, MS.]

[2] A correspondent of one of the Monthly Miscellanies (Mr. James Smith) gives the following account of this incident: —

"During Lord Byron's administration, a ballet was invented by the elder Byrne, in which Miss Smith (since Mrs. Oscar Byrne) had a *pas seul*. This the lady wished to remove to a later period in the ballet. The ballet-master refused, and the lady swore she would not dance it at all. The music incidental to the dance began to play, and the lady walked off the stage. Both parties flounced into the green-room to lay the case before Lord Byron, who happened to be the only person in that apartment. The noble committee-man made an award in favour of Miss Smith, and both complainants rushed angrily out of the room at the instant of my entering it. 'If you had come a minute sooner,' said Lord Byron, 'you would have heard a curious matter decided on by me: a question of dancing! — by me,' added he, looking down at the lame limb, 'whom Nature from my birth has prohibited from taking a single step.' His countenance fell after he had uttered this, as if he had said too much; and for a moment there was an embarrassing silence on both sides."

way with me. Indeed, in general, I left such things to my more bustling colleagues, who used to reprove me seriously for not being able to take such things in hand without buffooning with the histrions, or throwing things into confusion by treating light matters with levity.

"Then the Committee! — then the Sub-Committee! — we were but few, but never agreed. There was Peter Moore who contradicted Kinnaird, and Kinnaird who contradicted every body: then our two managers, Rae and Dibdin; and our secretary, Ward! and yet we were all very zealous and in earnest to do good and so forth. George Lamb furnished us with prologues to our revived old English plays; but was not pleased with me for complimenting him as 'the Upton' of our theatre (Mr. Upton is or was the poet who writes the songs for Astley's), and almost gave up prologuing in consequence.

"In the pantomime of 1815–16 there was a representation of the masquerade of 1814, given by 'us youth' of Watier's Club to Wellington and Co. Douglas Kinnaird and one or two others, with myself, put on masks, and went on the stage with the οἱ πολλοι, to see the effect of a theatre from the stage: — it is very grand. Douglas danced among the figuranti too, and they were puzzled to find out who we were, as being more than their number. It was odd enough that Douglas Kinnaird and I should have been both at the *real* masquerade, and afterwards in the mimic one of the same, on the stage of Drury Lane theatre."

LETTER 228. TO MR. MOORE.

"Terrace, Piccadilly, October 31. 1815.

"I have not been able to ascertain precisely the time of duration of the stock market; but I believe it is a good time for selling out, and I hope so. First, because I shall see you; and, next, because I shall receive certain monies on behalf of Lady B., the which will materially conduce to my comfort, — I wanting (as the duns say) 'to make up a sum.'

"Yesterday, I dined out with a large-ish party, where were Sheridan and Colman, Harry Harris of Covent Garden, and his brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Douglas Kinnaird, and others, of note and notoriety. Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder, it was difficult to get down again without stumbling; and, to crown all, Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a d—d corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could possibly accommodate themselves. We deposited him safe at home, where his man, evidently used to the business, waited to receive him in the hall.

"Both he and Colman were, as usual, very good; but I carried away much wine, and the wine had previously carried away my memory; so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation. Perhaps you heard of a late answer of Sheridan to the watchman who found him bereft of that 'divine particle of air,' called reason, * * *. He, the watchman, who found Sherry in the street, fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible. 'Who are *you*, sir?' — no answer. 'What's your name?' — a hiccup. 'What's your name?' — Answer, in a slow, deliberate, and impassive tone — 'Wilberforce!!!' Is not that Sherry all over? — and, to my mind, excellent. Poor fellow, *his* very dregs are better than the 'first sprightly runnings' of others.

"My paper is full, and I have a grievous head-ach.

"P. S.— Lady B. is in full progress. Next month will bring to light (with the aid of 'Juno Lucina, *fer opem*,' or rather *opes*, for the last are most wanted,) the tenth wonder of the world — Gil Blas being the eighth, and he (my son's father) the ninth."

LETTER 229. TO MR. MOORE.

"November 4. 1815.

"Had you not bewildered my head with the 'stocks,' your letter would have been answered directly. Hadn't I to go to the city? and hadn't I to remember what to ask when I got there? and hadn't I forgotten it?

"I should be undoubtedly delighted to see you; but I don't like to urge against your reasons my own inclinations. Come you must soon, for stay you *won't*. I know you of old; — you have been too much leavened with London to keep long out of it.

"Lewis is going to Jamaica to suck his sugar canes. He sails in two days; I inclose you his farewell note. I saw him last night at Drury Lane Theatre for the last time previous to his voyage. Poor fellow! he is really a good man — an excellent man — he left me his walking-stick and a pot of

preserved ginger. I shall never eat the last without tears in my eyes, it is so *hot*. We have had a devil of a row among our ballerinas. Miss Smith has been wronged about a hornpipe. The Committee have interfered; but Byrne, the d—d ballet-master, won't budge a step. *I* am furious, so is George Lamb. Kinnaird is very glad, because — he don't know why; and I am very sorry, for the same reason. To-day I dine with Kd. — we are to have Sheridan and Colman again; and to-morrow, once more, at Sir Gilbert Heathcote's.

"Leigh Hunt has written a *real good* and *very original Poem*, which I think will be a great hit. You can have no notion how very well it is written, nor should I, had I not redde it. As to us, Tom — eh, when art thou out? If you think the verses worth it, I would rather they were embalmed in the Irish Melodies, than scattered abroad in a separate song—much rather. But when are thy great things out? I mean the Po of Pos — thy Shah Nameh. It is very kind in Jeffrey to like the Hebrew Melodies.[1] Some of the fellows here preferred Sternhold and Hopkins, and said so; — 'the fiend receive their souls therefor!'

"I must go and dress for dinner. Poor dear Murat, what an end! You know, I suppose, that his white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry IV.'s. He refused a confessor and a bandage; so would neither suffer his soul or body to be bandaged.[2] You shall have more to-morrow or next day.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER 230. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 4. 1815.

"When you have been enabled to form an opinion on Mr. Coleridge's MS.[3] you will oblige me by returning it, as, in fact, I have no authority to let it out of my hands. I think most highly of it, and feel anxious that you should be the publisher; but if you are not, I do not despair of finding those who will.

"I have written to Mr. Leigh Hunt, stating your willingness to treat with him, which, when I saw you, I understood you to be. Terms and time, I leave to his pleasure and your discernment; but this I will say, that I think it the *safest* thing you ever engaged in. I speak to you as a man of business; were I to talk to you as a reader or a critic, I should say it was a very wonderful and beautiful performance, with just enough of fault to make its beauties more remarked and remarkable.

"And now to the last — my own, which I feel ashamed of after the others; — publish or not as you like, I don't care *one damn*. If *you* don't, no one else shall, and I never thought or dreamed of it, except as one in the collection. If it is worth being in the fourth volume, put it there and nowhere else; and if not, put it in the fire.

"Yours, "N."

CHAPTER XXV.

1815—1816.

INCREASED PECUNIARY EMBARRASSMENTS. — LETTERS TO MURRAY AND MOORE. — BIRTH OF AUGUSTA ADA BYRON. — SEPARATION. — ANECDOTES. — LETTERS TO MOORE, ROGERS, AND MURRAY. — PUBLIC OUTCRY. — NEWSPAPER ABUSE. — PUBLICATION OF THE SIEGE OF CORINTH — AND OF PARISINA.

THOSE embarrassments which, from a review of his affairs previous to the marriage, he had clearly foreseen would, before long, overtake him, were not slow in realising his worst omens. The increased expenses induced by his new mode of life, with but very little increase of means to meet them, — the long arrears of early pecuniary obligations, as well as the claims which had been, gradually, since then, accumulating, all pressed upon him now with collected force, and reduced him to some of the worst humiliations of poverty. He had been even driven, by the necessity of encountering such demands, to the trying expedient of parting with his books,—which circumstance coming to Mr. Murray's ears, that gentleman in-

[1] ["The Hebrew Melodies, though obviously inferior to Lord Byron's other works, display a skill in versification, which would have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction." — *Edin. Rev.* vol. xxvii. p. 291.]

[2] ["And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name." See *Works*, p. 561.]

Nourishing a wild idea of recovering his crown, Murat invaded the Neapolitan territory at the head of about two hundred men, was attacked by the country people, fought as he was wont, was made prisoner, tried by martial law, and condemned, October 13. 1815.]

[3] [Coleridge's "Zapolya, a Christmas Tale, in two parts," was published in 1817.]

stantly forwarded to him 1500*l.*, with an assurance that another sum of the same amount should be at his service in a few weeks; and that if such assistance should not be sufficient, Mr. Murray was most ready to dispose of the copyrights of all his past works for his use.

This very liberal offer Lord Byron acknowledged in the following letter: —

LETTER 231. TO MR. MURRAY.

"November 14. 1815.

"I return you your bills not accepted, but certainly not *unhonoured*. Your present offer is a favour which I would accept from you, if I accepted such from any man. Had such been my intention, I can assure you I would have asked you fairly, and as freely as you would give; and I cannot say more of my confidence or your conduct.

"The circumstances which induce me to part with my books, though sufficiently, are not *immediately*, pressing. I have made up my mind to them, and there's an end.

"Had I been disposed to trespass on your kindness in this way, it would have been before now; but I am not sorry to have an opportunity of declining it, as it sets my opinion of you, and indeed of human nature, in a different light from that in which I have been accustomed to consider it. "Believe me very truly, &c."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"December 25. 1815.

"I send some lines, written some time ago, and intended as an opening to 'The Siege of Corinth.' I had forgotten them, and am not sure that they had not better be left out now: — on that, you and your Synod can determine. "Yours, &c."

The following are the lines alluded to in this note. They are written in the loosest form of that rambling style of metre which his admiration of Mr. Coleridge's "Christabel" led him, at this time, to adopt; and he judged rightly, perhaps, in omitting them as the opening of his poem. They are, however, too full of spirit and character to be lost. Though breathing the thick atmosphere of Piccadilly when he wrote them, it is plain that his fancy was far away, among the sunny hills and vales of Greece; and their contrast with the tame life he was leading at the moment, but gave to his recollections a fresher spring and force.

"In the year since Jesus died for men,
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
Oh! but we went merrily!
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;
Whether we couch'd in our rough capote,
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretch'd on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
All our thoughts and words had scope,
We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds; —
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
And some, or I mis-say, of neither;
Yet through the wide world might ye search
Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

"But some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scatter'd and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills[1]
That look along Epirus' valleys
Where Freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood Oppression's ills:
And some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home;
But never more, oh! never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.
But those hardy days flew cheerily;
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird, and a wanderer.
'Tis this that ever wakes my strain,
And oft, too oft, implores again
The few who may endure my lay,
To follow me so far away.

"Stranger — wilt thou follow now,
And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?"

LETTER 232. TO MR. MOORE.

"January 8. 1816.

"I hope Mrs. M. is quite re-established. The little girl was born on the 10th of December last; her name is Augusta *Ada* (the second a very antique family name, — I believe not used since the reign of King John). She was, and is, very flourishing and fat, and reckoned very large for her days — squalls and sucks incessantly. Are you answered? Her mother is doing very well, and up again.

"I have now been married a year on the second of this month — heigh-ho! I have seen nobody lately much worth noting, except Sebastiani and another general of the Gauls, once or twice at dinners out of doors.

[1] "The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnaouts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble."

Sebastiani[1] is a fine, foreign, villanous-looking, intelligent, and very agreeable man; his compatriot[2] is more of the *petit-maître* and younger, but I should think not at all of the same intellectual calibre with the Corsican — which Sebastiani, you know, is, and a cousin of Napoleon's.

"Are you never to be expected in town again? To be sure, there is no one here of the fifteen hundred fillers of hot rooms, called the fashionable world. My approaching papa-ship detained us for advice, &c. &c. though I would as soon be here as any where else on this side of the Straits of Gibraltar.

"I would gladly — or, rather, sorrowfully — comply with your request of a dirge for the poor girl you mention.[3] But how can I write on one I have never seen or known? Besides, you will do it much better yourself. I could not write upon any thing, without some personal experience and foundation; far less on a theme so peculiar. Now, you have both in this case; and, if you had neither, you have more imagination, and would never fail.

"This is but a dull scrawl, and I am but a dull fellow. Just at present, I am absorbed in 500 contradictory contemplations, though with but one object in view — which will probably end in nothing, as most things we wish do. But never mind, — as somebody says, 'for the blue sky bends over all.' I only could be glad, if it bent over me where it is a little bluer; like the 'skyish top of blue Olympus,' which, by the way, looked very white when I last saw. "Ever, &c."

On reading over the foregoing letter, I was much struck by the tone of melancholy that pervaded it; and well knowing it to be the habit of the writer's mind to seek relief, when under the pressure of any disquiet or disgust, in that sense of freedom which told him that there were homes for him elsewhere, I could perceive, I thought, in his recollections of the "blue Olympus," some return of the restless and roving spirit, which unhappiness or impatience always called up in his mind. I had, indeed, at the time when he sent me those melancholy verses, "There's not a joy this world can give," &c. felt some vague apprehensions as to the mood into which his spirits then seemed to be sinking, and, in acknowledging the receipt of the verses, thus tried to banter him out of it: — "But why thus on your stool of melancholy again, Master Stephen? — This will never do — it plays the deuce with all the matter-of-fact duties of life, and you must bid adieu to it. Youth is the only time when one can be melancholy with impunity. As life itself grows sad and serious we have nothing for it but — to be as much as possible the contrary."

My absence from London during the whole of this year had deprived me of all opportunities of judging for myself how far the appearances of his domestic state gave promise of happiness; nor had any rumours reached me which at all inclined me to suspect that the course of his married life hitherto exhibited less smoothness than such unions, — on the surface, at least, — generally wear. The strong and affectionate terms in which, soon after the marriage, he had, in some of the letters I have given, declared his own happiness — a declaration which his known frankness left me no room to question — had, in no small degree, tended to still those apprehensions which my first view of the lot he had chosen for himself awakened. I could not, however, but observe that these indications of a contented heart soon ceased. His mention of the partner of his home became more rare and formal, and there was observable, I thought, through some of his letters, a feeling of unquiet and weariness that brought back all those gloomy anticipations with which I had, from the first, regarded his fate. This last letter of his, in particular, struck me as full of sad omen, and, in the course of my answer, I thus noticed to him the impression it had made on me — "And so you are a whole year married! —

> 'It was last year I vow'd to thee
> That fond impossibility.'

Do you know, my dear B., there was a something in your last letter — a sort of unquiet mystery, as well as a want of your usual elasticity of spirit — which has hung upon my mind unpleasantly ever since. I long to be near you, that I might know how you really look and feel; for these letters tell nothing, and one word, *a quattr' occhi*, is worth whole reams of correspondence. But only *do* tell me you are happier than that letter has led me to fear, and I shall be satisfied."

It was in a few weeks after this latter

[1] [Count Sebastiani, now the ambassador from the court of Louis Philippe to the court of London. 1838.]

[2] [Count Flahaut — who, in June 1817, married the Hon. Margaret Mercer Elphinstone; now Baroness Keith. 1838.]

[3] I had mentioned to him, as a subject worthy of his best powers of pathos, a melancholy event which had just occurred in my neighbourhood, and to which I have myself made allusion in one of the Sacred Melodies — "Weep not for her."

communication between us that Lady Byron adopted the resolution of parting from him. She had left London about the middle of January, on a visit to her father's house in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was, in a short time after, to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness, — she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road, and, immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more. At the time when he had to stand this unexpected shock, his pecuniary embarrassments, which had been fast gathering around him during the whole of the last year (there having been no less than eight or nine executions in his house within that period), had arrived at their utmost; and at a moment when, to use his own strong expressions, he was "standing alone on his hearth, with his household gods shivered around him," he was also doomed to receive the startling intelligence that the wife who had just parted with him in kindness, had parted with him — for ever. [1]

About this time the following note was written: —

TO MR. ROGERS.

"February 8. 1816.

"Do not mistake me — I really returned your book for the reason assigned, and no other. It is too good for so careless a fellow. I have parted with all my own books, and positively won't deprive you of so valuable 'a drop of that immortal man.'

"I shall be very glad to see you, if you like to call, though I am at present contending with 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' some of which have struck at me from a quarter whence I did not indeed expect them. — But, no matter, 'there is a world elsewhere,' and I will cut my way through this as I can.

"If you write to Moore, will you tell him that I shall answer his letter the moment I can muster time and spirits?

"Ever yours,

"Bn."

The rumours of the separation did not reach me till more than a week afterwards, when I immediately wrote to him thus: — "I am most anxious to hear from you, though I doubt whether I ought to mention the subject on which I am so anxious. If, however, what I heard last night, in a letter from town, be true, you will know immediately what I allude to, and just communicate as much or as little upon the subject as you think proper; — only *something* I should like to know, as soon as possible, from yourself, in order to set my mind at rest with respect to the truth or falsehood of the report." The following is his answer: —

LETTER 233. TO MR. MOORE.

"February 29. 1816.

"I have not answered your letter for a time; and, at present, the reply to part of it might extend to such a length, that I shall delay it till it can be made in person, and then I will shorten it as much as I can.

"In the mean time, I am at war 'with all the world and his wife;' or rather, 'all the world and *my* wife' are at war with me, and have not yet crushed me, — whatever they *may* do. I don't know that in the course of a hair-breadth existence I was ever, at home or abroad, in a situation so completely uprooting of present pleasure, or rational hope for the future, as this same. I say this, because I think so, and feel it. But I shall not sink under it the more for that mode of considering the question — I have made up my mind.

"By the way, however, you must not believe all you hear on the subject; and don't attempt to defend me. If you succeeded in that, it would be a mortal, or an immortal, offence — who can bear refutation? I have but a very short answer for those whom it concerns; and all the activity of myself and some vigorous friends have not yet fixed on any tangible ground or personage, on which or with whom I can discuss matters, in a summary way, with a fair pretext; — though I nearly had *nailed one* yesterday, but he evaded by — what was judged by others — a satisfactory explanation. I speak of *circulators* — against whom I have no enmity, though I must act according to the common code of usage, when I hit upon those of the serious order.

"Now for other matters — poesy, for in-

[1] ["Feb. 7th. Heard with sorrow, and a sort of shame, though not with surprise, that Lady —— has quitted, or is about to quit, her husband. — 8th. Went into Murray's. He gave me Lord Byron's two Tales. Before dressing, read the 'Siege of Corinth,' the first of them. Another Corsair is the hero; and there is so much of a general resemblance to the former poem, that I was once or twice uncertain whether I had not read the verses before. The conclusion is very fine, and so is the apparition of Francesca. In Parisina there is great energy in two descriptions; one of lawless love, the other of violent death."—Sir J. Mackintosh: *Life*, vol. ii. p. 339.]

stance. Leigh Hunt's poem is a devilish good one—quaint, here and there, but with the substratum of originality, and with poetry about it, that will stand the test. I do not say this because he has inscribed it to me[1], which I am sorry for, as I should otherwise have begged you to review it in the Edinburgh.[2] It is really deserving of much praise, and a favourable critique in the E. R. would but do it justice, and set it up before the public eye, where it ought to be.

"How are you? and where? I have not the most distant idea what I am going to do myself—or with myself—or where—or what. I had a few weeks ago, some things to say that would have made you laugh; but they tell me now that I must not laugh, and so I have been very serious—and am.

"I have not been very well—with a *liver* complaint—but am much better within the last fortnight, though still under Iatrical advice. I have latterly seen a little of * *.

"I must go and dress to dine. My little girl is in the country, and, they tell me, is a very fine child, and now nearly three months old. Lady Noel (my mother-in-law, or, rather, *at* law) is at present overlooking it. Her daughter (Miss Milbanke that was) is, I believe, in London with her father. A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.'s), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our late domestic discrepancies.

"In all this business, I am the sorriest for Sir Ralph. He and I are equally punished, though *magis pares quam similes* in our affliction. Yet it is hard for both to suffer for the fault of one, and so it is—I shall be separated from my wife; he will retain his. "Ever, &c."

In my reply to this letter, written a few days after, there is a passage which (though containing an opinion it might have been more prudent, perhaps, to conceal) I feel myself called upon to extract on account of the singularly generous avowal,—honourable alike to both the parties in this unhappy affair,—which it was the means of drawing from Lord Byron. The following are my words:—"I am much in the same state as yourself with respect to the subject of your letter, my mind being so full of things which I don't know how to write about, that *I* too must defer the greater part of them till we meet in May, when I shall put you fairly on your trial for all crimes and misdemeanors. In the mean time, you will not be at a loss for judges, nor executioners either, if they could have their will. The world, in their generous ardour to take what they call the weaker side, soon contrive to make it most formidably the strongest. Most sincerely do I grieve at what has happened. It has upset all my wishes and theories as to the influence of marriage on your life; for, instead of bringing you, as I expected, into something like a regular orbit, it has only cast you off again into infinite space, and left you, I fear, in a far worse state than it found you. As to defending you, the only person with whom I have yet attempted this task is myself; and, considering the little I know upon the subject, (or rather, perhaps, *owing* to this cause,) I have hitherto done it with very tolerable success. After all, your *choice* was the misfortune. I never liked,—but I'm here wandering into the *απορρητα*, and so must change the subject for a far pleasanter one, your last new poems, which," &c. &c.

The return of post brought me the following answer, which, while it raises our admiration of the generous candour of the writer, but adds to the sadness and strangeness of the whole transaction.

Letter 234. TO MR. MOORE.

"March 8. 1816.

"I rejoice in your promotion as Chairman and Charitable Steward, &c. &c. These be dignities which await only the virtuous. But then, recollect you are *six* and *thirty*, (I speak this enviously—not of your age, but the 'honour—love—obedience—troops of friends,' which accompany it,) and I have eight years good to run before I arrive at such hoary perfection; by which time,—if I *am* at all[3],—it will probably be in a state of grace or progressing merits.

[1] [Speaking of this dedication, the Quarterly Reviewers say, "We never, in so few lines, saw so many clear marks of the vulgar impatience of a low man, conscious and ashamed of his wretched vanity, and labouring, with coarse flippancy, to scramble over the bounds of birth and education, and fidget himself into the *stout-heartedness* of being familiar with a Lord."—Vol. xiv. p. 481.]

[2] My reply to this part of his letter was, I find, as follows:—"With respect to Hunt's poem, though it is, I own, full of beauties, and though I like himself sincerely, I really could not undertake to praise it *seriously*. There is so much of the *quizzible* in all he writes, that I never can put on the proper pathetic face in reading him."

[3] This sad doubt,—"if I *am* at all,"—becomes no less singular than sad when we recollect that six and thirty was actually the age when he ceased to "be," and at a moment, too, when (as even the least friendly to him allow) he was in that state of "progressing merits" which he here jestingly anticipates.

"I must set you right in one point, however. The fault was *not* — no, nor even the misfortune — in my 'choice' (unless in *choosing at all*) — for I do not believe — and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business — that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem, I must bear it.

"Her nearest relatives are a * * * * — my circumstances have been and are in a state of great confusion — my health has been a good deal disordered, and my mind ill at ease for a considerable period. Such are the causes (I do not name them as excuses) which have frequently driven me into excess, and disqualified my temper for comfort. Something also may be attributed to the strange and desultory habits which, becoming my own master at an early age, and scrambling about, over and through the world, may have induced. I still, however, think that, if I had a fair chance, by being placed in even a tolerable situation, I might have gone on fairly. But that seems hopeless, — and there is nothing more to be said. At present — except my health, which is better (it is odd, but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits and sets me up for the time) — I have to battle with all kinds of unpleasantnesses, including private and pecuniary difficulties, &c. &c.

"I believe I may have said this before to you, but I risk repeating it. It is nothing to bear the *privations* of adversity, or, more properly, ill fortune; but my pride recoils from its *indignities*. However, I have no quarrel with that same pride, which will, I think, buckler me through every thing. If my heart could have been broken, it would have been so years ago, and by events more afflicting than these.

"I agree with you (to turn from this topic to our shop), that I have written too much. The last things were, however, published very reluctantly by me, and for reasons I will explain when we meet. I know not why I have dwelt so much on the same scenes, except that I find them fading, or *confusing* (if such a word may be) in my memory, in the midst of present turbulence and pressure, and I felt anxious to stamp before the die was worn out. I now break it. With those countries, and events connected with them, all my really poetical feelings begin and end. Were I to try, I could make nothing of any other subject, and that I have apparently exhausted. 'Wo to him,' says Voltaire, 'who says all he could say on any subject.' There are some on which, perhaps, I could have said still more: but I leave them all, and too soon.

"Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year, which you still have? I don't wish (like Mr. Fitzgerald, in the Morning Post) to claim the character of 'Vates' in all its translations, but were they not a little prophetic? I mean those beginning, 'There's not a joy the world can,' &c. &c., on which I rather pique myself as being the truest, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote.

"What a scrawl have I sent you! You say nothing of yourself, except that you are a Lancasterian churchwarden, and an encourager of mendicants. When are you out? and how is your family? My child is very well and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's society, though I am unwilling to take it from the mother. It is weaned, however, and something about it must be decided. Ever, &c."

Having already gone so far in laying open to my readers some of the sentiments which I entertained, respecting Lord Byron's marriage, at a time when, little foreseeing that I should ever become his biographer, I was, of course, uninfluenced by the peculiar bias supposed to belong to that task, it may still further, perhaps, be permitted me to extract from my reply to the foregoing letter some sentences of explanation which its contents seemed to me to require.

"I had certainly no right to say any thing about the unluckiness of your choice, though I rejoice now that I did, as it has drawn from you a tribute which, however unaccountable and mysterious it renders the whole affair, is highly honourable to both parties. What I meant in hinting a doubt with respect to the object of your selection did not imply the least impeachment of that perfect amiableness which the world, I find, by common consent, allows to her. I only feared that she might have been too perfect — too *precisely* excellent — too matter-of-fact a paragon for you to coalesce with comfortably; and that a person whose perfection hung in more easy folds about her, whose brightness was softened down by some of "those fair defects which best conciliate love," would, by appealing more dependently to your protection, have stood a much better chance with your good nature. All these suppositions, however, I have been led into

by my intense anxiety to acquit you of any thing like a capricious abandonment of such a woman[1]; and, totally in the dark as I am with respect to all but the fact of your separation, you cannot conceive the solicitude, the fearful solicitude, with which I look forward to a history of the transaction from your own lips when we meet, — a history in which I am sure of, at least, *one* virtue — manly candour."

With respect to the causes that may be supposed to have led to this separation, it seems needless, with the characters of both parties before our eyes, to go in quest of any very remote or mysterious reasons to account for it. I have already, in some observations on the general character of men of genius, endeavoured to point out those peculiarities, both in disposition and habitudes, by which, in the far greater number of instances, they have been found unfitted for domestic happiness. Of these defects, (which are, as it were, the shadow that genius casts, and too generally, it is to be feared, in proportion to its stature,) Lord Byron could not, of course, fail to have inherited his share, in common with all the painfully-gifted class to which he belonged. How thoroughly, with respect to one attribute of this temperament which he possessed, — one, that "sicklies o'er" the face of happiness itself, — he was understood by the person most interested in observing him, will appear from the following anecdote, as related by himself.[2]

"People have wondered at the melancholy which runs through my writings. Others have wondered at my personal gaiety. But I recollect once, after an hour in which I had been sincerely and particularly gay and rather brilliant, in company, my wife replying to me when I said (upon her remarking my high spirits), 'And yet, Bell, I have been called and miscalled melancholy — you must have seen how falsely, frequently?' — 'No, Byron,' she answered, 'it is not so: at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind; and often when apparently gayest.'"[3]

To these faults and sources of faults, inherent in his own sensitive nature, he added also many of those which a long indulgence of self-will generates, — the least compatible of all others, (if not softened down, as they were in him, by good nature,) with that system of mutual concession and sacrifice by which the balance of domestic peace is maintained. When we look back, indeed, to the unbridled career, of which this marriage was meant to be the goal, — to the rapid and restless course in which his life had run along, like a burning train, through a series of wanderings, adventures, successes, and passions, the fever of all which was still upon him, when, with the same headlong recklessness, he rushed into this marriage, — it can but little surprise us that, in the space of one short year, he should not have been able to recover all at once from his bewilderment, or to settle down into that tame level of conduct which the close observers of his every action required. As well might it be expected that a steed like his own Mazeppa's,

> "Wild as the wild deer and untaught,
> With spur and bridle undefiled —
> 'Twas but a day he had been caught,"

should stand still, when reined, without chafing or champing the bit.

Even had the new condition of life into which he passed been one of prosperity and smoothness, some time, as well as tolerance, must still have been allowed for the subsiding of so excited a spirit into rest. But, on the contrary, his marriage (from the reputation, no doubt, of the lady, as an heiress,) was, at once, a signal for all the arrears and claims of a long-accumulating state of embarrassment to explode upon him; — his door was almost daily beset by duns, and his house nine times during that year in possession of bailiffs[4]; while, in addition to these anxie-

[1] It will be perceived from this that I was as yet unacquainted with the true circumstances of the transaction.

[2] MS. — "Detached Thoughts."

[3] ["The flashes of mirth, gaiety, indignation, or satirical dislike, which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken by a stranger for its habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree with us, that their proper language was that of melancholy." — Sir Walter Scott: *Prose Works*, vol. iv. p. 359.]

[4] An anecdote connected with one of these occasions is thus related in the Journal just referred to: —

"When the bailiff (for I have seen most kinds of life) came upon me in 1815 to seize my chattels, (being a peer of parliament, my person was beyond him,) being curious (as is my habit), I first asked him, 'what extents elsewhere he had for government?' upon which he showed me one upon *one house only* for *seventy thousand pounds!* Next I asked him if he had nothing for Sheridan? 'Oh — Sheridan!' said he: 'ay, I have this' (pulling out a pocket-book, &c.); 'but, my Lord, I have been in Sheridan's house a twelvemonth at a time — a civil gentleman — knows how to deal with *us*,' &c. &c. &c. Our own business was then discussed, which was none of the easiest for me at that time. But the man was civil, and (what I valued more) communicative. I had met many of his brethren, years before, in affairs of my friends, (commoners, that is,) but this was the first (or second) on my own account. — A civil man; fee'd accordingly; probably he anticipated as much."

ties and — what he felt still more — indignities of poverty, he had also the pain of fancying, whether rightly or wrongly, that the eyes of enemies and spies were upon him, even under his own roof, and that his every hasty word and look were interpreted in the most perverting light.

As, from the state of their means, his lady and he saw but little society, his only relief from the thoughts which a life of such embarrassment brought with it was in those avocations which his duty, as a member of the Drury Lane Committee, imposed upon him. And here, — in this most unlucky connexion with the theatre, — one of the fatalities of his short year of trial, as husband, lay. From the reputation which he had previously acquired for gallantries, and the sort of reckless and boyish levity to which — often in very "bitterness of soul" — he gave way, it was not difficult to bring suspicion upon some of those acquaintances which his frequent intercourse with the green-room induced him to form, or even (as, in one instance, was the case) to connect with his name injuriously that of a person to whom he had scarcely ever addressed a single word.

Notwithstanding, however, this ill-starred concurrence of circumstances, which might have palliated any excesses either of temper or conduct into which they drove him, it was, after all, I am persuaded, to no such serious causes that the unfortunate alienation, which so soon ended in disunion, is to be traced. "In all the marriages I have ever seen," says Steele, "most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions;" and to this remark, I think, the marriage under our consideration would not be found, upon enquiry, to be an exception. Lord Byron himself, indeed, when at Cephalonia, a short time before his death, seems to have expressed, in a few words, the whole pith of the mystery. An English gentleman with whom he was conversing on the subject of Lady Byron, having ventured to enumerate to him the various causes he had heard alleged for the separation, the noble poet, who had seemed much amused with their absurdity and falsehood, said, after listening to them all, — "The causes, my dear sir, were too simple to be easily found out."

In truth, the circumstances, so unexampled, that attended their separation, — the last words of the parting wife to the husband being those of the most playful affection, while the language of the deserted husband towards the wife was in a strain, as the world knows, of tenderest eulogy, — are in themselves a sufficient proof that, at the time of their parting, there could have been no very deep sense of injury on either side. It was not till afterwards that, in both bosoms, the repulsive force came into operation, — when, to the party which had taken the first decisive step in the strife, it became naturally a point of pride to persevere in it with dignity, and this unbendingness provoked, as naturally, in the haughty spirit of the other, a strong feeling of resentment, which overflowed, at last, in acrimony and scorn. If there be any truth, however, in the principle, that they "never pardon who have done the wrong," Lord Byron, who was, to the last, disposed to reconciliation, proved so far, at least, his conscience to have been unhaunted by any very disturbing consciousness of aggression.

But though it would have been difficult, perhaps, for the victims of this strife, themselves, to have pointed out any single, or definite, cause for their disunion, — beyond that general incompatibility which is the canker of all such marriages, — the public, which seldom allows itself to be at a fault on these occasions, was, as usual, ready with an ample supply of reasons for the breach, — all tending to blacken the already darkly painted character of the poet, and representing him, in short, as a finished monster of cruelty and depravity. The reputation of the object of his choice for every possible virtue, (a reputation which had been, I doubt not, one of his own chief incentives to the marriage, from the vanity, reprobate as he knew he was deemed, of being able to win such a paragon,) was now turned against him by his assailants, not only in the way of contrast with his own character, but as if the excellences of the wife were proof positive of every enormity they chose to charge upon the husband.

Meanwhile, the unmoved silence of the lady herself, (from motives, it is but fair to suppose, of generosity and delicacy,) under the repeated demands made for a specification of her charges against him, left to malice and imagination the fullest range for their combined industry. It was accordingly stated, and almost universally believed, that the noble lord's second proposal to Miss Milbanke had been but with a view to revenge himself for the slight inflicted by her refusal of the first, and that he himself had confessed so much to her on their way from church. At the time when, as the reader has seen from his own honey-moon letters, he was, with all the good will in the world, imagining himself into happiness, and even boasting, in the pride of his fancy, that if

marriage were to be upon *lease*, he would glady renew his own for a term of ninety-nine years, — at this very time, according to these veracious chroniclers, he was employed in darkly following up the aforesaid scheme of revenge, and tormenting his lady by all sorts of unmanly cruelties, — such as firing off pistols to frighten her as she lay in bed [1], and other such freaks.

To the falsehoods concerning his green-room intimacies, and particularly with respect to one beautiful actress, with whom, in reality, he had hardly ever exchanged a single word, I have already adverted; and the extreme confidence with which this tale was circulated and believed affords no unfair specimen of the sort of evidence with which the public, in all such fits of moral wrath, is satisfied. It is, at the same time, very far from my intention to allege that, in the course of the noble poet's intercourse with the theatre, he was not sometimes led into a line of acquaintance and converse unbefitting, if not dangerous to, the steadiness of married life. But the imputations against him on this head were (as far as affected his conjugal character) not the less unfounded, — as the sole case in which he afforded any thing like *real* grounds for such an accusation did not take place till *after* the period of the separation.

Not content with such ordinary and tangible charges, the tongue of rumour was emboldened to proceed still further; and, presuming upon the mysterious silence maintained by one of the parties, ventured to throw out dark hints and vague insinuations, of which the fancy of every hearer was left to fill up the outline as he pleased. In consequence of all this exaggeration, such an outcry was now raised against Lord Byron as, in no case of private life, perhaps, was ever before witnessed; nor had the whole amount of fame which he had gathered, in the course of the last four years, much exceeded in proportion the reproach and obloquy that were now, within the space of a few weeks, showered upon him. In addition to the many who, no doubt, conscientiously believed and reprobated what they had but too much right, whether viewing him as poet or man of fashion, to consider credible excesses, there were also actively on the alert that large class of persons who seem to hold violence against the vices of others to be equivalent to virtue in themselves, together with all those natural haters of success who, having long sickened under the splendour of the *poet*, were now enabled, in the guise of champions for innocence, to wreak their spite on the *man*. In every various form of paragraph, pamphlet, and caricature, both his character and person were held up to odium [2]; — hardly a voice was raised, or at least listened to, in his behalf; and though a few faithful friends remained unshaken by his side, the utter hopelessness of stemming the torrent was felt as well by them as by himself, and, after an effort or two to gain a fair hearing, they submitted in silence. Among the few attempts made by himself towards confuting his calumniators was an appeal (such as the following short letter contains) to some of those persons with whom he had been in the habit of living familiarly.

LETTER 235. TO MR. ROGERS.

"March 25. 1816.

"You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and have heard me at times con-

[1] For this story, however, there was so far a foundation, that the practice to which he had accustomed himself from boyhood, of having loaded pistols always near him at night, was considered so strange a propensity as to be included in that list of symptoms (sixteen, I believe, in number), which were submitted to medical opinion, in proof of his insanity. Another symptom was the emotion, almost to hysterics, which he had exhibited on seeing Kean act Sir Giles Overreach. But the most plausible of all the grounds, as he himself used to allow, on which these articles of impeachment against his sanity were drawn up, was an act of violence committed by him on a favourite old watch that had been his companion from boyhood, and had gone with him to Greece. In a fit of vexation and rage, brought on by some of those humiliating embarrassments to which he was now almost daily a prey, he furiously dashed this watch upon the hearth, and ground it to pieces among the ashes with the poker.

[2] Of the abuse lavished upon him, the following extract from a poem, published at this time, will give some idea: —

"From native England, that endured too long
The ceaseless burden of his impious song;
His mad career of crimes and follies run,
And grey in vice, when life was scarce begun;
He goes, in foreign lands prepared to find
A life more suited to his guilty mind:
Where other climes new pleasures may supply
For that pall'd taste, and that unhallow'd eye;—
Wisely he seeks some yet untrodden shore,
For those who know him less may prize him more."

In a rhyming pamphlet, too, entitled, "A Poetical Epistle from Delia, addressed to Lord Byron," the writer thus charitably expresses herself: —

"Hopeless of peace below, and, shuddering thought!
Far from that Heaven, denied, if never sought,
Thy light a beacon — a reproach thy name —
Thy memory 'damn'd to everlasting fame,'
Shunn'd by the wise, admired by fools alone —
The good shall mourn thee — and the Muse disown."

versing on the untoward topic of my recent family disquietudes. Will you have the goodness to say to me at once, whether you ever heard me speak of her with disrespect, with unkindness, or defending myself at *her* expense by any serious imputation of any description against *her?* Did you never hear me say 'that when there was a right or a wrong, she had the *right?* — The reason I put these questions to you or others of my friends is, because I am said, by her and hers, to have resorted to such means of exculpation.

"Ever very truly yours,

"B"

In those Memoirs (or, more properly, Memoranda) of the noble poet, which it was thought expedient, for various reasons, to sacrifice, he gave a detailed account of all the circumstances connected with his marriage, from the first proposal to the lady till his own departure, after the breach, from England. In truth, though the title of "Memoirs," which he himself sometimes gave to that manuscript, conveys the idea of a complete and regular piece of biography, it was to this particular portion of his life that the work was principally devoted; while the anecdotes, having reference to other parts of his career, not only occupied a very disproportionate space in its pages, but were most of them such as are found repeated in the various Journals and other MSS. he left behind. The chief charm, indeed, of that narrative, was the melancholy playfulness — melancholy, from the wounded feeling so visible through its pleasantry — with which events unimportant and persons uninteresting, in almost every respect but their connection with such a man's destiny, were detailed and described in it. Frank, as usual, throughout, in his avowal of his own errors, and generously just towards her who was his fellow-sufferer in the strife, the impression his recital left on the minds of all who perused it was, to say the least, favourable to him; — though, upon the whole, leading to a persuasion, which I have already intimated to be my own, that, neither in kind nor degree, did the causes of disunion between the parties much differ from those that loosen the links of most such marriages.

With respect to the details themselves, though all-important in his own eyes at the time, as being connected with the subject that superseded most others in his thoughts, the interest they would possess for others, now that their first zest as a subject of scandal is gone by, and the greater number of the persons to whom they relate forgotten, would be too slight to justify me in entering upon them more particularly, or running the risk of any offence that might be inflicted by their disclosure. As far as the character of the illustrious subject of these pages is concerned, I feel that Time and Justice are doing far more in its favour than could be effected by any such gossiping details. During the lifetime of a man of genius, the world is but too much inclined to judge of him rather by what he wants than by what he possesses, and even where conscious, as in the present case, that his defects are among the sources of his greatness, to require of him unreasonably the one without the other. If Pope had not been splenetic and irritable, we should have wanted his Satires; and an impetuous temperament, and passions untamed, were indispensable to the conformation of a poet like Byron. It is by posterity only that full justice is rendered to those who have paid such hard penalties to reach it. The dross that had once hung about the ore drops away, and the infirmities, and even miseries, of genius are forgotten in its greatness. Who now asks whether Dante was right or wrong in his matrimonial differences? or by how many of those whose fancies dwell fondly on his Beatrice is even the name of his Gemma Donati remembered?

Already, short as has been the interval since Lord Byron's death, the charitable influence of time in softening, if not rescinding, the harsh judgments of the world against genius is visible. The utter unreasonableness of trying such a character by ordinary standards, or of expecting to find the materials of order and happiness in a bosom constantly heaving forth from its depths such "lava floods," is — now that his spirit has passed from among us — felt and acknowledged. In reviewing the circumstances of his marriage, a more even scale of justice is held; and while every tribute of sympathy and commiseration is accorded to her, who, unluckily for her own peace, became inolved in such a destiny, — who, with virtues and attainments that would have made the home of a more ordinary man happy, undertook, in evil hour, to "turn and wind a fiery Pegasus," and but failed where it may be doubted whether even the fittest for such a task would have succeeded, — full allowance is, at the same time, made for the great martyr of genius himself, whom so many other causes, beside that restless fire within him, concurred to unsettle in mind and (as as he himself feelingly expresses it) "disqualify for comfort;" —

whose doom it was to be either thus or less great, and whom to have tamed might have been to extinguish; there, never, perhaps, having existed an individual to whom, whether as author or man, the following line was more applicable: —

"Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus." [1]

While these events were going on, — events of which his memory and heart bore painfully the traces through the remainder of his short life, — some occurrences took place, connected with his literary history, to which it is a relief to divert the attention of the reader from the distressing subject that has now so long detained us.

The letter that follows was in answer to one received from Mr. Murray, in which that gentleman had inclosed him a draft for a thousand guineas for the copyright of his two poems, The Siege of Corinth and Parisina: —

LETTER 236. TO MR. MURRAY.

"January 3. 1816.

"Your offer is *liberal* in the extreme, (you see I use the word *to* you and *of* you, though I would not consent to your using it of yourself to Mr. Dallas,) and much more than the two poems can possibly be worth; but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them as additions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectation on my part whatever. But I cannot consent to their separate publication. I do not like to risk any fame (whether merited or not), which I have been favoured with, upon compositions which I do not feel to be at all equal to my own notions of what they should be, (and as I flatter myself some *have been*, here and there,) though they may do very well as things without pretension, to add to the publication with the lighter pieces.

"I am very glad that the handwriting was a favourable omen of the *morale* of the piece: but you must not trust to that, for my copyist [2] would write out any thing I desired in all the ignorance of innocence — I hope, however, in this instance, with no great peril to either.

P. S. — I have inclosed your draft *torn*, for fear of accidents by the way — I wish you would not throw temptation in mine. It is not from a disdain of the universal idol, nor from a present superfluity of his treasures, I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances."

Notwithstanding the ruinous state of his pecuniary affairs, the resolution which the poet had formed not to avail himself of the profits of his works still continued to be held sacred by him; and the sum thus offered for the copyright of The Siege of Corinth and Parisina was, as we see, refused, and left untouched in the publisher's hands. It happened that, at this time, a well-known and eminent writer on political science [3] had been, by some misfortune, reduced to pecuniary embarrassment; and the circumstance having become known to Mr. Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh, it occurred to them that a part of the sum thus unappropriated by Lord Byron could not be better bestowed than in relieving the necessities of this gentleman. The suggestion was no sooner conveyed to the noble poet than he proceeded to act upon it; and the following letter to Mr. Rogers refers to his intentions: —

LETTER 237. TO MR. ROGERS.

"February 20. 1816.

"I wrote to you hastily this morning by Murray, to say that I was glad to do as Mackintosh and you suggested about Mr. * * [Godwin]. It occurs to me now, that as I have never seen Mr. * * but once, and consequently have no claim to his acquaintance, that you or Sir James had better arrange it with him in such a manner as may be least offensive to his feelings, and so as not to have the appearance of officiousness nor obtrusion on my part. I hope you will be able to do this, as I should be very sorry to do any thing by him that may be deemed indelicate. The sum Murray offered and offers was and is one thousand and fifty pounds: — this I refused before, because I thought it more than the two things were worth to Murray, and from other objections, which are of no consequence. I have, however, closed with M., in consequence of Sir James's and your suggestion, and propose the sum of six hundred pounds to be transferred to Mr. * * in such a manner as may seem best to your friend, — the remainder I think of for other purposes.

"As Murray has offered the money down for the copyrights, it may be done directly. I am ready to sign and seal immediately, and perhaps it had better not be delayed. I

[1] Had he not *erred*, he had far less achieved.

[2] [The copyist was Lady Byron.]

[3] [Mr. Godwin.]

shall feel very glad if it can be of any use to * *; only don't let him be plagued, nor think himself obliged and all that, which makes people hate one another, &c. Yours, very truly, "B."

In his mention here of other "purposes," he refers to an intention which he had of dividing the residue of the sum between two other gentlemen of literary celebrity, equally in want of such aid, Mr. Maturin and Mr. * * [Coleridge]. The whole design, however, though entered into with the utmost sincerity on the part of the noble poet, ultimately failed. Mr. Murray, who was well acquainted with the straits to which Lord Byron himself had been reduced, and foresaw that a time might come when even money thus gained would be welcome to him, on learning the uses to which the sum was to be applied, demurred in advancing it, — alleging that, though bound not only by his word but his will to pay the amount to Lord Byron, he did not conceive himself called upon to part with it to others. How earnestly the noble poet himself, though with executions, at the time, impending over his head, endeavoured to urge the point, will appear from the following letter: —

LETTER 238. TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 22. 1816.

"When the sum offered by you, and even *pressed* by you, was declined, it was with reference to a separate publication, as you know and I know. That it was large, I admitted and admit; and *that* made part of my consideration in refusing it, till I knew better what you were likely to make of it. With regard to what has passed or is to pass, about Mr. Maturin, the case is in no respect different from the transfer of former copyrights to Mr. Dallas. Had I taken you at your word, that is, taken your money, I might have used it as I pleased; and it could be in no respect different to you whether I paid it to a w—, or a hospital, or assisted a man of talent in distress. The truth of the matter seems this: you offered more than the poems are worth. I *said* so, and I *think* so; but you know, or at least ought to know, your own business best; and when you recollect what passed between you and me upon pecuniary subjects before this occurred, you will acquit me of any wish to take advantage of your imprudence.

"The things in question shall not be published at all, and there is an end of the matter. "Yours, &c."

The letter that follows will give some idea of those embarrassments in his own affairs, under the pressure of which he could be thus considerate of the wants of others.

LETTER 239. TO MR. MURRAY.

"March 6. 1816.

"I have received the enclosed, and beg you to send the writer immediately any thing of mine, coming under the description of his request — except the 'Curse of Minerva' (which I disown, as stolen and published in the miserable and villanous copy in the Magazine)—it was not, and is not, meant for publication.

"I sent to you to-day for this reason — the books you purchased are again seized, and, as matters stand, had much better be sold at once by public auction.[1] I wish to see you to-morrow to return your bill for them, which, thank heaven, is neither due nor paid. *That* part, as far as *you* are concerned, being settled, (which it can be, and shall be, when I see you to-morrow,) I have no further delicacy about the matter. This is about the tenth execution in as many months; so I am pretty well hardened; but it is fit I should pay the forfeit of my forefathers' extravagances and my own; and, whatever my faults may be, I suppose they will be pretty well expiated in time — or eternity. "Ever, &c.

"P. S. — I need hardly say that I knew nothing till this *day* of the new *seizure*. I had released them from former ones, and thought, when you took them, that they were yours.

"You shall have your bill again to-morrow."

During the month of January, and part of February, his poems of The Siege of Corinth and Parisina were in the hands of the

[1] The sale of these books took place the following month, and they were described in the catalogue as the property of "a Nobleman about to leave England on a Tour."

From a note to Mr. Murray, it would appear that he had been first announced as going to the Morea: —

"I hope that the catalogue of the books, &c., has not been published without my seeing it. I must reserve several, and many ought not to be printed. The advertisement is a very bad one. I am not going to the *Moreа*; and if I was, you might as well advertise a man in Russia as going to *Yorkshire*. — Ever, &c."

Together with the books was sold an article of furniture, which is now in the possession of Mr. Murray, namely, "a large screen covered with portraits of actors, pugilists, representations of boxing-matches." &c.

printers, and about the end of the latter month made their appearance. The following letters are the only ones I find connected with their publication.

LETTER 240. TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 3. 1816.

"I sent for 'Marmion' (which I return), because it occurred to me there might be a resemblance between part of 'Parisina' and a similar scene in Canto 2d of 'Marmion.' I fear there is, though I never thought of it before, and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable.[1] I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford whether I ought to say any thing upon it; — I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon, which in fact leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind; but it comes upon me not very comfortably.

"There are a few words and phrases I want to alter in the MS., and should like to do it before you print, and will return it in an hour.

"Yours ever,

"BN."

LETTER 241. TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 20. 1816.

"To return to *our* business — your epistles are vastly agreeable. With regard to the observations on carelessness, &c. I think, with all humility, that the gentle reader has considered a rather uncommon, and designedly irregular, versification for haste and negligence. The measure is not that of any of the other poems, which (I believe) were allowed to be tolerably correct, according to Byshe and the fingers — or ears — by which bards write, and readers reckon. Great part of 'The Siege' is in (I think) what the learned call Anapests, (though I am not sure, being heinously forgetful of my metres and my 'Gradus,') and many of the lines intentionally longer or shorter than its rhyming companion; and rhyme also occurring at greater or less intervals of caprice or convenience.

"I mean not to say that this is right or good, but merely that I could have been smoother, had it appeared to me of advantage; and that I was not otherwise without being aware of the deviation, though I now feel sorry for it, as I would undoubtedly rather please than not. My wish has been to try at something different from my former efforts; as I endeavoured to make them differ from each other. The versification of 'The Corsair' is not that of 'Lara;' nor 'The Giaour' that of 'The Bride;' Childe Harold is again varied from these; and I strove to vary the last somewhat from *all* of the others.

"Excuse all this d—d nonsense and egotism. The fact is, that I am rather trying to think on the subject of this note, than really thinking on it. — I did not know you had called; you are always admitted and welcome when you choose.

"Yours, &c. &c.

"BN.

"P. S. — You need not be in any apprehension or grief on my account: were I to be beaten down by the world and its inheritors, I should have succumbed to many things years ago. You must not mistake my *not* bullying for dejection; nor imagine that because I feel, I am to faint: — but enough for the present.

"I am sorry for Sotheby's row. What the devil is it about? I thought it all settled; and if I can do any thing about him or Ivan still, I am ready and willing. I do not think it proper for me just now to be much behind the scenes, but I will see the committee and move upon it, if Sotheby likes.

"If you see Mr. Sotheby, will you tell him that I wrote to Mr. Coleridge, on getting Mr. Sotheby's note, and have, I hope, done what Mr. S. wished on that subject?"

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[1] [" She stood, I said, all pale, and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill;
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turn'd to either side —
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew —
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood," &c.

Parisina.

" Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You must have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there —
So still she was, so pale, so fair."

Marmion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1816.

APPEARANCE OF FARE THEE WELL, AND A SKETCH. — CLOSE OF LORD BYRON'S LONDON LIFE. — GLEANINGS OF HIS MEMORANDUM-BOOK. — DISASTROUS AND HUMILIATING CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH HE TOOK LEAVE OF ENGLAND.—DEPARTURE FOR OSTEND. — BRUSSELS. — WATERLOO. — GENEVA. — COMPLETION OF THE THIRD CANTO OF CHILDE HAROLD. — LETTERS TO MURRAY AND ROGERS. — DIODATI. — MONODY ON SHERIDAN. — JOURNAL OF A TOUR OF THE BERNESE ALPS.

It was about the middle of April that his two celebrated copies of verses, "Fare thee well," and "A Sketch [1]," made their appearance in the newspapers: — and while the latter poem was generally, and, it must be owned, justly condemned, as a sort of literary assault on an obscure female, whose situation ought to have placed her as much *beneath* his satire as the undignified mode of his attack certainly raised her *above* it [2], with regard to the other poem, opinions were a good deal more divided. To many it appeared a strain of true conjugal tenderness, a kind of appeal, which no woman with a heart could resist: while by others, on the contrary, it was considered to be a mere showy effusion of sentiment, as difficult for real feeling to have produced as it was easy for fancy and art, and altogether unworthy of the deep interests involved in the subject. To this latter opinion, I confess my own to have, at first, strongly inclined; and suspicious as I could not help regarding the sentiment that could, at such a moment, indulge in such verses, the taste that prompted or sanctioned their publication appeared to me even still more questionable. On reading, however, his own account of all the circumstances in the Memoranda, I found that on both points I had, in common with a large portion of the public, done him injustice. He there described, and in a manner whose sincerity there was no doubting, the swell of tender recollections under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in his study, these stanzas were produced, — the tears, as he said, falling fast over the paper as he wrote them.[3] Neither, from that account, did it appear to have been from any wish or intention of his own, but through the injudicious zeal of a friend whom he had suffered to take a copy, that the verses met the public eye.

The appearance of these poems gave additional violence to the angry and inquisitorial feeling now abroad against him; and the title under which both pieces were immediately announced by various publishers, as "Poems by Lord Byron on his Domestic Circumstances," carried with it a sufficient exposure of the utter unfitness of such themes for rhyme. It is, indeed, only in those emotions and passions of which imagination forms a predominant ingredient, — such as love, in its first dreams, before reality has come to embody or dispel them, or sorrow, in its wane, when beginning to pass away from the heart into the fancy, — that poetry ought ever to be employed as an interpreter of feeling. For the expression of all those immediate affections and disquietudes that have their root in the actual realities of life, the art of the poet, from the very circumstance of its being an art, as well as from the coloured form in which it is accustomed to transmit impressions, cannot be otherwise than a medium as false as it is feeble.

To so very low an ebb had the industry of his assailants now succeeded in reducing his private character, that it required no small degree of courage, even among that class who are supposed to be the most tolerant of domestic irregularities, to invite him into their society. One distinguished lady of fashion, however, ventured so far as, on the eve of his departure from England, to make a party for him expressly; and nothing short, perhaps, of that high station in society which a life as blameless as it is brilliant has secured to her, could have placed beyond all reach of misrepresentation, at that moment, such a compliment to one marked with the world's censure so deeply. At this assembly of Lady Jersey's he made his last appearance, publicly, in England; and the amusing account given of some of the company in his Memo-

[1] [See *Works*, p. 469.]

[2] [" Was this obscure female innocent, or was she guilty? If innocent, then was there an unhappy mistake, and, no matter what her rank, reparation was due. If guilty, the rank to which she had been raised put her on a level with Lord Byron. Her situation, therefore, if it was what he says it was, and he must have known that better than any one, ought not to have placed her *beneath* his satire. And as for an undignified attack raising the object of it *above* it — that is a mistake; for the object of an attack sinks under and rises above it, not according as the attack is dignified or undignified, but according as it is merited or unmerited — the charge true or false."—Wilson, 1830.]

[3] [The appearance of the MS. confirms this account of the circumstances under which it was written. It is blotted all over with the marks of tears.]

randa, — of the various and characteristic ways in which the temperature of their manner towards him was affected by the cloud under which he now appeared, — was one of the passages of that Memoir it would have been most desirable, perhaps, to have preserved; though, from being a gallery of sketches, all personal and many satirical, but a small portion of it, if any, could have been presented to the public till a time when the originals had long left the scene, and any interest they might once have excited was gone with themselves. Besides the noble hostess herself, whose kindness to him, on this occasion, he never forgot, there was also one other person (then Miss Mercer, now Lady Keith), whose frank and fearless cordiality to him on that evening he most gratefully commemorated, — adding, in acknowledgment of a still more generous service, "She is a high-minded woman, and showed me more friendship than I deserved from her. I heard also of her having defended me in a large company, which *at that time* required more courage and firmness than most women possess."

As we are now approaching so near the close of his London life, I shall here throw together the few remaining recollections of that period with which the gleanings of his Memorandum-book, so often referred to, furnish me.

"I liked the Dandies[1]; they were always very civil to *me*, though in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Stael, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like, damnably. They persuaded Madame de Stael that Alvanley had a hundred thousand a year, &c. &c., till she praised him to his *face* for his *beauty!* and made a set at him for Albertine[2], and a hundred fooleries besides. The truth is, that, though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism[3] in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at five-and-twenty. I had gamed, and drunk, and taken my degrees in most dissipations; and having no pedantry, and not being overbearing, we ran quietly together. I knew them all more or less, and they made me a member of Watier's (a superb club at that time), being, I take it, the only literary man (except *two others*, both men of the world, Moore and Spenser) in it. Our masquerade[4] was a grand one; so was the dandy-ball too, at the Argyle, but *that* (the latter) was given by the four chiefs, Brummel, Mildmay, Alvanley, and Pierrepoint, if I err not.

"I was a member of the Alfred, too, being elected while in Greece. It was pleasant; a little too sober and literary, and bored[5] with Sotheby and Sir Francis D'Ivernois; but one met Peel, and Ward, and Valentia, and many other pleasant or known people; and it was, upon the whole, a decent resource in a rainy day, in a dearth of parties, or parliament, or in an empty season.

"I belonged, or belong, to the following clubs or societies: — to the Alfred; to the Cocoa Tree[6]; to Watier's; to the Union; to Racket's (at Brighton); to the Pugilistic; to the Owls, or "Fly-by-night;" to the *Cambridge* Whig Club; to the Harrow Club, Cambridge; and to one or two private clubs;

[1] ["Our present ephemeral '*dandy*' is akin to the '*macaroni*' of my earlier days. The expression has become classical by the use of it in one of Lord Byron's poems —

"'But I am but a nameless sort of person,
A broken Dandy lately on my travels.'"

GLENBERVIE, 1822.]

[2] ["'Libertine,' as Brummel baptized her, though the poor girl was and is as correct as maid or wife can be; and very amiable withal."— *MS.*]

[3] Petrarch was, it appears, also in his youth, a Dandy. "Recollect," he says, in a letter to his brother, "the time when we wore white habits, on which the least spot, or a plait ill placed, would have been a subject of grief; when our shoes were so tight we suffered martyrdom," &c.

[4] To this masquerade he went in the habit of a Caloyer, or Eastern monk, — a dress particularly well calculated to set off the beauty of his fine countenance, which was accordingly, that night, the subject of general admiration.

[5] [The Alfred Club was established in Albemarle Street, in 1808. "The Alfred, like all other clubs, was much haunted with *boars* — tusky monsters, which delight to range where men most do congregate; as they are kept at the spear's point pretty much in private society. A boar, or bore, is always remarkable for something respectable; such as wealth, character, high birth, acknowledged talent — or, in short, for something that forbids people to turn him out by the shoulders, or in other words to cut him dead. Much of this respectability is supplied by the mere circumstance of belonging to a society of clubbists within whose districts the boar obtains free warren and may wallow or grunt at pleasure. Old stagers in the club know and avoid the fated corner and arm chair which he haunts; but he often rushes from his lair on the unexperienced."— WALTER SCOTT: *MS.*]

[6] [In St. James's Street; one of the oldest clubs in London. It is thus described by Gibbon, in 1762: — "This respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men in the kingdom, in point of fortune and fashion, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present we are full of king's counsellors and lords of the bed-chamber; who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones."— *Misc. Works*, vol. i. p. 154.]

to the Hampden (political) Club; and to the Italian Carbonari, &c. &c., 'though last, *not least*.' I got into all these, and never stood for any other — at least to my own knowledge. I declined being proposed to several others, though pressed to stand candidate."

"When I met H * * L * * [Hudson Lowe], the gaoler, at Lord Holland's, before he sailed for St. Helena, the discourse turned upon the battle of Waterloo. I asked him whether the dispositions of Napoleon were those of a great general? He answered, disparagingly, 'that they were very *simple*.' I had always thought that a degree of simplicity was an ingredient of greatness."

"I was much struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manners in private life; they were odd, but they were natural.[1] Curran used to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and 'thanking God that he had no peculiarities of gesture or appearance,' in a way irresistibly ludicrous; and * * [Rogers] used to call him a 'Sentimental Harlequin.'"

"Curran! Curran's the man who struck me most.[2] Such imagination! there never was any thing like it that I ever saw or heard of. His *published* life — his published speeches, give you *no* idea of the man — none at all. He was a *machine* of imagination, as some one said of Piron that he was an epigrammatic machine.

"I did not see a great deal of Curran — only in 1813; but I met him at home (for he used to call on me), and in society, at Mackintosh's, Holland House, &c. &c.; and he was wonderful even to me, who had seen many remarkable men of the time."[3]

"Baillie (commonly called *long* Baillie, a very clever man, but odd) complained to our friend Scrope B. Davies, in riding, that he had a *stitch* in his side. 'I don't wonder at it,' said Scrope, 'for you ride *like a tailor*.' Whoever had seen Baillie on horseback, with his very tall figure on a small nag, would not deny the justice of the repartee."

"When Brummel was obliged (by that affair of poor Meyler, who thence acquired the name of 'Dick the Dandy-killer' — it was about money, and debt, and all that) to retire to France, he knew no French, and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummel had made in French; he responded, 'that Brummel had been stopped, like Buonaparte in Russia, by the *Elements*.'"

"I have put this pun into Beppo[4], which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery;' for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself) by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning."[5]

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[1] ["There is nobody so odd, so gentle, and so admirable; his sayings are not to be separated from his manner. Plunket never addresses Grattan without 'Sir,' with a respectful voice. This mark of respect, or almost reverence, is common amongst the Irish, and certainly most amply due to this amiable and venerable person." — SIR J. MACKINTOSH, 1818.]

[2] In his Memoranda there were equally enthusiastic praises of Curran. "The riches," said he, "of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written,—though I saw him seldom and but occasionally. I saw him presented to Madame de Stael at Mackintosh's; — it was the grand confluence between the Rhone and the Saone, and and they were both so d—d ugly, that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences."

In another part, however, he was somewhat more fair to Madame de Stael's personal appearance:—"Her figure was not bad; her legs tolerable; her arms good. Altogether, I can conceive her having been a desirable woman, allowing a little imagination for her soul, and so forth. She would have made a great man."

[3] [When Charles Mathews first began to imitate Curran in Dublin — in society I mean — Curran sent for him, and said, the moment he entered the room, "Mr. Mathews, you are a first-rate artist; and since you are to do my picture, pray allow me to give you a sitting." Every one knows how admirably Mathews succeeded in finishing the portraiture begun under these circumstances. No one was more aware of the truth of the representation than Curran himself. In his latter and feeble days he was riding in Hyde Park one morning, bowed down over the saddle and utterly dejected in his air. Mathews happened to observe and saluted him. Curran stopped his horse for a moment, squeezed Charles by the hand, and said, in that deep whisper which the comedian so exquisitely mimicked, "Don't speak to *me*, my dear — you are the only Curran now."— LOCKHART.]

[4] ["Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new French grammar."
Works, p. 150.]

[5] ["Byron occasionally said what are called good things, but never studied for them. They came naturally and easily, and mixed with the comic or the serious as it happened. A professed wit is of all earthly companions the most intolerable. He is like a schoolboy with his pockets stuffed with crackers."— WALTER SCOTT: *MS.*

"No first-rate author was ever what one understands by a *great* conversational wit. Swift's wit in common society was either the strong sense of a wonderful man unconsciously exerting his powers; or that of the same being wilfully unbending, wilfully in fact degrading himself. Who ever heard of any fame for conversational wit lingering over the memory of a Shakspeare, a Milton, — even of a Dryden or Pope? Johnson is, perhaps, a solitary ex-

"Sotheby is a good man, rhymes well (if not wisely), but is a bore. He seizes you by the button. One night of a rout, at Mrs. Hope's, he had fastened upon me, notwithstanding my symptoms of manifest distress, (for I was in love, and had just nicked a minute when neither mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips, were near my then idol, who was beautiful as the statues of the gallery where we stood at the time,) — Sotheby, I say, had seized upon me by the button and the heart-strings, and spared neither. William Spencer, who likes fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my case, and coming up to us both, took me by the hand, and pathetically bade me farewell; 'for,' said he, 'I see it is all over with you.' Sotheby then went away. *Sic me servavit Apollo.*"[1]

"I remember seeing Blucher in the London assemblies, and never saw any thing of his age less venerable. With the voice and manners of a recruiting sergeant, he pretended to the honours of a hero, — just as if a stone could be worshipped because a man had stumbled over it."

We now approach the close of this eventful period of his history. In a note to Mr. Rogers, written a short time before his departure for Ostend[2], he says, — "My sister is now with me, and leaves town to-morrow: we shall not meet again for some time, at all events — if ever; and, under these circumstances, I trust to stand excused to you and Mr. Sheridan for being unable to wait upon him this evening."

This was his last interview with his sister, — almost the only person from whom he now parted with regret; it being, as he said, doubtful *which* had given him most pain, the enemies who attacked or the friends who condoled with him. Those beautiful and most tender verses, "Though the day of my destiny's over," were now his parting tribute to her[3] who, through all this bitter trial, had been his sole consolation; and, though known to most readers, so expressive are they of his wounded feelings at this crisis, that there are few, I think, who will object to seeing some stanzas of them here.

"Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain — it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn —
They may torture, but shall not subdue me —
'Tis of *thee* that I think — not of them.

"Though human, thou didst not deceive me;
Though woman, thou didst not forsake;
Though lov'd, thou foreborest to grieve me;
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake;
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me;
Though parted, it was not to fly;
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me;
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

"From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*."

On a scrap of paper, in his handwriting, dated April 14. 1816, I find the following list of his attendants, with an annexed outline of his projected tour: — "*Servants*, —— Berger, a Swiss, William Fletcher, and Robert Rushton — John William Polidori, M. D. — Switzerland, Flanders, Italy, and (perhaps) France." The two English servants, it will be observed, were the same "yeoman" and "page" who had set out with him on his youthful travels in 1809; and now, — for the second and last time taking leave of his country, — on the 25th of April he sailed for Ostend.

The circumstances under which Lord Byron now took leave of England were such as, in the case of any ordinary person, could not be considered otherwise than disastrous and humiliating. He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery: — had seen his hearth eight or nine times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved

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ception. More shame to him! He was the most indolent great man that ever lived, and threw away in his talk more than he ever took pains to embalm in his writings. It is true that Boswell has in a great measure counteracted all this. But here is no defence. Few great men can expect to have a Boswell, and none *ought* to wish to have one, far less to trust to having one. A man should not keep fine clothes locked up in his chest, only that his valet may occasionally show off in them: no, nor yet strut about in them in his chamber but that his valet may puff him and his finery abroad. What might not he have done who wrote Rasselas in the evenings of eight days to get money enough for his mother's funeral expenses?— As it is, what has not Johnson done? Is it nothing to be the first intellect of *an age?* And who seriously talks even of Burke, as having been more than a clever boy in the presence of old Samuel?"— *Anon. MS.*]

[1] ["*Ink.* For God's sake let's go, or the bore will be here,
Come, come: nay, I'm off.
Tra. You are right, and I'll follow;
'Tis high time for a '*Sic me servavit Apollo.*'"
The Blues, a Literary Eclogue: Works, p. 509.]

[2] Dated April 16.

[3] It will be seen, from a subsequent letter, that the first stanza of that most cordial of Farewells, "My boat is on the shore," was also written at this time.

from a prison by the privileges of his rank. He had alienated, as far as they had ever been his, the affections of his wife; and now, rejected by her, and condemned by the world, was betaking himself to an exile which had not even the dignity of appearing voluntary, as the excommunicating voice of society seemed to leave him no other resource. Had he been of that class of unfeeling and self-satisfied natures from whose hard surface the reproaches of others fall pointless, he might have found in insensibility a sure refuge against reproach; but, on the contrary, the same sensitiveness that kept him so awake to the applauses of mankind rendered him, in a still more intense degree, alive to their censure. Even the strange, perverse pleasure which he felt in painting himself unamiably to the world did not prevent him from being both startled and pained when the world took him at his word; and, like a child in a mask before a looking-glass, the dark semblance which he had, half in sport, put on, when reflected back upon him from the mirror of public opinion, shocked even himself.

Thus surrounded by vexations, and thus deeply feeling them, it is not too much to say, that any other spirit but his own would have sunk under the struggle, and lost, perhaps irrecoverably, that level of self-esteem which alone affords a stand against the shocks of fortune. But in him,—furnished as was his mind with reserves of strength, waiting to be called out,—the very intensity of the pressure brought relief by the proportionate re-action which it produced. Had his transgressions and frailties been visited with no more than their due portion of punishment, there can be little doubt that a very different result would have ensued. Not only would such an excitement have been insufficient to waken up the new energies still dormant in him, but that consciousness of his own errors, which was for ever livelily present in his mind, would, under such circumstances, have been left, undisturbed by any unjust provocation, to work its usual softening and, perhaps, humbling influences on his spirit. But,—luckily, as it proved, for the further triumphs of his genius,—no such moderation was exercised. The storm of invective raised around him, so utterly out of proportion with his offences, and the base calumnies that were every where heaped upon his name, left to his wounded pride no other resource than in the same summoning up of strength, the same instinct of resistance to injustice, which had first forced out the energies of his youthful genius, and was now destined to give a still bolder and loftier range to its powers.

It was, indeed, not without truth, said of him by Goethe, that he was inspired by the Genius of Pain; for, from the first to the last of his agitated career, every fresh recruitment of his faculties was imbibed from that bitter source. His chief incentive, when a boy, to distinction was, as we have seen, that mark of deformity on his person, by an acute sense of which he was first stung into the ambition of being great.[1] As, with an evident reference to his own fate, he himself describes the feeling,—

> "Deformity is daring.
> It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
> By heart and soul, and make itself the equal,—
> Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
> A spur in its halt movements, to become
> All that the others cannot, in such things
> As still are free to both, to compensate
> For stepdame Nature's avarice at first."[2]

Then came the disappointment of his youthful passion,—the lassitude and remorse of premature excess,—the lone friendlessness of his entrance into life, and the ruthless assault upon his first literary efforts,—all links in that chain of trials, errors, and sufferings, by which his great mind was gradually and painfully drawn out;—all bearing their respective shares in accomplishing that destiny which seems to have decreed that the triumphal march of his genius should be over the waste and ruins of his heart. He appeared, indeed, himself to have had an instinctive consciousness that it was out of such ordeals his strength and glory were to arise, as his whole life was passed in courting agitation and difficulties; and whenever the scenes around him were too tame to furnish such excitement, he flew to fancy or memory for "thorns" whereon to "lean his breast."

But the greatest of his trials, as well as triumphs, was yet to come. The last stage of this painful, though glorious, course, in

[1] In one of his letters to Mr. Hunt, he declares it to be his own opinion that "an addiction to poetry is very generally the result of 'an uneasy mind in an uneasy body;' disease or deformity," he adds, "have been the attendants of many of our best. Collins mad—Chatterton, *I* think, mad—Cowper mad—Pope crooked—Milton blind," &c. &c.

[2] The Deformed Transformed. *Works*, p. 304.

["Whosoever," says Lord Bacon, "hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore all deformed persons are extreme bold." —*Essay* IV.]

which fresh power was, at every step, wrung from out his soul, was that at which we are now arrived, his marriage and its results, — without which, dear as was the price paid by him in peace and character, his career would have been incomplete, and the world still left in ignorance of the full compass of his genius. It is, indeed, worthy of remark, that it was not till his domestic circumstances began to darken around him that his fancy, which had long been idle, again rose upon the wing, — both The Siege of Corinth and Parisina having been produced but a short time before the separation. How conscious he was, too, that the turmoil which followed was the true element of his restless spirit, may be collected from several passages of his letters at that period, in one of which he even mentions that his health had become all the better for the conflict. — "It is odd," he says, "but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits, and sets me up for the time."

This buoyancy it was, — this irrepressible spring of mind, — that now enabled him to bear up not only against the assaults of others, but, what was still more difficult, against his own thoughts and feelings. The muster of all his mental resources to which, in self-defence, he had been driven, but opened to him the yet undreamed extent and capacity of his powers, and inspired him with a proud confidence that he should yet shine down these calumnious mists, convert censure to wonder, and compel even those who could not approve to admire.

The route which he now took, through Flanders and by the Rhine, is best traced in his own matchless verses, which leave a portion of their glory on all that they touch, and lend to scenes, already clothed with immortality by nature and by history, the no less durable associations of undying song. On his leaving Brussels, an incident occurred which would be hardly worth relating, were it not for the proof it affords of the malicious assiduity with which every thing to his disadvantage was now caught up and circulated in England. Mr. Pryce Gordon, a gentleman who appears to have seen a good deal of him during his short stay at Brussels, thus relates the anecdote : —

"Lord Byron travelled in a huge coach, copied from the celebrated one of Napoleon, taken at Genappe, with additions. Besides a *lit de repos*, it contained a library, a plate-chest, and every apparatus for dining in it. It was not, however, found sufficiently capacious for his baggage and suite; and he purchased a calèche at Brussels for his servants. It broke down going to Waterloo, and I advised him to return it, as it seemed to be a crazy machine; but as he had made a deposit of forty Napoleons (certainly double its value), the honest Fleming would not consent to restore the cash, or take back his packing case, except under a forfeiture of thirty Napoleons. As his Lordship was to set out the following day, he begged me to make the best arrangement I could in the affair. He had no sooner taken his departure, than the worthy *sellier* inserted a paragraph in 'The Brussels Oracle,' stating 'that the noble *milor Anglais* had absconded with his calèche, value 1800 francs!'"[1]

In the Courier of May 13., the Brussels account of this transaction is thus copied : —

"The following is an extract from the Dutch Mail, dated Brussels, May 8th : — In the Journal de Belgique, of this date, is a petition from a coachmaker at Brussels to the president of the Tribunal de Premier Instance, stating that he has sold to Lord Byron a carriage, &c. for 1882 francs, of which he has received 847 francs; but that his Lordship, who is going away the same day, refuses to pay him the remaining 1035 francs; he begs permission to seize the carriage, &c. This being granted, he put it into the hands of a proper officer, who went to signify the above to Lord Byron, and was informed by the landlord of the hotel that his Lordship was gone without having given him any thing to pay the debt, on which the officer seized a chaise belonging to his Lordship as security for the amount."

It was not till the beginning of the following month that a contradiction of this falsehood, stating the real circumstances of the case, as above related, was communicated to the Morning Chronicle, in a letter from Brussels, signed "Pryce L. Gordon."

Another anecdote, of far more interest, has been furnished from the same respectable source. It appears that the two first stanzas of the verses relating to Waterloo, "Stop, for thy tread is on an empire's dust[2]," were written at Brussels, after a visit to that memorable field, and transcribed by Lord Byron, next morning, in an album belonging to the lady of the gentleman who communicates the anecdote.

"A few weeks after he had written them (says the relater), the well-known artist, R. R. Reinagle, a friend of mine, arrived in Brussels, when I invited him to dine with

[1] [Major Pryce Gordon, in 1831, published his "Personal Memoirs," in two volumes, 8vo.]

[2] Childe Harold, canto 3. stanza 17.

me, and showed him the lines, requesting him to embellish them with an appropriate vignette to the following passage: —

"'Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
Then tore, with bloody beak, the fatal plain;
Pierced with the shafts of banded nations through,
Ambition's life, and labours, all were vain —
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.'

Mr. Reinagle sketched with a pencil a spirited chained eagle, grasping the earth with his talons.

"I had occasion to write to his Lordship, and mentioned having got this clever artist to draw a vignette to his beautiful lines, and the liberty he had taken by altering the action of the eagle. In reply to this, he wrote to me, — 'Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornothologist than I am; eagles, and all birds of prey, attack with their talons, and not with their beaks, and I have altered the line thus: —

"'Then tore, with bloody talon, the rent plain.'

This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice.' I need hardly add, when I communicated this flattering compliment to the painter, that he was highly gratified."

From Brussels the noble traveller pursued his course along the Rhine, — a line of road which he has strewed over with all the riches of poesy; and, arriving at Geneva, took up his abode at the well-known hotel, Sécheron. After a stay of a few weeks at this place, he removed to a villa, in the neighbourhood, called Diodati, very beautifully situated on the high banks of the Lake, where he established his residence for the remainder of the summer.

I shall now give the few letters in my possession written by him at this time, and then subjoin to them such anecdotes as I have been able to collect relative to the same period.

LETTER 242. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ouchy, near Lausanne, June 27. 1816.

"I am thus far (kept by stress of weather) on my way back to Diodati (near Geneva) from a voyage in my boat round the Lake; and I enclose you a sprig of *Gibbon's acacia* and some rose-leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen. You will find honourable mention, in his Life, made of this 'acacia,' when he walked out on the night of concluding his history.[1] The garden and *summer-house*, where he composed, are neglected, and the last utterly decayed; but they still show it as his 'cabinet,' and seem perfectly aware of his memory.

"My route through Flanders, and by the Rhine, to Switzerland, was all I expected, and more.

"I have traversed all Rousseau's ground, with the Héloise before me; and am struck, to a degree that I cannot express, with the force and accuracy of his descriptions and the beauty of their reality.[2] Meillerie, Clarens, and Vevay, and the Château de Chillon, are places of which I shall say little, because all I could say must fall short of the impressions they stamp.

"Three days ago, we were most nearly wrecked in a squall off Meillerie, and driven to shore. I ran no risk, being so near the rocks, and a good swimmer; but our party were wet, and incommoded a good deal. The wind was strong enough to blow down some trees, as we found at landing: however, all is righted and right, and we are thus far on our teturn.

"Dr. Polidori is not here, but at Diodati, left behind in hospital with a sprained ankle, which he acquired in tumbling from a wall — he can't jump.

"I shall be glad to hear you are well, and have received for me certain helms and swords, sent from Waterloo, which I rode over with pain and pleasure.

"I have finished a third canto of Childe Harold (consisting of one hundred and

[1] ["It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five, quartos. 1. My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and the printer: the faults and the merits are exclusively my own."— *Gibbon's Life*, p. 255.]

[2] ["The extreme freshness of the traditions, and the extraordinary beauty of the spot, gave a *reality* to the fiction of an extraordinary kind. It required great power of genius to make the associations of a fiction separately felt in this magnificent country."— SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH: *Life*, vol. ii. p. 298.]

seventeen stanzas), longer than either of the two former, and in some parts, it may be, better; but of course on that I cannot determine. I shall send it by the first safe-looking opportunity. Ever, &c."

LETTER 243. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Diodati, near Geneva, July 22. 1816.

"I wrote to you a few weeks ago, and Dr. Polidori received your letter; but the packet has not made its appearance, nor the epistle, of which you gave notice therein. I enclose you an advertisement [1], which was copied by Dr. Polidori, and which appears to be about the most impudent imposition that ever issued from Grub Street. I need hardly say that I know nothing of all this trash, nor whence it may spring, — 'Odes to St. Helena,' — 'Farewells to England,' &c. &c.; and if it can be disavowed, or is worth disavowing, you have full authority to do so. I never wrote, nor conceived, a line on any thing of the kind, any more than of two other things with which I was saddled — something about 'Gaul,' and another about 'Mrs. La Valette;' and as to the 'Lily of France,' I should as soon think of celebrating a turnip. On the 'Morning of my Daughter's Birth,' I had other things to think of than verses; and should never have dreamed of such an invention, till Mr. Johnston and his pamphlet's advertisement broke in upon me with a new light on the crafts and subtleties of the demon of printing, — or rather publishing.

"I did hope that some succeeding lie would have superseded the thousand and one which were accumulated during last winter. I can forgive whatever may be said of or against me, but not what they make me say or sing for myself. It is enough to answer for what I have written; but it were too much for Job himself to bear what one has not. I suspect that when the Arab Patriarch wished that his 'enemy had written a book,' he did not anticipate his own name on the title-page. I feel quite as much bored with this foolery as it deserves, and more than I should be, if I had not a headach.

"Of Glenarvon [2], Madame de Stael told me (ten days ago, at Copet) marvellous and grievous things; but I have seen nothing of it but the motto, which promises amiably 'for us and for our tragedy.' If such be the posy, what should the ring be? 'a name to all succeeding [3],' &c. The generous moment selected for the publication is probably its kindest accompaniment, and — truth to say — the time *was* well chosen. I have not even a guess at the contents, except from the very vague accounts I have heard.

"I ought to be ashamed of the egotism of this letter. It is not my fault altogether, and I shall be but too happy to drop the subject when others will allow me.

"I am in tolerable plight, and in my last letter told you what I had done in the way of all rhyme. I trust that you prosper, and that your authors are in good condition. I should suppose your stud has received some increase, by what I hear. Bertram must be a good horse; does he run next meeting? I hope you will beat the Row. Yours alway, &c."

LETTER 244. TO MR. ROGERS.

"Diodati, near Geneva, July 29. 1816.

"Do you recollect a book, Mathieson's Letters [4], which you lent me, which I have still, and yet hope to return to your library? Well, I have encountered at Copet and elsewhere Gray's correspondent, that same Bonstetten, to whom I lent the translation of his correspondent's epistles, for a few days; but all he could remember of Gray amounts to little, except that he was the most 'melancholy and gentleman-like' of all possible poets. Bonstetten himself is a fine and very lively old man, and much esteemed by his compatriots; he is also a *littérateur* of good repute, and all his friends have a mania of addressing to him volumes of letters — Mathieson, Muller the historian, &c. &c. He is a good deal at Copet, where I have met him a few times. All there are well, except Rocca, who, I am sorry to say, looks in a very bad state of health. Schlegel is in high force, and Madame as brilliant as ever.

"I came here by the Netherlands and the Rhine route, and Basle, Berne, Morat, and Lausanne. I have circumnavigated the Lake, and go to Chamouni with the first fair

[1] The following was the advertisement enclosed: —

"Neatly printed and hot-pressed, 2*s.* 6*d.*

"Lord Byron's Farewell to England, with Three other Poems — Ode to St. Helena, to My Daughter on her Birthday, and to the Lily of France.

"Printed by J. Johnston, Cheapside, 335.; Oxford, 9.

"The above beautiful Poems will be read with the most lively interest, as it is probable they will be the last of the author's that will appear in England."

[2] [A novel by Lady Caroline Lamb. See BYRONIANA.]

[3] The motto is from the Corsair —

"He left a name to all succeeding times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

[4] ["Letters written from various Parts of the Continent, between the Years 1785 and 1794." M. Mathieson died at Worlitz, in Dessau, 1831.]

weather; but really we have had lately such stupid mists, fogs, and perpetual density, that one would think Castlereagh had the Foreign Affairs of the kingdom of Heaven also on his hands. I need say nothing to you of these parts, you having traversed them already. I do not think of Italy before September. I have read Glenarvon, and have also seen Ben. Constant's Adolphe, and his preface, denying the real people. It is a work which leaves an unpleasant impression, but very consistent with the consequences of not being in love, which is, perhaps, as disagreeable as any thing, except being so. I doubt, however, whether all such *liens* (as he calls them) terminate so wretchedly as his hero and heroine's.

"There is a third canto (a longer than either of the former) of Childe Harold finished, and some smaller things,—among them a story on the Château de Chillon; I only wait a good opportunity to transmit them to the grand Murray, who, I hope, flourishes. Where is Moore? Why is he not out? My love to him, and my perfect consideration and remembrances to all, particularly to Lord and Lady Holland, and to your Duchess of Somerset.[1]

"Ever, &c."

"P. S.—I send you a *fac-simile*, a note of Bonstetten's, thinking you might like to see the hand of Gray's correspondent."

LETTER 245. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Diodati, Sept. 29. 1816.

"I am very much flattered by Mr. Gifford's good opinion of the MSS., and shall be still more so if it answers your expectations and justifies his kindness. I liked it myself, but that must go for nothing. The feelings with which most of it was written need not be envied me. With regard to the price, *I* fixed *none*, but left it to Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Shelley, and yourself, to arrange. Of course, they would do their best; and as to yourself, I knew you would make no difficulties. But I agree with Mr. Kinnaird perfectly, that the concluding *five hundred* should be only *conditional;* and for my own sake, I wish it to be added, only in case of your selling a certain number, *that number* to be fixed by *yourself*. I hope this is fair. In every thing of this kind there must be risk; and till that be past, in one way or the other, I would not willingly add to it, particularly in times like the present. And pray always recollect that nothing could mortify me more—no failure on my own part—than having made you lose by any purchase from me.

"The Monody[2] was written by request of Mr. Kinnaird for the theatre. I did as well as I could; but where I have not my choice I pretend to answer for nothing. Mr. Hobhouse and myself are just returned from a journey of lakes and mountains. We have been to the Grindelwald, and the Jungfrau, and stood on the summit of the Wengen Alp; and seen torrents of nine hundred feet in fall, and glaciers of all dimensions: we have heard shepherds' pipes, and avalanches, and looked on the clouds foaming up from the valleys below us, like the spray of the ocean of hell. Chamouni, and that which it inherits, we saw a month ago: but though Mont Blanc is higher, it is not equal in wildness to the Jungfrau, the Eighers, the Shreckhorn, and the Rose Glaciers.

"We set off for Italy next week. The road is within this month infested with bandits, but we must take our chance and such precautions as are requisite.

"Ever, &c.

"P. S.—My best remembrances to Mr. Gifford. Pray say all that can be said from me to him.

"I am sorry that Mr. Maturin did not like Phillips's picture. I thought it was reckoned a good one. If he had made the speech on the original, perhaps he would have been more readily forgiven by the proprietor and the painter of the portrait * * *."

LETTER 246. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Diodati, Sept. 30. 1816.

"I answered your obliging letters yesterday: to-day the Monody arrived with its *title*-page, which is, I presume, a separate publication. 'The request of a friend:'—

"'Obliged by hunger and request of friends.'

I will request you to expunge that same, unless you please to add, 'by a person of quality,' or 'of wit and honour about town.' Merely say, 'written to be spoken at Drury Lane.' To-morrow I dine at Copet. Saturday I strike tents for Italy. This evening, on the lake in my boat with Mr. Hobhouse, the pole which sustains the mainsail slipped in tacking, and struck me so violently on one of my legs (the *worst*, luckily) as to make me do a foolish thing, viz. to *faint*—a downright swoon; the thing must have

[1] [Lady Charlotte Hamilton, second daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton. She died in 1827.]

[2] A Monody on the Death of Sheridan, which was spoken at Drury Lane theatre. [See *Works*, p. 473.]

jarred some nerve or other, for the bone is not injured, and hardly painful (it is six hours since), and cost Mr. Hobhouse some apprehension and much sprinkling of water to recover me. The sensation was a very odd one: I never had but two such before, once from a cut on the head from a stone, several years ago, and once (long ago also) in falling into a great wreath of snow; — a sort of grey giddiness first, then nothingness, and a total loss of memory on beginning to recover. The last part is not disagreeable, if one did not find it again.

"You want the original MSS. Mr. Davies has the first fair copy in my own hand, and I have the rough composition here, and will send or save it for you, since you wish it.

"With regard to your new literary project, if any thing falls in the way which will, to the best of my judgment, suit you, I will send you what I can. At present I must lay by a little, having pretty well exhausted myself in what I have sent you. Italy or Dalmatia and another summer may, or may not, set me off again. I have no plans, and am nearly as indifferent what may come as where I go. I shall take Felicia Hemans' 'Restoration,' &c. with me; it is a good poem — very.

"Pray repeat my best thanks and remembrances to Mr. Gifford for all his trouble and good nature towards me.

"Do not fancy me laid up, from the beginning of this scrawl. I tell you the accident for want of better to say; but it is over, and I am only wondering what the deuce was the matter with me.

"I have lately been over all the Bernese Alps and their lakes. I think many of the scenes (some of which were not those usually frequented by the English) finer than Chamouni, which I visited some time before. I have been to Clarens again, and crossed the mountains behind it: of this tour I kept a short journal for my sister, which I sent yesterday in three letters. It is not all for perusal; but if you like to hear about the romantic part, she will, I dare say, show you what touches upon the rocks, &c.

"Christabel — I won't have any one sneer at Christabel: it is a fine wild poem.

"Madame de Stael wishes to see the Antiquary, and I am going to take it to her to-morrow. She has made Copet as agreeable as society and talent can make any place on earth. "Yours ever, "N."

From the Journal mentioned in the foregoing letter, I am enabled to give the following extracts: —

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL.

"September 18. 1816.

"Yesterday, September 17th, I set out with Mr. Hobhouse on an excursion of some days to the mountains.

"September 17.

"Rose at five; left Diodati about seven, in one of the country carriages (a char-à-banc), our servants on horseback. Weather very fine; the lake calm and clear; Mont Blanc and the Aiguille of Argentières both very distinct; the borders of the lake beautiful. Reached Lausanne before sunset; stopped and slept at ——. Went to bed at nine: slept till five o'clock.

"September 18.

"Called by my courier; got up. Hobhouse walked on before. A mile from Lausanne the road overflowed by the lake; got on horseback and rode till within a mile of Vevay. The colt young, but went very well. Overtook Hobhouse, and resumed the carriage, which is an open one. Stopped at Vevay two hours (the second time I had visited it); walked to the church; view from the churchyard superb; within it General Ludlow's (the regicide's) monument — black marble — long inscription — Latin, but simple; he was an exile two-and-thirty years — one of King Charles's judges. Near him Broughton (who read King Charles's sentence to Charles Stuart) is buried, with a queer and rather canting, but still a republican, inscription. Ludlow's house shown; it retains still its inscription — 'Omne solum forti patria.' Walked down to the lake side; servants, carriage, saddle-horses — all set off and left us *plantés là*, by some mistake, and we walked on after them towards Clarens: Hobhouse ran on before, and overtook them at last. Arrived the second time (first time was by water) at Clarens. Went to Chillon through scenery worthy of I know not whom; went over the Castle of Chillon again. On our return met an English party in a carriage; a lady in it fast asleep — fast asleep in the most antinarcotic spot in the world — excellent! I remember, at Chamouni, in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman, English also, exclaim to her party 'Did you ever see any thing more *rural?*' — as if it was Highgate, or Hampstead, or Brompton, or Hayes, — 'Rural!' quotha. — Rocks, pines, torrents, glaciers, clouds, and summits of eternal snow far above them — and 'rural!'

"After a slight and short dinner we visited the Château de Clarens; an English

woman has rented it recently (it was not let when I saw it first); the roses are gone with their summer; the family out, but the servants desired us to walk over the interior of the mansion. Saw on the table of the saloon Blair's Sermons and somebody else's (I forget who's) sermons, and a set of noisy children. Saw all worth seeing, and then descended to the 'Bosquet de Julie,' &c. &c.; our guide full of Rousseau, whom he is eternally confounding with St. Preux, and mixing the man and the book. Went again as far as Chillon to revisit the little torrent from the hill behind it. Sunset reflected in the lake. Have to get up at five to-morrow to cross the mountains on horseback; carriage to be sent round; lodged at my old cottage — hospitable and comfortable; tired with a longish ride on the colt, and the subsequent jolting of the char-à-banc, and my scramble in the hot sun.

"Mem. The corporal who showed the wonders of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher, and (to my mind) as great a man; he was deaf also, and thinking every one else so, roared out the legends of the castle so fearfully that H. got out of humour. However, we saw things from the gallows to the dungeons (the *potence* and the *cachots*), and returned to Clarens with more freedom than belonged to the fifteenth century.

"September 19.

"Rose at five. Crossed the mountains to Montbovon on horseback, and on mules, and, by dint of scrambling, on foot also; the whole route beautiful as a dream, and now to me almost as indistinct. I am so tired; —for though healthy, I have not the strength I possessed but a few years ago. At Montbovon we breakfasted; afterwards, on a steep ascent dismounted; tumbled down; cut a finger open; the baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine, till stopped by a large tree; recovered baggage; horse tired and drooping; mounted mule. At the approach of the summit of Dent Jument [1] dismounted again with Hobhouse and all the party. Arrived at a lake in the very bosom of the mountains; left our quadrupeds with a shepherd, and ascended farther; came to some snow in patches, upon which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dints as in a sieve; the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards. Hobhouse went to the highest pinnacle; I did not, but paused within a few yards (at an opening of the cliff). In coming down, the guide tumbled three times; I fell a laughing, and tumbled too — the descent luckily soft, though steep and slippery: Hobhouse also fell, but nobody hurt. The whole of the mountains superb. A shepherd on a very steep and high cliff playing upon his *pipe;* very different from *Arcadia*, where I saw the pastors with a long musket instead of a crook, and pistols in their girdles. Our Swiss shepherd's pipe was sweet, and his tune agreeable. I saw a cow strayed; am told that they often break their necks on and over the crags. Descended to Montbovon; pretty scraggy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge. Hobhouse went to fish — caught one. Our carriage not come; our horses, mules, &c. knocked up; ourselves fatigued; but so much the better — I shall sleep.

"The view from the highest points of to-day's journey comprised on one side the greatest part of Lake Leman; on the other, the valleys and mountain of the Canton of Fribourg, and an immense plain, with the lakes of Neuchâtel and Morat, and all which the borders of the Lake of Geneva inherit; we had both sides of the Jura before us in one point of view, with Alps in plenty. In passing a ravine, the guide recommended strenuously a quickening of pace, as the stones fall with great rapidity and occasional damage; the advice is excellent, but, like most good advice, impracticable, the road being so rough that neither mules, nor mankind, nor horses, can make any violent progress. Passed without fractures or menace thereof.

"The music of the cow's bells (for their wealth, like the patriarchs', is cattle) in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence [2]: — much more so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musket order, and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other: — but this was pure and unmixed — solitary, savage, and patriarchal. As we went, they played the

[1] Dent de Jaman.

[2] [——" Hark! the note
The natural music of the mountain reed —
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable — pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
My soul would drink those echoes."
Manfred, act i. sc. 2. See *Works*, p. 179.]

'Ranz des Vaches'[1] and other airs, by way of farewell. I have lately repeopled my mind with nature."

"September 20.

Up at six; off at eight. The whole of this day's journey at an average of between from 2700 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea. This valley, the longest, narrowest, and considered the finest of the Alps, little traversed by travellers. Saw the bridge of La Roche. The bed of the river very low and deep, between immense rocks, and rapid as anger;—a man and mule said to have tumbled over without damage. The people looked free, and happy, and *rich* (which last implies neither of the former); the cows superb; a bull nearly leapt into the char-à-banc—'agreeable companion in a post-chaise;' goats and sheep very thriving. A mountain with enormous glaciers to the right—the Klitzgerberg; further on, the Hockthorn—nice names—so soft!—*Stockhorn*, I believe, very lofty and scraggy, patched with snow only; no glaciers on it, but some good epaulettes of clouds.

"Passed the boundaries, out of Vaud and into Berne canton; French exchanged for bad German; the district famous for cheese, liberty, property, and no taxes. Hobhouse went to fish—caught none. Strolled to the river; saw boy and kid; kid followed him like a dog; kid could not get over a fence, and bleated piteously; tried myself to help kid, but nearly overset both self and kid into the river. Arrived here about six in the evening. Nine o'clock—going to bed; not tired to-day, but hope to sleep nevertheless."

"September 21.

"Off early. The valley of Simmenthal as before. Entrance to the plain of Thoun very narrow; high rocks, wooded to the top; river; new mountains, with fine glaciers. Lake of Thoun; extensive plain with a girdle of Alps. Walked down to the Château de Schadau; view along the lake; crossed the river in a boat rowed by women. Thoun a very pretty town. The whole day's journey Alpine and proud."

"September 22.

"Left Thoun in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small; but the banks fine. Rocks down to the water's edge. Landed at Newhause; passed Interlachen; entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception. Passed a rock; inscription—two brothers—one murdered the other; just the place for it. After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock. Arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfrau, that is, the Maiden); glaciers; torrents; one of these torrents *nine hundred feet* in height of visible descent. Lodged at the curate's. Set out to see the valley; heard an avalanche fall, like thunder; glaciers enormous; storm came on, thunder, lightning, hail; all in perfection, and beautiful. I was on horseback; guide wanted to carry my cane; I was going to give it him, when I recollected that it was a sword-stick, and I thought the lightning might be attracted towards him; kept it myself; a good deal encumbered with it, as it was too heavy for a whip, and the horse was stupid, and stood with every other peal. Got in, not very wet, the cloak being stanch. Hobhouse wet through; Hobhouse took refuge in cottage; sent man, umbrella, and cloak (from the curate's when I arrived) after him. Swiss curate's house very good indeed,—much better than most English vicarages. It is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of. The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse' on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse.[2] It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave or curve, a spreading here or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable. I think, upon the whole, that this day has been better than any of this present excursion."

"September 23.

"Before ascending the mountain, went to the torrent (seven in the morning) again; the sun upon it forming a *rainbow* of the lower part of all colours, but principally purple and gold; the bow moving as you move; I never saw any thing like this; it

[1] ["An air so dear to the Swiss, that it was forbidden, under the pain of death, to play it to the troops; as it immediately drew tears from them, and made those who heard it desert, or die of what is called *la maladie du pays*—so ardent a desire did it excite to return to their country!"—ROUSSEAU!]

[2] It is interesting to observe the use to which he afterwards converted these hasty memorandums in his sublime drama of Manfred.

"It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular.
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death
As told in the Apocalypse."

is only in the sunshine. Ascended the Wengen mountain; at noon reached a valley on the summit; left the horses, took off my coat, and went to the summit, seven thousand feet (English feet) above the level of the *sea*, and about five thousand above the valley we left in the morning. On one side, our view comprised the Jungfrau, with all her glaciers; then the Dent d'Argent, shining like truth; then the Little Giant (the Kleine Eigher); and the Great Giant (the Grosse Eigher), and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. The height of Jungfrau is 13,000 feet above the sea, 11,000 above the valley; she is the highest of this range. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. From whence we stood, on the Wengen Alp, we had all these in view on one side; on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the ocean of hell, during a spring tide — it was white, and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance.[1] The side we ascended was (of course) not of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down upon the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular). Stayed a quarter of an hour; begun to descend; quite clear from cloud on that side of the mountain. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball and pelted Hobhouse with it.

"Got down to our horses again; ate something; remounted; heard the avalanches still; came to a morass; Hobhouse dismounted to get over well; I tried to pass my horse over; the horse sunk up to the chin, and of course he and I were in the mud together; bemired, but not hurt; laughed, and rode on. Arrived at the Grindlewald; dined; mounted again, and rode to the higher glacier — like *a frozen hurricane*.[2] Starlight, beautiful, but a devil of a path! Never mind, got safe in; a little lightning; but the whole of the day as fine in point of weather as the day on which Paradise was made. Passed *whole woods of withered pines, all withered;* trunks stripped and barkless, branches lifeless; done by a single winter[3], — their appearance reminded me of me and my family."

"September 24.

"Set off at seven; up at five. Passed the black glacier, the mountain Wetterhorn on the right; crossed the Scheideck mountain; came to the *Rose* glacier, said to be the largest and finest in Switzerland. *I* think the Bossons glacier at Chamouni as fine; Hobhouse does not. Came to the Reichenbach waterfall, two hundred feet high; halted to rest the horses. Arrived in the valley of Overland; rain came on; drenched a little; only four hour's rain, however, in eight days. Came to the lake of Brientz, then to the town of Brientz; changed. In the evening, four Swiss peasant girls of Oberhasli came and sang the airs of their country; two of the voices beautiful — the tunes also; so wild and original, and at the same time of great sweetness. The singing is over; but below stairs I hear the notes of a fiddle, which bode no good to my night's rest; I shall go down and see the dancing."

"September 25.

"The whole town of Brientz were apparently gathered together in the rooms below; pretty music and excellent waltzing; none but peasants; the dancing much better than in England; the English can't waltz, never could, never will. One man with his pipe in his mouth, but danced as well as the others; some other dances in pairs and in fours, and very good. I went to bed, but the revelry continued below late and early. Brientz but a village. Rose early. Embarked on the lake of Brientz, rowed by the women in a long boat; presently we put to shore, and another woman jumped in. It seems it is the custom here for the boats to be *manned* by *women:* for of five men and three women in our bark, all the women took an oar, and but one man.

"Got to Interlachen in three hours; pretty lake; not so large as that of Thoun. Dined at Interlachen. Girl gave me some flowers, and made me a speech in German, of which I know nothing; I do not know whether the speech was pretty, but as the woman was, I hope so. Re-embarked on the lake of Thoun; fell asleep part of the way: sent our horses round; found people on the shore, blowing up a rock with gunpowder; they blew it up near our boat, only

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[1] "Ye *avalanches*, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict. * * *
The mists boil up around the glaciers; *clouds*
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell!"
Manfred.

[2] —— "O'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling *tempest*'s foam,
Frozen in a moment." *Manfred.*

[3] ——"Like these *blasted pines,*
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless."
Ibid.

telling us a minute before; — mere stupidity, but they might have broken our noddles. Got to Thoun in the evening; the weather has been tolerable the whole day. But as the wild part of our tour is finished, it don't matter to us; in all the desirable part, we have been most lucky in warmth and clearness of atmosphere."

"September 26.

"Being out of the mountains, my journal must be as flat as my journey. From Thoun to Berne, good road, hedges, villages, industry, property, and all sorts of tokens of insipid civilisation. From Berne to Fribourg; different canton; Catholics; passed a field of battle; Swiss beat the French in one of the late wars against the French republic. Bought a dog. The greater part of this tour has been on horseback, on foot, and on mule."

"September 28.

"Saw the tree planted in honour of the battle of Morat; three hundred and forty years old; a good deal decayed. Left Fribourg, but first saw the cathedral; high tower. Overtook the baggage of the nuns of La Trappe, who are removing to Normandy; afterwards a coach, with a quantity of nuns in it. Proceeded along the banks of the lake of Neuchâtel; very pleasing and soft, but not so mountainous — at least, the Jura, not appearing so, after the Bernese Alps. Reached Yverdun in the dusk; a long line of large trees on the border of the lake; fine and sombre; the auberge nearly full — a German princess and suite; got rooms."

"September 29.

"Passed through a fine and flourishing country, but not mountainous. In the evening reached Aubonne (the entrance and bridge something like that of Durham), which commands by far the fairest view of the Lake of Geneva; twilight; the moon on the lake; a grove on the height, and of very noble trees. Here Tavernier (the eastern traveller) bought (or built) the château, because the site resembled and equalled that of *Erivan*, a frontier city of Persia; here he finished his voyages[1], and I this little excursion, — for I am within a few hours of Diodati, and have little more to see, and no more to say."

With the following melancholy passage this Journal concludes: —

"In the weather for this tour (of 13 days), I have been very fortunate — fortunate in a companion (Mr. H.) — fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this — the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

1816.

GENEVA. — ACQUAINTANCE WITH SHELLEY. — EXCURSIONS ON THE LAKE. — POLIDORI. — DIODATI. — GHOST-STORIES. — SQUALL OFF MEILLERIE. — OUCHI. — COMPOSITION OF THE PRISONER OF CHILLON. — VISIT TO COPET. — UNSUCCESSFUL NEGOTIATION FOR A RECONCILIATION. — COMPOSITION OF DARKNESS. — THE DREAM. — THE INCANTATION. — COULD I REMOUNT. — AND STANZAS TO AUGUSTA. — LETTERS TO MURRAY. — MILAN. — VERONA. — ANECDOTES.

Among the inmates of Sécheron, on his arrival at Geneva, Lord Byron had found Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, and a female relative of the latter, who had about a fortnight before taken up their residence at this hotel. It was the first time that Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley ever met; though, long before, when the latter was quite a youth, — being the younger of the two by four or five years, — he had sent to the noble poet a copy of his Queen Mab, accompanied by a letter, in which, after detailing at full length all the accusations he had heard brought against his character, he added, that, should these charges not have been true, it would make him happy to be honoured with his acquaint-

[1] [This is not correct. To retrieve his finances, which had suffered through the misconduct of a nephew, Tavernier set out once more on his travels in 1689. He succeeded in reaching Moscow, but died there in the summer of that year. His "Travels through Turkey into Persia and the East Indies for the Space of Forty Years" were published in 1678. They will be found in Harris's Collection.]

ance. The book alone, it appears, reached its destination, — the letter having miscarried, — and Lord Byron was known to have expressed warm admiration of the opening lines of the poem.

There was, therefore, on their present meeting at Geneva, no want of disposition towards acquaintance on either side, and an intimacy almost immediately sprung up between them. Among the tastes common to both, that for boating was not the least strong; and in this beautiful region they had more than ordinary temptations to indulge in it. Every evening, during their residence under the same roof at Sécheron, they embarked, accompanied by the ladies and Polidori, on the Lake; and to the feelings and fancies inspired by these excursions, which were not unfrequently prolonged into the hours of moonlight, we are indebted for some of those enchanting stanzas [1], in which the poet has given way to his passionate love of Nature so fervidly.

> "There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
> Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
> Drips the light drop of the suspended oar.
> * * * * * * * * * *
> At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
> Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
> There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
> But that is fancy — for the starlight dews
> All silently their tears of love instil,
> Weeping themselves away."

A person who was of these parties has thus described to me one of their evenings: — "When the *bise* or north-east wind blows, the waters of the Lake are driven towards the town, and with the stream of the Rhone, which sets strongly in the same direction, combine to make a very rapid current towards the harbour. Carelessly, one evening, we had yielded to its course, till we found ourselves almost driven on the piles; and it required all our rowers' strength to master the tide. The waves were high and inspiriting — we were all animated by our contest with the elements. 'I will sing you an Albanian song,' cried Lord Byron; 'now, be sentimental and give me all your attention.' It was a strange, wild howl that he gave forth; but such as, he declared, was an exact imitation of the savage Albanian mode, — laughing, the while, at our disappointment, who had expected a wild Eastern melody."

Sometimes the party landed, for a walk upon the shore, and on such occasions, Lord Byron would loiter behind the rest, lazily trailing his sword-stick along, and moulding, as he went, his thronging thoughts into shape. Often too, when in the boat, he would lean abstractedly over the side, and surrender himself up, in silence, to the same absorbing task.

The conversation of Mr. Shelley, from the extent of his poetic reading, and the strange, mystic speculations into which his system of philosophy led him, was of a nature strongly to arrest and interest the attention of Lord Byron, and to turn him away from worldly associations and topics into more abstract and untrodden ways of thought. As far as contrast, indeed, is an enlivening ingredient of such intercourse, it would be difficult to find two persons more formed to whet each other's faculties by discussion, as on few points of common interest between them did their opinions agree; and that this difference had its root deep in the conformation of their respective minds needs but a glance through the rich, glittering labyrinth of Mr. Shelley's pages to assure us.

In Lord Byron, the real was never forgotten in the fanciful. However Imagination had placed her whole realm at his disposal, he was no less a man of this world than a ruler of hers; and, accordingly, through the airiest and most subtile creations of his brain still the life-blood of truth and reality circulates. With Shelley it was far otherwise; — his fancy (and he had sufficient for a whole generation of poets) was the medium through which he saw all things, his facts as well as his theories; and not only the greater part of his poetry, but the political and philosophical speculations in which he indulged, were all distilled through the same over-refining and unrealising alembic. Having started as a teacher and reformer of the world, at an age when he could know nothing of the world but from fancy, the persecution he met with on the threshold of this boyish enterprise but confirmed him in his first paradoxical views of human ills and their remedies; and, instead of waiting to take lessons of authority and experience, he, with a courage, admirable had it been but wisely directed, made war upon both. From this sort of self-willed start in the world, an impulse was at once given to his opinions and powers directly contrary, it would seem, to their natural bias, and from which his life was too short to allow him time to recover. With a mind, by nature, fervidly pious, he yet refused to acknowledge a Supreme Providence, and substituted some airy abstraction of "Universal Love" in its place. An aristocrat by birth, and, as I understand, also in appearance and manners, he was yet a leveller in politics, and to such an Utopian extent as to be, seriously, the advocate of a com-

[1] Childe Harold, canto 3.

munity of property. With a delicacy and even romance of sentiment, which lends such grace to some of his lesser poems, he could notwithstanding contemplate a change in the relations of the sexes, which would have led to results fully as gross as his arguments for it were fastidious and refined; and though benevolent and generous to an extent that seemed to exclude all idea of selfishness, he yet scrupled not, in the pride of system, to disturb wantonly the faith of his fellow-men, and, without substituting any equivalent good in its place, to rob the wretched of a hope, which, even if false, would be worth all this world's best truths.

Upon no point were the opposite tendencies of the two friends, — to long-established opinions and matter of fact on one side, and to all that was most innovating and visionary on the other, — more observable than in their notions on philosophical subjects; Lord Byron being, with the great bulk of mankind, a believer in the existence of Matter and Evil, while Shelley so far refined upon the theory of Berkeley as not only to resolve the whole of Creation into spirit, but to add also to this immaterial system some pervading principle, some abstract nonentity of Love and Beauty, of which — as a substitute, at least, for Deity — the philosophic bishop had never dreamed. On such subjects, and on poetry, their conversation generally turned; and, as might be expected, from Lord Byron's facility in receiving new impressions, the opinions of his companion were not altogether without some influence on his mind. Here and there, among those fine bursts of passion and description that abound in the third canto of Childe Harold, may be discovered traces of that mysticism of meaning, — that sublimity, losing itself in its own vagueness, which so much characterised the writings of his extraordinary friend; and in one of the notes we find Shelley's favourite Pantheism of Love thus glanced at: — "But this is not all: the feeling with which all around Clarens and the opposite rocks of Meillerie is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole."

Another proof of the ductility with which he fell into his new friend's tastes and predilections, appears in the tinge, if not something deeper, of the manner and cast of thinking of Mr. Wordsworth, which is traceable through so many of his most beautiful stanzas. Being naturally, from his love of the abstract and imaginative, an admirer of the great poet of the Lakes, Mr. Shelley omitted no opportunity of bringing the beauties of his favourite writer under the notice of Lord Byron; and it is not surprising that, once persuaded into a fair perusal, the mind of the noble poet should — in spite of some personal and political prejudices which unluckily survived this short access of admiration, — not only feel the influence, but, in some degree, even reflect the hues of one of the very few real and original poets that this age (fertile as it is in rhymers *quales ego et Cluvienus*) has had the glory of producing.

When Polidori was of their party, (which, till he found attractions elsewhere, was generally the case,) their more elevated subjects of conversation were almost always put to flight by the strange sallies of this eccentric young man, whose vanity made him a constant butt for Lord Byron's sarcasm and merriment. The son of a highly respectable Italian gentleman, who was in early life, I understand, the secretary of Alfieri, Polidori seems to have possessed both talents and dispositions which, had he lived, might have rendered him a useful member of his profession and of society. At the time, however, of which we are speaking, his ambition of distinction far outwent both his powers and opportunities of attaining it. His mind, accordingly, between ardour and weakness, was kept in a constant hectic of vanity, and he seems to have alternately provoked and amused his noble employer, leaving him seldom any escape from anger but in laughter. Among other pretensions, he had set his heart upon shining as an author; and one evening at Mr. Shelley's, producing a tragedy of his own writing, insisted that they should undergo the operation of hearing it. To lighten the infliction, Lord Byron took upon himself the task of reader; and the whole scene, from the description I have heard of it, must have been not a little trying to gravity. In spite of the jealous watch kept upon every countenance by the author, it was impossible to withstand the smile lurking in the eye of the reader, whose only resource against the outbreak of his own laughter lay in lauding, from time to time, most vehemently, the sublimity of the verses; — particularly some that began "'Tis thus the goiter'd idiot of the Alps," — and then adding, at the close of every such eulogy, "I assure you, when I was in the Drury Lane Com-

mittee, much worse things were offered to us."

After passing a fortnight under the same roof with Lord Byron at Sécheron, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley removed to a small house on the Mont-Blanc side of the Lake, within about ten minutes' walk of the villa which their noble friend had taken, upon the high banks, called Belle Rive, that rose immediately behind them. During the fortnight that Lord Byron outstaid them at Sécheron, though the weather had changed and was become windy and cloudy, he every evening crossed the Lake, with Polidori, to visit them; and "as he returned again (says my informant) over the darkened waters, the wind, from far across, bore us his voice singing your Tyrolese Song of Liberty, which I then first heard, and which is to me inextricably linked with his remembrance."[1]

In the mean time, Polidori had become jealous of the growing intimacy of his noble patron with Shelley; and the plan which he now understood them to have formed of making a tour of the Lake without him completed his mortification. In the soreness of his feelings on this subject he indulged in some intemperate remonstrances, which Lord Byron indignantly resented; and the usual bounds of courtesy being passed on both sides, the dismissal of Polidori appeared, even to himself, inevitable. With this prospect, which he considered nothing less than ruin, before his eyes, the poor young man was, it seems, on the point of committing that fatal act which, two or three years afterwards, he actually did perpetrate. Retiring to his own room, he had already drawn forth the poison from his medicine chest, and was pausing to consider whether he should write a letter before he took it, when Lord Byron (without, however, the least suspicion of his intention), tapped at the door and entered, with his hand held forth in sign of reconciliation. The sudden revulsion was too much for poor Polidori, who burst into tears; and, in relating all the circumstances of the occurrence afterwards, he declared that nothing could exceed the gentle kindness of Lord Byron in soothing his mind and restoring him to composure.

Soon after this the noble poet removed to Diodati. He had, on his first coming to Geneva, with the good-natured view of introducing Polidori into company, gone to several Genevese parties; but, this task performed, he retired altogether from society till late in the summer, when, as we have seen, he visited Copet. His means were at this time very limited; and though he lived by no means parsimoniously, all unnecessary expenses were avoided in his establishment. The young physician had been, at first, a source of much expense to him, being in the habit of hiring a carriage, at a louis a day (Lord Byron not then keeping horses), to take him to his evening parties; and it was some time before his noble patron had the courage to put this luxury down.

The liberty, indeed, which this young person allowed himself was, on one occasion, the means of bringing an imputation upon the poet's hospitality and good breeding, which, like every thing else, true or false, tending to cast a shade upon his character, was for some time circulated with the most industrious zeal. Without any authority from the noble owner of the mansion, he took upon himself to invite some Genevese gentlemen (M. Pictet, and, I believe, M. Bonstetten) to dine at Diodati; and the punishment which Lord Byron thought it right to inflict upon him for such freedom was, "as he had invited the guests, to leave him also to entertain them." This step, though merely a consequence of the physician's indiscretion, it was not difficult, of course, to convert into a serious charge of caprice and rudeness against the host himself.

By such repeated instances of thoughtlessness (to use no harsher term), it is not wonderful that Lord Byron should at last be driven into a feeling of distaste towards his medical companion, of whom he one day remarked, that "he was exactly the kind of person to whom, if he fell overboard, one would hold out a straw, to know if the adage be true that drowning men catch at straws."

A few more anecdotes of this young man, while in the service of Lord Byron, may, as throwing light upon the character of the latter, be not inappropriately introduced. While the whole party were, one day, out boating, Polidori, by some accident, in rowing, struck Lord Byron violently on the knee-pan with his oar; and the latter, without speaking, turned his face away to hide the pain. After a moment he said, "Be so kind, Polidori, another time, to take more care, for you hurt me very much."—"I am glad of it," answered the other; "I am glad to see you can suffer pain." In a calm suppressed tone, Lord Byron replied, "Let me advise you, Polidori, when you, another time, hurt any one, not to express your satisfaction. People don't like to be told that those who give them pain are glad of it; and they cannot always com-

[1] ["The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains—
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains," &c.]

mand their anger. It was with some difficulty that I refrained from throwing you into the water; and, but for Mrs. Shelley's presence, I should probably have done some such rash thing." This was said without ill temper, and the cloud soon passed away.

Another time, when the lady just mentioned was, after a shower of rain, walking up the hill to Diodati, Lord Byron, who saw her from his balcony where he was standing with Polidori, said to the latter, "Now, you who wish to be gallant ought to jump down this small height, and offer your arm." Polidori chose the easiest part of the declivity, and leaped; — but the ground being wet, his foot slipped, and he sprained his ankle.[1] Lord Byron instantly helped to carry him in and procure cold water for the foot; and, after he was laid on the sofa, perceiving that he was uneasy, went up stairs himself (an exertion which his lameness made painful and disagreeable) to fetch a pillow for him. "Well, I did not believe you had so much feeling," was Polidori's gracious remark, which, it may be supposed, not a little clouded the noble poet's brow.

A dialogue which Lord Byron himself used to mention as having taken place between them, during their journey on the Rhine, is amusingly characteristic of both the persons concerned. "After all," said the physician, "what is there you can do that I cannot?"— "Why, since you force me to say," answered the other, "I think there are three things I can do which you cannot." Polidori defied him to name them. "I can," said Lord Byron, "swim across that river — I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot at the distance of twenty paces — and I have written a poem[2] of which 14,000 copies were sold in one day."

The jealous pique of the Doctor against Shelley was constantly breaking out; and on the occasion of some victory which the latter had gained over him in a sailing-match, he took it into his head that his antagonist had treated him with contempt; and went so far, in consequence, notwithstanding Shelley's known sentiments against duelling, as to proffer him a sort of challenge, at which Shelley, as might be expected, only laughed. Lord Byron, however, fearing that the vivacious physician might still further take advantage of this peculiarity of his friend, said to him, "Recollect, that though Shelley has some scruples about duelling, *I* have none; and shall be, at all times, ready to take his place."

At Diodati, his life was passed in the same regular round of habits and occupations into which, when left to himself, he always naturally fell; a late breakfast, then a visit to the Shelleys' cottage and an excursion on the Lake; — at five, dinner[3] (when he usually preferred being alone), and then, if the weather permitted, an excursion again. He and Shelley had joined in purchasing a boat, for which they gave twenty-five *louis*, — a small sailing vessel, fitted to stand the usual squalls of the climate, and, at that time, the only keeled boat on the Lake. When the weather did not allow of their excursions after dinner, — an occurrence not unfrequent during this very wet summer, — the inmates of the cottage passed their evenings at Diodati; and, when the rain rendered it inconvenient for them to return home, remained there to sleep. "We often," says one, who was not the least ornamental of the party, "sat up in conversation till the morning light. There was never any lack of subjects, and, grave or gay, we were always interested."

During a week of rain at this time, having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed, at last, to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs. Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the Vampire; and, having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story[4] one evening, — but, from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact, was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of Frankenstein, — one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once, and for ever.

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[1] To this lameness of Polidori, one of the preceding letters of Lord Byron alludes.

[2] The Corsair.

[3] His system of diet here was regulated by an abstinence almost incredible. A thin slice of bread, with tea, at breakfast — a light, vegetable dinner, with a bottle or two of Seltzer water, tinged with vin de Grave, and in the evening a cup of green tea, without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance. The pangs of hunger he appeased by privately chewing tobacco and smoking cigars.

[4] From his remembrance of this sketch, Polidori afterwards vamped up his strange novel of the Vampire, which, under the supposition of its being Lord Byron's, was received with such enthusiasm in France. It would, indeed, not a little deduct from our value of foreign fame, if, what some French writers have asserted be true, that the appearance of this extravagant novel among our neighbours first attracted their attention to the genius of Byron.

Towards the latter end of June, as we have seen in one of the preceding letters, Lord Byron, accompanied by his friend Shelley, made a tour in his boat round the Lake, and visited, "with the Héloise before him," all those scenes around Meillerie and Clarens, which have become consecrated for ever by ideal passion, and by that power which Genius alone possesses, of giving such life to its dreams as to make them seem realities. In the squall off Meillerie, which he mentions, their danger was considerable.[1] In the expectation, every moment, of being obliged to swim for his life, Lord Byron had already thrown off his coat, and, as Shelley was no swimmer, insisted upon endeavouring, by some means, to save him. This offer, however, Shelley positively refused; and seating himself quietly upon a locker, and grasping the rings at each end firmly in his hands, declared his determination to go down in that position, without a struggle.[2]

Subjoined to that interesting little work, the "Six Weeks' Tour," there is a letter by Shelley himself, giving an account of this excursion round the Lake, and written with all the enthusiasm such scenes should inspire. In describing a beautiful child they saw at the village of Nerni, he says, "My companion gave him a piece of money, which he took without speaking, with a sweet smile of easy thankfulness, and then with an unembarrassed air turned to his play." There were, indeed, few things Lord Byron more delighted in than to watch beautiful children at play; — "many a lovely Swiss child (says a person who saw him daily at this time) received crowns from him as the reward of their grace and sweetness."

Speaking of their lodgings at Nerni, which were gloomy and dirty, Mr. Shelley says, "On returning to our inn, we found that the servant had arranged our rooms, and deprived them of the greater portion of their former disconsolate appearance.
minded my companion of Greece
five years, he said, since he had sle
beds."

Luckily for Shelley's full enj
these scenes, he had never before
to read the Héloise; and though
panion had long been familiar
romance, the sight of the region
"birth-place of deep Love[3]," eve
which seemed instinct with the
the story, gave to the whole a
actual existence in his mind. B
under the spell of the Genius of
— both full of emotion; and as th
silently through the vineyards
once the "bosquet de Julie," Lo
suddenly exclaimed, "Thank God
is not here."

That the glowing stanzas sug
him by this scene were written
spot itself appears almost certain,
letter addressed to Mr. Murray o
back to Diodati, in which he anno
third canto as complete, and co
117 stanzas. At Ouchy, near La
the place from which that letter i
he and his friend were detained tw
a small inn, by the weather: a
there, in that short interval, that
his "Prisoner of Chillon," adding
deathless association to the al
mortalised localities of the Lake.

On his return from this exc
Diodati, an occasion was afforde
gratification of his jesting propen
the avowal of the young physicia
he had fallen in love. On the e
this tender confession they both
at Shelley's cottage — Lord Byro
highest and most boyish spirits, r
hands as he walked about the roo
that utter incapacity of retenti
was one of his foibles, makin

[1] "The wind (says Lord Byron's fellow-voyager) gradually increased in violence until it blew tremendously; and, as it came from the remotest extremity of the Lake, produced waves of a frightful height, and covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam. One of our boatmen, who was a dreadfully stupid fellow, persisted in holding the sail at a time when the boat was on the point of being driven under water by the hurricane. On discovering this error, he let it entirely go, and the boat for a moment refused to obey the helm; in addition, the rudder was so broken as to render the management of it very difficult; one wave fell in, and then another."

[2] "I felt, in this near prospect of death (says Mr. Shelley), a mixture of sensations, among which terror entered, though but subordinately. My feelings would have been less painful had I been alone; but I knew that my companion would have attempted to save me, and I was overcome with humiliation, when I thought that his life might have been risked to preserve m
we arrived at St. Gingoux, the inhabitants,
the shore, unaccustomed to see a vessel as
and fearing to venture at all on such a se
looks of wonder and congratulation with
who, as well as ourselves, were well pleased
shore."

[3] ["Clarens! sweet Clarens! birth-place of
Thine air is the young breath of passion
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows
The very glaciers have his colour caugh
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wr
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the
The permanent crags, tell here of Love,
In them a refuge from the worldly shock
Which stir and sting the soul with hope th
mocks." *Childe Harold*, c.

allusions to the secret he had just heard. The brow of the Doctor darkened as this pleasantry went on, and, at last, he angrily accused Lord Byron of hardness of heart. "I never," said he, "met with a person so unfeeling." This sally, though the poet had evidently brought it upon himself, annoyed him most deeply. "Call *me* cold-hearted — *me* insensible!" he exclaimed, with manifest emotion — "as well might you say that glass is not brittle, which has been cast down a precipice, and lies dashed to pieces at the foot!"

In the month of July he paid a visit to Copet, and was received by the distinguished hostess with a cordiality the more sensibly felt by him as, from his personal unpopularity at this time, he had hardly ventured to count upon it.[1] In her usual frank style, she took him to task upon his matrimonial conduct — but in a way that won upon his mind, and disposed him to yield to her suggestions. He must endeavour, she told him, to bring about a reconciliation with his wife, and must submit to contend no longer with the opinion of the world. In vain did he quote her own motto to Delphine, "Un homme peut braver, une femme doit se succomber aux opinions du monde;" — her reply was, that all this might be very well to say, but that, in real life, the duty and necessity of yielding belonged also to the man. Her eloquence, in short, so far succeeded, that he was prevailed upon to write a letter to a friend in England, declaring himself still willing to be reconciled to Lady Byron, — a concession not a little startling to those who had so often, lately, heard him declare that, "having done all in his power to persuade Lady Byron to return, and with this view put off as long as he could signing the deed of separation, that step being once taken, they were now divided for ever."

Of the particulars of this brief negotiation that ensued upon Madame de Stael's suggestion, I have no very accurate remembrance; but there can be little doubt that its failure, after the violence he had done his own pride in the overture, was what first infused any mixture of resentment or bitterness into the feelings hitherto entertained by him throughout these painful differences. He had, indeed, since his arrival in Geneva, invariably spoken of his lady with kindness and regret, imputing the course she had taken, in leaving him, not to herself but others, and assigning whatever little share of blame he would allow her to bear in the transaction to the simple and, doubtless, true cause — her not at all understanding him. "I have no doubt," he would sometimes say, "that she really did believe me to be mad."

Another resolution connected with his matrimonial affairs, in which he often, at this time, professed his fixed intention to persevere, was that of never allowing himself to touch any part of his wife's fortune. Such a sacrifice, there is no doubt, would have been, in his situation, delicate and manly; but though the natural bent of his disposition led him to *make* the resolution, he wanted, — what few, perhaps, could have attained, — the fortitude to *keep* it.

The effects of the late struggle on his mind, in stirring up all its resources and energies, was visible in the great activity of his genius during the whole of this period, and the rich variety, both in character and colouring, of the works with which it teemed. Besides the third canto of Childe Harold and the Prisoner of Chillon, he produced also his two poems, "Darkness" and "The Dream," the latter of which cost him many a tear in writing, — being, indeed, the most mournful, as well as picturesque, "story of a wandering life" that ever came from the pen and heart of man. Those verses, too, entitled "The Incantation," which he introduced afterwards, without any connection with the subject, into Manfred, were also (at least, the less bitter portion of them) the production of this period; and as they were written soon after the last fruitless attempt at reconciliation, it is needless to say who was in his thoughts while he penned some of the opening stanzas.

"Though thy slumber must be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

"Though thou see'st me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye,
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;

[1] In the account of this visit to Copet in his Memoranda, he spoke in high terms of the daughter of his hostess, the present Duchess de Broglie; and in noticing how much she appeared to be attached to her husband, remarked that "nothing was more pleasing than to see the developement of the domestic affections in a very young woman." Of Madame de Stael, in that Memoir, he spoke thus: — "Madame de Stael was a good woman at heart and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be — she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other person's, you wished her gone and in her own again."

And when, in that secret dread,
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal."

Besides the unfinished "Vampire," he began also, at this time, another romance in prose, founded upon the story of the Marriage of Belphegor, and intended to shadow out his own matrimonial fate. The wife of this satanic personage he described much in the same spirit that pervades his delineation of Donna Inez in the first canto of Don Juan. While engaged, however, in writing this story, he heard from England that Lady Byron was ill, and, his heart softening at the intelligence, he threw the manuscript into the fire. So constantly were the good and evil principles of his nature conflicting for mastery over him.[1]

The two following Poems, so different from each other in their character, — the first prying with an awful scepticism into the darkness of another world, and the second breathing all that is most natural and tender in the affections of this, — were also written at this time, and have never before been published.

"EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

"Could I remount the river of my years
To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
I would not trace again the stream of hours
Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,
But bid it flow as now — until it glides
Into the number of the nameless tides. * * *
What is this Death? — a quiet of the heart?
The whole of that of which we are a part?
For Life is but a vision — what I see
Of all which lives alone is life to me,
And being so — the absent are the dead,
Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
A dreary shroud around us, and invest
With sad remembrances our hours of rest.
"The absent are the dead — for they are cold,
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
And they are changed, and cheerless, — or if yet
The unforgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided — equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea:
It may be both — but one day end it must
In the dark union of insensate dust.

"The under-earth inhabitants — are they
But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
The ashes of a thousand ages spread
Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
Or do they in their silent cities dwell
Each in his incommunicative cell?
Or have they their own language? and a sense
Of breathless being? — darken'd and intense
As midnight in her solitude? — Oh Earth!
Where are the past? — and wherefore had they birth
The dead are thy inheritors — and we
But bubbles on thy surface; and the key
Of thy profundity is in the grave,
The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,
Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
Our elements resolved to things untold,
And fathom hidden wonders, and explore
The essence of great bosoms now no more." * *

"TO AUGUSTA.

"My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same —
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny, —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

"The first were nothing — had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's[2] fate of yore, —
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

"If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

"Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being gave me that which marr'd
The gift, — a fate, or will that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

"Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd

[1] Upon the same occasion, indeed, he wrote some verses in a spirit not quite so generous, of which a few of the opening lines is all I shall give: —

"And thou wert sad — yet I was not with thee!
And thou wert sick — and yet I was not near.
Methought that Joy and Health alone could be
Where I was *not*, and pain and sorrow here.
And is it thus? — it is as I foretold,
And shall be more so: — " &c. &c.

[See *Works*, p. 472.]

[2] "Admiral Byron was remarkable for never makin voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sail by the facetious name of 'Foul-weather Jack.'

"But, though it were tempest-tost,
Still his bark could not be lost.

He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager Anson's Voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated world, many years after, as commander of a similar pedition." [See BYRONIANA.]

Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something — I know not what — does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience; not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

"Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me, — or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur, —
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

"I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love — but none like thee.

"Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation; — to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

"Oh that thou wert but with me! — but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show; —
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

"I did remind thee of our own dear lake,[1]
By the old hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

"The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply —
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister — till I look again on thee.

"I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not; — for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest — even the only paths for me —
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept:
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

"With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make — a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over — I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

"And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

"And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther. — Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

"For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine:
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined — let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!"

In the month of August, Mr. M. G. Lewis arrived to pass some time with him; and he was soon after visited by Mr. Richard Sharp, of whom he makes such honourable mention in the Journal already given, and with whom, as I have heard this gentleman say, it now gave him evident pleasure to converse about their common friends in England. Among those who appeared to have left the strongest impressions of interest and admiration on his mind was (as easily will be believed by all who know this distinguished person) Sir James Mackintosh.

Soon after the arrival of his friends, Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. S. Davies, he set out, as we have seen, with the former on a tour through the Bernese Alps, — after accomplishing which journey, about the beginning of October he took his departure, accompanied by the same gentleman, for Italy.

The first letter of the following series was, it will be seen, written a few days before he left Diodati.

[1] The lake of Newstead Abbey. [Thus described in Don Juan:—

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood."
Canto xiii. st. 57.]

LETTER 247. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Diodati, Oct. 5. 1816.

"Save me a copy of 'Buck's Richard III.' republished by Longman; but do not send out more books,—I have too many.

"The 'Monody' is in too many paragraphs, which makes it unintelligible to me; if any one else understands it in the present form, they are wiser: however, as it cannot be rectified till my return, and has been already published, even publish it on in the collection—it will fill up the place of the omitted epistle.

"Strike out 'by request of a friend,' which is sad trash, and must have been done to make it ridiculous.

"Be careful in the printing the stanzas beginning,

"'Though the day of my destiny,' &c.

which I think well of as a composition.

"'The Antiquary' is not the best of the three, but much above all the last twenty years, saving its elder brothers. Holcroft's Memoirs are valuable as showing strength of endurance in the man, which is worth more than all the talent in the world.

"And so you have been publishing 'Margaret of Anjou' and an Assyrian tale, and refusing W. W.'s Waterloo[1], and the 'Hue and Cry.' I know not which most to admire, your rejections or acceptances. I believe that *prose* is, after all, the most reputable, for certes, if one could foresee—but I won't go on—that is, with this sentence; but poetry is, I fear, incurable. God help me! if I proceed in this scribbling, I shall have frittered away my mind before I am thirty; but it is at times a real relief to me. For the present—good evening."

LETTER 248. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Martigny, October 9. 1816.

"Thus far on my way to Italy. We have just passed the 'Pisse-Vache' (one of the finest torrents in Switzerland) in time to view the iris which the sun flings along it before noon.

"I have written to you twice lately. Mr. Davies, I hear, is arrived. He brings the original MS. which you wished to see. Recollect that the printing is to be from that which Mr. Shelley brought; and recollect, also, that the concluding stanzas of Childe Harold (those to my *daughter*) which I had not made up my mind whether to publish or not when they were *first* written (as you will see marked on the margin of the first copy), I had (and have) fully determined to publish with the rest of the canto, as in the copy which you received by Mr. Shelley, before I sent it to England.

"Our weather is very fine, which is more than the summer has been.—At Milan I shall expect to hear from you. Address either to Milan, *poste restante*, or by way of Geneva, to the care of Monsr. Hentsch, Banquier. I write these few lines in case my other letter should not reach you: I trust one of them will.

"P. S.—My best respects and regards to Mr. Gifford. Will you tell him it may perhaps be as well to put a short note to that part relating to *Clarens*, merely to say, that of course the description does not refer to that particular spot so much as to the command of scenery round it? I do not know that this is necessary, and leave it to Mr. G.'s choice, as my editor,—if he will allow me to call him so at this distance."

LETTER 249. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Milan, October 15. 1816.

"I hear that Mr. Davies has arrived in England,—but that of some letters, &c., committed to his care by Mr. H., only *half* have been delivered. This intelligence naturally makes me feel a little anxious for mine, and amongst them for the MS., which I wished to have compared with the one sent by me through the hands of Mr. Shelley. I trust that *it* has arrived safely,—and indeed not less so, that some little crystals, &c., from Mont Blanc, for my daughter and my nieces, have reached their address. Pray have the goodness to ascertain from Mr. Davies that no accident (by custom-house or loss) has befallen them, and satisfy me on this point at your earliest convenience.

"If I recollect rightly, you told me that Mr. Gifford had kindly undertaken to correct the press (at my request) during my absence—at least I hope so. It will add to my many obligations to that gentleman.

"I wrote to you, on my way here, a short note, dated Martigny. Mr. Hobhouse and myself arrived here a few days ago, by the Simplon and Lago Maggiore route. Of course we visited the Borromean Islands, which are fine, but too artificial. The Simplon is magnificent in its nature and its art,—both God and man have done wonders,—to say nothing of the devil, who must certainly have had a hand (or a hoof) in some of the rocks and ravines through and over which the works are carried.

[1] ["Waterloo, and other Poems, by J. Wedderburne Webster, Esq." See Quarterly Review, vol. xv. p. 345.]

"Milan is striking — the cathedral superb. The city altogether reminds me of Seville, but a little inferior. We had heard divers bruits, and took precautions on the road, near the frontier, against some 'many worthy fellows (*i. e.* felons) that were out,' and had ransacked some preceding travellers, a few weeks ago, near Sesto, — or Cesto, I forget which, — of cash and raiment, besides putting them in bodily fear, and lodging about twenty slugs in the retreating part of a courier belonging to Mr. Hope. But we were not molested, and I do not think in any danger, — except of making mistakes in the way of cocking and priming whenever we saw an old house, or an ill-looking thicket, and now and then suspecting the 'true men,' who have very much the appearance of the thieves of other countries. What the thieves may look like, I know not, nor desire to know; for it seems they come upon you in bodies of thirty ('in buckram and Kendal green') at a time, so that voyagers have no great chance. It is something like poor dear Turkey in that respect, but not so good, for there you can have as great a body of rogues to match the regular banditti; but here the gens d'armes are said to be no great things; and as for one's own people, one can't carry them about like Robinson Crusoe with a gun on each shoulder.

"I have been to the Ambrosian library — it is a fine collection — full of MSS. edited and unedited. I enclose you a list of the former recently published: these are matters for your literati. For me, in my simple way, I have been most delighted with a correspondence of letters, all original and amatory, between *Lucretia Borgia* and *Cardinal Bembo*, preserved there. I have pored over them and a lock of her hair, the prettiest and fairest imaginable — I never saw fairer — and shall go repeatedly to read the epistles over and over; and if I can obtain some of the hair by fair means, I shall try. I have already persuaded the librarian to promise me copies of the letters, and I hope he will not disappoint me. They are short, but very simple, sweet, and to the purpose; there are some copies of verses in Spanish also by her; the tress of her hair is long, and, as I said before, beautiful. The Brera gallery of paintings has some fine pictures, but nothing of a collection. Of painting I know nothing; but I like a Guercino — a picture of Abraham putting away Hagar and Ishmael — which seems to me natural and goodly. The Flemish school, such as I saw it in Flanders, I utterly detested, despised, and abhorred; it might be painting, but it was not nature; the Italian is pleasing, and their *ideal* very noble.

"The Italians I have encountered here are very intelligent and agreeable. In a few days I am to meet Monti. By the way, I have just heard an anecdote of Beccaria, who published such admirable things against the punishment of death. As soon as his book was out, his servant (having read it, I presume) stole his watch; and his master, while correcting the proofs of a second edition, did all he could to have him hanged by way of advertisement.

"I forgot to mention the triumphal arch begun by Napoleon, as a gate to this city. It is unfinished, but the part completed worthy of another age and the same country. The society here is very oddly carried on, — at the theatre, and the theatre only, — which answers to our opera. People meet there as at a rout, but in very small circles. From Milan I shall go to Venice. If you write, write to Geneva, as before — the letter will be forwarded. "Yours ever."

LETTER 250. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Milan, November 1. 1816.

"I have recently written to you rather frequently, but without any late answer. Mr. Hobhouse and myself set out for Venice in a few days; but you had better still address to me at Mr. Hentsch's, Banquier, Geneva; he will forward your letters.

"I do not know whether I mentioned to you some time ago, that I had parted with the Dr. Polidori a few weeks previous to my leaving Diodati. I know no great harm of him; but he had an alacrity of getting into scrapes, and was too young and heedless; and having enough to attend to in my own concerns, and without time to become his tutor, I thought it much better to give him his congé. He arrived at Milan some weeks before Mr. Hobhouse and myself. About a week ago, in consequence of a quarrel at the theatre with an Austrian officer, in which he was exceedingly in the wrong, he has contrived to get sent out of the territory, and is gone to Florence. I was not present, the pit having been the scene of altercation; but on being sent for from the Cavalier Breme's box, where I was quietly staring at the ballet, I found the man of medicine begirt with grenadiers, arrested by the guard, conveyed into the guard-room, where there was much swearing in several languages. They were going to keep him there for the night; but on my giving my name, and answering for his apparition next morning, he was permitted egress. Next day he had an order from the government to be gone in

twenty-four hours, and accordingly gone he is, some days ago. We did what we could for him, but to no purpose; and indeed he brought it upon himself, as far as I could learn, for I was not present at the squabble itself. I believe this is the real state of his case; and I tell it you because I believe things sometimes reach you in England in a false or exaggerated form. We found Milan very polite and hospitable[1], and have the same hopes of Verona and Venice. I have filled my paper. "Ever yours, &c."

LETTER 251. TO MR. MOORE.

"Verona, November 6. 1816.

"My dear Moore,

"Your letter, written before my departure from England, and addressed to me in London, only reached me recently. Since that period, I have been over a portion of that part of Europe which I had not already seen. About a month since, I crossed the Alps from Switzerland to Milan, which I left a few days ago, and am thus far on my way to Venice, where I shall probably winter. Yesterday I was on the shores of the Benacus, with his *fluctibus et fremitu*. Catullus's Sirmium has still its name and site, and is remembered for his sake: but the very heavy autumnal rains and mists prevented our quitting our route, (that is, Hobhouse and myself, who are at present voyaging together,) as it was better not to see it at all than to a great disadvantage.

"I found on the Benacus the same tradition of a city, still visible in calm weather below the waters, which you have preserved of Lough Neagh, 'When the clear, cold eve's declining.'[2] I do not know that it is authorised by records; but they tell you such a story, and say that the city was swallowed up by an earthquake. We moved to-day over the frontier to Verona, by a road suspected of thieves, — 'the wise *convey* it call,' — but without molestation. I shall remain here a day or two to gape at the usual marvels, — amphitheatre, paintings, and all that time-tax of travel, — though Catullus, Claudian, and Shakspeare have done more for Verona than it ever did for itself. They still pretend to show, I believe, the 'tomb of all the Capulets' — we shall see.

"Among many things at Milan, one pleased me particularly, viz. the correspondence (in the prettiest love-letters in the world) of Lucretia Borgia with Cardinal Bembo, (who, *you say*, made a very good cardinal,) and a lock of her hair, and some Spanish verses of hers, — the lock very fair and beautiful. I took one single hair of it as a relic, and wished sorely to get a copy of one or two of the letters; but it is prohibited: *that* I don't mind; but it was impracticable; and so I only got some of them by heart. They are kept in the Ambrosian Library, which I often visited to look them over — to the scandal of the librarian, who wanted to enlighten me with sundry valuable MSS., classical, philosophical, and pious. But I stick to the Pope's daughter, and wish myself a cardinal.

"I have seen the finest parts of Switzerland, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Swiss and Italian lakes; for the beauties of which, I refer you to the Guide-book. The north

[1] With Milan, however, or its society, the noble traveller was far from being pleased; and in his Memoranda, I recollect, he described his stay there to be "like a ship under quarantine." Among other persons whom he met in the society of that place was M. Beyle, the ingenious author of "L'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," who thus describes the impression their first interview left upon him: —

"Ce fut pendant l'automne de 1816, que je le rencontrai au théâtre de la *Scala*, à Milan, dans la loge de M. Louis de Brème. Je fus frappé des yeux de Lord Byron au moment où il écoutait un sestetto d'un opéra de Mayer intitulé *Elena*. Je n'ai vu de ma vie, rien de plus beau ni de plus expressif. Encore aujourd'hui, si je viens à penser à l'expression qu'un grand peintre devrait donner au génie, cette tête sublime reparaît tout-à-coup devant moi. J'eus un instant d'enthousiasme, et oubliant la juste répugnance que tout homme un peu fier doit avoir à se faire présenter à un pair d'Angleterre, je priai M. de Brème de m'introduire à Lord Byron, je me trouvai le lendemain à dîner chez M. de Brême, avec lui, et le célèbre Monti, l'immortel auteur de la *Basvigliana*. On parla poésie, on en vint à demander quels étaient les douze plus beaux vers faits depuis un siècle, en Français, en Italien, en Anglais. Les Italiens présens s'accordèrent à désigner les douze premiers vers de la *Mascheroniana* de Monti, comme ce que l'on avait fait de plus beau dans leur langue, depuis cent ans. *Monti* voulut bien nous les réciter. Je regardai Lord Byron, il fut ravi. La nuance de hauteur, ou plutôt l'air d'un homme *qui se trouve avoir à repousser une importunité*, qui déparait un peu sa belle figure, disparut tout-à-coup pour faire à l'expression du bonheur. Le premier chant de la *Mascheroniana*, que Monti récita presque en entier, vaincu par les acclamations des auditeurs, causa la plus vive sensation à l'auteur de Childe Harold. Je n'oublierai jamais l'expression divine de ses traits; c'était l'air serein de la puissance et du génie, et suivant moi, Lord Byron n'avait, en ce moment, aucune affectation à se procher." [Besides the "History of Painting" under his own name, M. Beyle has published, under the pseudonyme of Count de Stendhal, "Rome, Naples, and Florence, in 1817," &c.]

[2] ["On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining."
Irish Melodies.]

of Italy is tolerably free from the English; but the south swarms with them, I am told. Madame de Stael I saw frequently at Copet, which she renders remarkably pleasant. She has been particularly kind to me. I was for some months her neighbour, in a country-house called Diodati, which I had on the Lake of Geneva. My plans are very uncertain; but it is probable that you will see me in England in the spring. I have some business there. If you write to me, will you address to the care of Mons. Hentsch, Banquier, Geneva, who receives and forwards my letters. Remember me to Rogers, who wrote to me lately, with a short account of your poem, which, I trust, is near the light. He speaks of it most highly.

"My health is very endurable, except that I am subject to casual giddiness and faintness, which is so like a fine lady, that I am rather ashamed of the disorder. When I sailed, I had a physician with me, whom, after some months of patience, I found it expedient to part with, before I left Geneva some time. On arriving at Milan, I found this gentleman in very good society, where he prospered for some weeks: but, at length, at the theatre, he quarrelled with an Austrian officer, and was sent out by the government in twenty-four hours. I was not present at his squabble; but, on hearing that he was put under arrest, I went and got him out of his confinement, but could not prevent his being sent off, which, indeed, he partly deserved, being quite in the wrong, and having begun a row for row's sake. I had preceded the Austrian government some weeks myself, in giving him his congé from Geneva. He is not a bad fellow, but very young and hot-headed, and more likely to incur diseases than to cure them. Hobhouse and myself found it useless to intercede for him. This happened some time before we left Milan. He is gone to Florence.

At Milan I saw, and was visited by, Monti, the most celebrated of the living Italian poets. He seems near sixty; in face he is like the late Cooke the actor. His frequent changes in politics have made him very unpopular as a man. I saw many more of their literati; but none whose names are well known in England, except Acerbi.[1] I lived much with the Italians, particularly with the Marquis of Breme's family, who are very able and intelligent men, especially the Abbate. There was a famous improvvisatore who held forth while I was there. His fluency astonished me; but, although I understand Italian, and speak it (with more readiness than accuracy), I could only carry off a few very common-place mythological images, and one line about Artemisia, and another about Algiers, with sixty words of an entire tragedy about Etocles and Polynices. Some of the Italians liked him — others called his performance 'seccatura' (a devilish good word, by the way) and all Milan was in controversy about him.

The state of morals in these parts is in some sort lax. A mother and son were pointed out at the theatre, as being pronounced by the Milanese world to be of the Theban dynasty — but this was all. The narrator (one of the first men in Milan) seemed to be not sufficiently scandalised by the taste or the tie. All society in Milan is carried on at the opera: they have private boxes, where they play at cards, or talk, or any thing else; but (except at the Cassino) there are no open houses, or balls, &c. &c.

"The peasant girls have all very fine dark eyes, and many of them are beautiful. There are also two dead bodies in fine preservation — one Saint Carlo Boromeo, at Milan; the other not a saint, but a chief, named Visconti, at Monza — both of which appeared very agreeable. In one of the Boromean isles (the Isola bella), there is a large laurel — the largest known — on which Buonaparte, staying there just before the battle of Marengo, carved with his knife the word 'Battaglia.' I saw the letters, now half worn out and partly erased.

"Excuse this tedious letter. To be tiresome is the privilege of old age and absence; I avail myself of the latter, and the former I have anticipated. If I do not speak to you of my own affairs, it is not from want of confidence, but to spare you and myself. My day is over — what then? — I have had it. To be sure, I have shortened it; and if I had done as much by this letter, it would have been as well. But you will forgive that, if not the other faults of

"Yours ever and most affectionately,

"B.

"P.S. — November 7. 1816.

"I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful — beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact — giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb.[2] It is a plain, open, and partly de-

[1] [An eminent physician, author of several medical works, and one of the editors of the "Bibliotheca Italiana." He died at Milan in 1827.]

[2] ["Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
Saw her loved Montague, and now sleeps by him?"

cayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite, to give to my daughter and my nieces. Of the other marvels of this city, paintings, antiquities, &c., excepting the tombs of the Scaliger princes, I have no pretensions to judge. The Gothic monuments of the Scaligers pleased me, but 'a poor virtuoso am I,' and ever yours."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1816.

VENICE. — THE FORNARINA. — ARMENIAN STUDIES. — LETTERS TO MOORE AND MURRAY. — PICTURES OF VENETIAN SOCIETY. —ANECDOTES. — THE ALBRIZZI. — CANOVA'S HELEN. — THEATRICALS. — CARNIVAL. — PREFACE TO ARMENIAN GRAMMAR.

It must have been observed, in my account of Lord Byron's life previous to his marriage, that, without leaving altogether unnoticed (what, indeed, was too notorious to be so evaded) certain affairs of gallantry in which he had the reputation of being engaged, I have thought it right, besides refraining from such details in my narrative, to suppress also whatever passages in his Journals and Letters might be supposed to bear too personally or particularly on the same delicate topics. Incomplete as the strange history of his mind and heart must, in one of its most interesting chapters, be left by these omissions, still a deference to that peculiar sense of decorum in this country, which marks the mention of such frailties as hardly a less crime than the commission of them, and, still more, the regard due to the feelings of the living, who ought not rashly to be made to suffer for the errors of the dead, have combined to render this sacrifice, however much it may be regretted, necessary.

We have now, however, shifted the scene to a region where less caution is requisite; — where, from the different standard applied to female morals in these respects, if the wrong itself be not lessened by this deminution of the consciousness of it, less scruple may be, at least, felt towards persons so circumstanced, and whatever delicacy we may think right to exercise in speaking of their frailties must be with reference rather to our views and usages than theirs.

Availing myself, with this latter qualification, of the greater latitude thus allowed me, I shall venture so far to depart from the plan hitherto pursued, as to give, with but little suppression, the noble poet's letters relative to his Italian adventures. To throw a veil altogether over these irregularities of his private life would be to afford — were it even practicable — but a partial portraiture of his character[1]; while, on the other hand, to rob him of the advantage of being himself the historian of his errors (where no injury to others can flow from the disclosure) would be to deprive him of whatever softening light can be thrown round such transgressions by the vivacity and fancy, the passionate love of beauty, and the strong yearning after affection which will be found to have, more or less, mingled with even the least refined of his attachments. Neither is any great danger to be apprehended from the sanction or seduction of such an example; as they who would dare to plead the authority of Lord Byron for their errors must first be able to trace them to the same palliating sources, — to that sensibility, whose very excesses showed its strength and depth, — that strength of imagination, to the very verge, perhaps, of what reason can bear without giving way, — that whole combination, in short, of grand but disturbing powers, which alone could be allowed to extenuate such moral derangement, but which, even in him thus dangerously gifted, were insufficient to excuse it.

"The old palace of the Cappelletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the market-place; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference? When we enter Verona, we forget ourselves, and are almost inclined to say with Dante,

Vieni à veder Montecchi, e Cappelletti."

ROGERS: *Italy*.]

[1] ["To this we answer, that Mr. Moore was not reduced to the necessity of either veiling them 'altogether,' or exhibiting Lord Byron's letters concerning them 'with but little suppression.' Would it not have answered every purpose which Mr. Moore avows, to confess, with the brevity of sorrow, that during several years of his prime in manhood and in intellect, this great poet, as he conceived, unjustifiably deserted by his wife, and dragooned out of his natural sphere of society by the persecutions of envious hypocrisy, rebelled against the world and the world's laws, and in the fierce glee of desperation flung himself into as heartless a career of sensuality as it ever entered into the head of a Crebillon or a Louvet to depict? Would not this have satisfied abundantly all whose only object it was to understand Lord Byron's history?"— *Quarterly Review*, 1831.]

Having premised these few observations, I shall now proceed, with less interruption, to lay his correspondence, during this and the two succeeding years, before the reader: —

LETTER 252. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, November 17, 1816.

"I wrote to you from Verona the other day in my progress hither, which letter I hope you will receive. Some three years ago, or it may be more, I recollect your telling me that you had received a letter from our friend Sam, dated 'On board his gondola.' *My* gondola is, at this present, waiting for me on the canal; but I prefer writing to you in the house, it being autumn —and rather an English autumn than otherwise. It is my intention to remain at Venice during the winter, probably, as it has always been (next to the East) the greenest island of my imagination. It has not disappointed me; though its evident decay would, perhaps, have that effect upon others. But I have been familiar with ruins too long to dislike desolation. Besides, I have fallen in love, which, next to falling into the canal, (which would be of no use, as I can swim,) is the best or the worst thing I could do. I have got some extremely good apartments in the house of a 'Merchant of Venice,' who is a good deal occupied with business, and has a wife in her twenty-second year. Marianna (that is her name) is in her appearance altogether like an antelope. She has the large, black, oriental eyes, with that peculiar expression in them which is seen rarely among *Europeans* — even the Italians — and which many of the Turkish women give themselves by tinging the eyelid [1], — an art not known out of that country, I believe. This expression she has *naturally*, — and something more than this. In short, I cannot describe the effect of this kind of eye, — at least upon me. Her features are regular, and rather aquiline — mouth small — skin clear and soft, with a kind of hectic colour — forehead remarkably good: her hair is of the dark gloss, curl, and colour of Lady J * *'s: her figure is light and pretty, and she is a famous songstress — scientifically so; her natural voice (in conversation, I mean) is very sweet; and the naïveté of the Venetian dialect is always pleasing in the mouth of a woman.

[1] ["Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom), but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain."
Don Juan, c. iii. st. 75.]

"November 23.

"You will perceive that my description, which was proceeding with the minuteness of a passport, has been interrupted for several days.

"December 5.

"Since my former dates, I do not know that I have much to add on the subject, and, luckily, nothing to take away; for I am more pleased than ever with my Venetian, and begin to feel very serious on that point — so much so, that I shall be silent.

"By way of divertisement, I am studying daily, at an Armenian monastery, the Armenian language. I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon; and this — as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement — I have chosen, to torture me into attention. It is a rich language, however, and would amply repay any one the trouble of learning it. I try, and shall go on; — but I answer for nothing, least of all for my intentions or my success. There are some very curious MSS. in the monastery, as well as books; translations also from Greek originals, now lost, and from Persian and Syriac, &c.; besides works of their own people. Four years ago the French instituted an Armenian professorship. Twenty pupils presented themselves on Monday morning, full of noble ardour, ingenuous youth, and impregnable industry. They persevered, with a courage worthy of the nation and of universal conquest, till Thursday; when *fifteen* of the *twenty* succumbed to the six-and-twentieth letter of the alphabet. It is, to be sure, a Waterloo of an Alphabet — that must be said for them. But it is so like these fellows, to do by it as they did by their sovereigns — abandon both; to parody the old rhymes, 'Take a thing and give a thing' — 'Take a king and give a king.' They are the worst of animals, except their conquerors.

"I hear that Hodgson is your neighbour, having a living in Derbyshire. You will find him an excellent-hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a little, perhaps, too much japanned by preferment in the church and the tuition of youth, as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, besides being over-run with fine feelings about woman and *constancy* (that small change of Love, which people exact so rigidly receive in such counterfeit coin, and repay in baser metal); but, otherwise, a very worthy man, who has lately got a pretty wife, and (I suppose) a child by this time. Pray remember me to him, and say that I know not which to envy most his neighbourhood — him, or you.

"Of Venice I shall say little. You must have seen many descriptions; and they are most of them like. It is a poetical place; and classical, to us, from Shakspeare and Otway. I have not yet sinned against it in verse, nor do I know that I shall do so, having been tuneless since I crossed the Alps, and feeling, as yet, no renewal of the 'estro.' By the way, I suppose you have seen 'Glenarvon.' Madame de Stael lent it me to read from Copet last autumn. It seems to me, that if the authoress had written the *truth*, and nothing but the truth — the whole truth — the romance would not only have been more *romantic*, but more entertaining. As for the likeness, the picture can't be good — I did not sit long enough. When you have leisure, let me hear from and of you, believing me ever and truly yours most affectionately, "B.

"P. S. — Oh! *your poem* — is it out? I hope Longman has paid his thousands: but don't you do as H * * T * *'s father[1] did, who, having made money by a quarto tour, became a vinegar merchant; when, lo! his vinegar turned sweet (and be d—d to it) and ruined him. My last letter to you (from Verona) was enclosed to Murray — have you got it? Direct to me *here, poste restante*. There are no English here at present. There were several in Switzerland — some women; but, except Lady Dalrymple Hamilton[2], most of them as ugly as virtue — at least, those that I saw."

LETTER 253. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, December 24. 1816.

"I have taken a fit of writing to you, which portends postage — once from Verona — once from Venice, and again from Venice — *thrice* that is. For this you may thank yourself; for I heard that you complained of my silence — so, here goes for garrulity.

"I trust that you received my other twain of letters. My 'way of life' (or 'May of life,' which is it, according to the commentators?) — my 'way of life' is fallen into great regularity. In the mornings I go over in my gondola to babble Armenian with the friars of the convent of St. Lazarus, and to help one of them in correcting the English of an English and Armenian grammar which he is publishing. In the evenings I do one of many nothings — either at the theatres, or some of the conversaziones, which are like our routs, or rather worse, for the women sit in a semicircle by the lady of the mansion, and the men stand about the room. To be sure, there is one improvement upon ours — instead of lemonade with their ices, they hand about stiff *rum-punch* — *punch*, by my palate; and this they think *English*. I would not disabuse them of so agreeable an error, — 'no, not for Venice.'

"Last night I was at the Count Governor's, which, of course, comprises the best society, and is very much like other gregarious meetings in every country, — as in ours, — except that, instead of the Bishop of Winchester, you have the Patriarch of Venice, and a motley crew of Austrians, Germans, noble Venetians, foreigners, and, if you see a quiz, you may be sure he is a Consul. Oh, by the way, I forgot, when I wrote from Verona, to tell you that at Milan I met with a countryman of yours — a Colonel * * * *, a very excellent, good-natured fellow, who knows and shows all about Milan, and is, as it were, a native there. He is particularly civil to strangers, and this is his history, — at least, an episode of it.

"Six-and-twenty years ago, Col. * * * *, then an ensign, being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa * * * *, and she with him. The lady must be, at least, twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve — not his country, for that's Ireland — but England, which is a different thing; and *she* — heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the Definitive Treaty of Peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Col. * * * *, who, flinging himself full length at the feet of Mad. * * * *, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed, 'Who are you?' The Colonel cried, 'What! don't you know me? I am so and so,' &c. &c. &c.; till, at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, 'Was there ever

[1] [The gentleman here spoken of was, no doubt, Richard Twiss, Esq., the uncle, not the father, of Horace Twiss, Esq. At an early period of life, Mr. Twiss published "Travels through Spain and Portugal," which Dr. Johnson considered "as good as the first book of travels one can take up." His next work was a "Tour in Ireland," in which he commented so freely on the manners of the ladies of the sister kingdom, that he excited their resentment in a manner equally whimsical and original. He also published "Anecdotes of the Game of Chess." He injured a good fortune by speculating in a project of manufacturing paper from straw. He died in 1812.]

[2] [The Hon. Jane Duncan, eldest daughter of Adam, first Viscount Duncan. She was married to Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton in May, 1800.]

ıe?' (that was her very word) and, v a widow, gave him apartments in e, reinstated him in all the rights , and held him up to the admiring a miracle of incontinent fidelity, nshaken Abdiel of absence.

inks this is as pretty a moral tale f Marmontel's. Here is another. lady, several years ago, made an with a Swede, Count Fersen (the ɔm the Stockholm mob quartered ated not very long since), and they an Osteria on the road to Rome ɔouts. It was a summer evening, e they were at supper, they were regaled by a symphony of fiddles ıcent apartment, so prettily played, ıing to hear them more distinctly, t rose, and going into the musical said, 'Gentlemen, I am sure that, ɔany of gallant cavaliers, you will ted to show your skill to a lady, s anxious,' &c. &c. The men of were all acquiescence — every in- was tuned and toned, and, striking ɔf their most ambrosial airs, the ıd followed the Count to the lady's t. At their head was the first ho, bowing and fiddling at the same headed his troop and advanced up . Death and discord! — it was the himself, who was on a serenading the country, while his spouse had y from town. The rest may be —but, first of all, the lady tried to him that she was there on purpose him, and had chosen this method rmonic surprise. So much for this hich amused me when I heard it, d it to you in the hope it may have ffect. Now we'll return to Venice. ay after to-morrow (to-morrow being s-day) the Carnival begins. I dine Countess Albrizzi and a party, and opera. On that day the Phenix, Insurance Office, but) the theatre ame, opens: I have got me a box the season, for two reasons, one of that the music is remarkably good. esea Albrizzi, of whom I have made is the De Stael of Venice; not young y learned, unaffected, good-natured very polite to strangers, and, I believe, l dissolute, as most of the women e has written very well on the works a, and also a volume of Characters, ther printed matter. She is of Corfu, ied a dead Venetian — that is, dead married.

flame (my 'Donna,' whom I spoke former epistle, my Marianna) is still my Marianna, and I her — what she pleases. She is by far the prettiest woman I have seen here, and the most loveable I have met with any where — as well as one of the most singular. I believe I told you the rise and progress of our *liaison* in my former letter. Lest that should not have reached you, I will merely repeat, that she is a Venetian, two-and-twenty years old, married to a merchant well to do in the world, and that she has great black oriental eyes, and all the qualities which her eyes promise. Whether being in love with her has steeled me or not, I do not know; but I have not seen many other women who seem pretty. The nobility, in particular, are a sad-looking race — the gentry rather better. And now, what art *thou* doing?

> "What are you doing now,
> Oh Thomas Moore?
> What are you doing now,
> Oh Thomas Moore?
> Sighing or suing now,
> Rhyming or wooing now,
> Billing or cooing now,
> Which, Thomas Moore?

Are you not near the Luddites? By the Lord! if there's a row, but I'll be among ye! How go on the weavers — the breakers of frames — the Lutherans of politics — the reformers?

> "As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
> Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
> So we, boys, we
> Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
> And down with all kings but King Ludd!
>
> "When the web that we weave is complete,
> And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
> We will fling the winding-sheet
> O'er the despot at our feet,
> And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.
>
> "Though black as his heart its hue,
> Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
> Yet this is the dew
> Which the tree shall renew
> Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

"There's an amiable *chanson* for you — all impromptu. I have written it principally to shock your neighbour * * * *[1], who is all clergy and loyalty — mirth and innocence — milk and water.

> "But the Carnival's coming,
> Oh Thomas Moore,
> The Carnival's coming,
> Oh Thomas Moore;
> Masking and humming,
> Fifing and drumming,
> Guitarring and strumming,
> Oh Thomas Moore.

[1] [Probably Mr. Bowles.]

The other night I saw a new play, — and the author. The subject was the sacrifice of Isaac. The play succeeded, and they called for the author — according to continental custom — and he presented himself, a noble Venetian, Mali, or Malapiero, by name. Mala was his name, and *pessima* his production, — at least, I thought so; and I ought to know, having read more or less of five hundred Drury Lane offerings, during my coadjutorship with the sub-and-super Committee.

"When does your poem of poems come out? I hear that the Edinburgh Review has cut up Coleridge's Christabel, and declared against me for praising it.[1] I praised it, firstly, because I thought well of it; secondly, because Coleridge was in great distress, and after doing what little I could for him in essentials, I thought that the public avowal of my good opinion might help him further, at least with the booksellers. I am very sorry that Jeffrey has attacked him, because, poor fellow, it will hurt him in mind and pocket. As for me, he's welcome — I shall never think less of Jeffrey for any thing he may say against me or mine in future.

"I suppose Murray has sent you, or will send (for I do not know whether they are out or no) the poem, or poesies, of mine, of last summer. By the mass! they are sublime — 'Ganion Coheriza' — gainsay who dares! Pray, let me hear from you, and of you, and, at least, let me know that you have received these three letters. Direct, right *here*, *poste restante*.

"Ever and ever, &c.

"P. S. — I heard the other day of a pretty trick of a bookseller, who has published some d—d nonsense, swearing the bastards to me, and saying he gave me five hundred guineas for them. He lies — I never wrote such stuff, never saw the poems, nor the publisher of them, in my life, nor had any communication, directly or indirectly, with the fellow. Pray say as much for me, if need be. I have written to Murray, to make him contradict the impostor."

LETTER 254. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, November 25. 1816.

"It is some months since I have heard from or of you — I think, not since I left Diodati. From Milan I wrote once or twice; but have been here some little time, and intend to pass the winter without removing. I was much pleased with the Lago di Garda, and with Verona, particularly the amphitheatre, and a sarcophagus in a convent garden, which they show as Juliet's: they insist on the *truth* of her history. Since my arrival at Venice, the lady of the Austrian governor told me that between Verona and Vicenza there are still ruins of the castle of the *Montecchi*, and a chapel once appertaining to the Capulets. Romeo seems to have been of *Vicenza* by the tradition; but I was a good deal surprised to find so firm a faith in Bandello's novel, which seems really to have been founded on a fact.

"Venice pleases me as much as I expected, and I expected much. It is one of those places which I know before I see them, and has always haunted me the most after the East. I like the gloomy gaiety of their gondolas, and the silence of their canals. I do not even dislike the evident decay of the city, though I regret the singularity of its vanished costume; however, there is much left still; the Carnival, too, is coming.

"St. Mark's, and indeed Venice, is most alive at night. The theatres are not open till *nine*, and the society is proportionably late. All this is to my taste; but most of your countrymen miss and regret the rattle of hackney coaches, without which they can't sleep.

"I have got remarkably good apartments in a private house: I see something of the inhabitants (having had a good many letters to some of them); I have got my gondola; I read a little, and luckily could speak Italian (more fluently though than correctly) long ago. I am studying, out of curiosity, the *Venetian* dialect, which is very naïve, and soft, and peculiar, though not at all classical; I go out frequently, and am in very good contentment.

"The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the house of Madame the Countess d'Albrizzi, whom I know) is, without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution.

"In this beloved marble view,
Above the works and thoughts of man,
What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
And Beauty and Canova *can*;
Beyond Imagination's power,
Beyond the bard's defeated art,
With Immortality her dower,
Behold the *Helen* of the *heart*!

[1] ["Lord Byron, it seems, has somewhere praised Christabel, as 'a wild and singularly original and beautiful poem.' Great as the noble bard's merits undoubtedly are in poetry, some of his latest publications dispose us to distrust his authority, where the question is what ought to meet the public eye; and the work before us affords an additional proof, that his judgment on such matters is not absolutely to be relied on." — *Edin. Rev.* vol. xxvii. p. 58.]

Talking of the 'heart' reminds me that I have fallen in love — fathomless love [1]; but lest you should make some splendid mistake, and envy me the possession of some of those princesses or countesses with whose affections your English voyagers are apt to invest themselves, I beg leave to tell you, that my goddess is only the wife of a 'Merchant of Venice;' but then she is pretty as an antelope, is but two-and-twenty years old, has the large, black, oriental eyes, with the Italian countenance, and dark glossy hair, of the curl and colour of Lady Jersey's. Then she has the voice of a lute, and the song of a seraph (though not quite so sacred), besides a long postscript of graces, virtues, and accomplishments, enough to furnish out a new chapter for Solomon's Song. But her great merit is finding out mine — there is nothing so amiable as discernment.[2]

"The general race of women appear to be handsome; but in Italy, as on almost all the Continent, the highest orders are by no means a well-looking generation, and indeed reckoned by their countrymen very much otherwise. Some are exceptions, but most of them as ugly as Virtue herself.

"If you write, address to me here, *poste restante*, as I shall probably stay the winter over. I never see a newspaper, and know nothing of England, except in a letter now and then from my sister. Of the MS. sent you I know nothing, except that you have received it, and are to publish it, &c. &c.: but when, where, and how, you leave me to guess; but it don't much matter.

"I suppose you have a world of works passing through your process for next year? When does Moore's poem appear? I sent a letter for him, addressed to your care, the other day."

LETTER 255. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, December 4. 1816.

"I have written to you so frequently of late, that you will think me a bore; as I think you a very impolite person, for not answering my letters from Switzerland, Milan, Verona, and Venice. There are some things I wanted, and want, to know; viz. whether Mr. Davies, of inaccurate memory, had or had not delivered the MS. as delivered to him; because, if he has not, you will find that he will bountifully bestow transcriptions on all the curious of his acquaintance, in which case you may probably find your publication anticipated by the 'Cambridge' or other Chronicles. In the next place, — I forget what was next; but in the third place, I want to hear whether you have yet published, or when you mean to do so, or why you have not done so, because in your last (Sept. 20th, — you may be ashamed of the date) you talked of this being done immediately.

"From England I hear nothing, and know nothing of any thing or any body. I have but one correspondent (except Mr. Kinnaird on business now and then), and her a female; so that I know no more of your island, or city, than the Italian version of the French papers chooses to tell me, or the advertisements of Mr. Colburn tagged to the end of your Quarterly Review for the year *ago*. I wrote to you at some length last week; so that I have little to add, except that I have begun, and am proceeding in, a study of the Armenian language, which I acquire, as well as I can, at the Armenian convent, where I go every day to take lessons of a learned friar, and have gained some singular and not useless information with regard to the literature and customs of that oriental people. They have an establishment here — a church and convent of ninety monks, very learned and accomplished men, some of them. They have also a press, and make great efforts for the enlightening of their nation. I find the language (which is *twin*, the *literal* and the *vulgar*) difficult, but not invincible (at least I hope not). I shall go on. I found it necessary to twist my mind round some severer study; and this, as being the hardest I could devise here, will be a file for the serpent.

"I mean to remain here till the spring, so address to me *directly* to *Venice*, *poste restante*. — Mr. Hobhouse, for the present, is gone to Rome, with his brother, brother's wife, and sister, who overtook him here: he returns in two months. I should have gone too, but I fell in love, and must stay that over. I should think *that* and the Armenian alphabet will last the winter. The lady has, luckily for me, been less obdurate than the language, or, between the two, I should have lost my remains of sanity. By the way, she is not Armenian, but a Venetian, as I believe I told you in my last. As for Italian, I am fluent enough, even in its Venetian modification, which is something like the Somer-

[1] ["Which, except falling into the canal (and that would be useless, as I swim), is the best, or worst, thing I could do. I am therefore in love — fathomless," &c. *MS.*]

[2] ["Our little arrangement is completed; the usual oaths having been taken, and every thing fulfilled according to the 'understood relations' of such liaisons."— *MS.*]

setshire version of English; and as for the more classical dialects, I had not forgot my former practice much during my voyaging.

"Yours, ever and truly, B.

"P. S.—Remember me to Mr. Gifford." And do not forget me to ———; but I don't think I have any other friends of your acquaintance."

LETTER 256. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, Dec. 9. 1816.

"In a letter from England, I am informed that a man named Johnson has taken upon himself to publish some poems called a 'Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, a Tempest, and an Address to my Daughter,' &c., and to attribute them to me, adding that he had paid five hundred guineas for them. The answer to this is short: *I never wrote such poems, never received the sum he mentions, nor any other in the same quarter, nor* (as far as moral or mortal certainty can be sure) *ever had, directly or indirectly, the slightest communication with Johnson in my life;* not being aware that the person existed till this intelligence gave me to understand that there were such people. Nothing surprises me, or this perhaps *would*, and most things amuse me, or this probably would *not*. With regard to myself, the man has merely *lyed;* that's natural; his betters have set him the example. But with regard to you, his assertion may perhaps injure you in your publications; and I desire that it may receive the most public and unqualified contradiction. I do not know that there is any punishment for a thing of this kind; and if there were, I should not feel disposed to pursue this ingenious mountebank farther than was necessary for his confutation; but thus far it may be necessary to proceed.

"You will make what use you please of this letter; and Mr. Kinnaird, who has power to act for me during my absence, will, I am sure, readily join you in any steps which it may be proper to take, with regard to the absurd falsehood of this poor creature. As you will have recently received several letters from me on my way to Venice, as well as two written since my arrival, I will not at present trouble you further.

"Ever, &c.

"P. S.—Pray let me hear that you have received this letter. Address to Venice, *poste restante*.

"To prevent the recurrence of similar fabrications, you may state, that I consider myself responsible for no publication from the year 1812 up to the present date, which is not from your press. I speak of course from that period, because, previously, Cawthorn and Ridge had both printed compositions of mine. 'A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem!' How the devil should I write about *Jerusalem*, never having yet been there? As for 'A Tempest,' it was *not* a *tempest* when I left England, but a very fresh breeze: and as to an 'Address to little Ada,' (who, by the way, is a year old to-morrow,) I never wrote a line about her, except in 'Farewell' and the third canto of Childe Harold."

LETTER 257. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, Dec. 27. 1816.

"As the demon of silence seems to have possessed you, I am determined to have my revenge in postage; this is my sixth or seventh letter since summer and Switzerland. My last was an injunction to contradict and consign to confusion that Cheapside impostor, who (I heard by a letter from your Island) had thought proper to append my name to his spurious poesy, of which I know nothing, nor of his pretended purchase or copyright. I hope you have, at least, received *that* letter.

"As the news of Venice must be very interesting to you, I will regale you with it.

"Yesterday being the feast of St. Stephen, every mouth was put in motion. There was nothing but fiddling and playing on the virginals, and all kinds of conceits and divertisements, on every canal of this aquatic city. I dined with the Countess Albrizzi and a Paduan and Venetian party, and afterwards went to the opera, at the Fenice theatre (which opens for the Carnival on that day),—the finest, by the way, I have ever seen; it beats our theatres hollow in beauty and scenery, and those of Milan and Brescia bow before it. The opera and its sirens were much like other operas and women, but the subject of the said opera was something edifying; it turned—the plot and conduct thereof—upon a fact narrated by Livy of a hundred and fifty married ladies having poisoned a hundred and fifty husbands in good old times. The bachelors of Rome believed this extraordinary mortality to be merely the common effect of matrimony or a pestilence; but the surviving Benedicts, being all seized with the cholic, examined into the matter, and found that 'their possets had been drugged;' the consequence of which was much scandal and several suits at law. This is really and truly the subject of the musical piece at the Fenice; and you can't conceive what pretty things are sung and recitativoed about the *horrenda strage*. The conclusion was a lady's head about to be chopped off by a lictor, but (I

am sorry to say) he left it on, and she got up and sung a trio with the two Consuls, the Senate in the back-ground being chorus. The ballet was distinguished by nothing remarkable, except that the principal she-dancer went into convulsions because she was not applauded on her first appearance; and the manager came forward to ask if there was 'ever a physician in the theatre.' There was a Greek one in my box, whom I wished very much to volunteer his services, being sure that in this case these would have been the last convulsions which would have troubled the ballarina; but he would not. The crowd was enormous; and in coming out, having a lady under my arm, I was obliged, in making way, almost to 'beat a Venetian and traduce the state,' being compelled to regale a person with an English punch in the guts, which sent him as far back as the squeeze and the passage would admit. He did not ask for another; but, with great signs of disapprobation and dismay, appealed to his compatriots, who laughed at him.

"I am going on with my Armenian studies in a morning, and assisting and stimulating in the English portion of an English and Armenian grammar, now publishing at the convent of St. Lazarus.

"The superior of the friars is a bishop, and a fine old fellow, with the beard of a meteor. Father Paschal is also a learned and pious soul. He was two years in England.

"I am still dreadfully in love with the Adriatic lady whom I spake of in a former letter (and *not* in *this* — I add, for fear of mistakes, for the only one mentioned in the first part of this epistle is elderly and bookish, two things which I have ceased to admire), and love in this part of the world is no sinecure. This is also the season when every body make up their intrigues for the ensuing year, and cut for partners for the next deal.

"And now, if you don't write, I don't know what I won't say or do, nor what I will. Send me some news — good news. Yours very truly, &c. &c. &c.

"B.

"P.S.—Remember me to Mr. Gifford, with all duty.

"I hear that the Edinburgh Review has cut up Coleridge's Christabel, and me for praising it, which omen, I think, bodes no great good to your forthcome or coming Canto and Castle (of Chillon). My run of luck within the last year seems to have taken a turn every way; but never mind, I will bring myself through in the end — if not, I can be but where I began. In the mean time, I am not displeased to be where I am — I mean, at Venice. My Adriatic nymph is this moment here, and I must therefore repose from this letter."

LETTER 258. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, Jan. 2. 1817.

"Your letter has arrived. Pray, in publishing the third canto, have you *omitted* any passages? I hope *not;* and indeed wrote to you on my way over the Alps to prevent such an incident. Say in your next whether or not the *whole* of the canto (as sent to you) has been published. I wrote to you again the other day, (*twice*, I think,) and shall be glad to hear of the reception of those letters.

"To-day is the 2d of January. On this day *three* years ago The Corsair's publication is dated, I think, in my letter to Moore. On this day *two* years I married ('Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' — I sha'n't forget the day in a hurry), and it is odd enough that I this day received a letter from you announcing the publication of Childe Harold, &c. &c. on the day of the date of 'The Corsair;' and I also received one from my sister, written on the 10th of December, my daughter's birth-day (and relative chiefly to my daughter), and arriving on the day of the date of my marriage, this present 2d of January, the month of my birth, — and various other astrologous matters, which I have no time to enumerate.

"By the way, you might as well write to Hentsch, my Geneva banker, and enquire whether the *two packets* consigned to his care were or were not delivered to Mr. St. Aubyn, or if they are still in his keeping. One contains papers, letters, and all the original MS. of your third canto, as first conceived; and the other, some bones from the field of Morat. Many thanks for your news, and the good spirits in which your letter is written.

"Venice and I agree very well; but I do not know that I have any thing new to say, except of the last new opera, which I sent in my late letter. The Carnival is commencing, and there is a good deal of fun here and there — besides business; for all the world are making up their intrigues for the season, changing, or going on upon a renewed lease. I am very well off with Marianna, who is not at all a person to tire me; firstly, because I do not tire of a woman *personally*, but because they are generally bores in their disposition; and, secondly, because she is amiable, and has a tact which is not always the portion of the fair creation; and, thirdly, she is very pretty; and, fourthly — but there is no occasion for further specification. So far we

have gone on very well; as to the future, I never anticipate — *carpe diem* — the past at least is one's own, which is one reason for making sure of the present. So much for my proper *liaison*.

"The general state of morals here is much the same as in the Doges' time; a woman is virtuous (according to the code) who limits herself to her husband and one lover; those who have two, three, or more, are a little *wild;* but it is only those who are indiscriminately diffuse, and form a low connection, such as the Princess of Wales with her courier, (who, by the way, is made a knight of Malta,) who are considered as overstepping the modesty of marriage. In Venice, the nobility have a trick of marrying with dancers and singers; and, truth to say, the women of their own order are by no means handsome; but the general race, the women of the second and other orders, the wives of the advocates, merchants, and proprietors, and untitled gentry, are mostly *bel' sangue*, and it is with these that the more amatory connections are usually formed. There are also instances of stupendous constancy. I know a woman of fifty who never had but one lover, who dying early, she became devout, renouncing all but her husband. She piques herself, as may be presumed, upon this miraculous fidelity, talking of it occasionally with a species of misplaced morality, which is rather amusing. There is no convincing a woman here that she is in the smallest degree deviating from the rule of right or the fitness of things in having an *amoroso*. The great sin seems to lie in concealing it, or having more than one; that is, unless such an extension of the prerogative is understood and approved of by the prior claimant.

"In another sheet, I send you some sheets of a grammar, English and Armenian, for the use of the Armenians[1], of which I promoted, and indeed induced, the publication. (It cost me but a thousand francs — French livres.) I still pursue my lessons in the language without any rapid progress, but advancing a little daily. Padre Paschal, with some little help from me, as translator of his Italian into English, is also proceeding in a MS. Grammar for the *English* acquisition of Armenian, which will be printed also, when finished.

"We want to know if there are any Armenian types and letter-press in England, at Oxford, Cambridge, or elsewhere? You know, I suppose, that, many years ago, the two Whistons published in England an original text of a history of Armenia, with their own Latin translation? Do those types still exist? and where? Pray enquire among your learned acquaintance.

"When this Grammar (I mean the one now printing) is done, will you have any objection to take forty or fifty copies, which will not cost in all above five or ten guineas, and try the curiosity of the learned with a sale of them? Say yes or no, as you like. I can assure you that they have some very curious books and MSS., chiefly translations from Greek originals now lost. They are, besides, a much respected and learned community, and the study of their language was taken up with great ardour by some literary Frenchmen in Buonaparte's time.

"I have not done a stitch of poetry since I left Switzerland, and have not, at present, the *estro* upon me. The truth is, that you are *afraid* of having a *fourth* canto *before* September, and of another copyright, but I have at present no thoughts of resuming that poem, nor of beginning any other. If I write, I think of trying prose; but I dread introducing living people, or applications which might be made to living people. Perhaps one day or other I may attempt some work of fancy in prose, descriptive of Italian manners and of human passions; but at present I am pre-occupied. As for poesy, mine is the *dream* of the sleeping passions; when they are awake, I cannot speak their language, only in their somnambulism, and just now they are not dormant.

"If Mr Gifford wants *carte blanche* as to The Siege of Corinth, he has it, and may do as he likes with it.

"I sent you a letter contradictory of the Cheapside man (who invented the story you speak of) the other day. My best respects to Mr. Gifford, and such of my friends as you may see at your house. I wish you all prosperity and new year's gratulation, and am

"Yours, &c."

To the Armenian Grammar mentioned in the foregoing letter, the following interesting fragment, found among his papers, seems to have been intended as a Preface: —

"The English reader will probably be surprised to find my name associated with a

[1] [This volume, which is very creditably printed, is entitled "Grammar, English and Armenian, by Father Paschal Aucher, D.D., Member of the Armenian Academy of St. Lazarus," and bears for epigraph the saying of Charles the Fifth — "By as many languages as a man can speak, so many times more is he a man." "Father Paschal Aucher," says Mr. Matthews, "is a man of great learning, very extensive knowledge of the world, and most amiable manners." — *Diary of an Invalid*, p. 265.]

work of the present description, and inclined to give me more credit for my attainments as a linguist than they deserve.

"As I would not willingly be guilty of a deception, I will state, as shortly as I can, my own share in the compilation, with the motives which led to it. On my arrival at Venice, in the year 1816, I found my mind in a state which required study, and study of a nature which should leave little scope for the imagination, and furnish some difficulty in the pursuit.

"At this period I was much struck — in common, I believe, with every other traveller — with the society of the Convent of St. Lazarus, which appears to unite all the advantages of the monastic institution, without any of its vices.

"The neatness, the comfort, the gentleness, the unaffected devotion, the accomplishments, and the virtues of the brethren of the order, are well fitted to strike the man of the world with the conviction that 'there is another and a better' even in this life.

"These men are the priesthood of an oppressed and a noble nation, which has partaken of the proscription and bondage of the Jews and of the Greeks, without the sullenness of the former or the servility of the latter. This people has attained riches without usury, and all the honours that can be awarded to slavery without intrigue. But they have long occupied, nevertheless, a part of 'the House of Bondage,' who has lately multiplied her many mansions. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the annals of a nation less stained with crimes than those of the Armenians, whose virtues have been those of peace, and their vices those of compulsion. But whatever may have been their destiny — and it has been bitter — whatever it may be in future, their country must ever be one of the most interesting on the globe; and perhaps their language only requires to be more studied to become more attractive. If the Scriptures are rightly understood, it was in Armenia that Paradise was placed — Armenia, which has paid as dearly as the descendants of Adam for that fleeting participation of its soil in the happiness of him who was created from its dust. It was in Armenia that the flood first abated, and the dove alighted. But with the disappearance of Paradise itself may be dated almost the unhappiness of the country; for though long a powerful kingdom, it was scarcely ever an independent one, and the satraps of Persia and the pachas of Turkey have alike desolated the region where God created man in his own image."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1817.

VENICE. — LETTERS TO MOORE, MURRAY, AND ROGERS. — PICTURES OF VENETIAN LIFE. — MR. HOBHOUSE AND THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. — PROGRESS OF MANFRED. — SIR WALTER SCOTT'S REVIEW OF CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO III. — ANECDOTES. — LALLA ROOKH. — ITALIAN ETHICS. — MATURIN'S BERTRAM. — ARMENIAN TRANSLATIONS. — COMPLETION OF MANFRED. — DOGE FALIERO.

LETTER 259. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, January 28. 1817.

"YOUR letter of the 8th is before me. The remedy for your plethora is simple — abstinence. I was obliged to have recourse to the like some years ago, I mean in point of *diet*, and, with the exception of some convivial weeks and days, (it might be months, now and then,) have kept to Pythagoras ever since. For all this, let me hear that you are better. You must not *indulge* in 'filthy beer,' nor in porter, nor eat *suppers* — the last are the devil to those who swallow dinner.

"I am truly sorry to hear of your father's misfortune — cruel at any time, but doubly cruel in advanced life. However, you will, at least, have the satisfaction of doing your part by him, and, depend upon it, it will not be in vain. Fortune, to be sure, is a female, but not such a b * * as the rest (always excepting your wife and my sister from such sweeping terms); for she generally has some justice in the long run. I have no spite against her, though between her and Nemesis I have had some sore gauntlets to run — but then I have done my best to deserve no better. But to *you*, she is a good deal in arrear, and she will come round — mind if she don't: you have the vigour of life, of independence, of talent, spirit, and character all with you. What you can do for yourself, you have done and will do; and surely there are some others in the world who would not be sorry to be of use, if you would allow them to be useful, or at least attempt it.

"I think of being in England in the spring. If there is a row, by the sceptre of King Ludd, but I'll be one; and if there is none, and only a continuance of 'this meek, piping time of peace,' I will take a cottage a hundred yards to the south of your abode, and

become your neighbour; and we will compose such canticles, and hold such dialogues, as shall be the terror of the *Times* (including the newspaper of that name), and the wonder, and honour, and praise, of the Morning Chronicle and posterity.

"I rejoice to hear of your forthcoming in February—though I tremble for the 'magnificence,' which you attribute to the new Childe Harold. I am glad you like it; it is a fine indistinct piece of poetical desolation, and my favourite. I was half mad during the time of its composition, between metaphysics, mountains, lakes, love unextinguishable, thoughts unutterable, and the nightmare of my own delinquencies. I should, many a good day, have blown my brains out, but for the recollection that it would have given pleasure to my mother-in-law; and, even *then*, if I could have been certain to haunt her——but I won't dwell upon these trifling family matters.

"Venice is in the *estro* of her carnival, and I have been up these last two nights at the ridotto and the opera, and all that kind of thing. Now for an adventure. A few days ago a gondolier brought me a billet without a subscription, intimating a wish on the part of the writer to meet me either in gondola or at the island of San Lazaro, or at a third rendezvous, indicated in the note. 'I know the country's disposition well'—in Venice 'they do let Heaven see those tricks they dare not show,' &c. &c; so, for all response, I said that neither of the three places suited me; but that I would either be at home at ten at night *alone*, or be at the ridotto at midnight, where the writer might meet me masked. At ten o'clock I was at home and alone (Marianna was gone with her husband to a conversazione), when the door of my apartment opened, and in walked a well-looking and (for an Italian) *bionda* girl of about nineteen, who informed me that she was married to the brother of my *amorosa*, and wished to have some conversation with me. I made a decent reply, and we had some talk in Italian and Romaic (her mother being a Greek of Corfu), when lo! in a very few minutes in marches, to my very great astonishment, Marianna Segati, *in propriâ personâ*, and after making a most polite courtesy to her sister-in-law and to me, without a single word seizes her said sister-in-law by the hair, and bestows upon her some sixteen slaps, which would have made your ear ache only to hear their echo. I need not describe the screaming which ensued. The luckless visitor took flight. I seized Marianna, who, after several vain efforts to get away in pursuit of the enemy, fairly went into fits in my arms; and, in spite of reasoning, eau de Cologne, vinegar, half a pint of water, and God knows what other waters beside, continued so till past midnight.

"After damning my servants for letting people in without apprizing me, I found that Marianna in the morning had seen her sister-in-law's gondolier on the stairs, and, suspecting that his apparition boded her no good, had either returned of her own accord, or been followed by her maids or some other spy of her people to the conversazione, from whence she returned to perpetrate this piece of pugilism. I had seen fits before, and also some small scenery of the same genus in and out of our island: but this was not all. After about an hour, in comes—who? why, Signor Segati, her lord and husband, and finds me with his wife fainting upon a sofa, and all the apparatus of confusion, dishevelled hair, hats, handkerchiefs, salts, smelling bottles—and the lady as pale as ashes, without sense or motion. His first question was, 'What is all this?' The lady could not reply—so I did. I told him the explanation was the easiest thing in the world; but in the mean time it would be as well to recover his wife—at least, her senses. This came about in due time of suspiration and respiration.

"You need not be alarmed—jealousy is not the order of the day in Venice, and daggers are out of fashion; while duels, on love matters, are unknown—at least, with the husbands. But, for all this, it was an awkward affair; and though he must have known that I made love to Marianna, yet I believe he was not, till that evening, aware of the extent to which it had gone. It is very well known that almost all the married women have a lover; but it is usual to keep up the forms, as in other nations. I did not, therefore, know what the devil to say. I could not out with the truth, out of regard to her, and I did not choose to lie for my sake;—besides, the thing told itself. I thought the best way would be to let her explain it as she chose (a woman being never at a loss—the devil always sticks by them)—only determining to protect and carry her off, in case of any ferocity on the part of the Signor. I saw that he was quite calm. She went to bed, and next day—how they settled it, I know not, but settle it they did. Well—then I had to explain to Marianna about this never-to-be-sufficiently-confounded sister-in-law; which I did by swearing innocence, eternal constancy, &c. &c. But the sister-in-law, very much discomposed with being treated in such wise, has (not having her own shame

before her eyes, told the affair to half Venice, and the servants (who were summoned by the fight and the fainting) to the other half. But, here, nobody minds such trifles, except to be amused by them. I don't know whether you will be so, but I have scrawled a long letter out of these follies.

"Believe me ever, &c."

LETTER 260. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, January 24. 1817.

"I have been requested by the Countess Albrizzi here to present her with 'the Works;' I wish you therefore to send me a copy, that I may comply with her requisition. You may include the last published, of which I have seen and know nothing, but from your letter of the 13th of December.

"Mrs. Leigh tells me that most of her friends prefer the two first cantos. I do not know whether this be the general opinion or not (it is *not hers*); but it is natural it should be so. I, however, think differently, which is natural also; but who is right, or who is wrong, is of very little consequence.

"Dr. Polidori, as I hear from him by letter from Pisa, is about to return to England to go to the Brazils on a medical speculation with the Danish consul. As you are in the favour of the powers that be, could you not get him some letters of recommendation from some of your government friends to some of the Portuguese settlers? He understands his profession well, and has no want of general talents; his faults are the faults of a pardonable vanity and youth. His remaining with me was out of the question; I have enough to do to manage my own scrapes; and as precepts without example are not the most gracious homilies, I thought it better to give him his congé: but I know no great harm of him, and some good. He is clever and accomplished; knows his profession, by all accounts, well; and is honourable in his dealings, and not at all malevolent. I think, with luck, he will turn out a useful member of society (from which he will lop the diseased members) and the College of Physicians. If you can be of any use to him, or know any one who can, pray be so, as he has his fortune to make. He has kept a *medical journal* under the eye of *Vacca*[1] (the first surgeon on the Continent) at Pisa: Vacca has corrected it, and it must contain some valuable hints or information on the practice of this country. If you can aid him in publishing this also, by your influence with your brethren, do; I do not ask you to publish it yourself, because that sort of request is too personal and embarrassing. He has also a tragedy, of which, having seen nothing, I say nothing: but the very circumstance of his having made these efforts (if they are only efforts), at one-and-twenty, is in his favour, and proves him to have good dispositions for his own improvement. So if, in the way of commendation or recommendation, you can aid his objects with your government friends, I wish you would. I should think some of your Admiralty Board might be likely to have it in their power."

LETTER 261. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, February 15. 1817.

"I have received your two letters, but not the parcel you mention. As the Waterloo spoils are arrived, I will make you a present of them, if you choose to accept of them; pray do.

"I do not exactly understand from your letter what has been omitted, or what not, in the publication; but I shall see probably some day or other. I could not attribute any but a *good* motive to Mr. Gifford or yourself in such omission; but as our politics are so very opposite, we should probably differ as to the passages. However, if it is only a *note* or notes or a line or so, it cannot signify. You say 'a *poem;*' *what* poem? You can tell me in your next.

"Of Mr. Hobhouse's quarrel with the Quarterly Review, I know very little except * * 's article itself[2], which was certainly harsh enough; but I quite agree that it would have been better not to answer — particularly after Mr. *W. W.*[3], who never more will trouble you, trouble you. I have been uneasy, because Mr. H. told me that his letter or preface was to be addressed to *me*. Now, he and I are friends of many years; I have many obligations to him, and he none to me which have not been cancelled and more than repaid; but Mr. Gifford and I are friends also, and he has moreover been literally so, through thick and thin, in despite of difference of years, morals, habits, and even *politics;* and therefore I feel in a very awkward situation between the two, Mr. Gifford and my friend Hobhouse, and can only wish that they had no differences, or that such as they have were accommodated. The Answer I have not seen, for — it is

[1] [Vacca Barlinghieri died at Pisa in 1826.]

[2] [A review of Mr. Hobhouse's "Letters written by an Englishman resident at Paris during the last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon." See *Quart. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 443.]

[3] [Mr. Wedderburn Webster. See *antè*, p. 324.]

odd enough for people so intimate — but Mr. Hobhouse and I are very sparing of our literary confidences. For example, the other day he wished to have a MS. of the third canto to read over to his brother, &c., which was refused; — and I have never seen his journals, nor he mine — (I only kept the short one of the mountains for my sister) — nor do I think that hardly ever he or I saw any of the other's productions previous to their publication.

"The article in the Edinburgh Review on Coleridge I have not seen; but whether I am attacked in it or not, or in any other of the same journal, I shall never think ill of Mr. Jeffrey on that account, nor forget that his conduct towards me has been certainly most handsome during the last four or more years.

"I forgot to mention to you that a kind of Poem in dialogue [1] (in black verse) or Drama, from which 'The Incantation' is an extract, begun last summer in Switzerland, is finished; it is in three acts; but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind. Almost all the persons — but two or three — are spirits of the earth and air, or the waters; the scene is in the Alps; the hero a kind of magician, who is tormented by a species of remorse, the cause of which is left half unexplained. He wanders about invoking these spirits, which appear to him, and are of no use; he at last goes to the very abode of the Evil Principle *in propriâ personâ*, to evocate a ghost, which appears, and gives him an ambiguous and disagreeable answer; and in the third act he is found by his attendants dying in a tower where he had studied his art. You may perceive by this outline that I have no great opinion of this piece of fantasy; but I have at least rendered it *quite impossible* for the stage, for which my intercourse with Drury Lane has given me the greatest contempt.

"I have not even copied it off, and feel too lazy at present to attempt the whole; but when I have, I will send it you, and you may either throw it into the fire or not."

LETTER 262. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, February 25. 1817.

"I wrote to you the other day in answer to your letter; at present I would trouble you with a commission, if you would be kind enough to undertake it.

"You, perhaps, know Mr. Love, the jeweller, of Old Bond Street? In 1813, when in the intention of returning to Turkey, I purchased of him, and paid (*argent comptant*) for about a dozen snuff-boxes, of more or less value, as presents for some of my Mussulman acquaintance. These I have now with me. The other day, having occasion to make an alteration in the lid of one (to place a portrait in it), it has turned out to be *silver-gilt* instead of *gold*, for which last it was sold and paid for. This was discovered by the workman in trying it, before taking off the hinges and working upon the lid. I have of course recalled and preserved the box *in statu quo*. What I wish you to do is, to see the said Mr. Love, and inform him of this circumstance, adding, from me, that I will take care he shall not have done this with impunity.

"If there is no remedy in law, there is at least the equitable one of making known his *guilt*, — that is, his silver-*gilt*, and be d—d to him.

"I shall carefully preserve all the purchases I made of him on that occasion for my return, as the plague in Turkey is a barrier to travelling there at present, or rather the endless quarantine which would be the consequence before one could land in coming back. Pray state the matter to him with due ferocity.

"I sent you the other day some extracts from a kind of Drama which I had begun in Switzerland and finished here; you will tell me if they are received. They were only in a letter. I have not yet had energy to copy it out, or I would send you the whole in different covers.

"The Carnival closed this day last week.

"Mr. Hobhouse is still at Rome, I believe. I am at present a little unwell; — sitting up too late and some subsidiary dissipations have lowered my blood a good deal; but I have at present the quiet and temperance of Lent before me.

"Believe me, &c.

"P. S. — Remember me to Mr. Gifford. — I have not received your parcel or parcels. — Look into 'Moore's (Dr. Moore's) View of Italy' for me; in one of the volumes you will find an account of the *Doge Valiere* (it ought to be Falieri) and his conspiracy, or the motives of it. Get it transcribed for me, and send it in a letter to me soon. I want it, and cannot find so good an account of that business here; though the veiled patriot, and the place where he was once crowned, and afterwards decapitated, still exist and are shown. I have searched all their histories; but the policy of the old aristocracy made their writers silent on his motives, which were a private grievance against one of the patricians.

[1] Manfred.

"I mean to write a tragedy on the subject, which appears to me very dramatic; an old man, jealous, and conspiring against the state of which he was the actually reigning chief. The last circumstance makes it the most remarkable and only fact of the kind in all history of all nations."

LETTER 263. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, February 28. 1817.

"You will, perhaps, complain as much of the frequency of my letters now, as you were wont to do of their rarity. I think this is the fourth within as many moons. I feel anxious to hear from you, even more than usual, because your last indicated that you were unwell. At present, I am on the invalid regimen myself. The Carnival — that is, the latter part of it, and sitting up late o'nights, had knocked me up a little. But it is over, — and it is now Lent, with all its abstinence and sacred music.

"The mumming closed with a masked ball at the Fenice, where I went, as also to most of the ridottos, &c. &c.; and, though I did not dissipate much upon the whole, yet I find 'the sword wearing out the scabbard,' though I have but just turned the corner of twenty-nine.

"So, we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.
For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And Love itself have rest.
Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.

"I have lately had some news of litter*atoor*, as I heard the editor of the Monthly pronounce it once upon a time. I hear that W. W. has been publishing and responding to the attacks of the Quarterly, in the learned Perry's Chronicle.[1] I read his poesies last autumn, and, amongst them found an epitaph on his bull-dog, and another on *myself*. But I beg leave to assure him (like the astrologer Partridge) that I am not only alive now, but was alive also at the time he wrote it. Hobhouse has (I hear, also) expectorated a letter against the Quarterly, addressed to me. I feel awkwardly situated between him and Gifford, both being my friends.

"And this is your month of going to press — by the body of Diana! (a Venetian oath,) I feel as anxious — but not fearful for you — as if it were myself coming out in a work of humour, which would, you know, be the antipodes of all my previous publications. I don't think you have any thing to dread but your own reputation. You must keep up to that. As you never showed me a line of your work, I do not even know your measure; but you must send me a copy by Murray forthwith, and then you shall hear what I think. I dare say you are in a pucker. Of all authors, you are the only really *modest* one I ever met with, — which would sound oddly enough to those who recollect your morals when you were young — that is, when you were *extremely* young — I don't mean to stigmatise you either with years or morality.

"I believe I told you that the E. R. had attacked me, in an article on Coleridge (I have not seen it) — '*Et tu*, Jeffrey?' — 'there is nothing but roguery in villanous man.' But I absolve him of all attacks, present and future; for I think he had already pushed his clemency in my behoof to the utmost, and I shall always think well of him. I only wonder he did not begin before, as my domestic destruction was a fine opening for all the world, of which all who could did well to avail themselves.

"If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me — I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other — the times and fortune permitting — that, 'like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.' But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out. I have, at intervals, ex*or*cised it most devilishly.

"I have not yet fixed a time of return, but I think of the spring. I shall have been away a year in April next. You never mention Rogers, nor Hodgson, your clerical neighbour, who has lately got a living near you. Has he also got a child yet? — his desideratum, when I saw him last.

"Pray let me hear from you, at your time and leisure, believing me ever and truly and affectionately, &c."

LETTER 264. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, March 3. 1817.

"In acknowledging the arrival of the article from the 'Quarterly[2],' which I received two

[1] [See *antè*, p. 324.]

[2] An article in No. 31. of this Review, written, as Lord Byron afterwards discovered, by Sir Walter Scott, and well meriting, by the kind and generous spirit that breathes through it, the warm and lasting gratitude it awakened in the noble poet.

days ago, I cannot express myself better than in the words of my sister Augusta, who (speaking of it) says, that it is written in a spirit 'of the most feeling and kind nature.' It is, however, something more; it seems to me (as far as the subject of it may be permitted to judge) to be *very well* written as a composition, and I think will do the journal no discredit, because even those who condemn its partiality, must praise its generosity. The temptations to take another and a less favourable view of the question have been so great and numerous, that, what with public opinion, politics, &c. he must be a gallant as well as a good man, who has ventured in that place, and at this time, to write such an article even anonymously. Such things, however, are their own reward; and I even flatter myself that the writer, whoever he may be (and I have no guess), will not regret that the perusal of this has given me as much gratification as any composition of that nature could give, and more than any other has given,—and I have had a good many in my time of one kind or the other. It is not the mere praise, but there is a *tact* and a *delicacy* throughout, not only with regard to me, but to *others*, which, as it had not been observed *elsewhere*, I had till now doubted whether it could be observed *any where*.

"Perhaps some day or other you will know or tell me the writer's name. Be assured, had the article been a harsh one, I should not have asked it.

"I have lately written to you frequently, with *extracts*, &c., which I hope you have received, or will receive, with or before this letter. — Ever since the conclusion of the Carnival I have been unwell, (do not mention this, on any account, to Augusta, for if I grow worse, she will know it too soon, and if I get better, there is no occasion that she should know it at all,) and have hardly stirred out of the house. However, I don't want a physician; and if I did, very luckily those of Italy are the worst in the world, so that I should still have a chance. They have, I believe, one famous surgeon, Vacca, who lives at Pisa, who might be useful in case of dissection: — but he is some hundred miles off. My malady is a sort of lowish fever, originating from what my 'pastor and master,' Jackson, would call 'taking too much out of one's self.' However, I am better within this day or two.

"I missed seeing the new Patriarch's procession to St. Mark's the other day (owing to my indisposition), with six hundred and fifty priests in his rear — a 'goodly army.' The admirable government of Vienna, in its edict from thence, authorising his installation, prescribed, as part of the pageant, 'a *coach* and four horses.'[1] To show how very, very '*German* to the matter' this was, you have only to suppose our parliament commanding the Archbishop of Canterbury to proceed from Hyde Park Corner to St. Paul's Cathedral in the Lord Mayor's barge, or the Margate hoy. There is but St. Mark's Place in all Venice broad enough for a carriage to move, and it is paved with large smooth flagstones, so that the chariot and horses of Elijah himself would be puzzled to manœuvre upon it. Those of Pharaoh might do better; for the canals — and particularly the Grand Canal — are sufficiently capacious and extensive for his whole host. Of course, no coach could be attempted; but the Venetians, who are very naïve as well as arch, were much amused with the ordinance.

"The Armenian Grammar is published; but my Armenian studies are suspended for the present, till my head aches a little less. I sent you the other day, in two covers, the first act of 'Manfred,' a drama as mad as Nat. Lee's Bedlam tragedy, which was in 25 acts and some odd scenes: — mine is but in three acts.

"I find I have begun this letter at the wrong end: never mind; I must end it, then, at the right.

"Yours ever very truly and obligedly, &c.

"P. S. — Marianna is very well. She has been sitting for her picture for me — a miniature that is very like.

LETTER 265. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, March 9, 1817.

"In remitting the third act of the sort of dramatic poem of which you will by this time have received the two first (at least I hope so), which were sent within the last three weeks, I have little to observe, except that you must not publish it (if it ever is published) without giving me previous notice. I have really and truly no notion whether it is good or bad; and as this was not the case with the principal of my former publications, I am, therefore, inclined to rank it very humbly. You will submit it to Mr. Gifford, and to whomsoever you please besides. With regard to the question of copyright (if it ever comes to publication), I do not know whether you would think *three hundred*

[1] ["There are only eight horses in Venice: four are of brass, over the gate of the cathedral; and the other four are alive in Lord Byron's stables."—MATTHEWS: *Diary of an Invalid*, p. 263.]

guineas an over-estimate; if you do, you may diminish it: I do not think it worth more; so you may see I make some difference between it and the others.

"I have received your two Reviews (but not the 'Tales of my Landlord'); the Quarterly I acknowledged particularly in a letter to you, on its arrival, ten days ago. What you tell me of Perry petrifies me; it is a rank imposition. In or about February or March, 1816, I was given to understand that Mr. Croker was not only a coadjutor in the attacks of the Courier in 1814, but the author of some lines tolerably ferocious, then recently published in a morning paper. Upon this I wrote a reprisal. The whole of the lines I have forgotten, and even the purport of them I scarcely remember; for on *your* assuring me that he was not, &c. &c., I put them into the *fire before your face*, and there *never was* but that *one rough* copy. Mr. Davies, the only person who ever heard them read, wanted a copy, which I refused. If, however, by some *impossibility*, which I cannot divine, the ghost of these rhymes should walk into the world, I never will deny what I have really written, but hold myself personally responsible for satisfaction, though I reserve to myself the right of disavowing all or any *fabrications*. To the previous facts you are a witness, and best know how far my recapitulation is correct; and I request that you will inform Mr. Perry from me, that I wonder he should permit such an abuse of my name in his paper; I say an *abuse*, because my absence, at least, demands some respect, and my presence and positive sanction could alone justify him in such a proceeding, even were the lines mine; and if false, there are no words for him. I repeat to you that the original was burnt before you on your *assurance*, and there *never* was a *copy*, nor even a verbal repetition, — very much to the discomfort of some zealous Whigs, who bored me for them (having heard it bruited by Mr. Davies that there were such matters) to no purpose; for, having written them solely with the notion that Mr. Croker was the aggressor, and for *my own* and not party reprisals, I would not lend me to the zeal of any sect when I was made aware that he was not the writer of the offensive passages. *You know*, if there was such a thing, I would not deny it. I mentioned it openly at the time to you, and you will remember why and where I destroyed it; and no power nor wheedling on earth should have made, or could make, me (if I recollected them) give a copy after that, unless I was well assured that Mr. Croker was really the author of that which you assured me he was not.

"I intend for England this spring, where I have some affairs to adjust; but the post hurries me. For this month past I have been unwell, but am getting better, and thinking of moving homewards towards May, without going to Rome, as the unhealthy season comes on soon, and I can return when I have settled the business I go upon, which need not be long. I should have thought the Assyrian tale very succeedable.

"I saw, in Mr. W. W.'s poetry, that he had written my epitaph; I would rather have written his.

"The thing I have sent you, you will see at a glimpse, could never be attempted or thought of for the stage; I much doubt it for publication even. It is too much in my old style; but I composed it actually with a *horror* of the stage, and with a view to render the thought of it impracticable, knowing the zeal of my friends that I should try that for which I have an invincible repugnance, viz. a representation.

"I certainly am a devil of a mannerist, and must leave off; but what could I do? Without exertion of some kind, I should have sunk under my imagination and reality. My best respects to Mr. Gifford, to Walter Scott, and to all friends.

"Yours ever."

LETTER 266. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, March 10. 1817.

"I wrote again to you lately, but I hope you won't be sorry to have another epistle. I have been unwell this last month, with a kind of slow and low fever, which fixes upon me at night, and goes off in the morning; but, however, I am now better. In spring it is probable we may meet; at least I intend for England, where I have business, and hope to meet you in *your* restored health and additional laurels.

"Murray has sent me the Quarterly and the Edinburgh. When I tell you that Walter Scott is the author of the article in the former, you will agree with me that such an article is still more honourable to him than to myself. I am perfectly pleased with Jeffrey's also, which I wish you to tell him, with my remembrances — not that I suppose it is of any consequence to him, or ever could have been, whether I am pleased or not, but simply in my private relation to him, as his well-wisher, and it may be one day as his acquaintance. I wish you would also add, what you know, that I was not, and, indeed, am not even *now*, the misanthropical and gloomy gentleman he takes me for, but a facetious companion, well to do with those

with whom I am intimate, and as loquacious and laughing as if I were a much cleverer fellow.

"I suppose now I shall never be able to shake off my sables in public imagination, more particularly since my moral * * clove down my fame. However, nor that, nor more than that, has yet extinguished my spirit, which always rises with the rebound.

"At Venice we are in Lent, and I have not lately moved out of doors, my feverishness requiring quiet, and—by way of being more quiet—here is the Signora Marianna just come in and seated at my elbow.

"Have you seen * * *'s book of poesy? and, if you have seen it, are you not delighted with it? And have you—I really cannot go on: there is a pair of great black eyes looking over my shoulder, like the angel leaning over St. Matthew's, in the old frontispieces to the Evangelists,—so that I must turn and answer them instead of you.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER 267. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, March 25. 1817.

"I have at last learned, in default of your own writing (or *not* writing—which should it be? for I am not very clear as to the application of the word *default*) from Murray, two particulars of (or belonging to) you; one, that you are removing to Hornsey, which is, I presume, to be nearer London; and the other, that your poem is announced by the name of Lalla Rookh. I am glad of it,—first, that we are to have it at last, and next, I like a tough title myself—witness The Giaour and Childe Harold, which choked half the Blues at starting. Besides, it is the tail of Alcibiades's dog,—not that I suppose you want either dog or tail. Talking of tail, I wish you had not called it a '*Persian Tale*.'[1] Say a 'Poem' or 'Romance,' but not 'Tale.' I am very sorry that I called some of my own things 'Tales,' because I think that they are something better. Besides, we have had Arabian, and Hindoo, and Turkish, and Assyrian Tales. But, after all, this is frivolous in me; you won't, however, mind my nonsense.

"Really and truly, I want you to make a great hit, if only out of self-love, because we happen to be old cronies; and I have no doubt you will—I am sure you *can*. But you are, I'll be sworn, in a devil of a pucker; and *I* am *not* at your elbow, and Rogers *is*. I envy him; which is not fair, because he does not envy any body. Mind you send to me—that is, make Murray send—the moment you are forth.

"I have been very ill with a slow fever, which at last took to flying, and became as quick as need be.[2] But, at length, after a week of half-delirium, burning skin, thirst, hot headach, horrible pulsation, and no sleep, by the blessing of barley water, and refusing to see any physician, I recovered. It is an epidemic of the place, which is annual, and visits strangers. Here follow some versicles, which I made one sleepless night.

"I read the 'Christabel,'
Very well:
I read the 'Missionary;'
Pretty—very:
I tried at 'Ilderim;'
Ahem!
I read a sheet of 'Marg'ret of *Anjou*;'
Can you?
I turn'd a page of Webster's 'Waterloo;'
Pooh! pooh!
I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white 'Rylstone Doe:'
Hillo!
&c. &c. &c.[3]

"I have not the least idea where I am going, nor what I am to do. I wished to have gone to Rome; but at present it is pestilent with English,—a parcel of staring boobies, who go about gaping and wishing to be at once cheap and magnificent. A man is a fool who travels now in France or Italy, till this tribe of wretches is swept home again. In two or three years the first rush will be over, and the Continent will be roomy and agreeable.

"I stayed at Venice chiefly because it is not one of their 'dens of thieves;' and here they but pause and pass. In Switzerland it was really noxious. Luckily, I was early, and had got the prettiest place on all the Lake before they were quickened into motion with the rest of the reptiles. But they crossed me every where. I met a family of children and old women half-way

[1] He had been misinformed on this point,—the work in question having been, from the first, entitled an "Oriental Romance." A much worse mistake (because wilful, and with no very charitable design) was that of certain persons, who would have it that the poem was meant to be epic!—Even Mr. D'Israeli has, for the sake of a theory, given in to this very gratuitous assumption:—"The Anacreontic poet," he says, "remains only Anacreontic in his Epic."

[2] In a note to Mr. Murray, subjoined to some corrections for Manfred, he says, "Since I wrote to you last, the *slow* fever I wot of thought proper to mend its pace, and became similar to one which I caught some years ago in the marshes of Elis, in the Morea."

[3] ["I read 'Glenarvon,' too, by Caro. Lamb——
God d—n!" *Orig. MS.*]

up the Wengen Alp (by the Jungfrau) upon mules, some of them too old and others too young to be the least aware of what they saw.

"By the way, I think the Jungfrau, and all that region of Alps, which I traversed in September — going to the very top of the Wengen, which is not the highest (the Jungfrau itself is inaccessible) but the best point of view — much finer than Mont-Blanc and Chamouni, or the Simplon. I kept a journal of the whole for my sister Augusta, part of which she copied and let Murray see.

"I wrote a sort of mad Drama, for the sake of introducing the Alpine scenery in description: and this I sent lately to Murray. Almost all the *dram. pers.* are spirits, ghosts, or magicians, and the scene is in the Alps and the other world, so you may suppose what a Bedlam tragedy it must be: make him show it you. I sent him all three acts piecemeal, by the post, and suppose they have arrived.

"I have now written to you at least six letters, or letter*ets*, and all I have received in return is a note about the length you used to write from Bury Street to St. James's Street, when we used to dine with Rogers, and talk laxly, and go to parties, and hear poor Sheridan now and then. Do you remember one night he was so tipsy, that I was forced to put his cocked hat on for him, — for he could not, — and I let him down at Brookes's, much as he must since have been let down into his grave. Heigh ho! I wish I was drunk — but I have nothing but this d—d barley-water before me.

"I am still in love, — which is a dreadful drawback in quitting a place, and I can't stay at Venice much longer. What I shall do on this point I don't know. The girl means to go with me, but I do not like this for her own sake. I have had so many conflicts in my own mind on this subject, that I am not at all sure they did not help me to the fever I mentioned above. I am certainly very much attached to her, and I have cause to be so, if you knew all. But she has a child; and though, like all the 'children of the sun,' she consults nothing but passion, it is necessary I should think for both; and it is only the virtuous, like ****, who can afford to give up husband and child, and live happy ever after.

"The Italian ethics are the most singular ever met with. The perversion, not only of action, but of reasoning, is singular in the women. It is not that they do not consider the thing itself as wrong, and very wrong, but *love* (the *sentiment* of love) is not merely an excuse for it, but makes it an *actual virtue*, provided it is disinterested, and not a *caprice*, and is confined to one object. They have awful notions of constancy; for I have seen some ancient figures of eighty pointed out as amorosi of forty, fifty, and sixty years' standing. I can't say I have ever seen a husband and wife so coupled.

"Ever, &c."

"P. S. — Marianna, to whom I have just translated what I have written on our subject to you, says — 'If you loved me thoroughly, you would not make so many fine reflections, which are only good *forbirsi i scarpi*,' — that is, 'to clean shoes withal,' — a Venetian proverb of appreciation, which is applicable to reasoning of all kinds."

LETTER 268. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, March 25. 1817.

"Your letter and enclosure are safe; but 'English gentlemen' are very rare — at least in Venice. I doubt whether there are at present any, save the consul and vice-consul, with neither of whom I have the slightest acquaintance. The moment I can pounce upon a witness, I will send the deed properly signed: but must he necessarily be genteel? Venice is not a place where the English are gregarious; their pigeon-houses are Florence, Naples, Rome, &c.; and to tell you the truth, this was one reason why I stayed here till the season of the purgation of Rome from these people, which is infected with them at this time, should arrive. Besides, I abhor the nation, and the nation me; it is impossible for me to describe my *own* sensation on that point, but it may suffice to say, that, if I met with any of the race in the beautiful parts of Switzerland, the most distant glimpse or aspect of them poisoned the whole scene, and I do not choose to have the Pantheon, and St. Peter's, and the Capitol, spoiled for me too. This feeling may be probably owing to recent events [1]; but it does not exist the less, and while it exists, I shall conceal it as little as any other.

"I have been seriously ill with a fever, but it is gone. I believe or suppose it was the indigenous fever of the place, which comes every year at this time, and of which the physicians change the name annually, to despatch the people sooner. It is a kind of typhus, and kills occasionally. It was pretty smart, but nothing particular, and has left me some debility and a great appetite. There

[1] ["And the destruction with which my moral Clytemnestra hewed me down; but," &c. — *MS.*]

are a good many ill at present, I suppose, of the same.

"I feel sorry for Horner, if there was any thing in the world to make him like it; and still more sorry for his friends, as there was much to make them regret him. I had not heard of his death till by your letter.[1]

"Some weeks ago I wrote to you my acknowledgments of Walter Scott's article. Now I know it to be his, it cannot add to my good opinion of him, but it adds to that of myself. *He*, and Gifford, and Moore, are the only *regulars* I ever knew who had nothing of the *garrison* about their manner: no nonsense, nor affectations, look you! As for the rest whom I have known, there was always more or less of the author about them — the pen peeping from behind the ear, and the thumbs a little inky, or so.

"'Lalla Rookh' — you must recollect that, in the way of title, the '*Giaour*' has never been pronounced to this day; and both it and Childe Harold sounded very facetious to the blue-bottles of wit and humour about town, till they were taught and startled into a proper deportment; and therefore Lalla Rookh, which is very orthodox and oriental, is as good a title as need be, if not better. I could wish rather that he had not called it 'a *Persian Tale*;' firstly, because we have had Turkish Tales, and Hindoo Tales, and Assyrian Tales, already; and *tale* is a word of which it repents me to have nicknamed poesy. 'Fable' would be better; and, secondly, 'Persian Tale' reminds one of the lines of Pope on Ambrose Phillips; though no one can say, to be sure, that this tale has been 'turned for half-a-crown[2]; still it is as well to avoid such clashings. 'Persian *Story*' — why not? — or Romance? I feel as anxious for Moore as I could do for myself, for the soul of me, and I would not have him succeed otherwise than splendidly, which I trust he will do.

"With regard to the 'Witch Drama,' I sent all the three acts by post, week after week, within this last month. I repeat that I have not an idea if it is good or bad. If bad, it must, on no account, be risked in publication; if good, it is at your service. I value it at *three hundred* guineas, or less, if you like it. Perhaps, if published, the best way will be to add it to your winter volume, and not publish separately. The price will show you I don't pique myself upon it; so speak out. You may put it in the fire, if you like, and Gifford don't like.

"The Armenian Grammar is published — that is, *one;* the other is still in MS. My illness has prevented me from moving this month past, and I have done nothing more with the Armenian.

"Of Italian or rather Lombard manners, I could tell you little or nothing: I went two or three times to the governor's conversazione, (and if you go once, you are free to go always,) at which, as I only saw very plain women, a formal circle, in short a *worse sort* of rout, I did not go again. I went to Academie and to Madame Albrizzi's, where I saw pretty much the same thing, with the addition of some literati, who are the same *blue*[3], by ——, all the world over. I fell in love the first week with Madame Segati, and I have continued so ever since, because she is very pretty and pleasing, and talks Venetian, which amuses me, and is naïve.

"Very truly, &c.

"P. S. — Pray send the red tooth-powder by a *safe hand*, and speedily.[4]

[1] [Francis Horner, Esq., M.P. for St. Mawes, died at Pisa in February, 1817, in his thirty-ninth year, and was interred in the Protestant burying-ground at Leghorn. Sir James Mackintosh, in his diary of the 6th of March, gives the following interesting account of what took place in the House of Commons on the motion for a new writ for St. Mawes: — "Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) opened it in a speech so perfect, that it might have been placed as a passage in the most elegant English writer: it was full of feeling; every topic was skilfully presented, and contained by a sort of prudence which is a part of taste, within safe limits; he slid over the thinnest ice without cracking it. Canning filled well what would have been the vacant place of a calm observer of Horner's public life and talents. Manners Sutton's most affecting speech was a tribute of affection from a private friend become a political enemy; Lord Lascelles, at the head of the country gentlemen of England, closing this affecting, improving, and most memorable scene by declaring, 'that if the sense of the House could have been taken on this occasion, it would have been unanimous.' I may say, without exaggeration, that never were so many words uttered without the least suspicion of exaggeration; and that never was so much honour paid in any age or nation to intrinsic claims alone. A Howard introduced, and an English House of Commons adopted, the proposition of thus honouring the memory of a man of thirty-eight, the son of a shopkeeper, who never filled an office, or had the power of obliging a living creature, and whose grand title to this distinction was the belief of his virtue. How honourable to the age and to the House! A country where such sentiments prevail is not ripe for destruction." — *Life*, vol. ii. p. 339.]

[2] ["The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year.

"Ambrose Phillips translated a book called the 'Persian Tales,' a book full of fancy and imagination."— Pope.]

[3] Whenever a word or passage occurs (as in this instance) which Lord Byron would have pronounced emphatically in speaking, it appears, in his handwriting, as if written with something of the same vehemence.

[4] Here follow the same rhymes ("I read the Christabel," &c.) which have already been given in one of his letters to myself.

"To hook the reader, you, John Murray,
Have publish'd 'Anjou's Margaret,'
Which won't be sold off in a hurry
(At least, it has not been as yet);
And then, still further to bewilder him,
Without remorse you set up 'Ilderim;'
So mind you don't get into debt,
Because as how, if you should fail,
These books would be but baddish bail.
And mind you do *not* let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be *very* treacherous — *very*,
And get me into such a scrape!
For, firstly, I should have to sally,
All in my little boat, against a *Gally*;
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
Have next to combat with the female knight.
And prick'd to death expire upon her needle,
A sort of end which I should take indeed ill!

"You may show these matters to Moore and the *select*, but not to the *profane*; and tell Moore, that I wonder he don't write to one now and then."

LETTER 269. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, March 31. 1817.

"You will begin to think my epistolary offerings (to whatever altar you please to devote them) rather prodigal. But until you answer, I shall not abate, because you deserve no better. I know you are well, because I hear of your voyaging to London and the environs, which I rejoice to learn, because your note alarmed me by the purgation and phlebotomy therein prognosticated. I also hear of your being in the press; all which, methinks, might have furnished you with subject-matter for a middle-sized letter, considering that I am in foreign parts, and that the last month's advertisements and obituary would be absolute news to me from your Tramontane country.

"I told you, in my last, I have had a smart fever. There is an epidemic in the place; but I suspect, from the symptoms, that mine was a fever of my own, and had nothing in common with the low, vulgar typhus, which is at this moment decimating Venice, and which has half unpeopled Milan, if the accounts be true. This malady has sorely discomfited my serving men, who want sadly to be gone away, and get me to remove. But, besides my natural perversity, I was seasoned in Turkey, by the continual whispers of the plague, against apprehensions of contagion. Besides which, apprehension would not prevent it; and then I am still in love, and 'forty thousand' fevers should not make me stir before my minute, while under the influence of that paramount delirium. Seriously speaking, there is a malady rife in the city — a dangerous one, they say. However, mine did not appear so, though it was not pleasant.

"This is Passion-week — and twilight — and all the world are at vespers. They have an eternal churching, as in all Catholic countries, but are not so bigoted as they seem to be in Spain.

"I don't know whether to be glad or sorry that you are leaving Mayfield. Had I ever been at Newstead during your stay there, (except during the winter of 1813-14, when the roads were impracticable,) we should have been within hail, and I should like to have made a giro of the Peak with you. I know that country well, having been all over it when a boy. Was you ever in Dovedale? I can assure you there are things in Derbyshire as noble as Greece or Switzerland. But you had always a lingering after London, and I don't wonder at it. I liked it as well as any body, myself, now and then.

"Will you remember me to Rogers? whom I presume to be flourishing, and whom I regard as our poetical papa. You are his lawful son, and I the illegitimate. Has he begun yet upon Sheridan? If you see our republican friend, Leigh Hunt, pray present my remembrances. I saw about nine months ago that he was in a row (like my friend Hobhouse) with the Quarterly Reviewers. For my part, I never could understand these quarrels of authors with critics and with one another. 'For God's sake, gentlemen, what do they mean?'

"What think you of your countryman, Maturin? I take some credit to myself for having done my best to bring out Bertram; but I must say my colleagues were quite as ready and willing. Walter Scott, however, was the *first* who mentioned him, which he did to me, with great commendation, in 1815; and it is to this casualty, and two or three other accidents, that this very clever fellow owed his first and well-merited public success. What a chance is fame?

"Did I tell you that I have translated two Epistles? — a correspondence between St. Paul and the Corinthians, not to be found in our version, but the Armenian — but which seems to me very orthodox, and I have done it into scriptural prose English.[1]

"Ever, &c."

[1] The only plausible claim of these epistles to authenticity arises from the circumstance of St. Paul having (according to the opinion of Mosheim and others) written an epistle to the Corinthians, before that which we now call his first. They are, however, universally given up as spurious. Though frequently referred to as existing in the Armenian, by Primate Usher, Johan. Gregorius, and other learned men, they were for the first time, I believe, translated from that language by the two Whistons, who subjoined the correspondence, with a Greek and

LETTER 270. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April 2. 1817.

"I sent you the whole of the Drama at *three several* times, act by act, in separate covers. I hope that you have, or will receive, some or the whole of it.

"So Love has a conscience. By Diana! I shall make him take back the box, though it were Pandora's. The discovery of its intrinsic silver occurred on sending it to have the lid adapted to admit Marianna's portrait. Of course I had the box remitted *in statu quo*, and had the picture set in another, which suits it (the picture) very well. The defaulting box is not touched, hardly, and was not in the man's hands above an hour.

"I am aware of what you say of Otway; and am a very great admirer of his, — all except of that maudlin b—h of chaste lewdness and blubbering curiosity, Belvidera, whom I utterly despise, abhor, and detest. But the story of Marino Faliero is different, and, I think, so much finer, that I wish Otway had taken it instead: the head conspiring against the body for refusal of redress for a real injury, — jealousy — treason, with the more fixed and inveterate passions (mixed with policy) of an old or elderly man — the devil himself could not have a finer subject, and he is your only tragic dramatist.

"There is still, in the Doge's palace, the black veil painted over Faliero's picture, and the staircase whereon he was first crowned Doge, and subsequently decapitated. This was the thing that most struck my imagination in Venice — more than the Rialto, which I visited for the sake of Shylock; and more, too, than Schiller's '*Armenian*,' a novel which took a great hold of me when a boy. It is also called the 'Ghost Seer,' and I never walked down St. Mark's by moonlight without thinking of it, and '*at nine o'clock he died!*'[1] — But I hate things *all fiction;* and therefore the *Merchant* and *Othello* have no great associations to me: but *Pierre* has. There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a liar.

"Maturin's tragedy. — By your account of him last year to me, he seemed a bit of a coxcomb, personally. Poor fellow! to be sure, he had had a long seasoning of adversity, which is not so hard to bear as t'other thing. I hope that this won't throw him back into the 'slough of Despond.'[2]

"You talk of 'marriage;' — ever since my own funeral, the word makes me giddy, and throws me into a cold sweat. Pray, don't repeat it.

"You should close with Madame de Stael. This will be her best work, and permanently historical; it is on her father, the Revolution, and Buonaparte, &c. Bonstetten told me in Switzerland it was *very great*. I have not seen it myself, but the author often. She was very kind to me at Copet.

"There have been two articles in the Venice papers, one a Review of Glenarvon, Caroline Lamb's, and the other a Review of Childe Harold, in which it proclaims me the most rebellious and contumacious admirer of Buonaparte now surviving in Europe. Both these articles are translations from the Literary Gazette of German Jena.

"Tell me that Walter Scott is better. I would not have him ill for the world. I suppose it was by sympathy that I had my fever at the same time.

"I joy in the success of your Quarterly, but I must still stick by the Edinburgh; Jeffery has done so by me, I must say, through every thing, and this is more than I deserved from him. I have more than once acknowledged to you by letter the 'Article' (and articles); say that you have received the said letters, as I do not otherwise know what letters arrive. Both Reviews came, but nothing more. M.'s play and the extract not yet come.

"Write to say whether my Magician has arrived, with all his scenes, spells, &c.

"Yours ever, &c.

"It is useless to send to the *Foreign Office:* nothing arrives to me by that con-

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Latin version, to their edition of the Armenian History of Moses of Chorene, published in 1736.

The translation by Lord Byron is, as far as I can learn, the first that has ever been attempted in English; and as, proceeding from *his* pen, it must possess, of course, additional interest, the reader will not be displeased to find it in the Appendix. Annexed to the copy in my possession are the following words in his own handwriting: — "Done into English by me, January, February, 1817, at the Convent of San Lazaro, with the aid and exposition of the Armenian text by the Father Paschal Aucher, Armenian friar. — BYRON. I had also (he adds) the Latin text, but it is in many places very corrupt, and with great omissions."

[1] ["Who answer'd me just now? Who, when I said
'*Tis nine*, turn'd round and said so solemnly
Signor, he died at nine! —'Twas the Armenian;
The mask that follows thee, go where thou wilt."
Rogers's Italy, p. 62.]

[2] ["Let him take heart — 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' This sentence, by the way, is a contrast to the other one of 'Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat,' which may be thus done into English: —

"God maddens him whom 'tis his will to love,
And gives the choice of death or phrenzy — choose."
MS.]

veyance. I suppose some zealous clerk thinks it a Tory duty to prevent it."

LETTER 271. TO MR. ROGERS.

"Venice, April 4. 1817.

"It is a considerable time since I wrote to you last, and I hardly know why I should trouble you now, except that I think you will not be sorry to hear from me now and then. You and I were never correspondents, but always something better, which is, very good friends.

"I saw your friend Sharp in Switzerland, or rather in the German *territory* (which is and is not Switzerland), and he gave Hobhouse and me a very good route for the Bernese Alps; however we took another from a German, and went by Clarens, the Dent de Jaman to Montbovon, and through Simmenthal to Thoun, and so on to Lauterbroun; except that from thence to the Grindlewald, instead of round about, we went right over the Wengen Alps' very summit, and being close under the Jungfrau, saw it, its glaciers, and heard the avalanches in all their glory, having famous weather there*for*. We of course went from the Grindlewald over the Sheidech to Brientz and its lake; past the Reichenbach and all that mountain road, which reminded me of Albania and Ætolia and Greece, except that the people here were more civilised and rascally. I do not think so very much of Chamouni (except the source of the Arveron, to which we went up to the teeth of the ice, so as to look into and touch the cavity, against the warning of the guides, only one of whom would go with us so close,) as of the Jungfrau, and the Pissevache, and Simplon, which are quite out of all mortal competition.

"I was at Milan about a moon, and saw Monti and some other living curiosities, and thence on to Verona, where I did not forget your story of the assassination during your sojourn there, and brought away with me some fragments of Juliet's tomb, and a lively recollection of the amphitheatre. The Countess Goetz (the governor's wife here) told me that there is still a ruined castle of the Montecchi between Verona and Vicenza. I have been at Venice since November, but shall proceed to Rome shortly. For my deeds here, are they not written in my letters to the unreplying Thomas Moore? to him I refer you: he has received them all, and not answered one.

"Will you remember me to Lord and Lady Holland? I have to thank the former for a book which I have not yet received, but expect to reperuse with great pleasure on my return, viz. the second edition of Lope de Vega. I have heard of Moore's forthcoming poem: he cannot wish himself more success than I wish and augur for him. I have also heard great things of 'Tales of my Landlord,' but I have not yet received them; by all accounts they beat even Waverley, &c., and are by the same author. Maturin's second tragedy has, it seems, failed, for which I should think any body would be sorry. My health was very victorious till within the last month, when I had a fever. There is a typhus in these parts, but I don't think it was that. However, I got well without a physician or drugs.

"I forgot to tell you that, last autumn, I furnished Lewis with 'bread and salt' for some days at Diodati, in reward for which (besides his conversation) he translated 'Goethe's Faust' to me by word of mouth, and I set him by the ears with Madame de Stael about the slave trade. I am indebted for many and kind courtesies to our Lady of Copet, and I now love her as much as I always did her works, of which I was and am a great admirer. When are you to begin with Sheridan? What are you doing, and how do you do?

"Ever very truly, &c."

CHAPTER XXX.

1817.

VENICE.—LETTERS TO MURRAY AND MOORE.—ANECDOTES.—DE LUC, THE NONAGENARIAN.—VISIT TO THE MANFRINI PALACE.—PAINTING.—A DAY AT FLORENCE: THE GALLERIES; THE MEDICI CHAPEL; SANTA CROCE.—THE LAMENT OF TASSO WRITTEN.—A FEW DAYS AT ROME.—ANECDOTES.—NEW THIRD ACT OF MANFRED WRITTEN.—RETURN TO VENICE.—PINDEMONTE.—MATURIN'S TRAGEDY.

LETTER 272. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April 9. 1817.

"YOUR letters of the 18th and 20th are arrived. In my own I have given you the rise, progress, decline, and fall of my recent malady. It is gone to the devil: I won't pay him so bad a compliment as to say it came from him;—he is too much of a gentleman. It was nothing but a slow fever, which quickened its pace towards the end of its journey,

I had been bored with it some weeks — with nocturnal burnings and morning perspirations; but I am quite well again, which I attribute to having had neither medicine nor doctor thereof.

"In a few days I set off for Rome: such is my purpose. I shall change it very often before Monday next, but do you continue to direct and address to *Venice*, as heretofore. If I go, letters will be forwarded: I say '*if*,' because I never know what I shall do till it is done; and as I mean most firmly to set out for Rome, it is not unlikely I may find myself at St. Petersburg.

"You tell me to 'take care of myself;'— faith, and I will. I won't be posthumous yet, if I can help it. Notwithstanding, only think what a 'Life and Adventures,' while I am in full scandal, would be worth, together with the 'membra' of my writing-desk, the sixteen beginnings of poems never to be finished! Do you think I would not have shot myself last year, had I not luckily recollected that Mrs. C * * [Clermont], and Lady N * * [Noel], and all the old women in England would have been delighted; — besides the agreeable 'Lunacy,' of the 'Crowner's Quest,' and the regrets of two or three or half a dozen? Be assured that I *would live* for two reasons, or more; — there are one or two people whom I have to put out of the world, and as many into it, before I can 'depart in peace;' if I do so before, I have not fulfilled my mission. Besides, when I turn thirty, I will turn devout; I feel a great vocation that way in Catholic churches, and when I hear the organ.

"So Wedderburn Webster is writing again! Is there no Bedlam in Scotland? nor thumb-screw? nor gag? nor handcuff? I went upon my knees to him almost, some years ago, to prevent him from publishing a political pamphlet, which would have given him a livelier idea of 'Habeas Corpus' than the world will derive from his present production upon that suspended subject, which will doubtless be followed by the suspension of other (his Majesty's) subjects.

"I condole with Drury Lane, and rejoice with Sotheby, — that is, in a modest way, — on the tragical end of the new tragedy.[1]

"You and Leigh Hunt have quarrelled then, it seems? I introduce him and his poem to you, in the hope that (malgré politics) the union would be beneficial to both, and the end is eternal enmity; and yet I did this with the best intentions: I introduce Coleridge, and Christabel runs away with your money; my friend Hobhouse quarrels, too, with the Quarterly: and (except the last) I am the innocent Isthmus (damn the word! I can't spell it, though I have crossed that of Corinth a dozen times) of these enmities.

"I will tell you something about Chillon. — A Mr. *De Luc*, ninety years old, a Swiss, had it read to him, and is pleased with it, — so my sister writes. He said that he was *with Rousseau* at *Chillon*, and that the description is perfectly correct. But this is not all: I recollected something of the name, and find the following passage in 'The Confessions,' vol. iii. page 247. liv. viii.: —

"'De tous ces amusemens celui qui me plût davantage fut une promenade autour du Lac, que je fis en bateau avec *De Luc* père, sa bru, ses *deux fils*, et ma Thérèse. Nous mîmes sept jours à cette tournée par le plus beau temps du monde. J'en gardai le vif souvenir des sites qui m'avoient frappé à l'autre extrémité du Lac, et dont je fis la description, quelques années après, dans la Nouvelle Héloise.'

"This nonagenarian, De Luc, must be one of the 'deux fils.' He is in England — infirm, but still in faculty.[2] It is odd that he should have lived so long, and not wanting in oddness that he should have made this voyage with Jean Jacques, and afterwards, at such an interval, read a poem by an Englishman (who had made precisely the same circumnavigation) upon the same scenery.

"As for 'Manfred,' it is of no use sending *proofs*; nothing of that kind comes. I sent the whole at different times. The two first acts are the best; the third so so; but I was blown with the first and second heats. You must call it 'a Poem,' for it is *no Drama*, and I do not choose to have it called by so Sotheby-ish a name — a 'Poem in dialogue,' or — Pantomime, if you will; any thing but a green-room synonyme; and this is your motto —

"'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

"Yours ever, &c.

"My love and thanks to Mr. Gifford."[3]

[1] [Maturin's tragedy of "Manuel," which had been damned at Drury Lane in the preceding month.]

[2] [This amiable man died at Windsor in the November following, at the age of ninety-one. He was born at Geneva in 1726, and was many years reader to Queen Charlotte. His principal works were a treatise on Geology, and six volumes of Geological Travels.]

[3] ["Don't forget my tooth-powder. It is of no use to send it by the damned and double-damned conveyances, but by some private hand. I mean to be in Venice again in July. Nothing yet whatever from the Foreign Office. Why do you send any thing to such a 'den of thieves' as that? — *MS.*]

LETTER 273. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, April 11. 1817.

"I shall continue to write to you while the fit is on me, by way of penance upon you for your former complaints of long silence. I dare say you would blush, if you could, for not answering. Next week I set out for Rome. Having seen Constantinople, I should like to look at t'other fellow. Besides, I want to see the Pope, and shall take care to tell him that I vote for the Catholics and no Veto.

"I sha'n't go to Naples. It is but the second best sea-view, and I have seen the first and third, viz. Constantinople and Lisbon, (by the way, the last is but a river-view; however, they reckon it after Stamboul and Naples, and before Genoa,) and Vesuvius is silent, and I have passed by Ætna. So I shall e'en return to Venice in July; and if you write, I pray you to address to Venice, which is my head, or rather my *heart*, quarters.

"My late physician, Dr. Polidori, is here on his way to England, with the present Lord Guilford[1] and the widow[2] of the late earl. Dr. Polidori has, just now, no more patients, because his patients are no more. He had lately three, who are now all dead — one embalmed. Horner and a child of Thomas Hope's are interred at Pisa and Rome. Lord Guilford[3] died of an inflammation of the bowels: so they took them out, and sent them (on account of their discrepancies), separately from the carcass, to England. Conceive a man going one way, and his intestines another, and his immortal soul a third! — was there ever such a distribution? One certainly has a soul; but how it came to allow itself to be enclosed in a body is more than I can imagine. I only know if once mine gets out, I'll have a bit of a tussle before I let it get in again to that or any other.

"And so poor dear Mr. Maturin's second tragedy has been neglected by the discerning public! Sotheby will be d—d glad of this, and d—d without being glad, if ever his own plays come upon 'any stage.'

"I wrote to Rogers the other day, with a message for you. I hope that he flourishes. He is the Tithonus of poetry — immortal already. You and I must wait for it.

"I hear nothing — know nothing. You may easily suppose that the English don't seek me, and I avoid them. To be sure, there are but few or none here, save passengers. Florence and Naples are their Margate and Ramsgate, and much the same sort of company too, by all accounts, which hurts us among the Italians.

"I want to hear of Lalla Rookh—are you out? Death and fiends! why don't you tell me where you are, what you are, and how you are? I shall go to Bologna by Ferrara, instead of Mantua: because I would rather see the cell where they caged Tasso, and where he became mad and * *, than his own MSS. at Modena, or the Mantuan birthplace of that harmonious plagiary and miserable flatterer, whose cursed hexameters were drilled into me at Harrow.[4] I saw Verona and Vicenza on my way here — Padua too.

"I go *alone*, — but *alone*, because I mean to return here. I only want to see Rome. I have not the least curiosity about Florence, though I must see it for the sake of the Venus, &c. &c.; and I wish also to see the Fall of Terni. I think to return to Venice by Ravenna and Rimini, of both of which I mean to take notes for Leigh Hunt, who will be glad to hear of the scenery of his Poem. There was a devil of a review of him in the Quarterly[5], a year ago, which he answered. All answers are imprudent: but, to be sure, poetical flesh and blood must have the last word — that's certain. I thought, and think, very highly of his Poem; but I warned him of the row his favourite antique phraseology would bring him into.

"You have taken a house at Hornsey: I had much rather you had taken one in the Apennines. If you think of coming out for

[1] [Frederick North, fifth Earl of Guilford. This amiable nobleman was the third and youngest son of Lord North. While governor of Ceylon, he made the tour of the island, accompanied by the Rev. James Cordiner, who, in 1807, published a "Description of Ceylon," in two volumes quarto. Having subsequently been sent by government on a mission to the Ionian Islands, his liberal efforts introduced there a system of education, which has been productive of the most beneficial results. His Lordship died in London, October 1828.]

[2] [Daughter of Thomas Boycott, Esq., of Rudge-Hall, Salop.]

[3] [Francis North, fourth Earl of Guilford, was the second son of Lord North. When a young man, he was known by the appellation of "Honest Frank North," among all his acquaintances. He was greatly attached to theatrical performances, and in 1808 published a play called "The Kentish Barons." "He possessed," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "the hereditary talents and love of literature of his family; and, what is better, that hereditary good-nature, benevolence, freedom from guile, openness and liberality, which have for ages given a peculiar tincture to his family." He died at Pisa in January, 1817.]

[4] [—— "I abhorr'd
Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
The *drill'd* dull lesson, forc'd down word by word
In my repugnant youth."
Childe Harold, c. iv. st. 75.]

[5] [See Quart. Rev. vol. xiv. p. 473.]

a summer, or so, tell me, that I may be upon the hover for you.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER 274. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April 14, 1817.

"By the favour of Dr. Polidori, who is here on his way to England with the present Lord Guilford, (the late earl having gone to England by another road, accompanied by his bowels in a separate coffer,) I remit to you, to deliver to Mrs. Leigh, *two miniatures;* but previously you will have the goodness to desire Mr. Love (as a peace-offering between him and me) to set them in plain gold, with my arms complete, and 'Painted by Prepiani — Venice, 1817,' on the back. I wish also that you would desire Holmes to make a copy of *each* — that is, both — for myself, and that you will retain the said copies till my return. One was done while I was very unwell; the other in my health, which may account for their dissimilitude. I trust that they will reach their destination in safety.

"I recommend the Doctor to your good offices with your government friends; and if you can be of any use to him in a literary point of view, pray be so.

"To-day, or rather yesterday, for it is past midnight, I have been up to the battlements of the highest tower in Venice[1], and seen it and its view, in all the glory of a clear Italian sky. I also went over the Manfrini Palace, famous for its pictures. Amongst them, there is a portrait of *Ariosto* by *Titian*, surpassing all my anticipation of the power of painting or human expression: it is the poetry of portrait, and the portrait of poetry. There was also one of some learned lady, centuries old, whose name I forget, but whose features must always be remembered. I never saw greater beauty, or sweetness, or wisdom: — it is the kind of face to go mad for, because it cannot walk out of its frame. There is also a famous dead Christ and live Apostles, for which Buonaparte offered in vain five thousand louis; and of which, though it is a capo d'opera of Titian, as I am no connoisseur, I say little, and thought less, except of one figure in it. There are ten thousand others, and some very fine Giorgiones amongst them, &c. &c. There is an original Laura and Petrarch, very hideous both. Petrarch has not only the dress, but the features and air of an old woman, and Laura looks by no means like a young one, or a pretty one. What struck me most in the general collection was the extreme resemblance of the style of the female faces in the mass of pictures, so many centuries or generations old to those you see and meet every day among the existing Italians. The queen of Cyprus and Giorgione's wife, particularly the latter[2], are Venetians as it were of yesterday; the same eyes and expression, and, to my mind, there is none finer.

"You must recollect, however, that I know nothing of painting; and that I detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen, or think it possible to see, for which reason I spit upon and abhor all the Saints and subjects of one half the impostures I see in the churches and palaces; and when in Flanders, I never was so disgusted in my life, as with Rubens and his eternal wives and infernal glare of colours, as they appeared to me; and in Spain I did not think much of Murillo and Velasquez. Depend upon it, of all the arts, it is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon.[3] I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came a league within my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and seas, and rivers, and views, and two or three women, who went as far beyond it, — besides some horses; and a lion (at Veli Pacha's) in the Morea; and a tiger at supper in Exeter 'Change.[4]

"When you write, continue to address to me at *Venice*. Where do you suppose the books you sent to me are? At *Turin!* This comes of '*the Foreign Office*,' which is foreign enough, God knows, for any good it can be of to me, or any one else, and be

[1] ["Where Galileo used to hold commerce with the skies. It commands a fine panoramic view of Venice, and shows you all the details of this wonderful town, which rises out of the waters, like the ark of the deluge."— *Diary of an Invalid*, p. 262.]

[2] ["And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;
It may, perhaps, be also to your zest,
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so:
'T is but a portrait of his son, and wife,
And self; but *such* a woman! love in life!"
Beppo, st. 13.]

[3] ["I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable," &c.
Childe Harold, c. iv. st. 53.]

[4] ["Two nights ago I saw the tigers sup at Exeter 'Change. Except Veli Pacha's lion in the Morea, — who followed the Arab keeper like a dog, — the fondness of the hyæna for her keeper amused me most. Such a conversazione! — but the tiger talked too much."— *Byron Diary*, Nov. 14. 1813.]

d—d to it, to its last clerk and first charlatan, Castlereagh.

"This makes my hundreth letter at least.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 275. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April 14. 1817.

"The present proofs (of the whole) begin only at the 17th page; but as I had corrected and sent back the first act, it does not signify.

"The third act is certainly d—d bad, and, like the Archbishop of Grenada's homily (which savoured of the palsy), has the dregs of my fever, during which it was written. It must on *no account* be published in its present state. I will try and reform it, or re-write it altogether; but the impulse is gone, and I have no chance of making any thing out of it. I would not have it published as it is on any account. The speech of Manfred to the Sun is the only part of this act I thought good myself; the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be, and I wonder what the devil possessed me.

"I am very glad indeed that you sent me Mr. Gifford's opinion without *deduction*. Do you suppose me such a booby as not to be very much obliged to him? or that in fact I was not, and am not, convinced and convicted in my conscience of this same overt act of nonsense?

"I shall try at it again: in the mean time, lay it upon the shelf (the whole Drama, I mean): but pray correct your copies of the first and second acts from the original MS.

"I am not coming to England; but going to Rome in a few days. I return to Venice in *June*: so, pray, address all letters, &c. to me *here*, as usual, that is, to *Venice*. Dr. Polidori this day left this city with Lord Guilford for England. He is charged with some books to your care (from me), and two miniatures also to the same address, *both* for my sister.

"Recollect *not* to publish, upon pain of I know not what, until I have tried again at the third act. I am not sure that I *shall* try, and still less that I shall succeed, if I do; but I am very sure, that (as it is) it is unfit for publication or perusal; and unless I can make it out to my own satisfaction, I won't have any part published.

"I write in haste, and after having lately written very often. "Yours, &c."

LETTER 276. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Foligno, April 26. 1817.

"I wrote to you the other day from Florence, inclosing a MS. entitled 'The Lament of Tasso.' It was written in consequence of my having been lately at Ferrara. In the last section of this MS. *but one* (that is, the penultimate), I think that I have omitted a line in the copy sent to you from Florence, viz. after the line —

"And woo compassion to a blighted name,

insert,

"Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.

The *context* will show you *the sense*, which is not clear in this quotation. *Remember, I write this in the supposition that you have received my Florentine packet.*

"At Florence I remained but a day, having a hurry for Rome, to which I am thus far advanced. However, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns drunk with beauty. The Venus is more for admiration than love[1]; but there are sculpture and painting, which for the first time at all gave me an idea of what people mean by their *cant*, and what Mr. Braham calls 'entusimusy' (*i. e.* enthusiasm) about those two most artificial of the arts. What struck me most were, the mistress of Raphael, a portrait; the mistress of Titian, a portrait; a Venus of Titian in the Medici gallery — *the* Venus; Canova's Venus also in the other gallery: Titian's mistress is also in the other gallery (that is, in the Pitti Palace gallery); the Parcæ of Michael Angelo, a picture; and the Antinous, the Alexander, and one or two not very decent groups in marble; the Genius of Death, a sleeping figure, &c. &c.

"I also went to the Medici chapel — fine frippery in great slabs of various expensive stones[2], to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcasses. It is unfinished, and will remain so.

"The church of 'Santa Croce'[3] contains

[1] [——— "Within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail. * * *

"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness."

Childe Harold, c. iv. st. 49, 50.]

[2] ["What is her pyramid of precious stones?
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes?" &c. *Ib.* st. 60.]

[3] [——— "Here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose." *Ib.* st. 54.]

much illustrious nothing. The tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo Galilei, and Alfieri, make it the Westminster Abbey of Italy. I did not admire *any* of these tombs — beyond their contents. That of Alfieri is heavy, and all of them seem to me overloaded. What is necessary but a bust and name? and perhaps a date? the last for the unchronological, of whom I am one. But all your allegory and eulogy is infernal, and worse than the long wigs of English numskulls upon Roman bodies in the statuary of the reigns of Charles II., William, and Anne.

"When you write, write to *Venice*, as usual; I mean to return there in a fortnight. I shall not be in England for a long time. This afternoon I met Lord and Lady Jersey, and saw them for some time: all well; children grown and healthy; she very pretty, but sunburnt; he very sick of travelling; bound for Paris. There are not many English on the move, and those who are mostly homewards. I shall not return till business makes me, being much better where I am in health, &c. &c.

"For the sake of my personal comfort, I pray you send me immediately *to Venice* — *mind, Venice* — viz. *Waites' tooth-powder, red*, a quantity; *calcined magnesia*, of the best quality, a quantity; and all this by safe, sure, and speedy means; and, by the Lord! do it.

"I have done nothing at Manfred's third act. You must wait; I'll have at it in a week or two, or so. "Yours ever, &c."

LETTER 277. TO MR. MURRAY.

Rome, May 5. 1817.

"By this post (or next at farthest) I send you, in two *other* covers, the new third act of 'Manfred.' I have re-written the greater part, and returned what is not altered in the *proof* you sent me. The Abbot is become a good man, and the Spirits are brought in at the death. You will find, I think, some good poetry in this new act, here and there; and if so, print it, without sending me farther proofs, *under Mr. Gifford's correction*, if he will have the goodness to overlook it. Address all answers to *Venice*, as usual; I mean to return there in ten days.

"'The Lament of Tasso,' which I sent from Florence, has, I trust, arrived: I look upon it as a 'these be good rhymes,' as Pope's papa said to him when he was a boy.[1] For the *two* — *it* and the Drama — you will disburse to me (viz Kinnaird) six hundred guineas. You will perhaps be surprised that I set the same price upon this as upon the Drama; but, besides that I look upon it as *good*, I won't take less than three hundred guineas for any thing. The two together will make you a larger publication than the 'Siege' and 'Parisina;' so you may think yourself let off very easy; that is to say, if these poems are good for any thing, which I hope and believe.

"I have been some days in Rome the Wonderful. I am seeing sights, and have done nothing else, except the new third act for you. I have this morning seen a live pope and a dead cardinal: Pius VII. has been burying Cardinal Bracchi, whose body I saw in state at the Chiesa Nuova. Rome has delighted me beyond every thing, since Athens and Constantinople. But I shall not remain long this visit. Address to Venice.

"Ever, &c.

"P. S. — I have got my saddle-horses here, and have ridden, and am riding, all about the country."

From the foregoing letters to Mr. Murray, we may collect some curious particulars respecting one of the most original and sublime of the noble poet's productions, the Drama of Manfred. His failure (and to an extent of which the reader shall be enabled presently to judge), in the completion of a design which he had, through two acts, so magnificently carried on, — the impatience with which, though conscious of this failure, he as usual hurried to the press, without deigning to woo, or wait for, a happier moment of inspiration, — his frank docility in, at once, surrendering up his third act to reprobation, without urging one parental word in its behalf, — the doubt he evidently felt, whether, from his habit of striking off these creations at a heat, he should be able to rekindle his imagination on the subject, — and then, lastly, the complete success with which, when his mind *did* make the spring, he at once cleared the whole space by which he before fell short of perfection, — all these circumstances, connected with the production of this grand poem, lay open to us features, both of his disposition and genius, in the highest degree interesting, and such as there is a pleasure, second only to that of perusing the poem itself, in contemplating.

As a literary curiosity, and, still more, as

[1] ["Pope's primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals; after which, the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, '*these be good rhymes*.'"—JOHNSON.]

a lesson to genius, never to rest satisfied with imperfection or mediocrity, but to labour on till even failures are converted into triumphs, the third act, in its original shape, as first sent to the publisher, has been preserved in the recent editions of Lord Byron's Works.[1]

LETTER 278. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Rome, May 9. 1817.

"Address all answers to Venice; for there I shall return in fifteen days, God willing.

"I sent you from Florence 'The Lament of Tasso,' and from Rome the third act of Manfred, both of which, I trust, will duly arrive. The terms of these two I mentioned in my last, and will repeat in this: it is three hundred for each, or *six* hundred guineas for the two — that is, if you like, and they are good for any thing.

"At last one of the parcels is arrived. In the notes to Childe Harold there is a blunder of yours or mine: you talk of arrival at *St. Gingo*, and, immediately after, add — 'on the height is the Chateau of Clarens.' This is sad work: Clarens is on the *other* side of the lake, and it is quite impossible that I should have so bungled. Look at the MS.; and at any rate rectify it.

"The 'Tales of my Landlord' I have read with great pleasure, and perfectly understand now why my sister and aunt are so very positive in the very erroneous persuasion that they must have been written by me. If you knew me as well as they do, you would have fallen, perhaps, into the same mistake. Some day or other, I will explain to you *why* — when I have time; at present, it does not much matter; but you must have thought this blunder of theirs very odd, and so did I, till I had read the book. Croker's letter to you is a very great compliment; I shall return it to you in my next.

"I perceive you are publishing a Life of Raffael d'Urbino[2]: it may perhaps interest you to hear that a set of German artists here allow their *hair* to grow, and trim it into *his fashion*, thereby drinking the cummin of the disciples of the old philosopher; if they would cut their hair, convert it into brushes, and paint like him, it would be more '*German* to the matter.'

"I'll tell you a story: the other day, a man here — an English — mistaking the statues of Charlemagne and Constantine, which are *equestrian*, for those of Peter and Paul, asked another *which* was Paul of these same horsemen? — to which the reply was, — 'I thought, sir, that St. Paul had never got on horseback since his *accident*?'

"I'll tell you another: Henry Fox, writing to some one from Naples the other day, after an illness, adds — 'and I am so changed, that my *oldest creditors* would hardly know me.'

"I am delighted with Rome — as I would be with a bandbox, that is, it is a fine thing to see, finer than Greece; but I have not been here long enough to affect it as a residence, and I must go back to Lombardy, because I am wretched at being away from Marianna. I have been riding my saddle-horses every day, and been to Albano, its lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount, and to Frescati, Aricia, &c. &c. with an &c. &c. &c. about the city, and in the city: for all which — vide Guide-book. As a whole, ancient and modern, it beats Greece, Constantinople, every thing — at least that I have ever seen. But I can't describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory *selects* and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. There must be a sense or two more than we have, us mortals; for where there is much to be grasped we are always at a loss, and yet feel that we ought to have a higher and more extended comprehension.

"I have had a letter from Moore, who is in some alarm about his poem. I don't see why.

"I have had another from my poor dear Augusta, who is in a sad fuss about my late illness; do, pray, tell her (the truth) that I am better than ever, and in importunate health, growing (if not grown) large and ruddy, and congratulated by impertinent persons on my robustious appearance, when I ought to be pale and interesting.

"You tell me that George Byron has got a son, and Augusta says a daughter; which is it? — it is no great matter: the father is a good man, an excellent officer, and has married a very nice little woman[3], who will bring him more babes than income; howbeit she had a handsome dowry, and is a

[1] [See Works, p. 187.]

[2] [By Richard Duppa, F.S.A., author of the "Life and Literary Works of Michael Angelo Buonarotti," "Travels in Italy, Sicily, and the Lipary Islands," &c. &c. He died in 1831.]

[3] [George-Anson Byron, the present Lord, married, in 1816, Elizabeth-Mary, daughter of Sacheverell Chandos Pole, Esq. of Radborne, Derbyshire. The child here spoken of is Mary-Anne, married, in 1834, to John Blenkinsopp Coulson, Esq. of Blenkinsopp Castle.]

very charming girl; — but he may as well get a ship.

"I have no thoughts of coming amongst you yet awhile, so that I can fight off business. If I could but make a tolerable sale of Newstead, there would be no occasion for my return; and I can assure you very sincerely, that I am much happier (or, at least, have been so) out of your island than in it. "Yours ever.

"P. S. — There are few English here, but several of my acquaintance; amongst others, the Marquis of Lansdowne, with whom I dine to-morrow. I met the Jerseys on the road at Foligno — all well.

"Oh — I forgot — the Italians have printed Chillon, &c. a *piracy*, — a pretty little edition, prettier than yours — and published, as I found to my great astonishment on arriving here; and what is odd, is, that the English is quite correctly printed. Why they did it, or who did it, I know not; but so it is; — I suppose, for the English people. I will send you a copy."

LETTER 279. TO MR. MOORE.

"Rome, May 12. 1817.

"I have received your letter here, where I have taken a cruise lately; but I shall return back to Venice in a few days, so that if you write again, address there, as usual. I am not for returning to England so soon as you imagine; and by no means at all as a residence. If you cross the Alps in your projected expedition, you will find me somewhere in Lombardy, and very glad to see you. Only give me a word or two beforehand, for I would readily diverge some leagues to meet you.

"Of Rome I say nothing; it is quite indescribable, and the Guide-book is as good as any other. I dined yesterday with Lord Lansdowne, who is on his return. But there are few English here at present; the winter is *their* time. I have been on horseback most of the day, all days since my arrival, and have taken it as I did Constantinople. But Rome is the elder sister, and the finer. I went some days ago to the top of the Alban Mount, which is superb. As for the Coliseum, Pantheon, St. Peter's, the Vatican, Palatine, &c. &c. — as I said, vide Guide-book. They are quite inconceivable, and must *be seen*. The Apollo Belvidere is the image of Lady Adelaide Forbes — I think I never saw such a likeness.

"I have seen the Pope alive, and a cardinal dead, — both of whom looked very well indeed. The latter was in state in the Chiesa Nuova, previous to his interment.

"Your poetical alarms are groundless; go on and prosper. Here is Hobhouse just come in, and my horses at the door; so that I must mount and take the field in the Campus Martius, which, by the way, is all built over by modern Rome.

"Yours very and ever, &c.

"P. S. — Hobhouse presents his remembrances, and is eager, with all the world, for your new poem."

LETTER 280. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, May 30. 1817.

"I returned from Rome two days ago, and have received your letter; but no sign nor tidings of the parcel sent through Sir C. Stuart, which you mention. After an interval of months, a packet of 'Tales,' &c. found me at Rome; but this is all, and may be all that ever will find me. The post seems to be the only sure conveyance; and *that only for letters*. From Florence I sent you a poem on Tasso, and from Rome the new third act of 'Manfred,' and by Dr. Polidori two portraits for my sister. I left Rome, and made a rapid journey home. You will continue to direct here as usual. Mr. Hobhouse is gone to Naples: I should have run down there too for a week, but for the quantity of English whom I heard of there. I prefer hating them at a distance; unless an earthquake, or a good real irruption of Vesuvius, were ensured to reconcile me to their vicinity.

"The day before I left Rome I saw three robbers guillotined. The ceremony — including the *masqued* priests; the half-naked executioners; the bandaged criminals; the black Christ and his banner; the scaffold; the soldiery; the slow procession, and the quick rattle and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of the blood, and the ghastliness of the exposed heads — is altogether more impressive than the vulgar and ungentlemanly dirty 'new drop,' and dog-like agony of infliction upon the sufferers of the English sentence. Two of these men behaved calmly enough, but the first of the three died with great terror and reluctance. What was very horrible, he would not lie down; then his neck was too large for the aperture, and the priest was obliged to drown his exclamations by still louder exhortations. The head was off before the eye could trace the blow; but from an attempt to draw back the head, notwithstanding it was held forward by the hair, the first head was cut off close to the ears: the other two were taken off more cleanly. It is better than the oriental way, and (I should think) than the axe of

our ancestors. The pain seems little; and yet the effect to the spectator, and the preparation to the criminal, are very striking and chilling. The first turned me quite hot and thirsty, and made me shake so that I could hardly hold the opera-glass (I was close, but was determined to see, as one should see every thing, once, with attention); the second and third (which shows how dreadfully soon things grow indifferent), I am ashamed to say, had no effect on me as a horror, though I would have saved them if I could.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 281. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, June 4. 1817.

"I have received the proofs of the 'Lament of Tasso,' which makes me hope that you have also received the reformed third act of Manfred, from Rome, which I sent soon after my arrival there. My date will apprise you of my return home within these few days. For me, I have received *none* of your packets, except, after long delay, the 'Tales of my Landlord,' which I before acknowledged. I do not at all understand the *why nots*, but so it is; no Manuel, no letters, no tooth-powder, no *extract* from Moore's Italy concerning Marino Faliero, no NOTHING — as a man hallooed out at one of Burdett's elections, after a long ululatus of 'No Bastille! No Governor Aris! No'— God knows who or what; — but his *ne plus ultra* was, 'No nothing!' — and my receipts of your packages amount to about his meaning. I want the extract from *Moore's* Italy very much, and the tooth-powder, and the magnesia; I don't care so much about the poetry, or the letters, or Mr. Maturin's by-Jasus tragedy. Most of the things sent by the post have come — I mean proofs and letters; therefore send me Marino Faliero by the post, in a letter.

"I was delighted with Rome, and was on horseback all round it many hours daily, besides in it the rest of my time, bothering over its marvels. I excursed and skirred the country round to Alba, Tivoli, Frescati, Licenza, &c. &c.; besides, I visited twice the Fall of Terni, which beats every thing.[1] On my way back, close to the temple by its banks, I got some famous trout out of the river Clitumnus — the prettiest little stream in all poesy[2], near the first post from Foligno and Spoletto. — I did not stay at Florence, being anxious to get home to Venice, and having already seen the galleries and other sights. I left my commendatory letters the evening before I went, so I saw nobody.

"To-day, Pindemonte, the celebrated poet of Verona, called on me; he is a little thin man, with acute and pleasing features; his address good and gentle; his appearance altogether very philosophical; his age about sixty, or more. He is one of their best going. I gave him *Forsyth*, as he speaks, or reads rather, a little English, and will find there a favourable account of himself. He enquired after his old Cruscan friends, Parsons, Greathead, Mrs. Piozzi, and Merry, all of whom he had known in his youth. I gave him as bad an account of them as I could, answering, as the false 'Solomon Lob' does to 'Totterton' in the farce, 'all gone dead,' and damned by a satire more than twenty years ago; that the name of their extinguisher was Gifford[3]; that they were but a sad set of scribes after all, and no great things in any other way. He seemed, as was natural, very much pleased with this account of his old acquaintances, and went away greatly gratified with that and Mr. Forsyth's sententious paragraph of applause in his own (Pindemonte's) favour. After having been a little libertine in his youth, he is grown devout, and takes prayers, and talks to himself, to keep off the devil; but for all that, he is a very nice little old gentleman.[4]

"I forgot to tell you that at Bologna (which is celebrated for producing popes, painters, and sausages) I saw an anatomical gallery, where there is a deal of waxwork, in which * *

[1] [——— "Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread — a matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful!" — *Childe Harold*, c. iv. st. 71.]

[2] [" ——— "The purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprophaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters."
Childe Harold, c. iv. st. 66.]

[3] [In his Baviad and Mæviad.]

[4] [" Verona," says Mr. Stewart Rose, "has been distinguished as the cradle of many illustrious men. There is one yet living,

"'Per cui la fama in te chiara risuona
Egregia, eccelsa, alma Verona.'

——— "'whose name,
August Verona, forms thy fairest fame.'

I mean Ippolito Pindemonte, a poet who has caught a portion of that sun, whose setting beams yet gild the horizon of Italy. Mr. Forsyth, our best Italian traveller, sums up the merits of this gentleman by saying, that he *thinks*, and makes his readers *think*. Were I confined to the same number of words, I should say that he *feels*, and makes his readers *feel*." — *Italy*, vol. i. p. 45. Pindemonte died at Verona in November 1828, in his seventy-sixth year.]

"I am sorry to hear of your row with Hunt; but suppose him to be exasperated by the Quarterly and your refusal to *deal;* and when one is angry and edites a paper, I should think the temptation too strong for literary nature, which is not always human. I can't conceive in what, and for what, he abuses you: what have you done? you are not an author, nor a politician, nor a public character; I know no scrape you have tumbled into. I am the more sorry for this, because I introduced you to Hunt, and because I believe him to be a good man; but till I know the particulars, I can give no opinion.

"Let me know about Lalla Rookh, which must be out by this time.

"I restore the proofs, but the *punctuation* should be corrected. I feel too lazy to have at it myself; so beg and pray Mr. Gifford for me. — Address to Venice. In a few days I go to my *villeggiatura*, in a casino near the Brenta, a few miles only on the main land. I have determined on another year, and *many years* of residence if I can compass them. Marianna is with me, hardly recovered of the fever, which has been attacking all Italy last winter. I am afraid she is a little hectic; but I hope the best. "Ever, &c.

"P. S.—Torwaltzen has done a bust of me at Rome for Mr. Hobhouse, which is reckoned very good. He is their best after Canova, and by some preferred to him.

"I have had a letter from Mr. Hodgson. He is very happy, has got a living, but not a child: if he had stuck to a curacy, babes would have come of course, because he could not have maintained them.

"Remember me to all friends, &c. &c.

"An Austrian officer, the other day, being in love with a Venetian, was ordered, with his regiment, into Hungary. Distracted between love and duty, he purchased a deadly drug, which dividing with his mistress, both swallowed. The ensuing pains were terrific, but the pills were purgative, and not poisonous, by the contrivance of the unsentimental apothecary; so that so much suicide was all thrown away. You may conceive the previous confusion and the final laughter; but the intention was good on all sides."

LETTER 282. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, June 8. 1817.

"The present letter will be delivered to you by two Armenian friars, on their way, by England, to Madras. They will also convey some copies of the grammar, which I think you agreed to take. If you can be of any use to them, either amongst your naval or East Indian acquaintances, I hope you will so far oblige me, as they and their order have been remarkably attentive and friendly towards me since my arrival at Venice. Their names are Father Sukias Somalian and Father Sarkis Theodorosian. They speak Italian, and probably French, or a little English. Repeating earnestly my recommendatory request, believe me very truly, yours, "BYRON.

"Perhaps you can help them to their passage, or give or get them letters for India."

LETTER 283. TO MR. MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, June 14. 1817.

"I write to you from the banks of the Brenta, a few miles from Venice, where I have colonised for six months to come. Address, as usual, to Venice.

"Three months after date (17th March), —like the unnegotiable bill despondingly received by the reluctant tailor,—your despatch has arrived, containing the extract from Moore's Italy and Mr. Maturin's bankrupt tragedy. It is the absurd work of a clever man. I think it might have done upon the stage, if he had made Manuel (by some trickery, in a masque or vizor) fight his own battle, instead of employing Molineux as his champion; and, after the defeat of Torismond, have made him spare the son of his enemy, by some revulsion of feeling, not incompatible with a character of extravagant and distempered emotions. But as it is, what with the Justiza, and the ridiculous conduct of the whole *dram. pers.* (for they are all as mad as Manual, who surely must have had more interest with a corrupt bench than a distant relation and heir presumptive, somewhat suspect of homicide), I do not wonder at its failure. As a play, it is impracticable; as a poem, no great things. Who was the 'Greek that grappled with glory naked?' the Olympic wrestlers? or Alexander the Great, when he ran stark round the tomb of t'other fellow? or the Spartan who was fined by the Ephori for fighting without his armour? or who? And as to 'flaying off life like a garment,' helas! that's in Tom Thumb—see king Arthur's soliloquy:—

"'Life's a mere rag, not worth a prince's wearing;
I'll cast it off.'

And the stage-directions—'Staggers among the bodies;'—the slain are too numerous, as well as the blackamoor knight-penitent being one too many: and De Zelos is such a shabby Monmouth Street villain, without any redeeming quality—Stap my vitals! Maturin seems to be declining into Nat. Lee. But let him try again; he has talent,

but not much taste. I 'gin to fear, or to hope, that Sotheby, after all, is to be the Eschylus of the age, unless Mr. Shiel be really worthy his success. The more I see of the stage, the less I would wish to have any thing to do with it; as a proof of which, I hope you have received the third act of Manfred, which will at least prove that I wish to steer very clear of the possibility of being put into scenery. I sent it from Rome.

"I returned the proof of Tasso. By the way, have you never received a translation of St. Paul which I sent you, *not* for publication, before I went to Rome?

"I am at present on the Brenta. Opposite is a Spanish marquis, ninety years old; next his casino is a Frenchman's,—besides the natives; so that, as somebody said the other day, we are exactly one of Goldoni's comedies (La Vedova Scaltra), where a Spaniard, English, and Frenchman are introduced: but we are all very good neighbours, Venetians, &c. &c. &c.

"I am just getting on horseback for my evening ride, and a visit to a physician, who has an agreeable family, of a wife and four unmarried daughters, all under eighteen, who are friends of Signora Segati and enemies to nobody. There are, and are to be, besides conversaziones and I know not what, a Countess Labbia's and I know not whom. The weather is mild; the thermometer 110 in the *sun* this day, and 80 odd in the shade. Yours, &c.

"N."

LETTER 284. TO MR. MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, June 17. 1817.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear of Moore's success, and the more so that I never doubted that it would be complete. Whatever good you can tell me of him and his poem will be most acceptable: I feel very anxious indeed to receive it. I hope that he is as happy in his fame and reward as I wish him to be; for I know no one who deserves both more—if any so much.

"Now to business; * * * * * * I say unto you, verily, it is not so; or, as the foreigner said to the waiter, after asking him to bring a glass of water, to which the man answered 'I will, sir,'—'You *will!*—G—d d—n,—I say, you *mush!*' And I will submit this to the decision of any person or persons to be appointed by both, on a fair examination of the circumstances of this as compared with the preceding publications. So there's for you. There is always some row or other previously to all our publications: it should seem that, on approximating, we can never quite get over the natural antipathy of author and bookseller, and that more particularly the ferine nature of the latter must break forth.

"You are out about the third canto: I have not done, nor designed, a line of continuation to that poem. I was too short a time at Rome for it, and have no thought of recommencing.

"I cannot well explain to you by letter what I conceive to be the origin of my sister's notion about 'Tales of my Landlord;' but it is some points of the characters of Sir E. Manley and Burley, as well as one or two of the jocular portions, on which it is founded, probably.

"If you have received Dr. Polidori as well as a parcel of books, and you can be of use to him, be so. I never was much more disgusted with any human production than with the eternal nonsense, and tracasseries, and emptiness, and ill humour, and vanity of that young person; but he has some talent, and is a man of honour, and has dispositions of amendment, in which he has been aided by a little subsequent experience, and may turn out well. Therefore, use your government interest for him, for he is improved and improvable.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 285. TO MR. MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, June 18. 1817.

"Enclosed is a letter to *Dr.* Holland from Pindemonte. Not knowing the Doctor's address, I am desired to inquire, and perhaps, being a literary man, you will know or discover his haunt near some populous churchyard. I have written to you a scolding letter—I believe, upon a misapprehended passage in your letter—but never mind: it will do for next time, and you will surely deserve it. Talking of doctors reminds me once more to recommend to you one who will not recommend himself,—the Doctor Polidori. If you can help him to a publisher, do; or, if you have any sick relation, I would advise his advice: all the patients he had in Italy are dead—Mr. Hope's son, Mr. Horner, and Lord Guilford, whom he embowelled with great success at Pisa.

"Remember me to Moore, whom I congratulate. How is Rogers? How does he look? eh! and what is become of Campbell and all t'other fellows of the Druid order? I got Maturin's Bedlam at last, but no other parcel; I am in fits for the tooth-powder, and the magnesia. I want some of Burkitt's *soda* powders. Will you tell Mr. Kinnaird that I

have written him two letters on pressing business (about Newstead, &c.), to which I humbly solicit his attendance. I am just returned from a gallop along the banks of the Brenta — time, sunset. Yours,

"B."

CHAPTER XXXI.

1817—1818.

VENICE. — COMMENCEMENT OF THE FOURTH CANTO OF CHILDE HAROLD. — LETTERS TO MURRAY AND MOORE. — LALLA ROOKH. — MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE. — VISIT OF LEWIS AND HOBHOUSE.—DEATH OF MADAME DE STAEL. — THE MEDICAL TRAGEDY. — TREATMENT OF THE ENGLISH AT VENICE. —MR. JOY'S INTERVIEW WITH LORD BYRON. — LETTERS CONCERNING THE FOURTH CANTO OF CHILDE HAROLD.—AND POETRY IN GENERAL. —ARIOSTO OF THE NORTH. — COLERIDGE'S BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA. — MARLOW'S FAUSTUS.— ANECDOTES.—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. — DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. — MY DEAR MR. MURRAY ETC.—COMPLETION OF BEPPO, —RIDES ON THE LIDO.—MR. HOPPNER'S REMINISCENCES OF LORD BYRON.

LETTER 286. TO MR. MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, July 1. 1817.

"SINCE my former letter, I have been working up my impressions into a *fourth* canto of Childe Harold, of which I have roughened off about rather better than thirty stanzas, and mean to go on; and probably to make this 'Fytte' the concluding one of the poem, so that you may propose against the autumn to draw out the conscription for 1818. You must provide moneys, as this new resumption bodes you certain disbursements. Somewhere about the end of September or October, I propose to be under way (*i. e.* in the press); but I have no idea yet of the probable length of calibre of the canto, or what it will be good for; but I mean to be as mercenary as possible, an example (I do not mean of any individual in particular, and least of all any person or persons of our mutual acquaintance) which I should have followed in my youth, and I might still have been a prosperous gentleman.

"No tooth-powder, no letters, no recent tidings of you.

"Mr. Lewis is at Venice, and I am going up to stay a week with him there — as it is one of his enthusiasms also to like the city.

"I stood in Venice on the 'Bridge of Sighs,' &c. &c.

"The 'Bridge of Sighs' (*i. e.* Ponte de'i Sospiri) is that which divides, or rather joins, the palace of the Doge to the prison of the state. It has two passages: the criminal went by the one to judgment, and returned by the other to death, being strangled in a chamber adjoining, where there was a mechanical process for the purpose.

"This is the first stanza of our new canto; and now for a line of the second: —

> "In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier,
> Her palaces, &c. &c.

"You know that formerly the gondoliers sung always, and Tasso's Gierusalemme was their ballad. Venice is built on seventy-two islands.

"There! there's a brick of your new Babel! and now, sirrah! what say you to the sample? "Yours, &c.

"P. S. — I shall write again by and by."

LETTER 287. TO MR. MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, July 8. 1817.

"If you can convey the enclosed letter to its address, or discover the person to whom it is directed, you will confer a favour upon the Venetian creditor of a deceased Englishman. This epistle is a dun to his executor, for house-rent. The name of the insolvent defunct is, or was, *Porter Valter*, according to the account of the plaintiff, which I rather suspect ought to be *Walter Porter*, according to our mode of collocation. If you are acquainted with any dead man of the like name a good deal in debt, pray dig him up, and tell him that 'a pound of his fair flesh' or the ducats are required, and that 'if you deny them, fie upon your law!'

"I hear nothing more from you about Moore's poems, Rogers's looks, or other literary phenomena; but to-morrow, being post-day, will bring perhaps some tidings. I write to you with people talking Venetian all about, so that you must not expect this letter to be all English.

"The other day, I had a squabble on the highway, as follows: — I was riding pretty quickly from Dolo home about eight in the evening, when I passed a party of people in a hired carriage, one of whom, poking his head out of the window, began bawling to me in an inarticulate but insolent manner. I wheeled my horse round, and overtaking, stopped the coach, and said, 'Signor, have you any commands for me?' He replied,

impudently as to manner, 'No.' I then asked him what he meant by that unseemly noise, to the discomfiture of the passers-by. He replied by some piece of impertinence, to which I answered by giving him a violent slap on the face. I then dismounted, (for this passed at the window, I being on horseback still,) and opening the door desired him to walk out, or I would give him another. But the first had settled him except as to words, of which he poured forth a profusion in blaphemies, swearing that he would go to the police and avouch a battery sans provocation. I said he lied, and was a * *, and if he did not hold his tongue, should be dragged out and beaten anew. He then held his tongue. I of course told him my name and residence, and defied him to the death, if he were a gentleman, or not a gentleman, and had the inclination to be genteel in the way of combat. He went to the police; but there having been bystanders in the road, — particularly a soldier, who had seen the business, — as well as my servant, notwithstanding the oaths of the coachman and five insides besides the plaintiff, and a good deal of paying on all sides, his complaint was dismissed, he having been the aggressor; — and I was subsequently informed that, had I not given him a blow, he might have been had into durance.

"So set down this,—'that in Aleppo once' I 'beat a Venetian;' but I assure you that he deserved it, for I am a quiet man, like Candide, though with somewhat of his fortune in being forced to forego my natural meekness every now and then.

"Yours, &c. "B."

LETTER 288. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, July 9. 1817.

"I have got the sketch and extracts from Lalla Rookh. The plan, as well as the extracts, I have seen, please me very much indeed, and I feel impatient for the whole.

"With regard to the critique on 'Manfred,' you have been in such a devil of a hurry, that you have only sent me the half: it breaks off at page 294. Send me the rest; and also page 270., where there is 'an account of the supposed origin of this dreadful story,' — in which, by the way, whatever it may be, the conjecturer is out, and knows nothing of the matter. I had a better origin than he can devise or divine, for the soul of him.

"You say nothing of Manfred's luck in the world; and I care not. He is one of the best of my misbegotten, say what they will.

"I got at last an extract, but *no parcels*. They will come, I suppose, some time or other. I am come up to Venice for a day or two to bathe, and am just going to take a swim in the Adriatic; so good evening — the post waits. Yours, &c.

"B.

"P. S. — Pray, was Manfred's speech to *the Sun* still retained in Act third? I hope so: it was one of the best in the thing, and better than the Colosseum. I have done *fifty-six* stanzas of canto fourth, Childe Harold; so down with your ducats."

LETTER 289. TO MR. MOORE.

"La Mira, Venice, July 10. 1817.

"Murray, the Mokanna of booksellers, has contrived to send me extracts from Lalla Rookh by the post. They are taken from some magazine, and contain a short outline and quotations from the two first Poems. I am very much delighted with what is before me, and very thirsty for the rest. You have caught the colours as if you had been in the rainbow, and the tone of the East is perfectly preserved. I am glad you have changed the title from 'Persian Tale.'

"I suspect you have written a devilish fine composition, and I rejoice in it from my heart; because 'the Douglas and the Percy both together are confident against a world in arms.' I hope you won't be affronted at my looking on us as 'birds of a feather;' though, on whatever subject you had written, I should have been very happy in your success.

"There is a simile of an orange-tree's 'flowers and fruits,' which I should have liked better if I did not believe it to be a reflection on * * *.[1]

"Do you remember Thurlow's poem to Sam — '*When* Rogers;' and that d—d supper at Rancliffe's that ought to have been a *dinner?*[2] 'Ah, Master Shallow, we have heard the chimes at midnight.' But,

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky 's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

[1] ["Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like Age at play with Infancy." *Lalla Rookh.*]

[2] [See *antè*, p. 252.]

"Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

"Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

"With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be — peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

"This should have been written fifteen moons ago — the first stanza was. I am just come out from an hour's swim in the Adriatic; and I write to you with a black-eyed Venetian girl before me, reading Boccacio.

"Last week I had a row on the road (I came up to Venice from my casino, a few miles on the Paduan road, this blessed day, to bathe) with a fellow in a carriage, who was impudent to my horse. I gave him a swingeing box on the ear, which sent him to the police, who dismissed his complaint. Witnesses had seen the transaction. He first shouted, in an unseemly way, to frighten my palfry. I wheeled round, rode up to the window, and asked him what he meant. He grinned, and said some foolery, which produced him an immediate slap in the face, to his utter discomfiture. Much blasphemy ensued, and some menace, which I stopped by dismounting and opening the carriage door, and intimating an intention of mending the road with his immediate remains, if he did not hold his tongue. He held it.

"Monk Lewis is here — 'how pleasant!'[1] He is a very good fellow, and very much yours. So is Sam — so is every body — and amongst the number,

"Yours ever, "B.

"P. S. — What think you of Manfred?"

LETTER 290. TO MR. MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, July 15. 1817.

"I have finished (that is, written — the file comes afterwards) ninety and eight stanzas of the fourth canto, which I mean to be the concluding one. It will probably be about the same length as the *third*, being already of the dimensions of the first or second cantos. I look upon parts of it as very good, that is, if the three former are good, but this we shall see; and at any rate, good or not, it is rather a different style from the last — less metaphysical — which, at any rate, will be a variety. I sent you the shaft of the column as a specimen the other day, *i. e.* the first stanza. So you may be thinking of its arrival towards autumn, whose winds will not be the only ones to be raised, if *so be as how that* it is ready by that time.

"I lent Lewis, who is at Venice, (in or on the Canalaccio, the Grand Canal,) your extracts from Lalla Rookh and Manuel[2], and, out of contradiction, it may be, he likes the last, and is not much taken with the first, of these performances. Of Manuel, I think, with the exception of a few capers, it is as heavy a nightmare as was ever bestrode by indigestion.

"Of the extracts I can but judge as extracts, and I prefer the 'Peri' to the 'Silver Veil.' He seems not so much at home in his versification of the 'Silver Veil,' and a little embarrassed with his horrors; but the conception of the character of the impostor is fine, and the plan of great scope for his genius, — and I doubt not that, as a whole, it will be very Arabesque and beautiful.

"Your late epistle is not the most abundant in information, and has not yet been succeeded by any other; so that I know nothing of your own concerns, or of any concerns, and as I never hear from any body but yourself who does not tell me something as disagreeable as possible, I should not be sorry to hear from you: and as it is not very probable, — if I can, by any device or possible arrangement with regard to my personal affairs, so arrange it, — that I shall return soon, or reside ever in England, all that you tell me will be all I shall know or enquire after, as to our beloved realm of Grub Street, and the black brethren and blue sisterhood of that extensive suburb of Babylon. Have you had no new babe of literature sprung up to replace the dead, the distant, the tired, and the retired? no prose, no verse, no *nothing?*"

LETTER 291. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, July 20. 1817.

"I write to give you notice that I have completed the *fourth* and *ultimate* canto of Childe Harold. It consists of 126 stanzas, and is consequently the longest of the four.

It is yet to be copied and polished; and the notes are to come, of which it will require more than the *third* canto, as it

[1] An allusion (such as often occurs in these letters) to an anecdote with which he had been amused.

[2] A tragedy, entitled "Manuel," by the Rev. Mr. Maturin. [See *ante*, p. 358.]

necessarily treats more of works of art than of nature. It shall be sent towards autumn; — and now for our barter. What do you bid? eh? you shall have samples, an' it so please you: but I wish to know what I am to expect (as the saying is) in these hard times, when poetry does not let for half its value. If you are disposed to do what Mrs. Winifred Jenkins calls 'the handsome thing,' I may perhaps throw you some odd matters to the lot, — translations, or slight originals; there is no saying what may be on the anvil between this and the booking season. Recollect that it is the *last* canto, and completes the work; whether as good as the others, I cannot judge, in course — least of all as yet, — but it shall be as little worse as I can help. I may, perhaps, give some little gossip in the notes as to the present state of Italian literati and literature, being acquainted with some of their *capi* — men as well as books; — but this depends upon my humour at the time. So, now, pronounce: I say nothing.

"When you have got the whole *four* cantos, I think you might venture on an edition of the whole poem in quarto, with spare copies of the two last for the purchasers of the old edition of the first two. There is a hint for you, worthy of the Row; and now, perpend — pronounce.

"I have not received a word from you of the fate of 'Manfred' or 'Tasso,' which seems to me odd, whether they have failed or succeeded.

"As this is a scrawl of business, and I have lately written at length and often on other subjects, I will only add that I am, &c."

LETTER 292. TO MR. MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, August 7. 1817.

"Your letter of the 18th, and, what will please you, as it did me, the parcel sent by the good-natured aid and abetment of Mr. Croker, are arrived. — Messrs. Lewis and Hobhouse are here: the former in the same house, the latter a few hundred yards distant.

"You say nothing of Manfred, from which its failure may be inferred; but I think it odd you should not say so at once. I know nothing, and hear absolutely nothing, of any body or any thing in England; and there are no English papers, so that all you say will be news — of any person, or thing, or things. I am at present very anxious about Newstead, and sorry that Kinnaird is leaving England at this minute, though I do not tell him so, and would rather he should have *his* pleasure, although it may not in this instance tend to my profit.

"If I understand rightly, you have paid into Morland's 1500 *pounds:* as the agreement in the paper is two thousand *guineas*, there will remain therefore *six* hundred *pounds*, and not five hundred, the odd hundred being the extra to make up the specie. Six hundred and thirty pounds will bring it to the like for Manfred and Tasso, making a total of twelve hundred and thirty, I believe, for I am not a good calculator. I do not wish to press you, but I tell you fairly that it will be a convenience to me to have it paid as soon as it can be made convenient to yourself.

"The new and last canto is 130 stanzas in length; and may be made more or less. I have fixed no price, even in idea, and have no notion of what it may be good for. There are no metaphysics in it; at least, I think not. Mr. Hobhouse has promised me a copy of Tasso's Will, for notes; and I have some curious things to say about Ferrara, and Parisina's story, and perhaps a farthing candle's worth of light upon the present state of Italian literature. I shall hardly be ready by October; but that don't matter. I have all to copy and correct, and the notes to write.

"I do not know whether Scott will like it; but I have called him the '*Ariosto* of the North,' in my *text*.[1] *If he should not, say so in time.*

"An Italian translation of 'Glenarvon,' came lately to be printed at Venice. The censor (Sr. Petrotini) refused to sanction the publication till he had seen me on the subject. I told him that I did not recognise the slightest relation between that book and myself; but that, whatever opinions might be upon that subject, *I* would never prevent or oppose the publication of *any* book, in *any* language, on my own private account; and desired him (against his inclination) to permit the poor translator to publish his labours. It is going forwards in consequence. You may say this, with my compliments, to the author.

"Yours."

LETTER 293. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, August 12. 1817.

"I have been very sorry to hear of the death of Madame de Stael, not only because

[1] ["The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth." *Childe Harold*, c. iv. st. 40.]

she had been very kind to me at Copet, but because now I can never requite her. In a general point of view, she will leave a great gap in society and literature.

"With regard to death, I doubt that we have any right to pity the dead for their own sakes.

"The copies of Manfred and Tasso are arrived, thanks to Mr. Croker's cover. You have destroyed the whole effect and moral of the poem by omitting the last line of Manfred's speaking[1]; and why this was done, I know not. Why you persist in saying nothing of the thing itself, I am equally at a loss to conjecture. If it is for fear of telling me something disagreeable, you are wrong; because sooner or later I must know it, and I am not so new, nor so raw, nor so inexperienced, as not to be able to bear, not the mere paltry, petty disappointments of authorship, but things more serious, — at least I hope so, and that what you may think irritability is merely mechanical, and only acts like galvanism on a dead body, or the muscular motion which survives sensation.

"If it is that you are out of humour, because I wrote to you a sharp letter, recollect that it was partly from a misconception of your letter, and partly because you did a thing you had no right to do without consulting me.

"I have, however, heard good of Manfred from two other quarters, and from men who would not be scrupulous in saying what they thought, or what was said; and so 'good morrow to you, good Master Lieutenant.'

"I wrote to you twice about the fourth canto, which you will answer at your pleasure. Mr. Hobhouse and I have come up for a day to the city; Mr. Lewis is gone to England; and I am

"Yours."

LETTER 294. TO MR. MURRAY.

"La Mira, near Venice, August 21. 1817.

"I take you at your word about Mr. Hanson, and will feel obliged if you will *go* to him, and request Mr. Davies also to visit him by my desire, and repeat that I trust that neither Mr. Kinnaird's absence nor mine will prevent his taking all proper steps to accelerate and promote the sales of Newstead and Rochdale, upon which the whole of my future personal comfort depends. It is impossible for me to express how much any delays upon these points would inconvenience me; and I do not know a greater obligation that can be conferred upon me than the pressing these things upon Hanson, and making him act according to my wishes. I wish you would *speak out*, at least to *me*, and tell me what you allude to by your cold way of mentioning him. All mysteries at such a distance are not merely tormenting but mischievous, and may be prejudicial to my interests; so, pray expound, that I may consult with Mr. Kinnaird when he arrives; and remember that I prefer the most disagreeable certainties to hints and innuendos. The devil take every body: I never can get any person to be explicit about any thing or any body, and my whole life is passed in conjecture of what people mean: you all talk in the style of Caroline Lamb's novels.

"It is not Mr. St. John, but *Mr. St. Aubyn*, son of Sir John St. Aubyn. *Polidori* knows him, and introduced him to me. He is of Oxford, and has got my parcel. The Doctor will ferret him out, or ought. The parcel contains many letters, some of Madame de Stael's, and other people's, besides MSS., &c. By ——, if I find the gentleman, and he don't find the parcel, I will say something he won't like to hear.

"You want a 'civil and delicate declension' for the medical tragedy? Take it —

"Dear Doctor, I have read your play,
Which is a good one in its way, —
Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
And drenches handkerchiefs like towels, &c. &c.[2]

"P. S. — I've done the fourth and last Canto, which amounts to 133 stanzas. I desire you to name a price; if you don't, *I* will; so I advise you in time.

"Yours, &c.

"There will be a good many notes."

Among those minor misrepresentations of which it was Lord Byron's fate to be the victim, advantage was, at this time, taken of his professed distaste to the English, to accuse him of acts of inhospitality, and even rudeness, towards some of his fellow-countrymen. How far different was his treatment of all who ever visited him, many grateful testimonies might be collected to prove; but I shall here content myself with selecting a few extracts from an account given me by Mr. Henry Joy of a visit which, in company with another English gentleman, he paid to the noble poet this summer, at his villa on the banks of the Brenta. After mentioning the various civilities they had experienced from Lord Byron; and, among

[1] ["Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die."]

[2] [See *Works*, p. 569.]

others, his having requested them to name their own day for dining with him, — "We availed ourselves," says Mr. Joy, "of this considerate courtesy by naming the day fixed for our return to Padua, when our route would lead us to his door; and we were welcomed with all the cordiality which was to be expected from so friendly a bidding. Such traits of kindness in such a man deserve to be recorded on account of the numerous slanders thrown upon him by some of the tribes of tourists, who resented, as a personal affront, his resolution to avoid their impertinent inroads upon his retirement. So far from any appearance of indiscriminate aversion to his countrymen, his inquiries about his friends in England (*quorum pars magna fuisti*) were most anxious and particular.

"He expressed some opinions," continues my informant, "on matters of taste, which cannot fail to interest his biographer. He contended that Sculpture, as an art, was vastly superior to Painting; — a preference which is strikingly illustrated by the fact that, in the fourth canto of Childe Harold, he gives the most elaborate and splendid account of several statues, and none of any pictures; although Italy is, emphatically, the land of painting, and her best statues are derived from Greece. By the way, he told us that there were more objects of interest in Rome alone than in all Greece from one extremity to the other. After regaling us with an excellent dinner, (in which, by the by, a very English joint of roast beef showed that he did not extend his antipathies to all John-Bullisms,) he took me in his carriage some miles of our route towards Padua, after apologising to my fellow-traveller for the separation, on the score of his anxiety to hear all he could of his friends in England; and I quitted him with a confirmed impression of the strong ardour and sincerity of his attachment to those by whom he did not fancy himself slighted or ill treated."

Letter 295. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Sept. 4. 1817.

"Your letter of the 15th has conveyed with its contents the impression of a seal, to which the 'Saracen's Head' is a seraph, and the 'Bull and Mouth' a delicate device. I knew that calumny had sufficiently *blackened* me of later days, but not that it had given the features as well as complexion of a negro. Poor Augusta is not less, but rather more, shocked than myself, and says, 'people seem to have lost their recollection strangely' when they engraved such a 'blackamoor.' Pray don't seal (at least to me) with such a caricature of the human numskull altogether; and if you don't break the seal-cutter's head, at least crack his libel (or likeness, if it should be a likeness) of mine.

"Mr. Kinnaird is not yet arrived, but expected. He has lost by the way all the tooth-powder, as a letter from Spa informs me.

"By Mr. Rose I received safely, though tardily, magnesia and tooth-powder, and 'Alashtar!'[1] Why do you send me such trash — worse than trash, the Sublime of Mediocrity? Thanks for Lalla, however, which is good; and thanks for the Edinburgh and Quarterly, both very amusing and well written. Paris in 1815, &c.[2] — good. Modern Greece — good for nothing; written by some one who has never been there, and not being able to manage the Spenser stanza, has invented a thing of his own, consisting of two elegiac stanzas, an heroic line, and an Alexandrine, twisted on a string. Besides, why '*modern?*' You may say *modern Greeks*, but surely *Greece* itself is rather more ancient than ever it was. Now for business.

"You offer 1500 guineas for the new Canto: I won't take it. I ask two thousand five hundred guineas for it, which you will either give or not, as you think proper. It concludes the poem, and consists of 144 stanzas. The notes are numerous, and chiefly written by Mr. Hobhouse, whose researches have been indefatigable; and who, I will venture to say, has more real knowledge of Rome and its environs than any Englishman who has been there since Gibbon. By the way, to prevent any mistakes, I think it necessary to state the fact that *he*, Mr. Hobhouse, has no interest whatever in the price or profit to be derived from the copyright of either poem or notes, directly or indirectly; so that you are not to suppose that it is by, for, or through him, that I require more for this canto than the preceding. — No: but if Mr. Eustace[3] was to have had two thousand for a poem on Education; if Mr. Moore is to have three thousand for Lalla, &c.; if Mr. Campbell is to have three thousand for his prose or poetry[4]

[1] [By Henry Gally Knight, Esq. M.P.]

[2] [By the Rev. George Croly, D.D.]

[3] [The Rev. John Chetwode Eustace, author of "The Classical Tour in Italy." At the time of his death, which took place at Naples in 1815, he had made considerable progress in a didactic poem on the Culture of the Youthful Mind.]

[4] [Mr. Thomas Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices," appeared in 1819, in seven volumes 8vo.]

— I don't mean to disparage these gentlemen or their labours — but I ask the aforesaid price for mine. You will tell me that their productions are considerably *longer:* very true, and when they shorten them, I will lengthen mine, and ask less. You shall submit the MS. to Mr. Gifford, and any other two gentlemen to be named by you, (Mr. Frere, or Mr. Croker, or whomever you please, except such fellows as your * * s [Gally Knights] and * * s [Sothebys ;] and if they pronounce this canto to be inferior as a *whole* to the preceding, I will not appeal from their award, but burn the manuscript, and leave things as they are.

"Yours very truly.

"P. S. — In answer to a former letter, I sent you a short statement of what I thought the state of our present copyright account, viz. six hundred *pounds* still (or lately) due on Childe Harold, and six hundred *guineas*, on Manfred and Tasso, making a total of twelve hundred and thirty pounds. If we agree about the new poem, I shall take the liberty to reserve the choice of the manner in which it should be published, viz. a quarto, certes. If we do not agree, recollect that you have had the refusal."

LETTER 296. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"La Mira, Sept. 12. 1817.

"I set out yesterday morning with the intention of paying my respects, and availing myself of your permission to walk over the premises.[1] On arriving at Padua, I found that the march of the Austrian troops had engrossed so many horses[2], that those I could procure were hardly able to crawl; and their weakness, together with the prospect of finding none at all at the post-house of Monselice, and consequently either not arriving that day at Este, or so late as to be unable to return home here the same evening, induced me to turn aside in a second visit to Arqua, instead of proceeding onwards; and even thus I hardly got back in time.

"Next week I shall be obliged to be in Venice to meet Lord Kinnaird and his brother, who are expected in a few days. And this interruption, together with that occasioned by the continued march of the Austrians for the next few days, will not allow me to fix any precise period for availing myself of your kindness, though I should wish to take the earliest opportunity. Perhaps, if absent, you will have the goodness to permit one of your servants to show me the grounds and house, or as much of either as may be convenient; at any rate, I shall take the first occasion possible to go over, and regret very much that I was yesterday prevented.

"I have the honour to be your obliged, &c."

LETTER 297. TO MR. MURRAY.

"September 15. 1817.

"I enclose a sheet for correction, if ever you get to another edition. You will observe that the blunder in printing makes it appear as if the Château was *over* St. Gingo, instead of being on the opposite shore of the Lake, over Clarens. So, separate the paragraphs, otherwise my *to*pography will seem as inaccurate as your *ty*pography on this occasion.

"The other day I wrote to convey my proposition with regard to the fourth and concluding canto. I have gone over and extended it to one hundred and fifty stanzas, which is almost as long as the two first were originally, and longer by itself than any of the smaller poems except 'The Corsair.' Mr. Hobhouse has made some very valuable and accurate notes of considerable length, and you may be sure that I will do for the text all that I can to finish with decency. I look upon Childe Harold as my best; and as I begun, I think of concluding with it. But I make no resolutions on that head, as I broke my former intention with regard to 'The Corsair.' However, I fear that I shall never do better; and yet, not being thirty years of age, for some moons to come, one ought to be progressive as far as intellect goes for many a good year. But I have had a devilish deal of wear and tear of mind and body in my time, besides having published too often and much already. God grant me some judgment to do what may be most fitting in that and every thing else, for I doubt my own exceedingly.

[1] A country-house on the Euganean hills, near Este, which Mr. Hoppner, who was then the English Consul-General at Venice, had for some time occupied, and which Lord Byron afterwards rented of him, but never resided in it.

[2] So great was the demand for horses, on the line of march of the Austrians, that all those belonging to private individuals were put in requisition for their use, and Lord Byron himself received an order to send his for the same purpose. This, however, he positively refused to do, adding, that if an attempt were made to take them by force, he would shoot them through the head in the middle of the road, rather than submit to such an act of tyranny upon a foreigner who was merely a temporary resident in the country. Whether his answer was ever reported to the higher authorities I know not; but his horses were suffered to remain unmolested in his stables.

"I have read 'Lalla Rookh,' but not with sufficient attention yet, for I ride about, and lounge, and ponder, and — two or three other things; so that my reading is very desultory, and not so attentive as it used to be. I am very glad to hear of its popularity, for Moore is a very noble fellow in all respects, and will enjoy it without any of the bad feelings which success — good or evil — sometimes engenders in the men of rhyme. Of the poem itself, I will tell you my opinion when I have mastered it: I say of the *poem*, for I don't like the *prose* at all — at all; in the mean time, the 'Fire worshippers' is the best, and the 'Veiled Prophet' the worst, of the volume.

"With regard to poetry in general[1], I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he and *all* of us — Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I, — are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, or systems, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly *Pope*, whom I tried in this way, — I took Moore's poems and my own and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance in point of sense, harmony, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly. Crabbe's the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject, and * * * [Rogers] is retired upon half-pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."

LETTER 298. TO MR. MURRAY.

"September 17. 1817.

"Mr. Hobhouse purposes being in England in November; he will bring the fourth Canto with him, notes and all; the text contains one hundred and fifty stanzas, which is long for that measure.

"With regard to the 'Ariosto of the North,' surely their themes, chivalry, war, and love, were as like as can be; and as to the compliment, if you knew what the Italians think of Ariosto, you would not hesitate about that. But as to their 'measures,' you forget that Ariosto's is an octave stanza, and Scott's anything but a stanza. If you think Scott will dislike it, say so, and I will expunge. I do not call him the '*Scotch* Ariosto,' which would be sad *provincial* eulogy, but the 'Ariosto of the *North*,' meaning of all *countries* that are *not* the *South*.

"As I have recently troubled you rather frequently, I will conclude, repeating that I am

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER 299. TO MR. MURRAY.

"October 12. 1817.

"Mr. Kinnaird and his brother, Lord Kinnaird, have been here, and are now gone again. All your missives came, except the tooth-powder, of which I request further supplies, at all convenient opportunities; as also of magnesia and soda-powders, both great luxuries here, and neither to be had good, or indeed hardly at all, of the natives.

* * *

"In Coleridge's Life, I perceive an attack upon the then Committee of Drury-Lane Theatre for acting Bertram, and an attack upon Maturin's Bertram for being acted.[2] Considering all things, this is not very grateful nor graceful on the part of the worthy autobiographer; and I would answer, if I

[1] On this paragraph, in the MS. copy of the above letter, I find the following note, in the handwriting of Mr. Gifford: — "There is more good sense, and feeling and judgment in this passage, than in any other I ever read, or Lord Byron wrote."

[2] ["Drury Lane was to be restored to its former classical renown; Shakspeare, Jonson, and Otway, with the expurgated muses of Vanburgh, Congreve, and Wycherly, were to be reinaugurated in their rightful dominion over British audiences; and the Herculean process was to commence, by exterminating the speaking monsters imported from the banks of the Danube, compared with which their mute relations, the emigrants from Exeter 'Change and Polito (late Pidcock's) show-carts, were tame and inoffensive. Could an heroic project, at once so refined and so arduous, be consistently entrusted to, could its success be rationally expected from, a mercenary manager at whose critical quarantine the *lucri bonus ordor* would conciliate a bill of health to the plague in person? No! As the work proposed, such must be the workmaster's rank, fortune, liberal education, and critical discernment, delicate tact, disinterestedness, unsuspected morals, notorious patriotism, and tried Macænaship, — these were the recommendations that influenced the proprietary subscribers of Drury Lane Theatre, these the motives that occasioned the election of its supreme Committee of Management. This circumstance alone would have excited a strong interest in the public mind, respecting the *first* production of the Tragic Muse which had been announced under such auspices, and had passed the ordeal of such judgments, and — the tragedy of *Bertram* was the work on which the great expectations, justified by so many causes, were doomed to settle!" — *Coleridge's Biog. Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 255.]

had *not* obliged him. Putting my own pains to forward the views of Coleridge out of the question, I know there was every disposition, on the part of the Sub-Committee, to bring forward any production of his, were it feasible. The play he offered, though poetical, did not appear at all practicable, and Bertram did; — and hence this long tirade, which is the last chapter of his vagabond life.

"As for Bertram, Maturin may defend his own-begotten, if he likes it well enough; I leave the Irish clergyman and the new Orator Henley to battle it out between them, satisfied to have done the best I could for *both*. I may say this to *you*, who know it.

"Mr. Coleridge may console himself with the 'fervour, — the almost religious fervour' of his and Wordsworth's disciples, as he calls it. If he means that as any proof of their merits, I will find him as much 'fervour' in behalf of Richard Brothers and Joanna Southcote as ever gathered over his pages or round his fireside.

"My answer to your proposition about the fourth canto you will have received, and I await yours; — perhaps we may not agree. I have since written a poem (of 84 octave stanzas), humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere), on a Venetian anecdote which amused me: — but till I have your answer, I can say nothing more about it.

"Mr. Hobhouse does not return to England in November, as he intended, but will winter here; and as he is to convey the poem, or poems, — for there may perhaps be more than the two mentioned, (which, by the way, I shall not perhaps include in the same publication or agreement,) I shall not be able to publish so soon as expected; but I suppose there is no harm in the delay.

"I have *signed* and sent your former *copyrights* by Mr. Kinnaird, but *not* the *receipt*, because the money is not yet paid. Mr. Kinnaird has a power of attorney to sign for me, and will, when necessary.

"Many thanks for the Edinburgh Review, which is very kind about Manfred, and defends its originality [1], which I did not know that any body had attacked. I *never read*, and do not know that I ever saw, the 'Faustus of Marlow,' and had, and have, no dramatic works by me in English, except the recent things you sent me; but I heard Mr. Lewis translate verbally some scenes of *Goethe's Faust* (which were some good, and some bad) last summer; — which is all I know of the history of that magical personage; and as to the germs of Manfred, they may be found in the Journal which I sent to Mrs. Leigh (part of which you saw) when I went over first the Dent de Jaman, and then the Wengen or Wengeberg Alp and Sheideck and made the giro of the Jungfrau, Shreckhorn, &c. &c., shortly before I left Switzerland. I have the whole scene of Manfred before me, as if it was but yesterday, and could point it out, spot by spot, torrent and all.

"Of the Promethus of Æschylus [2] I was passionately fond as a boy (it was one of the Greek plays we read thrice a year at Harrow); — indeed that and the 'Medea' were the only ones, except the 'Seven before Thebes,' which ever much pleased me. As to the 'Faustus of Marlow,' I never read, never saw nor heard of it — at least, thought of it, except that I think Mr. Gifford mentioned, in a note of his which you sent me, something about the catastrophe; but not as having any thing to do with mine, which may or may not resemble it, for any thing I know.

"The Prometheus, if not exactly in my plan, has always been so much in my head, that I can easily conceive its influence over all or any thing that I have written; — but I deny Marlow and his progeny, and beg that you will do the same.

"If you can send me the paper in question, which the Edinburgh Review mentions, *do*. The review in the magazine you say was written by Wilson? it had all the air of being a poet's, and was a very good one. The

[1] A paper in the Edinburgh Magazine, in which it was suggested that the general conception of Manfred, and much of what is excellent in the manner of its execution, had been borrowed from "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus, of Marlow." [See *Blackwood*, vol. i. p. 388. — "It is suggested, in a late number of the Edinburgh Magazine, that the general conception of Manfred, and much of what is excellent in the manner of its execution, have been borrowed from 'the tragical History of Dr. Faustus, of Marlow;' and a variety of passages are quoted, which the author considers as similar, and, in many respects, superior to others in the poem before us. We cannot agree in the general terms of this conclusion. These, and many other fanciful verses in this curious old drama, prove nothing, we think, against the originality of Manfred; for there is nothing to be found there of the pride, the abstraction, and the heart-rooted misery in which that originality consists. Faustus is a vulgar sorcerer, tempted to sell his soul to the Devil for the ordinary price of sensual pleasure and earthly power and glory; and who shrinks and shudders in agony when the forfeit comes to be exacted. The style, too, of Marlow, is weak and childish compared with the depth and force of much of what we have quoted from Lord Byron." — *Edinb. Rev.* vol. xxviii. p. 431.]

[2] ["In the tone and pitch of the composition, as well as in the character of the diction in the more solemn parts, Manfred reminds us more of the Prometheus of Æschylus, than of any more modern performance." — *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 431.]

Edinburgh Review I take to be Jeffrey's own by its friendliness. I wonder they thought it worth while to do so, so soon after the former; but it was evidently with a good motive.

"I saw Hoppner the other day, whose country-house at Este I have taken for two years. If you come out next summer, let me know in time. Love to Gifford.

"Yours ever truly.

"Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey,
Are all partakers of my pantry.

These two lines are omitted in your letter to the Doctor, after —

"All clever men who make their way."

LETTER 300. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, October 23. 1817.

"Your two letters are before me, and our bargain is so far concluded. How sorry I am to hear that Gifford is unwell! Pray tell me he is better: I hope it is nothing but *cold*. As you say his illness originates in cold, I trust it will get no further.

"Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than myself. I have written a story in 89 stanzas, in imitation of him, called *Beppo*, (the short name for Giuseppe, that is, the *Joe* of the Italian Joseph,) which I shall throw you into the balance of the fourth Canto to help you round to your money; but you perhaps had better publish it anonymously; but this we will see to by and by.

"In the notes to Canto fourth, Mr. Hobhouse has pointed out *several errors* of *Gibbon*. You may depend upon H.'s research and accuracy. You may print it in what shape you please.

"With regard to a future large edition, you may print all, or any thing, except 'English Bards,' to the republication of which at *no* time will I consent. I would not reprint them on any consideration. I don't think them good for much, even in point of poetry; and, as to other things, you are to recollect that I gave up the publication on account of the *Hollands*, and I do not think that any time or circumstances can neutralise the suppression. Add to which, that, after being on terms with almost all the bards and critics of the day, it would be savage at any time, but worst of all *now*, to revive this foolish lampoon.

"The review of Manfred came very safely, and I am much pleased with it. It is odd that they should say (that is, somebody in a magazine whom the Edinburgh controverts) that it was taken from Marlow's Faust, which I never read nor saw. An American, who came the other day from Germany, told Mr. Hobhouse that Manfred was taken from Goethe's Faust. The devil may take both the Faustuses, German and English, — I have taken neither.

"Will you send to Hanson, and say that he has not written since 9th September? — at least I have had no letter since, to my great surprise.

"Will you desire Messrs. Morland to send out whatever additional sums have or may be paid in credit immediately and always to their Venice correspondents? It is two months ago that they sent me out an additional credit for *one thousand pounds*. I was very glad of it, but I don't know how the devil it came; for I can only make out 500 of Hanson's payment, and I had thought the other 500 came from you; but it did not, it seems, as, by yours of the 7th instant, you have only just paid the 1230*l.* balance.

"Mr. Kinnaird is on his way home with the assignments. I can fix no time for the arrival of Canto fourth, which depends on the journey of Mr. Hobhouse home; and I do not think that this will be immediate.

"Yours in great haste and very truly,

"B.

"P. S. — Morlands have not yet written to my bankers apprising the payment of your balances: pray desire them to do so.

"Ask them about the *previous* thousand — of which I know 500 came from Hanson's — and make out the other 500 — that is, whence it came."

LETTER 301. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, November 15. 1817.

"Mr. Kinnaird has probably returned to England by this time, and will have conveyed to you any tidings you may wish to have of us and ours. I have come back to Venice for the winter. Mr. Hobhouse will probably set off in December, but what day or week I know not. He is my opposite neighbour at present.

"I wrote yesterday in some perplexity, and no very good humour, to Mr. Kinnaird, to inform me about Newstead and the Hansons, of which and whom I hear nothing since his departure from this place, except in a few unintelligible words from an unintelligible woman.

"I am as sorry to hear of Dr. Polidori's accident as one can be for a person for whom one has a dislike, and something of contempt. When he gets well tell me, and how he gets on in the sick line. Poor fellow! how came he to fix there?

"I fear the Doctor's skill at Norwich
Will hardly salt the Doctor's porridge.

Methought he was going to the Brazils to give the Portuguese physic (of which they are fond to desperation) with the Danish consul.

"Your new Canto has expanded to one hundred and sixty-seven stanzas. It will be long, you see; and as for the notes by Hobhouse, I suspect they will be of the heroic size. You must keep Mr. Hobhouse in good humour, for he is devilish touchy yet about your Review and all which it inherits, including the editor, the Admiralty, and its bookseller. I used to think that *I* was a good deal of an author in *amour propre* and *noli me tangere;* but these prose fellows are worst, after all, about their little comforts.

"Do you remember my mentioning, some months ago, the Marquis Moncada — a Spaniard of distinction and fourscore years, my summer neighbour at La Mira? Well, about six weeks ago, he fell in love with a Venetian girl of family, and no fortune or character; took her into his mansion; quarrelled with all his former friends for giving him advice (except me who gave him none), and installed her present concubine and future wife and mistress of himself and furniture. At the end of a month, in which she demeaned herself as ill as possible, he found out a correspondence between her and some former keeper, and after nearly strangling, turned her out of the house, to the great scandal of the keeping part of the town, and with a prodigious éclat, which has occupied all the canals and coffee-houses in Venice. He said she wanted to poison him; and she says — God knows what; but between them they have made a great deal of noise. I know a little of both the parties: Moncado seemed a very sensible old man, a character which he has not quite kept up on this occasion; and the woman is rather showy than pretty. For the honour of religion, she was bred in a convent; and for the credit of Great Britain, taught by an Englishwoman.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 302. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, December 3. 1817.

"A Venetian lady, learned and somewhat stricken in years, having, in her intervals of love and devotion, taken upon her to translate the Letters and write the Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, — to which undertaking there are two obstacles, firstly, ignorance of English, and, secondly, a total dearth of information on the subject of her projected biography, — has applied to me for facts or falsities upon this promising project. Lady Montague lived the last twenty or more years of her life in or near Venice, I believe; but here they know nothing, and remember nothing, for the story of to-day is succeeded by the scandal of to-morrow; and the wit, and beauty, and gallantry, which might render your countrywoman notorious in her own country, must have been *here* no great distinction — because the first is in no request, and the two latter are common to all women, or at least the last of them. If you can therefore tell me any thing, or get any thing told, of Lady Wortley Montague, I shall take it as a favour, and will transfer and translate it to the 'Dama' in question. And I pray you besides to send me, by some quick and safe voyager, the edition of her Letters, and the stupid Life, by Dr. Dalaway, published by her proud and foolish family.

"The death of the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here, and must have been an earthquake at home. The Courier's list of some three hundred heirs to the crown (including the house of Wirtemberg, with that blackguard, Paul, of disreputable memory, whom I remember seeing at various balls during the visit of the Muscovites, &c. in 1814) must be very consolatory to all true lieges, as well as foreigners, except Signor Travis, a rich Jew merchant of this city, who complains grievously of the length of British mourning, which has countermanded all the silks which he was on the point of transmitting, for a year to come. The death of this poor girl is melancholy in every respect, dying at twenty or so, in childbed — of a *boy* too, a present princess and future queen, and just as she began to be happy, and to enjoy herself, and the hopes which she inspired.[1]

"I think, as far as I can recollect, she is the first royal defunct in childbed upon record in *our* history. I feel sorry in every respect — for the loss of a female reign, and a woman hitherto harmless; and all the lost rejoicings, and addresses, and drunkenness, and disbursements, of John Bull on the occasion.

[1] ["Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy." *Childe Harold*, c. iv. st. 168.]

"The Prince will marry again, after divorcing his wife, and Mr. Southey will write an elegy now, and an ode then; the Quarterly will have an article against the press, and the Edinburgh an article, *half* and *half*, about reform and right of divorce; the British will give you Dr. Chalmers's funeral sermon much commended, with a place in the stars for deceased royalty; and the Morning Post will have already yelled forth its 'syllables of dolour.'

"Woe, woe, Nealliny!—the young Nealliny!

"It is some time since I have heard from you: are you in bad humour? I suppose so. I have been so myself, and it is your turn now, and by and by mine will come round again. "Yours truly,

"B.

"P. S.—Countess Albrizzi, come back from Paris, has brought me a medal of himself, a present from Denon to me, and a likeness, to the death, of Mr. Rogers (belonging to her), by Denon also. I never saw so good a portrait."

LETTER 303. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Venice, December 15. 1817.

"I should have thanked you before, for your favour a few days ago, had I not been in the intention of paying my respects, personally, this evening, from which I am deterred by the recollection that you will probably be at the Count Goess's this evening, which has made me postpone my intrusion.

"I think your Elegy a remarkably good one, not only as a composition, but both the politics and poetry contain a far greater portion of truth and generosity than belongs to the times, or to the professors of these opposite pursuits, which usually agree only in one point, as extremes meet. I do not know whether you wished me to retain the copy, but I shall retain it till you tell me otherwise; and am very much obliged by the perusal.

"My own sentiments on Venice, &c., such as they are, I had already thrown into verse last summer, in the fourth canto of Childe Harold, now in preparation for the press; and I think much more highly of them, for being in coincidence with yours.

"Believe me yours, &c."

LETTER 304. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, January 8. 1818.

"My dear Mr. Murray,
You're in a damn'd hurry
To set up this ultimate Canto;
But (if they don't rob us)
You'll see Mr. Hobhouse
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

"For the Journal you hint of,
As ready to print off,
No doubt you do right to commend it;
But as yet I have writ off,
The devil a bit of
Our 'Beppo;'—when copied, I'll send it.

"Then you've Sotheby's Tour,—
No great things, to be sure,
You could hardly begin with a less work;
For the pompous rascallion,
Who don't speak Italian
Nor French, must have scribbled by guess-work.

"You can make any loss up
With 'Spence' and his gossip,
A work which must surely succeed;
Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,
With the new 'Fytte' of 'Whistlecraft,'
Must make people purchase and read.

"Then you've General Gordon,
Who girded his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite master,
And help him to polish
A nation so owlish,
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

"For the man, '*poor and shrewd*,'[1]
With whom you'd conclude
A compact without more delay,
Perhaps some such pen is
Still extant in Venice;
But please, sir, to mention *your pay*."

LETTER 305. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, January 19. 1818.

"I send you the Story[2] in three other separate covers. It won't do for your Journal, being full of political allusions. *Print alone, without name;* alter nothing; get a scholar to see that the *Italian phrases* are correctly published, (your printing, by the way, always makes me ill with its eternal blunders, which are incessant,) and God speed you. Hobhouse left Venice a fortnight ago, saving two days. I have heard nothing of or from him.

"Yours, &c.

"He has the whole of the MSS.; so put up prayers in your back shop, or in the printer's 'Chapel.'"[3]

[1] "Vide your letter." [2] Beppo.

[3] [A Chapel is a meeting of the workmen for the purpose of making and enforcing bye-laws for the maintenance of good fellowship, and for settling any disputes that may have arisen among themselves. The person whose duty it is to call such meeting, and who usually presides, is styled "The Father of the Chapel."]

LETTER 306. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, January 27. 1818.

"My father — that is, my Armenian father, Padre Pasquali — in the name of all the other fathers of our Convent, sends you the inclosed, greeting.

"Inasmuch as it has pleased the translators of the long-lost and lately-found portions of the text of Eusebius to put forth the inclosed prospectus, of which I send six copies, you are hereby implored to obtain subscribers in the two Universities, and among the learned, and the unlearned who would unlearn their ignorance. — This *they* (the Convent) request, *I* request, and *do you* request.

"I sent you Beppo some weeks agone. You must publish it alone; it has politics and ferocity, and won't do for your isthmus of a Journal.

"Mr. Hobhouse, if the Alps have not broken his neck, is, or ought to be, swimming with my commentaries and his own coat of mail in his teeth and right hand, in a cork jacket, between Calais and Dover.

"It is the height of the Carnival, and I am in the extreme and agonies of a new intrigue with I don't exactly know whom or what, except that she is insatiate of love, and won't take money, and has light hair and blue eyes, which are not common here, and that I met her at the Masque, and that when her mask is off, I am as wise as ever. I shall make what I can of the remainder of my youth."

LETTER 307. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, February 2. 1818.

"Your letter of December 8th arrived but this day, by some delay, common but inexplicable. Your domestic calamity is very grievous, and I feel with you as much as I *dare* feel at all. Throughout life, your loss must be my loss, and your gain my gain; and, though my heart may ebb, there will always be a drop for you among the dregs.

"I know how to feel with you, because (selfishness being always the substratum of our damnable clay) I am quite wrapt up in my own children. Besides my little legitimate, I have made unto myself an *illeg* since (to say nothing of one before [1]), look forward to one of these as the pil my old age, supposing that I ever rea which I hope I never shall — that deso period. I have a great love for my Ada, though perhaps she may tortur like * * *.

"Your offered address will be as ac able as you can wish. I don't much care the wretches of the world think of me *that*'s past. But I care a good deal *you* think of me, and, so say what you You *know* that I am not sullen; and, being *savage*, such things depend o cumstances. However, as to being in humour in *your* society, there is no merit in that, because it would be an e or an insanity, to be otherwise.

"I don't know what Murray may been saying or quoting.[2] I called C and Sam the fathers of present Poesy said, that I thought — except them — '*us youth*' were on a wrong tack. never said that we did not sail well. fame will be hurt by *admiration* and *imit* When I say *our*, I mean *all* (Lakers in ed), except the postscript of the Augus The next generation (from the quantity facility of imitation) will tumble and their necks off our Pegasus, who runs with us; but we keep the *saddle*, becaus broke the rascal and can ride. But th easy to mount, he is the devil to guide the next fellows must go back to the ri school and the manège, and learn to rid 'great horse.'

"Talking of horses, by the way, I transported my own, four in number, to Lido (*beach* in English), a strip of som miles along the Adriatic, a mile or two the city; so that I not only get a row i gondola, but a spanking gallop of some daily along a firm and solitary beach, the fortress to Malamocco, the which tributes considerably to my health and rits.

"I have hardly had a wink of sleep week past. We are in the agonies o Carnival's last days, and I must be u night again, as well as to-morrow. I had some curious masking adventures

[1] This possibly may have been the subject of the Poem given in p. 5.

[2] Having seen by accident the passage in one of his letters to Mr. Murray, in which he denounces, as false and worthless, the poetical system on which the greater number of his cotemporaries, as well as himself, founded their reputation, I took an opportunity, in the next letter I wrote to him, of jesting a little on this opinion, and his motives for it. It was, no doubt (I ventured to say), excellent policy in him, who had made sure of his ow mortality in this style of writing, thus to throw ove all us poor devils who were embarked with him was, in fact, I added, behaving towards us much manner of the Methodist preacher who said to hi gregation — "You may think, at the Last Day, to heaven by laying hold on my skirts; but I'll cheat y for I'll wear a spencer, I'll wear a spencer!" — preacher was the Rev. Rowland Hill.]

Carnival; but, as they are not yet over, I shall not say on. I will work the mine of my youth to the last veins of the ore, and then — good night. I have lived, and am content.

"Hobhouse went away before the Carnival began, so that he had little or no fun. Besides, it requires some time to be thoroughgoing with the Venetians; but of all this anon, in some other letter.

"I must dress for the evening. There is an opera and ridotto, and I know not what, besides balls; and so, ever and ever yours,

"B.

"P. S. — I send this without revision, so excuse errors. I delight in the fame and fortune of Lalla, and again congratulate you on your well-merited success."

Of his daily rides on the Lido, which he mentions in this letter, the following account, by a gentleman who lived a good deal with him at Venice, will be found not a little interesting: —

"Almost immediately after Mr. Hobhouse's departure, Lord Byron proposed to me to accompany him in his rides on the Lido. One of the long narrow islands which separate the Lagune, in the midst of which Venice stands, from the Adriatic, is more particularly distinguished by this name. At one extremity is a fortification, which, with the Castle of St. Andrea on an island on the opposite side, defends the nearest entrance to the city from the sea. In times of peace this fortification is almost dismantled, and Lord Byron had hired here of the Commandant an unoccupied stable, where he kept his horses. The distance from the city was not very considerable; it was much less than to the Terra Firma, and, as far as it went, the spot was not ineligible for riding.

"Every day that the weather would permit Lord Byron called for me in his gondola, and we found the horses waiting for us outside of the fort. We rode as far as we could along the sea-shore, and then on a kind of dyke, or embankment, which has been raised where the island was very narrow, as far as another small fort about half way between the principal one which I have already mentioned, and the town or village of Malamocco, which is near the other extremity of the island, — the distance between the two forts being about three miles.

"On the land side of the embankment, not far from the smaller fort, was a boundary stone which probably marked some division of property, — all the side of the island nearest the Lagune being divided into gardens for the cultivation of vegetables for the Venetian markets. At the foot of this stone Lord Byron repeatedly told me that I should cause him to be interred, if he should die in Venice, or its neighbourhood, during my residence there; and he appeared to think, as he was not a Catholic, that, on the part of the government, there could be no obstacle to his interment in an unhallowed spot of ground by the sea-side. At all events, I was to overcome whatever difficulties might be raised on this account. I was, by no means, he repeatedly told me, to allow his body to be removed to England, nor permit any of his family to interfere with his funeral.

"Nothing could be more delightful than these rides on the Lido were to me. We were from half to three quarters of an hour crossing the water, during which his conversation was always most amusing and interesting. Sometimes he would bring with him any new book he had received, and read to me the passages which most struck him. Often he would repeat to me whole stanzas of the poems he was engaged in writing, as he had composed them on the preceding evening; and this was the more interesting to me, because I could frequently trace in them some idea which he had started in our conversation of the preceding day, or some remark, the effect of which he had been evidently trying upon me. Occasionally, too, he spoke of his own affairs, making me repeat all I had heard with regard to him, and desiring that I would not spare him, but let him know the worst that was said."

CHAPTER XXXII.

1818.

VENICE. — THE SEXAGENARIAN. — PORSON AT CAMBRIDGE. — ITALIAN TRANSLATION OF MANFRED PURCHASED AND SUPPRESSED. — LETTERS TO HOPPNER, MOORE, AND MURRAY. — VATHEK. — JUNIUS. — MILMAN'S FAZIO. — PICTURE OF VENETIAN SOCIETY. — BERNI. — RHYMING EPISTLE TO MURRAY. — LADY M. W. MONTAGUE'S LETTERS. — CAVALIER SERVENTE. — SOTHEBY. — PORTRAIT OF LEIGH HUNT. — FOX AND SHERIDAN. — NEW LIAISON. — STORY OF THE FORNARINA. — COMMENCEMENT OF DON JUAN.

LETTER 308. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, Feb. 20. 1818.

"I HAVE to thank Mr. Croker for the arrival, and you for the contents, of the parcel

which came last week, much quicker than any before, owing to Mr. Croker's kind attention, and the official exterior of the bags; and all safe, except much friction amongst the magnesia, of which only two bottles came entire; but it is all very well, and I am exceedingly obliged to you.

"The books I have read, or rather am reading. Pray, who may be the Sexagenarian[1], whose gossip is very amusing? Many of his sketches I recognise, particularly Gifford, Mackintosh, Drummond, Dutens, H. Walpole, Mrs. Inchbald, Opie, &c., with the Scotts, Loughborough, and most of the divines and lawyers, besides a few shorter hints of authors, and a few lines about a certain '*noble author*,' characterised as malignant and sceptical[2], according to the good old story, 'as it was in the beginning, is now, but *not* always shall be:' do you know such a person, Master Murray? eh?—And pray, of the booksellers, which be *you?* the dry, the dirty, the honest, the opulent, the finical, the splendid, or the coxcomb bookseller? Stap my vitals, but the author grows scurrilous in his grand climacteric!

"I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties, but not frequently: and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening, for in the hall he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's, so that I was not near him; and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour, nor did I ever hear of excess or outrage on his part in public,—commons, college, or chapel; but I have seen him in a private party of undergraduates, many of them fresh men and strangers, take up a poker to one of them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. I have seen Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world; but his intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times that I saw him went, which were only at William Bankes's (the Nubian discoverer's) rooms. I saw him once go away in a rage, because nobody knew the name of the 'Cobbler of Messina,' insulting their ignorance with the most vulgar terms of reprobation. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents, as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot; and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication.

"I perceive, in the book you sent me, a long account of him, which is very savage. I cannot judge, as I never saw him sober, except in *hall* or combination-room; and then I was never near enough to hear, and hardly to see him. Of his drunken deportment I can be sure, because I saw it.

"With the Reviews I have been much entertained. It requires to be as far from England as I am to relish a periodical paper properly: it is like soda-water in an Italian summer. But what cruel work you make with Lady Morgan![3] You should recollect that she is a woman; though, to be sure, they are now and then very provoking: still, as authoresses, they can do no great harm; and I think it a pity so much good invective should have been laid out upon her, when there is such a fine field of us Jacobin gentlemen for you to work upon.[4]

"I heard from Moore lately, and was sorry to be made aware of his domestic loss. Thus it is—'medio de fonte leporum'—in the acmé of his fame and of his happiness comes a drawback as usual.

"Mr. Hoppner, whom I saw this morning, has been made the father of a very fine boy.[5]

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[1] ["The Sexagenarian, or Recollections of a Literary Life," though a posthumous publication, was printed under the inspection of its author, the Rev. William Beloe, translator of Herodotus, one of the proprietors of the British Critic, and author of "Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books," &c. &c. He died in 1817.]

[2] ["Neither would I have you ask the *noble author*. Him, I mean, who is certainly possessed of great intellectual powers, and a peculiar turn for a certain line of poetry; but whose bad passions so perpetually insinuate themselves in every thing which he writes, that it is hardly possible to escape the injury of his venom, and scarcely worth while to separate the gold from the dross."—*Sexagenarian*, vol. ii. p. 228.]

[3] [For a review of her "France," see *Quart. Rev.* vol. xvii. p. 260.]

[4] ["It is perhaps as bitter a critique as ever was written, and enough to make sad work for Dr. Morgan, both as a husband, and an apothecary—unless she should say, as Pope did of some attack upon him, 'that it is as good for her as a dose of hartshorn.'"—*MS.*]

[5] On the birth of this child, who was christened John William Rizzo, Lord Byron wrote the four following lines, which are in no other respect remarkable than that they were thought worthy of being metrically translated into no less than ten different languages; namely, Greek, Latin, Italian (also in the Venetian dialect), German, French, Spanish, Illyrian, Hebrew, Armenian, and Samaritan:—

"His father's sense, his mother's grace
In him, I hope, will always fit so;
With (still to keep him in good case)
The health and appetite of Rizzo."

The original lines, with the different versions just mentioned, were printed, in a small neat volume (which now lies before me), in the seminary of Padua. [See *Works*, p. 571.]

— Mother and child doing very well indeed. By this time Hobhouse should be with you, and also certain packets, letters, &c. of mine, sent since his departure. —I am not at all well in health within this last eight days, My remembrances to Gifford and all friends.

"Yours, &c.

"B.

"P.S. — In the course of a month or two, Hanson will have probably to send off a clerk with conveyances to sign (Newstead being sold in November last for ninety-four thousand and five hundred pounds), in which case I supplicate supplies of articles as usual, for which desire Mr. Kinnaird to settle from funds in their bank, and deduct from my account with him.

"P. S. — To-morrow night I am going to see 'Otello,' an opera from our 'Othello,' and one of Rossini's best, it is said. It will be curious to see in Venice the Venetian story itself represented, besides to discover what they will make of Shakspeare in music."

LETTER 309. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Venice, February 28. 1818.

"My dear Sir,

"Our friend, il Conte M., threw me into a cold sweat last night, by telling me of a menaced version of Manfred (Venetian, I hope, to complete the thing) by some Italian, who had sent it to you for correction, which is the reason why I take the liberty of troubling you on the subject. If you have any means of communication with the man, would you permit me to convey to him the offer of any price he may obtain or think to obtain for his project, provided he will throw his translation into the fire[1], and promise not to undertake any other of that or any other of *my* things: I will send his money immediately on this condition.

"As I did not write *to* the Italians, nor *for* the Italians, nor *of* the Italians, (except in a poem not yet published, where I have said all the good I know or do not know of them, and none of the harm,) I confess I wish that they would let me alone, and not drag me into their arena as one of the gladiators, in a silly contest which I neither understand nor have ever interfered with, having kept clear of all their literary parties, both here and at Milan, and elsewhere. — I came into Italy to feel the climate and be quiet, if possible. Mossi's translation I would have prevented, if I had known it, or could have done so; and I trust that I shall yet be in time to stop this new gentleman, of whom I heard yesterday for the first time. He will only hurt himself, and do no good to his party, for in *party* the whole thing originates. Our modes of thinking and writing are so unutterably different, that I can conceive no greater absurdity than attempting to make any approach between the English and Italian poetry of the present day. I like the people very much, and their literature very much, but I am not the least ambitious of being the subject of their discussions literary and personal (which appear to be pretty much the same thing, as is the case in most countries); and if you can aid me in impeding this publication, you will add to much kindness already received from you by yours

"Ever and truly,

"BYRON.

"P. S. — How is *the* son, and mamma? Well, I dare say."

LETTER 310. TO MR. ROGERS.

"Venice, March 3. 1818.

"I have not, as you say, 'taken to wife the Adriatic.' I heard of Moore's loss from himself in a letter which was delayed upon the road three months. I was sincerely sorry for it, but in such cases what are words?

"The villa you speak of is one at Este, which Mr. Hoppner (Consul-general here) has transferred to me. I have taken it for two years as a place of villeggiatura. The situation is very beautiful, indeed, among the Euganean hills, and the house very fair. The vines are luxuriant to a great degree, and all the fruits of the earth abundant. It is close to the old castle of the Estes, or Guelphs, and within a few miles of Arqua, which I have visited twice, and hope to visit often.

"Last summer (except an excursion to

[1] Having ascertained that the utmost this translator could expect to make by his manuscript was two hundred francs, Lord Byron offered him that sum, if he would desist from publishing. The Italian, however, held out for more; nor could he be brought to terms, till it was intimated to him pretty plainly from Lord Byron that, should the publication be persisted in, he would horsewhip him the very first time they met. Being but little inclined to suffer martyrdom in the cause, the translator accepted the two hundred francs, and delivered up his manuscript, entering at the same time into a written engagement never to translate any other of the noble poet's works.

Of the qualifications of this person as a translator of English poetry, some idea may be formed from the difficulty he found himself under respecting the meaning of a line in the Incantation in Manfred, — "And the wisp on the morass," — which he requested of Mr. Hoppner to expound to him, not having been able to find in the dictionaries to which he had access any other signification of the word "wisp" than "a bundle of straw."

Rome) I passed upon the Brenta. In Venice I winter, transporting my horses to the Lido, bordering the Adriatic (where the fort is), so that I get a gallop of some miles daily along the strip of beach which reaches to Malamocco, when in health; but within these few weeks I have been unwell. At present I am getting better. The Carnival was short, but a good one. I don't go out much, except during the time of masques; but there are one or two conversazioni, where I go regularly, just to keep up the system, as I had letters to their givers, and they are particular on such points; and now and then, though very rarely, to the Governor's.

"It is a very good place for women. I like the dialect and their manner very much. There is a *naïveté* about them which is very winning, and the romance of the place is a mighty adjunct; the *bel sangue* is not, however, now amongst the *dame* or higher orders; but all under *i fazzioli*, or kerchiefs (a white kind of veil which the lower orders wear upon their heads);—the *vesta zendale*, or old national female costume, is no more. The city, however, is decaying daily, and does not gain in population. However, I prefer it to any other in Italy; and here have I pitched my staff, and here do I purpose to reside for the remainder of my life, unless events, connected with business not to be transacted out of England, compel me to return for that purpose; otherwise I have few regrets, and no desires to visit it again for its own sake. I shall probably be obliged to do so, to sign papers for my affairs, and a proxy for the Whigs, and to see Mr. Waite, for I can't find a good dentist here, and every two or three years one ought to consult one. About seeing my children, I must take my chance. One I shall have sent here; and I shall be very happy to see the legitimate one, when God pleases, which he perhaps will some day or other. As for my mathematical * * *, I am as well without her.

"Your account of your visit to Fonthill is very striking: could you beg of *him* for *me* a copy in MS. of the remaining *Tales?*[1] I think I deserve them, as a strenuous and public admirer of the first one. I will return it when read, and make no ill use of the copy, if granted. Murray would send me out any thing safely. If ever I return to England, I should like very much to see the author, with his permission. In the mean time, you could not oblige me more than by obtaining me the perusal I request, in French or English,—all's one for that, though I prefer Italian to either. I have a French copy of Vathek which I bought at Lausanne. I can read French with great pleasure and facility, though I neither speak nor write it. Now Italian I *can* speak with some fluency, and write sufficiently for my purposes, but I don't like their *modern* prose at all; it is very heavy, and so different from Machiavelli.

"They say Francis is Junius;—I think it looks like it.[2] I remember meeting him at Earl Grey's at dinner.[3] Has not he lately married a young woman? and was not he Madame Talleyrand's *cavaliere servente* in India years ago?

"I read my death in the papers, which was not true. I see they are marrying the remaining singleness of the royal family. They have brought out Fazio[4] with great and deserved success at Covent Garden: that's a good sign. I tried, during the directory, to have it done at Drury Lane, but was overruled. If you think of coming into this country, you will let me know perhaps beforehand. I suppose Moore won't move. Rose is here. I saw him the other night at Madame Albrizzi's: he talks of returning in May. My love to the Hollands.

"Ever, &c.

"P.S.—They have been crucifying Othello into an opera (*Otello*, by Rossini): the mu-

[1] A continuation of Vathek, by the author of that very striking and powerful production. The "Tales" of which this unpublished sequel consists are, I understand, those supposed to have been related by the Princes in the Hall of Eblis.

[2] [See Mr. Taylor's "Idendity of Junius with a distinguished living Character established," and a review of it in the Edinburgh Review, vol. xxix. p. 94. The reviewer (Lord Brougham) says, "That this work proves Sir Philip Francis to be Junius, we will not affirm; but this we can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence, as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not; and that, if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken. All the evidence which can be drawn from a comparison of Junius's Letters and Sir Philip's Life and Writings points him out as the author: there is no circumstance which does not tally with this conclusion, and no difficulty which it does not explain."]

[3] [In Sir James Mackintosh's Journal for 1817, there is the following entry: "Dec. 8. Dined with Junius. His wife is a woman of informed mind and agreeable person. The vigorous hatreds which seem to keep Francis alive were very amusing. When we talked of Pitt going *down* to Cambridge, he said 'he is gone *lower* now.' Our evening was merry."—At the age of seventy-four Sir Philip married Emma, daughter of the Rev. H. Watkins, prebendary of York and Southwell. He died in December 1818, in his seventy-eighth year.]

[4] [The production of the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, now Prebendary of Westminster.]

sic good, but lugubrious; but as for the words, all the real scenes with Iago cut out, and the greatest nonsense instead; the handkerchief turned into a *billet-doux*, and the first singer would not *black* his face, for some exquisite reasons assigned in the preface. Singing, dresses, and music very good."

LETTER 311. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, March 16. 1818.

"My dear Tom,

"Since my last, which I hope that you have received, I have had a letter from our friend Samuel. He talks of Italy this summer — won't you come with him? I don't know whether you would like our Italian way of life or not.

"They are an odd people. The other day I was telling a girl, 'You must not come to-morrow, because Margueritta is coming at such at a time,' — (they are both about five feet ten inches high, with great black eyes and fine figures — fit to breed gladiators from — and I had some difficulty to prevent a battle upon a rencontre once before,) — 'unless you promise to be friends, and' — the answer was an interruption, by a declaration of war against the other, which she said would be a 'Guerra di Candia.' Is it not odd, that the lower order of Venetians should still allude proverbially to that famous contest, so glorious and so fatal to the Republic?

"They have singular expressions, like all the Italians. For example, 'Viscere' — as we should say, 'My love,' or 'My heart,' as an expression of tenderness. Also, 'I would go for you into the midst of a hundred *knives*.' — '*Mazza ben*,' excessive attachment, — literally, 'I wish you well even to killing.' Then they say (instead of our way, 'Do you think I would do you such harm?') 'Do you think I would *assassinate* you in such a manner?' — 'Tempo *perfido*,' bad weather; 'Strade *perfide*,' bad roads, — with a thousand other allusions and metaphors, taken from the state of society and habits in the middle ages.

"I am not so sure about *mazza*, whether it don't mean *massa*, i. e. a great deal, a *mass*, instead of the interpretation I have given it. But of the other phrases I am sure.

"Three o' th' clock — I must 'to bed, to bed, to bed,' as mother S * * [Siddons], that tragical friend of the mathematical * * *, says.

"Have you ever seen — I forget what or whom — no matter. They tell me Lady Melbourne is very unwell. I shall be so sorry. She was my greatest *friend*, of the feminine gender: — when I say 'friend,' I mean *not* mistress, for that's the antipode. Tell me all about you and every body — how Sam is — how you like your neighbours, the Marquis and Marchesa, &c. &c.

"Ever, &c."

LETTER 312. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, March 25. 1818.

"I have your letter, with the account of 'Beppo,' for which I sent you four new stanzas a fortnight ago, in case you print, or reprint.

"Croker's is a good guess; but the style is not English, it is Italian; — Berni is the original of *all*. Whistlecraft was *my* immediate *model!* Rose's 'Animali'[1] I never saw till a few days ago, — they are excellent. But (as I said above) Berni is the father of that kind of writing, which, I think, suits our language, too, very well; — we shall see by the experiment. If it does, I shall send you a volume in a year or two, for I know the Italian way of life well, and in time may know it yet better; and as for the verse and the passions, I have them still in tolerable vigour.

"If you think that it will do you and the work, or works, any good, you may put my name to it; *but first consult the knowing ones*. It will, at any rate, show them that I can write cheerfully, and repel the charge of monotony and mannerism. Yours, &c."

LETTER 313. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April 11. 1818.

"Will you send me by letter, packet, or parcel, half a dozen of the coloured prints from Holmes's miniature (the latter done shortly before I left your country, and the prints about a year ago)? I shall be obliged to you, as some people here have asked me for the like. It is a picture of my upright self done for Scrope B. Davies, Esq.[2]

"Why have you not sent me an answer, and list of subscribers to the translation of

[1] ["The Court of Beasts, freely translated from the Animali Parlanti of Casti, by William Stewart Rose," See *Quart. Rev.* vol. xxi. p. 486.]

[2] There follows, in this place, among other matter, a long string of verses in various metres, to the amount of about sixty lines, so full of light gaiety and humour that it is with some reluctance I suppress them. They might, however, have the effect of giving pain in quarters where even the author himself would not have deliberately inflicted it; — from a pen like his, touches may be wounds, and without being actually intended as such.

the Armenian *Eusebius?* of which I sent you printed copies of the prospectus (in French) two moons ago. Have you had the letter? — I shall send you another: — you must not neglect my Armenians. Tooth-powder, magnesia, tincture of myrrh, tooth-brushes, diachylon plaster, Peruvian bark, are my personal demands.

"Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
My Murray," &c. &c.[1]

LETTER 314. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April. 12. 1818.

"This letter will be delivered by Signor Gioe. Bata. Missiaglia, proprietor of the Apollo library, and the principal publisher and bookseller now in Venice. He sets out for London with a view to business and correspondence with the English booksellers; and it is in the hope that it may be for your mutual advantage that I furnish him with this letter of introduction to you. If you can be of use to him, either by recommendation to others, or by any personal attention on your own part, you will oblige him and gratify me. You may also perhaps both be able to derive advantage, or establish some mode of literary communication, pleasing to the public, and beneficial to one another.

"At any rate, be civil to him for my sake, as well as for the honour and glory of publishers and authors, now and to come for evermore.

"With him I also consign a great number of MS. letters written in English, French, and Italian, by various English established in Italy during the last century: — the names of the writers, Lord Hervey, Lady M. W. Montague (hers are but few — some billets-doux in French to Algarotti, and one letter in English-Italian, and all sorts of jargon, to the same), Gray, the poet (one letter), Mason two or three, Garrick, Lord Chatham, David Hume, and many of lesser note, — all addressed to Count Algarotti. Out of these, I think, with discretion, an amusing miscellaneous volume of letters might be extracted, provided Israeli or some other good editor were disposed to undertake the selection, and preface, and a few notes, &c.

"The proprietor of these is a friend of mine, *Dr. Aglietti*, — a great name in Italy, — and if you are disposed to publish, it will be for *his benefit*, and it is to and for him that you will name a price, if you take upon you the work. *I* would *edite* it myself, but am too far off, and too lazy to undertake it; but I wish that it could be done. The letters of Lord Hervey, in Mr. Rose's[2] opinion and mine, are good; and the *short* French love letters *certainly* are Lady M. W. Montague's — the *French* not good, but the sentiments beautiful. Gray's letter good; and Mason's tolerable. The whole correspondence must be *well weeded;* but this being done, a small and pretty popular volume might be made of it. — There are many ministers' letters — Gray, the ambassador at Naples, Horace Mann, and others of the same kind of animal.

"I thought of a preface, defending Lord Hervey against Pope's attack, but Pope — *quoad* Pope, the poet — against the world, in the unjustifiable attempts begun by Warton and carried on to and at this day by the new school of critics and scribblers, who think themselves poets because they do *not* write like Pope. I have no patience with such cursed humbug and bad taste; your whole generation are not worth a canto of the Rape of the Lock, or the Essay on Man, or the Dunciad, or 'any thing that is his.' — But it is three in the matin, and I must go to bed. Yours always, &c."

LETTER 315. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April 17. 1818.

"A few days ago, I wrote to you a letter, requesting you to desire Hanson to desire his messenger to come on from Geneva to Venice, because I won't go from Venice to Geneva; and if this is not done, the messenger may be damned, with him who missent him. Pray reiterate my request.

"With the proofs returned, I sent two additional stanzas for Canto fourth: did they arrive?

"Your Monthly reviewer has made a mistake: *Cavaliere*, alone, is well enough; but

[1] See Works, p. 570.

[2] Among Lord Byron's papers, I find some verses addressed to him, about this time, by Mr. W. Rose, with the following note annexed to them: — "These verses were sent to me by W. S. Rose, from Abaro, in the spring of 1818. They are good and true; and Rose is a fine fellow, and one of the few English who understand *Italy*, without which Italian is nothing." The verses begin thus: —

"Byron *, while you make gay what circle fits ye,
Bandy Venetian slang with the Benzòn,
Or play at company with the Albrizzi,
The self-pleased pedant, and patrician crone,
Grimanis, Mocenigos, Balbis, Rizzi,
Compassionate our cruel case, — alone,
Our pleasure an academy of frogs,
Who nightly serenade us from the bogs," &c. &c.
[See BYRONIANA.]

* "I have *hunted* out a precedent for this unceremonious address."

'*Cavalier' servente*' has always the *e* mute in conversation, and omitted in writing; so that it is not for the sake of metre; and pray let Griffiths know this, with my compliments. I humbly conjecture that I know as much of Italian society and language as any of his people; but, to make assurance doubly sure, I asked, at the Countess Benzona's last night, the question of more than one person in *the office*, and of these 'cavalieri serventi' (in the plural, recollect) I found that they all accorded in pronouncing for 'cavalier' servente' in the *singular* number. I wish Mr. Hodgson (or whoever Griffiths' scribbler may be) would not talk of what he don't understand. Such fellows are not fit to be intrusted with Italian, even in a quotation.

"Did you receive two additional stanzas, to be inserted towards the close of Canto fourth? Respond, that (if not) they may be sent.

"Tell Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Hanson that they may as well expect Geneva to come to me, as that I should go to Geneva. The messenger may go on or return, as he pleases; I won't stir: and I look upon it as a piece of singular absurdity in those who know me imagining that I should;—not to say *malice*, in attempting unnecessary torture. If, on the occasion, my interests should suffer, it is their neglect that is to blame; and they may all be d—d together.

"It is ten o'clock, and time to dress.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 316. TO MR. MURRAY.

"April 23. 1818.

"The time is past in which I could feel for the dead,—or I should feel for the death of Lady Melbourne, the best, and kindest, and ablest female I ever knew, old or young. But 'I have supped full of horrors,' and events of this kind leave only a kind of numbness worse than pain,—like a violent blow on the elbow, or the head. There is one link less between England and myself.

"Now to business. I presented you with Beppo, as part of the contract for Canto fourth,—considering the price you are to pay for the same, and intending it to eke you out in case of public caprice or my own poetical failure. If you choose to suppress it entirely, at Mr. Sotheby's suggestion, you may do as you please. But recollect it is not to be published in a *garbled* or *mutilated* state. I reserve to my friends and myself the right of correcting the press;—if the publication continue, it is to continue in its present form.

"As Mr. Sotheby says that he did not write this letter, &c. I am ready to believe him; but for the firmness of my former persuasion, I refer to Mr. Hobhouse, who can inform you how sincerely I erred on this point. He has also the note—or, at least, had it, for I gave it to him with my verbal comments thereupon. As to 'Beppo,' I will not alter or suppress a syllable for any man's pleasure but my own.

"You may tell them this; and add, that nothing but force or necessity shall stir me one step towards places to which they would wring me.

"If your literary matters prosper, let me know. If 'Beppo' pleases, you shall have more in a year or two in the same mood. And so 'Good morrow to you, good Master Lieutenant.' Yours, &c."

LETTER 317. TO MR. MOORE.

"Palazzo Mocenigo, Canal Grande, Venice, June 1. 1818.

"Your letter is almost the only news, as yet, of Canto fourth, and it has by no means settled its fate,—at least, does not tell me how the 'Poeshie' has been received by the public. But, I suspect, no great things,—firstly, from Murray's 'horrid stillness;' secondly, from what you say about the stanzas running into each other[1], which I take *not* to be *yours*, but a notion you have been dinned with among the Blues. The fact is, that the terza rima of the Italians, which always *runs* on and in, may have led me into experiments, and carelessness into conceit—or conceit into carelessness—in either of which events failure will be probable, and my fair woman, 'superne,' end in a fish[2]; so that Childe Harold will be like the mermaid, my family crest, with the fourth Canto for a tail thereunto. I won't quarrel with the public, however, for the 'Bulgars' are generally right; and if I miss now, I may hit another time:—and so, the 'gods give us joy.'

"You like Beppo, that's right. I have not had the Fudges yet, but live in hopes. I need not say that your successes are mine. By the way, Lydia White is here, and has just borrowed my copy of 'Lalla Rookh.'

"Hunt's letter is probably the exact piece of vulgar coxcombry you might expect from his situation. He is a good man, with some poetical elements in his chaos; but spoilt by the Christ-Church Hospital and a Sunday

[1] I had said, I think, in my letter to him, that this practice of carrying one stanza into another was "something like taking on horses another stage without baiting."

[2] ["Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."—Hor.]

newspaper, — to say nothing of the Surrey gaol, which conceited him into a martyr. But he is a good man. When I saw 'Rimini' in MS., I told him that I deemed it good poetry at bottom, disfigured only by a strange style. His answer was, that his style was a system, or *upon system*, or some such cant; and, when a man talks of system, his case is hopeless: so I said no more to him, and very little to any one else.

"He believes his trash of vulgar phrases tortured into compound barbarisms to be *old* English; and we may say of it as Aimwell says of Captain Gibbet's regiment, when the Captain calls it an 'old corps,' — 'the *oldest* in Europe, if I may judge by your uniform.' He sent out his 'Foliage' by Percy Shelley * * *, and, of all the ineffable Centaurs that were ever begotten by Self-love upon a Night-mare, I think this monstrous Sagittary the most prodigious. *He* (Leigh H.) is an honest charlatan, who has persuaded himself into a belief of his own impostures, and talks Punch in pure simplicity of heart, taking himself (as poor Fitzgerald said of *him*self in the Morning Post) for *Vates* in both senses, or nonsenses, of the word. Did you look at the translations of his own which he prefers to Pope and Cowper, and says so?[1] — Did you read his skimble-skamble about Wordsworth being at the head of his own *profession*[2], in the *eyes* of *those* who followed it? I thought that poetry was an *art*, or an *attribute*, and not a *profession*; — but be it one, is that * * * * * * at the head of *your* profession in *your* eyes? I'll be curst if he is of *mine*, or ever shall be. He is the only one of us (but of us he is not) whose coronation I would oppose. Let them take Scott, Campbell, Crabbe, or you, or me, or any of the living, and throne him; — but not this new Jacob Behmen, this * * * * * * whose pride might have kept him true, even had his principles turned as perverted as his *soi-disant* poetry.

"But Leigh Hunt is a good man, and a good father — see his Odes to all the Masters Hunt; — a good husband — see his Sonnet to Mrs. Hunt; — a good friend — see his Epistles to different people; — and a great coxcomb and a very vulgar person in every thing about him. But that's not his fault, but of circumstances.[3]

"I do not know any good model for a life of Sheridan but that of *Savage*. Recollect, however, that the life of such a man may be made far more amusing than if he had been a Wilberforce; — and this without offending the living, or insulting the dead. The Whigs abuse him; however, he never left them, and such blunderers deserve neither credit nor compassion. — As for his creditors, — remember, Sheridan *never had* a shilling, and was thrown, with great powers and passions, into the thick of the world, and placed upon the pinnacle of success, with no other external means to support him in his elevation. Did Fox * * * *pay his* debts? — or did Sheridan take a subscription? Was the * *'s drunkenness more excusable than his? Were his intrigues more notorious than those of all his contemporaries? and is his memory to be blasted, and theirs respected? Don't let yourself be led away by clamour, but compare him with the coalitioner Fox, and the pensioner Burke, as a man of principle, and with ten hundred thousand in personal views, and with none in talent, for he beat them all *out* and *out*. Without means, without connexion, without character, (which might be false at first, and make him mad afterwards from desperation,) he beat them all, in all he ever attempted. But alas, poor human nature! Good night — or rather, morning. It is four, and the dawn gleams over the Grand Canal, and unshadows the Rialto. I must to bed; up all night — but, as George Philpot says, 'it's life, though, damme, it's life!' Ever yours, B.

"Excuse errors — no time for revision. The post goes out at noon, and I shan't be up then. I will write again soon about your *plan* for a publication."

During the greater part of the period which this last series of letters comprises, he had continued to occupy the same lodgings in an extremely narrow street called the Spezieria, at the house of the linendraper, to whose lady he devoted so much of his thoughts. That he was, for the time, attached to this person, — as far as a passion so transient can deserve the name of attachment, — is evident

[1] ["My translations from Homer are an experiment how far I could give the intelligent reader, who is no scholar, a stronger sense of the natural energy of the original, than has yet been furnished him. Cowper's poetical vigour was spoiled by the over-frigidity of his constitution; and Pope, in that elegant mistake in two volumes octavo, called Homer's Iliad, turns the Dodonæan oak of his original into smooth little toys," &c. &c. — *Hunt's Foliage*, p. 31.]

[2] ["Wordsworth is generally felt, among his own *profession*, to be at the head of it." — *Ib.* p. 14.]

[3] I had, in first transcribing the above letter for the press, omitted the whole of this caustic, and, perhaps, over-severe character of Mr. Hunt; but the tone of that gentleman's book having, as far as himself is concerned, released me from all those scruples which prompted the suppression, I have considered myself at liberty to restore the passage.

from his whole conduct. The language of his letters shows sufficiently how much the novelty of this foreign tie had caught his fancy; and to the Venetians, among whom such arrangements are mere matters of course, the assiduity with which he attended his Signora to the theatre, and the ridottos, was a subject of much amusement. It was with difficulty, indeed, that he could be prevailed upon to absent himself from her so long as to admit of that hasty visit to the Immortal City, out of which one of his own noblest titles to immortality sprung; and having, in the space of a few weeks, drunk in more inspiration from all he saw than, in a less excited state, possibly, he might have imbibed in years, he again hurried back, without extending his journey to Naples, — having written to the fair Marianna to meet him at some distance from Venice.

Besides some seasonable acts of liberality to the husband, who had, it seems, failed in trade, he also presented to the lady herself a handsome set of diamonds; and there is an anecdote related in reference to this gift, which shows the exceeding easiness and forbearance of his disposition towards those who had acquired any hold on his heart. A casket, which was for sale, being one day offered to him, he was not a little surprised on discovering them to be the same jewels which he had, not long before, presented to his fair favourite, and which had, by some unromantic means, found their way back into the market. Without enquiring, however, any further into the circumstances, he generously repurchased the casket, and presented it to the lady once more, good-humouredly taxing her with the very little estimation in which, as it appeared, she held his presents.

To whatever extent this unsentimental incident may have had a share in dispelling the romance of his passion, it is certain that, before the expiration of the first twelvemonth, he began to find his lodgings in the Spezieria inconvenient, and accordingly entered into treaty with Count Gritti [1] for his palace on the Grand Canal, — engaging to give for it what is considered, I believe, a large rent in Venice, 200 louis a year. On finding, however, that, in the counterpart of the lease brought for his signature, a new clause had been introduced, prohibiting him not only from underletting the house, in case he should leave Venice, but from even allowing any of his own friends to occupy it during his occasional absence, he declined closing on such terms; and resenting so material a departure from the original engagement, declared in society, that he would have no objection to give the same rent, though acknowledged to be exorbitant, for any other palace in Venice, however inferior, in all respects, to Count Gritti's. After such an announcement, he was not likely to remain long unhoused; and the Countess Mocenigo having offered him one of her three palazzi, on the Grand Canal, he removed to this house in the summer of the present year, and continued to occupy it during the remainder of his stay in Venice.

Highly censurable, in point of morality and decorum, as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame Segati, it was (with pain I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange, headlong career of licence to which, when weaned from that connexion, he so unrestrainedly and, it may be added, defyingly abandoned himself. Of the state of his mind on leaving England I have already endeavoured to

[1] [Of this Count Gritti, a celebrated poet and humorist, several amusing anecdotes are told by Mr. Rose: *e.g.* "Having arrived at Vicenza, for the purpose of taking the Recoaro waters, knowing the proverbial curiosity of the natives, and observing the general hubbub excited by his presence, he retired into a coffee-house, called for pen, ink, and paper, wrote down an account in verse of his 'birth, parentage, and education,' and left it for the information of the curious impertinents of the place: —

"Nobili, cittadini, e mercadanti,
Uomini, donne, popol di Vicenza,
Che interrogate cavalieri e fanti
Per aver de' miei, fatti conoscenza,
E mi adocchiate il da dietro e'l d'avanti
Per pesarmi in sostanza e in apparenza,
Eccovi tutto ciò che mi risguarda!
E andate a letto, perchè l'ora è tarda.

"Il mio nome è Francesco, *alias* Checco,
Son Gritti di famiglia e in linea torta
Scendo da quell' Andrea fù doge e becco,
Il di cui figlio s'adoperò alla Porta.
Sono magro poco meno d'uno stecco,
La fronte ho calva e la veduta corta,
L'anno afferrami il cul' quarantunesimo,
Ed ho meco la fede del battesimo."

"Boor, burgher, baron, born of better root,
Vicentines all, (to make a general clearance,)
Who stand and stare, and question horse and foot
Of me and my affairs, in hopes to bear hence
Some fag-end of a tale or foolish bruit —
You who would sift me, substance and appearance,
Have whatsoe'er concerns my style and state,
And get to bed, good people; for it's late!

"Francisco christen'd, Gritti born and suckled
I am descended, in a twisted sort,
From that fam'd Andrea, sometime doge and cuckold,
Whose son so stoutly stirr'd him at the Port.
I'm lean as Pharaoh's kine, in wedlock buckled,
But childless; therewithal am bald, and short
Of sight — not one and forty — if you doubt me,
I've my baptismal register about me."

Letters from Italy, vol. i. p. 208.]

convey some idea, and, among the feelings that went to make up that self-centred spirit of resistance which he then opposed to his fate, was an indignant scorn of his own countrymen for the wrongs he thought they had done him. For a time, the kindly sentiments which he still harboured towards Lady Byron, and a sort of vague hope, perhaps, that all would yet come right again, kept his mind in a mood somewhat more softened and docile, as well as sufficiently under the influence of English opinion to prevent his breaking out into such open rebellion against it, as he unluckily did afterwards.

By the failure of the attempted mediation with Lady Byron, his last link with home was severed; while, notwithstanding the quiet and unobtrusive life which he had led at Geneva, there was as yet, he found, no cessation of the slanderous warfare against his character; — the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which had tracked his every step at home having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile. To this persuasion, for which he had but too much grounds, was added all that an imagination like his could lend to truth, — all that he was left to interpret, in his own way, of the absent and the silent, — till, at length, arming himself against fancied enemies and wrongs, and, with the condition (as it seemed to him) of an outlaw, assuming also the desperation, he resolved, as his countrymen would not do justice to the better parts of his nature, to have, at least, the perverse satisfaction of braving and shocking them with the worst. It is to this feeling, I am convinced, far more than to any depraved taste for such a course of life, that the extravagances to which he now, for a short time, gave loose, are to be attributed. The exciting effect, indeed, of this mode of existence while it lasted, both upon his spirits and his genius, — so like what, as he himself tells us, was always produced in him by a state of contest and defiance, — showed how much of this latter feeling must have been mixed with his excesses. The altered character too of his letters in this respect cannot fail, I think, to be remarked by the reader, — there being, with an evident increase of intellectual vigour, a tone of violence and bravado breaking out in them continually, which marks the high pitch of re-action to which he had now wound up his temper.

In fact, so far from the powers of his intellect being at all weakened or dissipated by these irregularities, he was, perhaps, at no time of his life, so actively in the full possession of all its energies; and his friend Shelley, who went to Venice, at this period, to see him[1], used to say, that all he observed of the workings of Byron's mind, during his visit, gave him a far higher idea of its powers than he had ever before entertained. It was, indeed, then that Shelley sketched out, and chiefly wrote, his poem of "Julian and Maddalo," in the latter of which personages he has so picturesquely shadowed forth his noble friend[2]; and the allusions to "the Swan of Albion," in his "Lines written among the Euganean Hills," were also, I understand, the result of the same access of admiration and enthusiasm.

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[1] The following are extracts from a letter of Shelley's to a friend at this time: —

"Venice, August, 1818.

"We came from Padua hither in a gondola; and the gondolier, among other things, without any hint on our part, began talking of Lord Byron. He said he was a 'a Giovanetto Inglese,' with a 'nome stravagante,' who lived very luxuriously, and spent great sums of money.

"At three o'clock I called on Lord Byron. He was delighted to see me, and our first conversation of course consisted in the object of our visit. He took me in his gondola, across the Laguna, to a long, strandy sand, which defends Venice from the Adriatic. When we disembarked, we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode along the sands, talking. Our conversation consisted in histories of his own wounded feelings, and questions as to my affairs, with great professions of friendship and regard for me. He said that if he had been in England, at the time of the Chancery affair, he would have moved heaven and earth to have prevented such a decision. He talked of literary matters, — his fourth canto, which he says is very good, and indeed repeated some stanzas, of great energy, to me. When we returned to his palace, which is one of the most magnificent in Venice," &c. &c.

[2] In the preface also to this poem, under the fictitious name of Count Maddalo, the following just and striking portrait of Lord Byron is drawn: —

"He is a person of the most consummate genius, and capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country. But it is his weakness to be proud: he derives, from a comparison of his own extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects that surround him, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life. His passions and his powers are incomparably greater than those of other men, and instead of the latter having been employed in curbing the former, they have mutually lent each other strength. His ambition preys upon itself for want of objects which it can consider worthy of exertion. I say that Maddalo is proud, because I can find no other word to express the concentred and impatient feelings which consume him; but it is on his own hopes and affections only that he seems to trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle, patient, and unassuming than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank, and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication. He has travelled much; and there is an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries." — [See BYRONIANA.]

In speaking of the Venetian women, in one of the preceding letters, Lord Byron, it will be recollected, remarks, that the beauty for which they were once so celebrated is no longer now to be found among the "Dame," or higher orders, but all under the "fazzioli," or kerchiefs, of the lower. It was, unluckily, among these latter specimens of the "bel sangue," of Venice that he now, by a suddenness of descent in the scale of refinement, for which nothing but the present wayward state of his mind can account, chose to select the companions of his disengaged hours; — and an additional proof that, in this short, daring career of libertinism, he was but desperately seeking relief for a wronged and mortified spirit, and

"What to us seem'd guilt might be but woe," —

is that, more than once, of an evening, when his house has been in the possession of such visitants, he has been known to hurry away in his gondola, and pass the greater part of the night upon the water, as if hating to return to his home. It is, indeed, certain, that to this least defensible portion of his whole life he always looked back, during the short remainder of it, with painful self-reproach; and among the causes of the detestation which he afterwards felt for Venice, this recollection of the excesses to which he had there abandoned himself was not the least prominent.

The most distinguished and, at last, the reigning favourite of all this unworthy Harem was a woman named Margarita Cogni, who has been already mentioned in one of these letters, and who, from the trade of her husband, was known by the title of the Fornarina. A portrait of this handsome virago, drawn by Harlowe when at Venice, having fallen into the hands of one of Lord Byron's friends after the death of that artist, the noble poet, on being applied to for some particulars of his heroine, wrote a long letter on the subject, from which the following are extracts: —

"Since you desire the story of Margarita Cogni, you shall be told it, though it may be lengthy.

"Her face is the fine Venetian cast of the old time; her figure, though perhaps too tall, is not less fine — and taken altogether in the national dress.

"In the summer of 1817, Hobhouse and myself were sauntering on horseback along the Brenta one evening, when, amongst a group of peasants, we remarked two girls as the prettiest we had seen for some time. About this period, there had been great distress in the country, and I had a little relieved some of the people. Generosity makes a great figure at very little cost in Venetian livres, and mine had probably been exaggerated as an Englishman's. Whether they remarked us looking at them or no, I know not; but one of them called out to me in Venetian, 'Why do not you, who relieve others, think of us also?' I turned round and answered her — 'Cara, tu sei troppo bella e giovane per aver' bisogna del' soccorso mio.' She answered, 'If you saw my hut and my food, you would not say so.' All this passed half jestingly, and I saw no more of her for some days.

"A few evenings after, we met with these two girls again, and they addressed us more seriously, assuring us of the truth of their statement. They were cousins; Margarita married, the other single. As I doubted still of the circumstances, I took the business in a different light, and made an appointment with them for the next evening. In short, in a few evenings we arranged our affairs, and for a long space of time she was the only one who preserved over me an ascendency which was often disputed, and never impaired.

"The reasons of this were, firstly, her person; — very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes. She was two-and-twenty years old, * * * She was, besides, a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their *naïveté* and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters, — except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe, under the piazza, to make a letter for her, upon some occasion when I was ill and could not see her. In other respects, she was somewhat fierce and 'prepotente,' that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great regard to time, place, nor persons; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down.

"When I first knew her, I was in 'relazione' (liaison) with la Signora Segati, who was silly enough one evening at Dolo, accompanied by some of her female friends, to threaten her; for the gossips of the villeggiatura had already found out, by the neighing of my horse one evening, that I used to 'ride late in the night' to meet the Fornarina. Margarita threw back her veil (fazziolo), and replied in very explicit Venetian, '*You* are *not* his *wife*: *I* am *not* his *wife*: you are his Donna, and *I* am his *Donna*: your husband is a *becco*, and mine is another. For the rest, what *right* have you to reproach me? If he prefers me to you, is it my fault? If

you wish to secure him, tie him to your petticoat-string. But do not think to speak to me without a reply, because you happen to be richer than I am.' Having delivered this pretty piece of eloquence (which I translate as it was related to me by a bystander), she went on her way, leaving a numerous audience with Madame Segati, to ponder at her leisure on the dialogue between them.

"When I came to Venice for the winter, she followed; and as she found herself out to be a favourite, she came to me pretty often. But she had inordinate self-love, and was not tolerant of other women. At the 'Cavalchina,' the masked ball on the last night of the carnival, where all the world goes, she snatched off the mask of Madame Contarini, a lady noble by birth, and decent in conduct, for no other reason, but because she happened to be leaning on my arm. You may suppose what a cursed noise this made; but this is only one of her pranks.

"At last she quarrelled with her husband, and one evening ran away to my house. I told her this would not do: she said she would lie in the street, but not go back to him; that he beat her (the gentle tigress!), spent her money, and scandalously neglected her. As it was midnight I let her stay, and next day there was no moving her at all. Her husband came, roaring and crying, and entreating her to come back: — *not* she! He then applied to the police, and they applied to me: I told them and her husband to *take* her; I did not want her; she had come, and I could not fling her out of the window; but they might conduct her through that or the door if they chose it. She went before the commissary, but was obliged to return with that 'becco ettico,' as she called the poor man, who had a phthisic. In a few days she ran away again. After a precious piece of work, she fixed herself in my house, really and truly without my consent; but, owing to my indolence, and not being able to keep my countenance, for if I began in a rage, she always finished by making me laugh with some Venetian pantaloonery or another; and the gipsy knew this well enough, as well as her other powers of persuasion, and exerted them with the usual tact and success of all she-things; high and low, they are all alike for that.

"Madame Benzoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing; and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children — for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untameable. *I* was the only person that could at all keep her in any order, and when she saw me really angry (which they tell me is a savage sight), she subsided. But she had a thousand fooleries. In her fazziolo, the dress of the lower orders, she looked beautiful; but, alas! she longed for a hat and feathers; and all I could say or do (and I said much) could not prevent this travestie. I put the first into the fire; but I got tired of burning them, before she did of buying them, so that she made herself a figure — for they did not at all become her.

"Then she would have her gowns with a *tail* — like a lady, forsooth; nothing would serve her but 'l'abita colla *coua*,' or *cua*, (that is the Venetian for 'la cola,' the tail or train,) and as her cursed pronunciation of the word made me laugh, there was an end of all controversy, and she dragged this diabolical tail after her every where.

"In the mean time, she beat the women and stopped my letters. I found her one day pondering over one. She used to try to find out by their shape whether they were feminine or no; and she used to lament her ignorance, and actually studied her alphabet, on purpose (as she declared) to open all letters addressed to me and read their contents.

"I must not omit to do justice to her housekeeping qualities. After she came into my house as 'donna di governo,' the expenses were reduced to less than half, and every body did their duty better — the apartments were kept in order, and every thing and every body else, except herself.

"That she had a sufficient regard for me in her wild way, I had many reasons to believe. I will mention one. In the autumn, one day, going to the Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril — hats blown away, boat filling, oar lost, tumbling sea, thunder, rain in torrents, night coming, and wind unceasing. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found her on the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Grand Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through her tears, and the long dark hair, which was streaming, drenched with rain, over her brows and breast. She was perfectly exposed to the storm; and the wind blowing her hair and dress about her thin tall figure, and the lightning flashing round her, and the waves rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea alighted from her chariot, or the Sibyl of the tempest that was rolling around her, the only living thing within hail at that moment except ourselves. On seeing me safe, she

did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling out to me — 'Ah! can' della Madonna, xe esto il tempo per andar' al' Lido?' (Ah! dog of the Virgin, is this a time to go to Lido?) ran into the house, and solaced herself with scolding the boatmen for not foreseeing the 'temporale.' I am told by the servants that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the refusal of all the gondoliers of the canal to put out into the harbour in such a moment; and that then she sat down on the steps in all the thickest of the squall, and would neither be removed nor comforted. Her joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed with ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress over her recovered cubs.

"But her reign drew near a close. She became quite ungovernable some months after; and a concurrence of complaints, some true, and many false — 'a favourite has no friends' — determined me to part with her. I told her quietly that she must return home, (she had acquired a sufficient provision for herself and mother, &c. in my service,) and she refused to quit the house. I was firm, and she went threatening knives and revenge. I told her that I had seen knives drawn before her time, and that if she chose to begin, there was a knife, and fork also, at her service on the table, and that intimidation would not do. The next day, while I was at dinner, she walked in, (having broken open a glass door that led from the hall below to the staircase, by way of prologue,) and, advancing straight up to the table, snatched the knife from my hand, cutting me slightly in the thumb in the operation. Whether she meant to use this against herself or me, I know not — probably against neither — but Fletcher seized her by the arms, and disarmed her. I then called my boatmen, and desired them to get the gondola ready, and conduct her to her own house again, seeing carefully that she did herself no mischief by the way. She seemed quite quiet, and walked down stairs. I resumed my dinner.

"We heard a great noise, and went out, and met them on the staircase, carrying her up stairs. She had thrown herself into the canal. That she intended to destroy herself, I do not believe; but when we consider the fear women and men who can't swim have of deep or even of shallow water, (and the Venetians in particular, though they live on the waves,) and that it was also night, and dark, and very cold, it shows that she had a devilish spirit of some sort within her. They had got her out without much difficulty or damage, excepting the salt water she had swallowed, and the wetting she had undergone.

"I foresaw her intention to refix herself, and sent for a surgeon, enquiring how many hours it would require to restore her from her agitation; and he named the time. I then said, 'I give you that time, and more if you require it; but at the expiration of this prescribed period, if *she* does not leave the house, *I* will.'

"All my people were consternated. They had always been frightened at her, and were now paralysed: they wanted me to apply to the police, to guard myself, &c. &c. like a pack of snivelling servile boobies as they were. I did nothing of the kind, thinking that I might as well end that way as another; besides, I had been used to savage women, and knew their ways.

"I had her sent home quietly after her recovery, and never saw her since, except twice at the opera, at a distance amongst the audience. She made many attempts to return, but no more violent ones. And this is the story of Margarita Cogni, as far as it relates to me.

"I forgot to mention that she was very devout, and would cross herself if she heard the prayer time strike.

"She was quick in reply; as, for instance — One day when she had made me very angry with beating somebody or other, I called her a *cow* (*cow*, in Italian, is a sad affront). I called her 'vacca.' She turned round, courtesied, and answered, 'vacca *tua*, 'celenza' (*i. e.* Eccelenza). '*Your* cow, please your Excellency.' In short, she was, as I said before, a very fine animal, of considerable beauty and energy, with many good and several amusing qualities, but wild as a witch and fierce as a demon. She used to boast publicly of her ascendency over me, contrasting it with that of other women, and assigning for it sundry reasons. True it was, that they all tried to get her away, and no one succeeded till her own absurdity helped them.

"I omitted to tell you her answer, when I reproached her for snatching Madame Contarini's mask at the Cavalchina. I represented to her that she was a lady of high birth, 'una Dama,' &c. She answered, 'Se ella è dama *mi* (*io*) son Veneziana;' — 'If she is a lady, I am a Venetian.' This would have been fine a hundred years ago, the pride of the nation rising up against the pride of aristocracy: but, alas! Venice, and her people, and her nobles, are alike returning fast to the ocean; and where there is no independence, there can be no real self-respect. I believe that I mistook or mis-stated one of

Letter 319. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, July 10. 1818.

"I have received your letter and the credit from Morlands, &c.; for whom I have also drawn upon you at sixty days' sight for the remainder, according to your proposition.

"I am still waiting in Venice, in expectancy of the arrival of Hanson's clerk. What can detain him, I do not know; but I trust that Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Kinnaird, when their political fit is abated, will take the trouble to enquire and expedite him, as I have nearly a hundred thousand pounds depending upon the completion of the sale and the signature of the papers.

"The draft on you is drawn up by Siri and Willhalm. I hope that the form is correct. I signed it two or three days ago, desiring them to forward it to Messrs. Morland and Ransom.

"Your projected editions for November had better be postponed, as I have some things in project, or preparation, that may be of use to you, though not very important in themselves. I have completed an Ode on Venice; and have two Stories, one serious and one ludicrous (à la Beppo), not yet finished, and in no hurry to be so.

"You talk of the letter to Hobhouse being much admired, and speak of prose. I think of writing (for your full edition) some Memoirs of my life, to prefix to them, upon the same model (though far enough, I fear, from reaching it) as that of Gifford, Hume, &c.; and this without any intention of making disclosures or remarks upon living people, which would be unpleasant to them: but I think it might be done, and well done. However, this is to be considered. I have *materials* in plenty, but the greater part of them could not be used by *me*, nor for these hundred years to come. However, there is enough without these, and merely as a literary man, to make a preface for such an edition as you meditate. But this is by the way: I have not made up my mind.

"I enclose you a *note* on the subject of '*Parisina*,' which Hobhouse can dress for you. It is an extract of particulars from a history of Ferrara.

"I trust you have been attentive to Missiaglia, for the English have the character of neglecting the Italians, at present, which I hope you will redeem.

"Yours in haste, B."

Letter 320. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, July 17. 1818.

"I suppose that Aglietti will take whatever you offer, but till his return from Vienna I can make him no proposal; nor, indeed, have you authorised me to do so. The three French notes *are* by Lady Mary; also another half-English-French-Italian. They are very pretty and passionate; it is a pity that a piece of one of them is lost. Algarotti seems to have treated her ill; but she was much his senior, and all women are used ill — or say so, whether they are or not.

"I shall be glad of your books and powders. I am still in waiting for Hanson's clerk, but luckily not at Geneva. All my good friends wrote to me to hasten *there* to meet him, but not one had the good sense or the good nature to write afterwards to tell me that it would be time and a journey thrown away, as he could not set off for some months after the period appointed. If I *had* taken the journey on the general suggestion, I never would have spoken again to one of you as long as I existed. I have written to request Mr. Kinnaird, when the foam of his politics is wiped away, to extract a positive answer from that * * * *, and not to keep me in a state of suspense upon the subject. I hope that Kinnaird, who has my power of attorney, keeps a look-out upon the gentleman, which is the more necessary, as I have a great dislike to the idea of coming over to look after him myself.

"I have several things begun, verse and prose, but none in much forwardness. I have written some six or seven sheets of a Life, which I mean to continue, and send you when finished. It may perhaps serve for your projected editions. If you would tell me exactly (for I know nothing, and have no correspondents except on business) the state of the reception of our late publications, and the feeling upon them, without consulting any delicacies (I am too seasoned to require them), I should know how and in what manner to proceed. I should not like to give them too much, which may probably have been the case already; but, as I tell you, I know nothing.

"I once wrote from the fullness of my mind and the love of fame, (not as an *end*, but a *means*, to obtain that influence over men's minds which is power in itself and in its consequences,) and now from habit and from avarice; so that the effect may probably be as different as the inspiration. I have the same facility, and indeed necessity, of composition, to avoid idleness (though idleness in a hot country is a pleasure), but a much greater indifference to what is to become of it, after it has served my immediate purpose. However, I should on no account like to —— but I won't go on, like the Arch-

bishop of Granada, as I am very sure that you dread the fate of Gil Blas, and with good reason. Yours, &c.

"P. S. — I have written some very savage letters to Mr. Hobhouse, Kinnaird, to you, and to Hanson, because the silence of so long a time made me tear off my remaining rags of patience. I have seen one or two late English publications which are no great things, except Rob Roy. I shall be glad of Whistlecraft."

LETTER 321. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, August 26. 1818.

"You may go on with your edition, without calculating on the Memoir, which I shall not publish at present. It is nearly finished, but will be too long; and there are so many things, which, out of regard to the living, cannot be mentioned, that I have written with too much detail of that which interested me least; so that my autobiographical Essay would resemble the tragedy of Hamlet at the country theatre, recited 'with the part of Hamlet left out by particular desire.' I shall keep it among my papers; it will be a kind of guide-post in case of death, and prevent some of the lies which would otherwise be told, and destroy some which have been told already.

"The tales also are in an unfinished state, and I can fix no time for their completion: they are also *not* in the best manner. You must not, therefore, calculate upon any thing in time for this edition. The Memoir is already above forty-four sheets of very large, long paper, and will be about fifty or sixty; but I wish to go on leisurely; and when finished, although it might do a good deal for you at the time, I am not sure that it would serve any good purpose in the end to either, as it is full of many passions and prejudices, of which it has been impossible for me to keep clear: — I have not the patience.

"Enclosed is a list of books which Dr. Aglietti would be glad to receive by way of price for his MS. letters, if you are disposed to purchase at the rate of fifty pounds sterling. These he will be glad to have as part, and the rest *I* will give him in money, and you may carry it to the account of books, &c. which is in balance against me, deducting it accordingly. So that the letters are yours, if you like them, at this rate; and he and I are going to hunt for more Lady Montague letters, which he thinks of finding. I write in haste. Thanks for the article, and believe me

"Yours, &c."

To the charge brought against Lord Byron by some English travellers of being, in general, repulsive and inhospitable to his own countrymen, I have already made allusion; and shall now add to the testimony then cited in disproof of such a charge some particulars, communicated to me by Captain Basil Hall, which exhibit the courtesy and kindliness of the noble poet's disposition in their true, natural light.

"On the last day of August, 1818 (says this distinguished writer and traveller), I was taken ill with an ague at Venice, and having heard enough of the low state of the medical art in that country, I was not a little anxious as to the advice I should take. I was not acquainted with any person in Venice to whom I could refer, and had only one letter of introduction, which was to Lord Byron; but as there were many stories floating about of his Lordship's unwillingness to be pestered with tourists, I had felt unwilling, before this moment, to intrude myself in that shape. Now, however, that I was seriously unwell, I felt sure that this offensive character would merge in that of a countryman in distress, and I sent the letter by one of my travelling companions to Lord Byron's lodgings, with a note, excusing the liberty I was taking, explaining that I was in want of medical assistance; and saying I should not send to any one till I heard the name of the person who, in his Lordship's opinion, was the best practitioner in Venice.

"Unfortunately for me, Lord Byron was still in bed, though it was near noon; and still more unfortunately, the bearer of my message scrupled to awake him, without first coming back to consult me. By this time I was in all the agonies of a cold ague fit, and, therefore, not at all in a condition to be consulted upon any thing — so I replied pettishly, 'Oh, by no means disturb Lord Byron on my account — ring for the landlord, and send for any one he recommends.' This absurd injunction being forthwith and literally attended to, in the course of an hour I was under the discipline of mine host's friend, whose skill and success it is no part of my present purpose to descant upon: — it is sufficient to mention, that I was irrevocably in his hands long before the following most kind note was brought to me, in great haste, by Lord Byron's servant.

"'Venice, August 31. 1818.

"'Dear Sir,

"'Dr. Aglietti is the best physician, not only in Venice, but in Italy: his resi-

dence is on the Grand Canal, and easily found; I forget the number, but am probably the only person in Venice who don't know it. There is no comparison between him and any of the other medical people here. I regret very much to hear of your indisposition, and shall do myself the honour of waiting upon you the moment I am up. I write this in bed, and have only just received the letter and note. I beg you to believe that nothing but the extreme lateness of my hours could have prevented me from replying immediately, or coming in person. I have not been called a minute.—I have the honour to be, very truly,

"'Your most obedient servant,

"'Byron.'

"His Lordship soon followed this note, and I heard his voice in the next room; but although he waited more than an hour, I could not see him, being under the inexorable hands of the doctor. In the course of the same evening he again called, but I was asleep. When I awoke I found his Lordship's valet sitting by my bedside. 'He had his master's orders,' he said, 'to remain with me while I was unwell, and was instructed to say, that whatever his Lordship had, or could procure, was at my service, and that he would come to me and sit with me, or do whatever I liked, if I would only let him know in what way he could be useful.'

"Accordingly, on the next day, I sent for some book, which was brought, with a list of his library. I forget what it was which prevented my seeing Lord Byron on this day, though he called more than once; and on the next, I was too ill with fever to talk to any one.

"The moment I could get out, I took a gondola and went to pay my respects, and to thank his Lordship for his attentions. It was then nearly three o'clock, but he was not yet up; and when I went again on the following day at five, I had the mortification to learn that he had gone, at the same hour, to call upon me, so that we had crossed each other on the canal; and, to my deep and lasting regret, I was obliged to leave Venice without seeing him."

Letter 322. TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, September 19. 1818.

"An English newspaper here would be a prodigy, and an opposition one a monster; and except some extracts *from* extracts in the vile, garbled Paris gazettes, nothing of the kind reaches the Veneto-Lombard public, who are, perhaps, the most oppressed in Europe. My correspondences with England are mostly on business, and chiefly with my * * *, who has no very exalted notion, or extensive conception, of an author's attributes; for he once took up an Edinburgh Review, and, looking at it a minute, said to me, 'So, I see you have got into the magazine,'—which is the only sentence I ever heard him utter upon literary matters, or the men thereof.

"My first news of your Irish Apotheosis has, consequently, been from yourself. But, as it will not be forgotten in a hurry, either by your friends or your enemies, I hope to have it more in detail from some of the former, and, in the mean time, I wish you joy with all my heart. Such a moment must have been a good deal better than Westminster Abbey,—besides being an assurance of *that* one day (many years hence, I trust), into the bargain.

"I am sorry to perceive, however, by the close of your letter, that even *you* have not escaped the 'surgit amari,' &c., and that your damned deputy has been gathering such 'dew from the still *vext* Bermoothes'—or rather *vexatious*. Pray, give me some items of the affair, as you say it is a serious one; and, if it grows more so, you should make a trip over here for a few months, to see how things turn out. I suppose you are a violent admirer of England by your staying so long in it. For my own part, I have passed, between the age of one-and-twenty and thirty, half the intervenient years out of it without regretting any thing, except that I ever returned to it at all, and the gloomy prospect before me of business and parentage obliging me, one day, to return to it again,—at least, for the transaction of affairs, the signing of papers, and inspecting of children.

"I have here my natural daughter, by name Allegra,—a pretty little girl enough, and reckoned like papa.[1] Her mamma is

[1] This little child had been sent to him by its mother about four or five months before, under the care of a Swiss nurse, a young girl not above nineteen or twenty years of age, and in every respect unfit to have the charge of such an infant, without the superintendence of some more experienced person. "The child, accordingly," says my informant, "was but ill-taken care of;—not that any blame could attach to Lord Byron, for he always expressed himself most anxious for her welfare, but because the nurse wanted the necessary experience. The poor girl was equally to be pitied; for, as Lord Byron's household consisted of English and Italian men servants, with whom she could hold no converse, and as there was no other female to consult with and assist her in her charge, nothing could be more forlorn than her situation proved to be." Soon after the date of the above letter, Mrs. Hoppner,

English,—but it is a long story, and—there's an end. She is about twenty months old.

"I have finished the first canto (a long one, of about 180 octaves) of a poem in the style and manner of 'Beppo,' encouraged by the good success of the same. It is called 'Don Juan,' and is meant to be a little quietly facetious upon every thing. But I doubt whether it is not — at least, as far as it has yet gone — too free for these very modest days. However, I shall try the experiment, anonymously; and if it don't take, it will be discontinued. It is dedicated to Southey in good, simple, savage verse, upon the * * * *'s politics, and the way he got them. But the bore of copying it out is intolerable; and if I had an amanuensis he would be of no use, as my writing is so difficult to decipher.

"My poem's Epic, and is meant to be
Divided in twelve books, each book containing,
With love and war, a heavy gale at sea —
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning —
New characters, &c. &c.

The above are two stanzas, which I send you as a brick of my Babel, and by which you can judge of the texture of the structure.

"In writing the Life of Sheridan, never mind the angry lies of the humbug Whigs. Recollect that he was an Irishman and a clever fellow, and that *we* have had some very pleasant days with him. Don't forget that he was at school at Harrow, where, in my time, we used to show his name — R. B. Sheridan, 1765, — as an honour to the walls. Remember * *. Depend upon it that there were worse folks going, of that gang, than ever Sheridan was.

"What did Parr mean by 'haughtiness and coldness?' I listened to him with admiring ignorance, and respectful silence. What more could a talker for fame have? — they don't like to be answered. It was at Payne Knight's I met him, where he gave me more Greek than I could carry away. But I certainly meant to (and *did*) treat him with the most respectful deference.

"I wish you a good night, with a Venetian benediction, 'Benedetto te, e la terra che ti fara!' — 'May you be blessed, and the *earth* which you will *make!*' — is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier if you had heard it, as I did two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large black eyes, a face like Faustina's, and the figure of a Juno — tall and energetic as a Pythoness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight — one of those women who may be made any thing. I am sure if I put a poniard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her, — and into *me*, if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed. You may, perhaps, wonder that I don't in that case. * * * I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl, — any thing, but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me.[1] * * Do you suppose I have forgotten it? It has comparatively swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth, till a tenfold opportunity offers. It may come yet. There are others more to be blamed than * * * *, and it is on these that my eyes are fixed unceasingly."

LETTER 323. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, September 24. 1818.

"In the one hundredth and thirty-second stanza of Canto fourth, the stanza runs in the manuscript —

"And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!

and *not* '*lost*,' which, is nonsense, as what losing a scale means, I know not; but *leaving* an unbalanced scale, or a scale unbalanced, is intelligible. Correct this, I pray, — not for the public, or the poetry; but I do not choose to have blunders made in addressing any of the deities, so seriously as this is addressed. "Yours, &c.

"P. S. — In the translation from the Spanish, alter

"In increasing squadrons flew,

to —

"To a mighty squadron grew.

---

the lady of the Consul-General, who had, from the first, in compassion both to father and child, invited the little Allegra occasionally to her house, very kindly proposed to Lord Byron to take charge of her altogether, and an arrangement was accordingly concluded upon for that purpose.

[1] "I had one only fount of quiet left,
And *that* they poison'd! *My pure household gods*
Were shiver'd on my hearth." *Marino Faliero.*

["Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him,
Let's own — since it can do no good on earth —
It was a trying moment that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth;
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him.
No choice was left his feelings or his pride," &c.&c.
Don Juan, c. i. st. 36.]

"What does 'thy waters *wasted* them' mean (in the Canto)? *That is not me.* Consult the MS. *always.*

"I have written the first Canto (180 octave stanzas) of a poem in the style of Beppo, and have Mazeppa to finish besides.

"In referring to the mistake in stanza 132. I take the opportunity to desire that in future, in all parts of my writings referring to religion, you will be more careful, and not forget that it is possible that in addressing the Deity a blunder may become a blasphemy; and I do not choose to suffer such infamous perversions of my words or of my intentions.

"I saw the canto by accident."

LETTER 324. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, January 20. 1819.

"The opinions which I have asked of Mr. Hobhouse and others were with regard to poetical merit, and not as to what they may think due to the *cant* of the day, which still reads the Bath Guide, Little's Poems, Prior and Chaucer, to say nothing of Fielding and Smollett. If published, publish entire, with the above-mentioned exceptions; or you may publish anonymously, or *not* at *all.* In the latter event, print 50 on my account, for private distribution.

"Yours, &c.

"I have written to Messrs. Kinnaird and Hobhouse to desire that they will not erase more than I have stated.

"The second canto of Don Juan is finished in 206 stanzas."

LETTER 325. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, January 25. 1819.

"You will do me the favour to print privately (for private distribution) fifty copies of 'Don Juan.' The list of the men to whom I wish it to be presented, I will send hereafter. The other two poems had best be added to the collective edition: I do not approve of *their* being published separately. *Print* Don Juan *entire*, omitting, of course, the lines on Castlereagh, as I am not on the spot to meet him. I have a second canto ready, which will be sent by and by. By this post, I have written to Mr. Hobhouse, addressed to your care.

"Yours, &c.

"B.

"P. S—I have acquiesced in the request and representation; and having done so, it is idle to detail my arguments in favour of my own self-love and 'Poeshie;' but I *protest.* If the poem has poetry, it would stand; if not, fall: the rest is 'leather and prunello,' and has never yet affected any human production 'pro or con.' Dulness is the only annihilator in such cases. As to the cant of the day, I despise it, as I have ever done all its other finical fashions, which become you as paint became the ancient Britons. If you admit this prudery, you must omit half Ariosto, La Fontaine, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, all the Charles Second writers; in short, *something* of most who have written before Pope and are worth reading, and much of Pope himself. *Read him*—most of you *don't*—but *do*—and I will forgive you; though the inevitable consequence would be that you would burn all I have ever written, and all your other wretched Claudians of the day (except Scott and Crabbe) into the bargain. I wrong Claudian, who *was* a *poet*, by naming him with such fellows; but he was the 'ultimus Romanorum,' the tail of the comet, and these persons are the tail of an old gown cut into a waistcoat for Jackey; but being both *tails*, I have compared one with the other, though very unlike, like all similes. I write in a passion and a sirocco, and I was up till six this morning at the Carnival; but I *protest*, as I did in my former letter."

LETTER 326. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, February 1. 1819.

"After one of the concluding stanzas of the first canto of 'Don Juan,' which ends with (I forget the number)—

> "To have . . . . . .
> . . . . . when the original is dust,
> A book, a d—d bad picture, and worse bust,

insert the following stanza—

> "What are the hopes of man, &c.

"I have written to you several letters, some with additions, and some upon the subject of the poem itself, which my cursed puritanical committee have protested against publishing. But we will circumvent them on that point. I have not yet begun to copy out the second canto, which is finished, from natural laziness, and the discouragement of the milk and water they have thrown upon the first. I say all this to them as to you; that is, for *you* to say to *them*, for I will have nothing underhand. If they had told me the poetry was bad, I would have acquiesced; but they say the contrary, and then talk to me about morality

—the first time I ever heard the word from any body who was not a rascal that used it for a purpose. I maintain that it is the most moral of poems; but if people won't discover the moral, that is their fault, not mine. I have already written to beg that in any case you will print *fifty* for private distribution. I will send you the list of persons to whom it is to be sent afterwards.

"Within this last fortnight I have been rather indisposed with a rebellion of stomach, which would retain nothing, (liver, I suppose,) and an inability, or fantasy, not to be able to eat of any thing with relish but a kind of Adriatic fish called 'scampi,' which happens to be the most indigestible of marine viands. However, within these last two days, I am better, and very truly yours."

LETTER 327. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, April 6. 1819.

"The second canto of Don Juan was sent, on Saturday last, by post, in four packets, two of four, and two of three sheets each, containing in all two hundred and seventeen stanzas, octave measure. But I will permit no curtailments, except those mentioned about Castlereagh and * * * *.[1] You sha'n't make *canticles* of my cantos. The poem will please, if it is lively; if it is stupid, it will fail; but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing. If you please, you may publish *anonymously;* it will perhaps be better; but I will battle my way against them all, like a porcupine.

"So you and Mr. Foscolo, &c. want me to undertake what you call a 'great work?' an Epic Poem, I suppose, or some such pyramid. I'll try no such thing; I hate tasks. And then 'seven or eight years!' God send us all well this day three months, let alone years. If one's years can't be better employed than in sweating poesy, a man had better be a ditcher. And works, too!—is Childe Harold nothing? You have so many '*divine*' poems, is it nothing to have written a *human* one? without any of your worn-out machinery. Why, man, I could have spun the thoughts of the four cantos of that poem into twenty, had I wanted to book-make, and its passion into as many modern tragedies. Since you want *length*, you shall have enough of *Juan*, for I'll make fifty cantos.

"And Foscolo, too! Why does *he* not do something more than the Letters of Ortis, and a tragedy[2], and pamphlets? He has good fifteen years more at his command than I have: what has he done all that time?—proved his genius, doubtless, but not fixed its fame, nor done his utmost.

"Besides, I mean to write my best work in *Italian*, and it will take me nine years more thoroughly to master the language; and then if my fancy exist, and I exist too, I will try what I *can* do *really*. As to the estimation of the English which you talk of, let them calculate what it is worth, before they insult me with their insolent condescension.

"I have not written for their pleasure. If they are pleased, it is that they chose to be so; I have never flattered their opinions, nor their pride; nor will I. Neither will I make 'Ladies' books' 'al dilettar le femine e la plebe.' I have written from the fulness of my mind, from passion, from impulse, from many motives, but not for their 'sweet voices.'

"I know the precise worth of popular applause, for few scribblers have had more of it; and if I chose to swerve into their paths, I could retain it, or resume it. But I neither love ye, nor fear ye; and though I buy with ye and sell with ye, and talk with ye, I will neither eat with ye, drink with ye, nor pray with ye. They made me, without my search, a species of popular idol; they, without reason or judgment, beyond the caprice of their good pleasure, threw down the image from its pedestal; it was not broken with the fall, and they would, it seems, again replace it,—but they shall not.

"You ask about my health: about the beginning of the year I was in a state of great exhaustion, attended by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it; and I was obliged to reform my 'way of life,' which was conducting me from the 'yellow leaf' to the ground, with all deliberate speed. I am better in health and morals, and very much yours, &c.

"P.S.—I have read Hodgson's 'Friends.' He is right in defending Pope against the bastard pelicans of the poetical winter day, who add insult to their parricide, by sucking the blood of the parent of English *real* poetry,—poetry without fault,—and then spurning the bosom which fed them."

It was about the time when the foregoing letter was written, and when, as we perceive, like the first return of reason after intoxication, a full consciousness of some of the

[1] ["The two Bobs in the Introduction." See *Works*, p. 588.]

[2] ["Ricciarda." For an account of it, see Quarterly Review, vol. xxiv. p. 90. Foscolo was a Greek by birth, a native of Zante. He died at Chiswick, in 1827, in his fiftieth year.]

evils of his late libertine course of life had broken upon him, that an attachment differing altogether, both in duration and devotion, from any of those that, since the dream of his boyhood, had inspired him, gained an influence over his mind which lasted through his few remaining years; and, undeniably wrong and immoral (even allowing for the Italian estimate of such frailties) as was the nature of the connection to which this attachment led, we can hardly perhaps, — taking into account the far worse wrong from which it rescued and preserved him, — consider it otherwise than as an event fortunate both for his reputation and happiness.

The fair object of this last, and (with one signal exception) only *real* love of his whole life, was a young Romagnese lady, the daughter of Count Gamba, of Ravenna, and married, but a short time before Lord Byron first met her, to an old and wealthy widower, of the same city, Count Guiccioli. Her husband had in early life been the friend of Alfieri, and had distinguished himself by his zeal in promoting the establishment of a National Theatre, in which the talents of Alfieri and his own wealth were to be combined. Notwithstanding his age, and a character, as it appears, by no means reputable, his great opulence rendered him an object of ambition among the mothers of Ravenna, who, according to the too frequent maternal practice, were seen vying with each other in attracting so rich a purchaser for their daughters; and the young Teresa Gamba, not yet sixteen, and just emancipated from a convent, was the selected victim.

The first time Lord Byron had ever seen this lady was in the autumn of 1818, when she made her appearance, three days after her marriage, at the house of the Countess Albrizzi, in all the gaiety of bridal array, and the first delight of exchanging a convent for the world. At this time, however, no acquaintance ensued between them; — it was not till the spring of the present year that, at an evening party of Madame Benzoni's, they were introduced to each other. The love that sprung out of this meeting was instantaneous and mutual, though with the usual disproportion of sacrifice between the parties; such an event being, to the man, but one of the many scenes of life, while, with woman, it generally constitutes the whole drama. The young Italian found herself suddenly inspired with a passion, of which, till that moment, her mind could not have formed the least idea; — she had thought of love but as an amusement, and now became its slave. If at the outset, too, less slow to be won than an Englishwoman, no sooner did she begin to understand the full despotism of the passion than her heart shrunk from it as something terrible, and she would have escaped, but that the chain was already around her.

No words, however, can describe so simply and feelingly as her own, the strong impression which their first meeting left upon her mind: —

"I became acquainted (says Madame Guiccioli) with Lord Byron in the April of 1819: — he was introduced to me at Venice, by the Countess Benzoni, at one of that lady's parties. This introduction, which had so much influence over the lives of us both, took place contrary to our wishes, and had been permitted by us only from courtesy. For myself, more fatigued than usual that evening on account of the late hours they keep at Venice, I went with great repugnance to this party, and purely in obedience to Count Guiccioli. Lord Byron, too, who was averse to forming new acquaintances,— alleging that he had entirely renounced all attachments, and was unwilling any more to expose himself to their consequences, — on being requested by the Countess Benzoni to allow himself to be presented to me, refused, and, at last, only assented from a desire to oblige her.

"His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me. From that evening, during the whole of my subsequent stay at Venice, we met every day."[1]

[1] "Nell' Aprile del 1819, io feci la conoscenza di Lord Byron; e mi fu presentato a Venezia dalla Contessa Benzoni nella di lei società. Questa presentazione che ebbe tante consequenze per tutti i due fu fatta contro la volontà d'entrambi, e solo per condiscendenza l'abbiamo permessa. Io stanca più che mai quella sera par le ore tarde che si costuma fare in Venezia andai con molta ripugnanza e solo per ubbidire al Conte Guiccioli in quella società. Lord Byron che scansava di fare nuove conoscenze, dicendo sempre che aveva interamente rinunciato alle passioni e che non voleva esporsi più alle loro consequenze, quando la Contessa Benzoni lo pregò di volersi far presentare a me egli recusò, e solo per la compiàcenza glielo permise. La nobile e bellissima sua fisonomia, il suono della sua voce, le sue maniere, i mille incanti che lo circondavano lo rendevano un essere così differente, così superiore a tutti quelli che io aveva sino allora veduti che non potei a meno di non provarne la più profonda impressione. Da quella sera in poi in tutti i giorni che mi fermai in Venezia ci siamo sempre veduti." — *MS.*

[illegible] TO MR. MURRAY.

"[illegible]

"I have got your letter and the 'Vampire.' I shall not say [illegible] Those who refer to [illegible] are [illegible] and what is not published by you is your [illegible] to me.

"Now, mind, I am for the Vampire—at least, at all probability. You [illegible] with the publication, without asking my leave, for I have other things in my head. 'Mazeppa' and the 'Ode' [illegible] —that book you [illegible] without the Dedication, for I don't like mixing, and which Shelley under stands of right.

"Yours, &c."

In another letter on the subject of the Vampire, I find the following interesting particulars,—

"TO MR. MURRAY.

"The story of Shelley's origination is true. I don't tell what actuated him, for he didn't want courage. He was once with me in a gale of wind, in a small boat, right under the rocks between Mellierie and St. Gingo. We were five in the boat—a servant, two boatmen, and ourselves. The sail was mismanaged, and the boat was filling fast. He can't swim. I stripped off my coat, made him strip off his, and take hold of an oar, telling him that I thought (being myself an expert swimmer) I could save him, if he would not struggle when I took hold of him—unless we got smashed against the rocks, which were high and sharp, with an awkward surf on them at that minute. We were then about a hundred yards from shore, and the boat in peril. He answered me with the greatest coolness,* that he had no notion of being saved, and that I would have enough to do to save myself, and begged not to trouble me.' Luckily, the boat righted, and, [illegible] we got round a point into St. Gingo, where the boatmen came down and entreated the Gentleman on their escape, the wind having been high enough to tear up some large pines from the Alps above us, as we saw next day.

"The gentleman was Shelley, who was so [illegible] was possible to be in such circumstances, of which I can no judge myself, as the chance of swimming naturally gives self-possession when near shore,) certainly had the air of dreaming which Polidori describes, though not exactly as he describes it.

"The story of the agreement to write the ghost-books is true; but the ladies are not sisters. Mary Godwin (now Mrs. Shelley) wrote 'Frankenstein,' which you† have reviewed, thinking it Shelley's. Methinks it is a wonderful book for a girl of nineteen,—or nineteen, indeed, at that time. I enclose you the beginning of mine, by which you will see how far it resembles Mr. Colburn's publication. If you choose to publish it in the Edinburgh Magazine, you may, stating why, and with such explanatory preface as you please. I never went on with it, as you will perceive by the date. I began it in an old account-book of Miss Milbanke's, which I kept because it contains the word 'Household,' written by her twice on the inside blank page of the covers, being the only two scraps I have in the world in her writing, except her name to the Deed of Separation. Her letters I sent back except those of the quarrelling correspondence, and those, being documents, are placed in the hands of a third person, with copies of several of my own; so that I have no kind of memorial whatever of her, but these two words,—and her actions. I have torn the leaves containing the part of the tale out of the book, and enclose them with this sheet.

"What do you mean? First you seem hurt by my letter, and then, in your next, you talk of its 'power,' and so forth. 'This is a d—d blind story, Jack;' but never mind,

* This story, as given in the Preface to the "Vampire," is as follows:—

"It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr. P. B. Shelley, two ladies, and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work called Phantasmagoria, began relating ghost stories, when his Lordship having recited the beginning of Christabel, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelley's mind, that he suddenly started up, and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantel-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived), he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression."

† [In Blackwood's Magazine, of which Mr. Murray was then a co-proprietor, there appeared an article on Frankenstein by Sir Walter Scott, in which the reviewer says, "The author seems to us to disclose uncommon powers of poetic imagination. It is no slight merit in our eyes, that the tale, though wild in incident, is written in plain and forcible English, without exhibiting that mixture of hyperbolical Germanisms with which tales of wonder are usually told, as if it were necessary that the language should be as extravagant as the fiction. The ideas of the author are always clearly as well as forcibly expressed; and his descriptions of landscape have in them the choice requisites of truth, freshness, precision, and beauty."—See Scott's Miscell. Prose Works, vol. xvii. p. 250.]

go on.' You may be sure I said nothing *on purpose* to plague you; but if you will put me 'in a frenzy, I will never call you *Jack* again.' I remember nothing of the epistle at present.

"What do you mean by Polidori's *Diary?* Why, I defy him to say any thing about me, but he is welcome. I have nothing to reproach me with on his score, and I am much mistaken if that is not his *own* opinion. But why publish the names of the two girls? and in such a manner? — what a blundering piece of exculpation! *He* asked Pictet, &c. to dinner, and of course was left to entertain them. I went into society *solely* to present *him* (as I told him), that he might return into good company if he chose; it was the best thing for his youth and circumstances: for myself, I had done with society, and, having presented him, withdrew to my own 'way of life.' It is true that I returned without entering Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's, because I saw it full. It is true that Mrs. Hervey (she writes novels)[1] fainted at my entrance into Coppet, and then came back again. On her fainting, the Duchesse de Broglie exclaimed, 'This is *too much* — at *sixty-five* years of age!' — I never gave 'the English' an opportunity of 'avoiding' me; but I trust that, if ever I do, they will seize it. With regard to Mazeppa and the Ode, you may join or separate them, as you please, from the two Cantos.

"Don't suppose I want to put you out of humour. I have a great respect for your good and gentlemanly qualities, and return your personal friendship towards me; and although I think you a little spoilt by 'villanous company,' — wits, persons of honour about town, authors, and fashionables, together with your 'I am just going to call at Carlton House, are you walking that way?' — I say, notwithstanding 'pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses,' you deserve and possess the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having, and of none more (however useless it may be) than yours very truly, &c.

"B.

"P. S. — Make my respects to Mr. Gifford. I am perfectly aware that 'Don Juan' must set us all by the ears, but that is my concern, and my beginning. There will be the 'Edinburgh,' and all, too, against it; so that, like 'Rob Roy,' I shall have my hands full."

[1] ["Workfield Castle," "Castle of Tynemouth," "The Governor of Bielleville," "Memoirs of an Author," "Records of a Noble Family," &c. &c.]

LETTER 329. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, May 25. 1819.

"I have received no proofs by the last post, and shall probably have quitted Venice before the arrival of the next. There wanted a few stanzas to the termination of Canto first in the last proof; the next will, I presume, contain them, and the whole or a portion of Canto second; but it will be idle to wait for further answers from me, as I have directed that my letters wait for my return (perhaps in a month, and probably so); therefore do not wait for further advice from me. You may as well talk to the wind, and better — for *it* will at least convey your accents a little further than they would otherwise have gone; whereas *I* shall neither echo nor acquiesce in your 'exquisite reasons.' You may omit the *note* of reference to Hobhouse's travels, in Canto second, and you will put as motto to the whole —

"'Difficile est proprie communia dicere.' — HORACE.

"A few days ago I sent you all I know of Polidori's Vampire. He may do, say, or write what he pleases, but I wish he would not attribute to me his own compositions. If he has any thing of mine in his possession, the MS. will put it beyond controversy; but I scarcely think that any one who knows me would believe the thing in the Magazine to be mine, even if they saw it in my own hieroglyphics.

"I write to you in the agonies of a *sirocco*, which annihilates me; and I have been fool enough to do four things since dinner, which are as well omitted in very hot weather: 1stly, ****; 2dly, to play at billiards from 10 to 12, under the influence of lighted lamps, that doubled the heat; 3dly, to go afterwards into a red-hot conversazione of the Countess Benzoni's; and, 4thly, to begin this letter at three in the morning: but being begun, it must be finished.

"Ever very truly and affectionately yours,

"B.

"P. S. — I petition for tooth-brushes, powder, magnesia, Macassar oil (or Russia), *the* sashes, and Sir Nl. Wraxall's Memoirs of his own Times. I want, besides, a bulldog, a terrier, and two Newfoundland dogs; and I want (is it Buck's?) a Life of *Richard 3d*, advertised by Longman *long, long, long* ago; I asked you for it at least three years since. See Longman's advertisements."

About the middle of April, Madame Guiccioli had been obliged to quit Venice with her husband. Having several houses on the road from Venice to Ravenna, it was

his habit to stop at these mansions, one after the other, in his journeys between the two cities; and from all these places the enamoured young Countess now wrote to Lord Byron, expressing, in the most passionate and pathetic terms, her despair at leaving him. So utterly, indeed, did this feeling overpower her, that three times, in the course of her first day's journey, she was seized with fainting fits. In one of her letters, which I saw when at Venice, dated, if I recollect right, from "Cà Zen, Cavanelle di Po," she tells him that the solitude of this place, which she had before found irksome, was, now that one sole idea occupied her mind, become dear and welcome to her, and promises that, as soon as she arrives at Ravenna, "she will, according to his wish, avoid all general society, and devote herself to reading, music, domestic occupations, riding on horseback,—every thing, in short, that she knew he would most like." What a change for a young and simple girl, who, but a few weeks before, had thought only of society and the world, but who now saw no other happiness but in the hope of making herself worthy, by seclusion and self-instruction, of the illustrious object of her devotion!

On leaving this place, she was attacked with a dangerous illness on the road, and arrived half dead at Ravenna; nor was it found possible to revive or comfort her till an assurance was received from Lord Byron, expressed with all the fervour of real passion, that, in the course of the ensuing month, he would pay her a visit. Symptoms of consumption, brought on by her state of mind, had already shown themselves; and, in addition to the pain which this separation had caused her, she was also suffering much grief from the loss of her mother, who, at this time, died in giving birth to her fourteenth child. Towards the latter end of May she wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that, having prepared all her relatives and friends to expect him, he might now, she thought, venture to make his appearance at Ravenna. Though, on the lady's account, hesitating as to the prudence of such a step, he, in obedience to her wishes, on the 2d of June, set out from La Mira (at which place he had again taken a villa for the summer), and proceeded towards Romagna.

From Padua he addressed a letter to Mr. Hoppner, chiefly occupied with matters of household concern which that gentleman had undertaken to manage for him at Venice, but, on the immediate object of his journey, expressing himself in a tone so light and jesting, as it would be difficult for those not versed in his character to conceive that he could ever bring himself, while under the influence of a passion so sincere, to assume. But such is ever the wantonness of the mocking spirit, from which nothing,—not even love,—remains sacred; and which, at last, for want of other food, turns upon himself. The same horror, too, of hypocrisy that led Lord Byron to exaggerate his own errors, led him also to disguise, under a seemingly heartless ridicule, all those natural and kindly qualities by which they were redeemed.

This letter from Padua concludes thus:—

"A journey in an Italian June is a conscription; and if I was not the most constant of men, I should now be swimming from the Lido, instead of smoking in the dust of Padua. Should there be letters from England, let them wait my return. And do look at my house and (not lands, but) waters, and scold;— and deal out the monies to Edgecombe [1] with an air of reluctance and a shake of the head—and put queer questions to him—and turn up your nose when he answers.

"Make my respect to the Consuless—and to the Chevalier—and to Scotin—and to all the counts and countesses of our acquaintance.

"And believe me ever

"Your disconsolate and affectionate, &c."

As a contrast to the strange levity of this letter, as well as in justice to the real earnestness of the passion, however censurable in all other respects, that now engrossed him, I shall here transcribe some stanzas which he wrote in the course of this journey to Romagna, and which, though already published, are not comprised in the regular collection of his works.

"River [2], that rollest by the ancient walls,
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me," &c. &c. [3]

[1] A clerk of the English Consulate, whom he at this time employed to control his accounts.

[2] The Po.

[3] [For the remaining stanzas see Works, p. 571. edit. 1837.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1819.

FERRARA. — VISIT TO THE CERTOSA CEMETERY. — ANECDOTES. — BOLOGNA. — ILLNESS OF MADAME GUICCIOLI. — ARRIVAL AT RAVENNA. — LETTERS TO HOPPNER AND MURRAY. — RETURN TO BOLOGNA. — ALFIERI'S MIRRA. — LETTERS TO MURRAY CONCERNING DON JUAN. — SONNET TO THE PRINCE REGENT. — LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH REVIEW.

On arriving at Bologna and receiving no further intelligence from the Contessa, he began to be of opinion, as we shall perceive in the annexed interesting letters, that he should act most prudently, for all parties, by returning to Venice.

LETTER 330. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Bologna, June 6. 1819.

"I am at length joined to Bologna, where I am settled like a sausage, and shall be broiled like one, if this weather continues. Will you thank Mengaldo on my part for the Ferrara acquaintance, which was a very agreeable one. I stayed two days at Ferrara, and was much pleased with the Count Mosti, and the little the shortness of the time permitted me to see of his family. I went to his conversazione, which is very far superior to any thing of the kind at Venice — the women almost all young — several pretty — and the men courteous and cleanly. The lady of the mansion, who is young, lately married, and with child, appeared very pretty by candlelight (I did not see her by day), pleasing in her manners, and very lady-like, or thorough-bred, as we call it in England, — a kind of thing which reminds one of a racer, an antelope, or an Italian greyhound. She seems very fond of her husband, who is amiable and accomplished; he has been in England two or three times, and is young. The sister, a Countess somebody — I forget what — (they are both Maffei by birth, and Veronese of course) — is a lady of more display; she sings and plays divinely; but I thought she was a d—d long time about it. Her likeness to Madame Flahaut[1] (Miss Mercer that was) is something quite extraordinary.

"I had but a bird's eye view of these people, and shall not probably see them again; but I am very much obliged to Mengaldo for letting me see them at all. Whenever I meet with any thing agreeable in this world, it surprises me so much, and pleases me so much (when my passions are not interested one way or the other), that I go on wondering for a week to come. I feel, too, in great admiration of the Cardinal Legate's red stockings.

"I found, too, such a pretty epitaph in the Certosa cemetery, or rather two: one was,

"'Martini Luigi
Implora pace;'

the other,

"'Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.'

That was all; but it appears to me that these two and three words comprise and compress all that can be said on the subject, — and then, in Italian, they are absolute music. They contain doubt, hope, and humility; nothing can be more pathetic than the 'implora' and the modesty of the request; — they have had enough of life — they want nothing but rest — they implore it, and 'eterna quiete.' It is like a Greek inscription in some good old heathen 'City of the Dead.' Pray, if I am shovelled into the Lido churchyard in your time, let me have the 'implora pace,' and nothing else, for my epitaph.[2] I never met with any, ancient or modern, that pleased me a tenth part so much.

"In about a day or two after you receive this letter, I will thank you to desire Edgecombe to prepare for my return. I shall go back to Venice before I village on the Brenta. I shall stay but a few days in Bologna. I am just going out to see sights, but shall not present my introductory letters for a day or two, till I have run over again the place and pictures; nor perhaps at all, if I find that I have books and sights enough to do without the inhabitants. After that I shall return to Venice, where you may expect me about the eleventh, or perhaps sooner. Pray make my thanks acceptable to Mengaldo: my respects to the Consuless, and to Mr. Scott. I hope my daughter is well. "Ever yours, and truly.

[1] [The Honourable Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, now Baroness Keith. In 1817 she was married to Count Flahaut, and on the demise of her father, in 1823, she succeeded to the peerage.]

[2] ["Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns!
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone;
My epitaph shall be my name alone."
Hours of Idleness. See Works, p. 378.]

"P. S.—I went over the Ariosto MS. &c. &c. again at Ferrara, with the castle, and cell, and house, &c. &c.

"One of the Ferrarese asked me if I knew 'Lord Byron,' an acquaintance of his, *now* at Naples. I told him '*No!*' which was true both ways; for I knew not the impostor, and in the other, no one knows himself. He stared when told that I was 'the real Simon Pure.' Another asked me if I had *not translated* 'Tasso.' You see what *fame* is! how *accurate!* how *boundless!* I don't know how others feel, but I am always the lighter and the better looked on when I have got rid of mine; it sits on me like armour on the Lord Mayor's champion; and I got rid of all the husk of literature, and the attendant babble, by answering, that I had not translated Tasso, but a namesake had; and by the blessing of Heaven, I looked so little like a poet, that every body believed me."

LETTER 331. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, June 7. 1819.

"Tell Mr. Hobhouse that I wrote to him a few days ago from Ferrara. It will therefore be idle in him or you to wait for any further answers or returns of proofs from Venice, as I have directed that no English letters be sent after me. The publication can be proceeded in without, and I am already sick of your remarks, to which I think not the least attention ought to be paid.

"Tell Mr. Hobhouse that, since I wrote to him, I had availed myself of my Ferrara letters, and found the society much younger and better there than at Venice. I am very much pleased with the little the shortness of my stay permitted me to see of the Gonfaloniere Count Mosti, and his family and friends in general.

"I have been picture-gazing this morning at the famous Domenichino and Guido, both of which are superlative. I afterwards went to the beautiful cemetery of Bologna, beyond the walls, and found, besides the superb burial-ground, an original of a Custode, who reminded me of the grave-digger in Hamlet. He has a collection of capuchins' skulls, labelled on the forehead, and taking down one of them, said, 'This was Brother Desiderio Berro, who died at forty — one of my best friends. I begged his head of his brethren after his decease, and they gave it me. I put it in lime, and then boiled it. Here it is, teeth and all, in excellent preservation. He was the merriest, cleverest fellow I ever knew. Wherever he went, he brought joy; and whenever any one was melancholy, the sight of him was enough to make him cheerful again. He walked so actively, you might have taken him for a dancer — he joked — he laughed — oh! he was such a Frate as I never saw before, nor ever shall again!'

"He told me that he had himself planted all the cypresses in the cemetery; that he had the greatest attachment to them and to his dead people; that since 1801 they had buried fifty-three thousand persons. In showing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with a bust by Bernini. She was a princess Bartorini, dead two centuries ago: he said that, on opening her grave, they had found her hair complete, and 'as yellow as gold.' Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance: —

"'Martini Luigi
Implora pace.'

"'Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore!* There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and deathlike prayer, that can arise from the grave — 'implora pace.'[1] I hope, whoever may survive me, and shall see me put in the foreigners' burying-ground at the Lido, within the fortress by the Adriatic, will see those two words, and no more, put over me. I trust they won't think of 'pickling, and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall.'[2] I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my deathbed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil. I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it.

"So, as Shakspeare says of Mowbray, the banished Duke of Norfolk, who died at

[1] Though Lord Byron, like most other persons, in writing to different friends, was sometimes led to repeat the same circumstances and thoughts, there is, from the ever ready fertility of his mind, much less of such repetition in his correspondence than in that, perhaps, of any other multifarious letter writer; and, in the instance before us, where the same facts and reflections are, for the second time, introduced, it is with such new touches, both of thought and expression, as render them, even a second time, interesting; — what is wanting in the novelty of the matter being made up by the new aspect given to it.

[2] ["If you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you a snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall." — *Rivals*, act v. sc. 2.]

Venice (see Richard II.), that he, after fighting

"'Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens,
And toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there, at *Venice*, gave
His body to that *pleasant* country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.'

"Before I left Venice, I had returned to you your late, and Mr. Hobhouse's sheets of Juan. Don't wait for further answers from me, but address yours to Venice, as usual. I know nothing of my own movements; I may return there in a few days, or not for some time. All this depends on circumstances. I left Mr. Hoppner very well, as well as his son and Mrs. Hoppner. My daughter Allegra was well too, and is growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, Mr. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her features: she will make, in that case, a manageable young lady.

"I have never heard any thing of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycenæ. But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it.[1] What a long letter I have scribbled! "Yours, &c.

"P. S. — Here, as in Greece, they strew flowers on the tombs. I saw a quantity of rose-leaves, and entire roses, scattered over the graves at Ferrara. It has the most pleasing effect you can imagine."

While he was thus lingering irresolute at Bologna, the Countess Guiccioli had been attacked with an intermittent fever, the violence of which, combining with the absence of a confidential person to whom she had been in the habit of intrusting her letters, prevented her from communicating with him. At length, anxious to spare him the disappointment of finding her so ill on his arrival, she had begun a letter, requesting that he would remain at Bologna till the visit to which she looked forward should bring her there also; and was in the act of writing, when a friend came in to announce the arrival of an English lord in Ravenna. She could not doubt for an instant that it was her noble friend; and he had, in fact, notwithstanding his declaration to Mr. Hoppner that it was his intention to return to Venice immediately, wholly altered this resolution before the letter announcing it was despatched, — the following words being written on the outside cover: — "I am just setting off for Ravenna, June 8. 1819. — I changed my mind this morning, and decided to go on."

The reader, however, shall have Madame Guiccioli's own account of these events, which, fortunately for the interests of my narration, I am enabled to communicate.

"On my departure from Venice, he had promised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante's tomb, the classical pine wood[2], the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him to come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came, in fact, in the month of June, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival of the Corpus Domini; while I, attacked by a consumptive complaint, which had its origin from the moment of my quitting Venice, appeared on the point of death. The arrival of a distinguished foreigner at Ravenna, a town so remote from the routes ordinarily followed by travellers, was an event which gave rise to a good deal of conversation. His motives for such a visit became the subject of discussion, and these he himself afterwards involuntarily divulged; for having made some inquiries with a view to paying me a visit, and being told that it was unlikely that he would ever see me again, as I was at the point of death, he replied, if such were the case, he hoped that he should die also; which circumstance, being repeated, revealed the object of his journey. Count Guiccioli, having been acquainted with Lord Byron at Venice, went to visit him now, and in the

[1] There were, in the former edition, both here and in a subsequent letter, some passages reflecting upon the late Sir Samuel Romilly, which, in my anxiety to lay open the workings of Lord Byron's mind upon a subject in which so much of his happiness and character were involved, I had been induced to retain, though aware of the erroneous impression under which they were written; — the evident morbidness of the feeling that dictated the attack, and the high, stainless reputation of the person assailed, being sufficient, I thought, to neutralise any ill effects such reflections might otherwise have produced. As I find it, however, to be the opinion of all those whose opinions I most respect, that, even with these antidotes, such an attack upon such a man ought not to be left on record, I willingly expunge all trace of it from these pages.

[2] "Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi,
Quando Eolo Scirocco fuor discioglie."
DANTE: *Purg.* canto xxviii.

[——"Even as from branch to branch,
Along the piny forests on the shore
Of Chiassi, rolls the gathering melody,
When Eolus hath from his cavern loos'd
The dripping south." CARY.]

Dante himself (says Mr. Cary, in one of the notes on his admirable translation of this poet) "perhaps wandered in this wood during his abode with Guido Novello da Polenta."

hope that his presence might amuse, and be of some use to me in the state in which I then found myself, invited him to call upon me. He came the day following. It is impossible to describe the anxiety he showed, — the delicate attentions that he paid me. For a long time he had perpetually medical books in his hands; and not trusting my physicians, he obtained permission from Count Guiccioli to send for a very clever physician, a friend of his, in whom he placed great confidence. The attentions of Professor Aglietti (for so this celebrated Italian was called), together with tranquillity, and the inexpressible happiness which I experienced in Lord Byron's society, had so good an effect on my health, that only two months afterwards I was able to accompany my husband in a tour he was obliged to make to visit his various estates." [1]

LETTER 332. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, June 20. 1819.

"I wrote to you from Padua, and from Bologna, and since from Ravenna. I find my situation very agreeable, but want my horses very much, there being good riding in the environs. I can fix no time for my return to Venice — it may be soon or late — or not at all — it all depends on the Donna, whom I found very seriously in *bed* with a cough and spitting of blood, &c., all of which has subsided. I found all the people here firmly persuaded that she would never recover; — they were mistaken, however.

"My letters were useful as far as I employed them; and I like both the place and people, though I don't trouble the latter more than I can help. *She* manages very well — but if I come away with a stiletto in my gizzard some fine afternoon, I shall not be astonished. I can't make *him* out at all — he visits me frequently, and takes me out (like Whittington, the Lord Mayor) in a coach and *six* horses. The fact appears to be, that he is completely *governed* by her — for that matter, so am I.[2] The people here don't know what to make of us, as he had the character of jealousy with all his wives — this is the third. He is the richest of the Ravennese, by their own account, but is not popular among them. Now do, pray, send off Augustine, and carriage and cattle, to Bologna, without fail or delay, or I shall lose my remaining shred of senses. Don't forget this. My coming, going, and every thing, depend upon HER entirely, just as Mrs. Hoppner (to whom I remit my reverences) said in the true spirit of female prophecy.

"You are but a shabby fellow not to have written before.

"And I am truly yours, &c."

LETTER 333. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, June 29. 1819.

"The letters have been forwarded from Venice, but I trust that you will not have waited for further alterations — I will make none.

"I have no time to return you the proofs — publish without them. I am glad you think the poesy good; and as to 'thinking of the effect,' think *you* of the sale, and leave me to pluck the porcupines who may point their quills at you.

"I have been here (at Ravenna) these

[1] "Partendo io da Venezia egli promise di venir a vedermi a Ravenna. La Tomba di Dante, il classico bosco di pini, gli avvanzi di antichità che a Ravenna si trovano davano a me ragioni plausibili per invitarlo a venire, ed a lui per accettare l'invito. Egli venne difatti nel mese Guigno, e giunse a Ravenna nel giorno della Solennità del Corpus Domini, mentre io attaccata da una malattia de consunzione ch' ebbe principio dalla mia partenza da Venezia ero vicina a morire. L'arrivo in Ravenna d'un forestiero distinto, in un paese così lontano dalle strade che ordinariamente tengono i viaggiatori era un avvenimento del quale molto si parlava, indagandosene i motivi, che involontariamente poi egli feci conoscere. Perchè avendo egli domandato di me per venire a vedermi ed essendogli risposto 'che non potrebbe vedermi più perchè ero vicina a morire'—egli rispose che in quel caso voleva morire egli pure; la qual cosa essendosi poi ripetata si conobbe così l'oggetto del suo viaggio.

"Il Conte Guiccioli visitò Lord Byron, essendolo conosciuto in Venezia, e nella speranza che la di lui compagnia potesse distrarmi ed essermi di qualche giovamento nello stato in cui mi trovavo egli lo invitò di venire a visitarmi. Il giorno appresso egli venne. Non si potrebbero descrivere le cure, i pensieri delicati, quanto egli fece per me. Per molto tempo egli non ebbe per le mani che dei Libri di Medicina; e poco confidandosi nei miei medici ottenne dal Conte Guiccioli il permeso di far venire un valente medico di lui amico nel quale egli aveva molta confidenza. Le cure del Professore Aglietti (così si chiama questo distinto Italiano) la tranquillità anzi la felicità inesprimibile che mi cagionava la presenza di Lord Byron migliorarono così rapidamente la mia salute che entro lo spazio di due mesi potei seguire mio marito in un giro che egli doveva fare per le sue terre." — *MS.*

[2] That this task of "governing" him was one of more ease than, from the ordinary view of his character, might be concluded, I have more than once, in these pages, expressed my opinion, and shall here quote, in corroboration of it, the remark of his own servant (founded on an observation of more than twenty years), in speaking of his master's matrimonial fate: — "It is very odd, but I never yet knew a lady that could not manage my Lord, *except* my Lady."

"More knowledge," says Johnson, "may be gained of a man's real character by a short conversation with one of his servants than from the most formal and studied narrative."

four weeks, having left Venice a month ago; — I came to see my 'Amica,' the Countess Guiccioli, who has been, and still continues, very unwell. * * She is only in her seventeenth, but not of a strong constitution. She has a perpetual cough and an intermittent fever, but bears up most *gallantly* in every sense of the word. Her husband (this is his third wife) is the richest noble of Ravenna, and almost of Romagna; he is also *not* the youngest, being upwards of threescore, but in good preservation. All this will appear strange to you, who do not understand the meridian morality, nor our way of life in such respects, and I cannot at present expound the difference;—but you would find it much the same in these parts. At Faenza there is Lord * * * * with an opera girl; and at the inn in the same town is a Neapolitan Prince, who serves the wife of the Gonfaloniere of that city. I am on duty here — so you see 'Così fan tutt*i* e tutt*e*.'

"I have my horses here, *saddle* as well as carriage, and ride or drive every day in the forest, the *Pineta*, the scene of Boccaccio's novel, and Dryden's fable of Honoria, &c. &c.[1]; and I see my Dama every day; but I feel seriously uneasy about her health, which seems very precarious. In losing her, I should lose a being who has run great risks on my account, and whom I have every reason to love — but I must not think this possible. I do not know what I *should* do if she died, but I ought to blow my brains out — and I hope that I should. Her husband is a very polite personage, but I wish he would not carry me out in his coach and six, like Whittington and his cat.

"You ask me if I mean to continue D. J., &c. How should I know? What encouragement do you give me, all of you, with your nonsensical prudery? publish the two Cantos, and then you will see. I desired Mr. Kinnaird to speak to you on a little matter of business; either he has not spoken, or you have not answered. You are a pretty pair, but I will be even with you both. I perceive that Mr. Hobhouse has been challenged by Major Cartwright — Is the Major so 'cunning of fence?' — why did not they fight? — they ought.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 334. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, July 2. 1819.

"Thanks for your letter and for Madame's. I will answer it directly. Will you recollect whether I did not consign to you one or two receipts of Madame Mocenigo's for house-rent — (I am not sure of this, but think I did — if not, they will be in my drawers) — and will you desire Mr. Dorville[2] to have the goodness to see if Edgecombe has *receipts* to all payments *hitherto* made by him on my account, and that there are *no debts* at Venice? On your answer, I shall send order of further remittance to carry on my household expenses, as my present return to Venice is very problematical; and it may happen — but I can say nothing positive — every thing with me being indecisive and undecided, except the disgust which Venice excites when fairly compared with any other city in this part of Italy. When I say *Venice*, I mean the *Venetians* — the city itself is superb as its history — but the people are what I never thought them till they taught me to think so.

"The best way will be to leave Allegra with Antonio's spouse till I can decide something about her and myself — but I thought that you would have had an answer from Mrs. V——r.[3] You have had bore enough with me and mine already.

"I greatly fear that the Guiccioli is going into a consumption, to which her constitution tends. Thus it is with every thing and every body for whom I feel any thing like a real attachment; — 'War, death, or discord, doth lay siege to them.' I never even could keep alive a dog that I liked or that liked me. Her symptoms are obstinate cough of the lungs, and occasional fever, &c. &c., and there are latent causes of an eruption in the skin, which she foolishly repelled into the system two years ago: but I have made them send her case to Aglietti; and have begged

[1] ["Sweet hour of twilight! — in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccacio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!"
Don Juan, c. iii. st. 105.]

[2] The Vice-Consul of Mr. Hoppner.

[3] An English widow lady, of considerable property in the north of England, who, having seen the little Allegra at Mr. Hoppner's, took an interest in the poor child's fate, and having no family of her own, offered to adopt and provide for this little girl, if Lord Byron would consent to renounce all claim to her. At first he seemed not disinclined to enter into her views — so far, at least, as giving permission that she should take the child with her to England and educate it; but the entire surrender of his paternal authority he would by no means consent to. The proposed arrangement accordingly was never carried into effect.

him to come — if only for a day or two — to consult upon her state.

"If it would not bore Mr. Dorville, I wish he would keep an eye on E——— and on my other ragamuffins. I might have more to say, but I am absorbed about La Gui. and her illness. I cannot tell you the effect it has upon me.

"The horses came, &c. &c. and I have been galloping through the pine forest daily.

"Believe me, &c.

"P. S. — My benediction on Mrs. Hoppner, a pleasant journey among the Bernese tyrants, and safe return. You ought to bring back a Platonic Bernese for my reformation. If any thing happens to my present Amica, I have done with the passion for ever — it is my *last* love. As to libertinism, I have sickened myself of that, as was natural in the way I went on, and I have at least derived that advantage from vice, to *love* in the better sense of the word. *This* will be my last adventure — I can hope no more to inspire attachment, and I trust never again to feel it."

The impression which, I think, cannot but be entertained, from some passages of these letters, of the real fervour and sincerity of his attachment to Madame Guiccioli [1], would be still further confirmed by the perusal of his letters to that lady herself, both from Venice and during his present stay at Ravenna — all bearing, throughout, the true marks both of affection and passion. Such effusions, however, are but little suited to the general eye. It is the tendency of all strong feeling, from dwelling constantly on the same idea, to be monotonous; and those often-repeated vows and verbal endearments, which make the charm of true love-letters to the parties concerned in them, must for ever render even the best of them cloying to others. Those of Lord Byron to Madame Guiccioli, which are for the most part in Italian, and written with a degree of ease and correctness attained rarely by foreigners, refer chiefly to the difficulties thrown in the way of their meetings, — not so much by the husband himself, who appears to have liked and courted Lord Byron's society, as by the watchfulness of other relatives, and the apprehension felt by themselves lest their intimacy should give uneasiness to the father of the lady, Count Gamba, a gentleman to whose good nature and amiableness of character all who know him bear testimony.

In the near approaching departure of the young Countess for Bologna, Lord Byron foresaw a risk of their being again separated; and under the impatience of this prospect, though through the whole of his preceding letters the fear of committing her by any imprudence seems to have been his ruling thought, he now, with that wilfulness of the moment which has so often sealed the destiny of years, proposed that she should, at once, abandon her husband and fly with him: — "c'è uno solo rimedio efficace," he says, — "cioè d'andar via insieme." To an Italian wife, almost every thing but this is permissible. The same system which so indulgently allows her a friend, as one of the regular appendages of her matrimonial establishment, takes care also to guard against all unseemly consequences of this privilege; and in return for such convenient facilities of wrong exacts rigidly an observance of all the appearances of right. Accordingly, the open step of deserting the husband for the lover instead of being considered, as in England, but a sign and sequel of transgression, takes rank, in Italian morality, as the main transgression itself; and being an offence, too, rendered wholly unnecessary by the latitude otherwise enjoyed, becomes, from its rare occurrence, no less monstrous than odious.

The proposition, therefore, of her noble friend seemed to the young Contessa little less than sacrilege, and the agitation of her mind, between the horrors of such a step, and her eager readiness to give up all and every thing for him she adored, was depicted most strongly in her answer to the proposal. In a subsequent letter, too, the romantic girl even proposed, as a means of escaping the ignominy of an elopement, that she should, like another Juliet, "pass for dead," — assuring him that there were many easy ways of effecting such a deception.

[1] "During my illness," says Madame Guiccioli, in her recollections of this period, "he was for ever near me, paying me the most amiable attentions, and when I became convalescent he was constantly at my side. In society, at the theatre, riding, walking, he never was absent from me. Being deprived at that time of his books, his horses, and all that occupied him at Venice, I begged him to gratify me by writing something on the subject of Dante, and, with his usual facility and rapidity, he composed his 'Prophecy.'" — "Durante la mia malattia L. B. era sempre presso di me, prestandomi le più sensibili cure, e quando passai allo stato di convalescenza egli era sempre al mio fianco; — e in società, e al teatro, e cavalcando, e passeggiando egli non si allontanava mai da me. In quel' epoca essendo egli privo de' suoi libri, e de' suoi cavalli, e di tuttociò che lo occupava in Venezia io lo pregai di volersi occupare per me scrivendo qualche cosa sul Dante; ed egli colla usata sua facilità e rapidità scrisse la sua Profezia."

LETTER 335. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 1. 1819.

[Address your Answer to Venice, however.]

"Don't be alarmed. You will see me defend myself gaily — that is, if I happen to be in spirits; and by *spirits*, I don't mean your meaning of the word, but the spirit of a bulldog when pinched, or a bull when pinned; it is then that they make best sport; and as my sensations under an attack are probably a happy compound of the united energies of these amiable animals, you may perhaps see what Marrall calls 'rare sport,' and some good tossing and goring, in the course of the controversy. But I must be in the right cue first, and I doubt I am almost too far off to be in a sufficient fury for the purpose. And then I have effeminated and enervated myself with love and the summer in these last two months.

"I wrote to Mr. Hobhouse the other day, and foretold that Juan would either fall entirely or succeed completely; there will be no medium. Appearances are not favourable; but as you write the day after publication, it can hardly be decided what opinion will predominate. You seem in a fright, and doubtless with cause. Come what may, I never will flatter the million's canting in any shape. Circumstances may or may not have placed me at times in a situation to lead the public opinion, but the public opinion never led, nor ever shall lead, me. I will not sit 'on a degraded throne;' so pray put Messrs. * * [Southey], or * * [Sotheby], or Tom Moore, or * * * [Horace Twiss] upon it, they will all of them be transported with their coronation.

"P. S. — The Countess Guiccioli is much better than she was. I sent you, before leaving Venice, the real original sketch which gave rise to the 'Vampire,' &c. Did you get it?"

This letter was, of course (like most of those he addressed to England at this time), intended to be shown; and having been, among others, permitted to see it, I took occasion, in my very next communication to Lord Byron, to twit him a little with the passage in it relating to myself, — the only one, as far as I can learn, that ever fell from my noble friend's pen during our intimacy, in which he has spoken of me otherwise than in terms of kindness and the most undeserved praise. Transcribing his own words, as well as I could recollect them, at the top of my letter, I added, underneath, "Is *this* the way you speak of your friends?" Not long after, too, when visiting him at Venice, I remember making the same harmless little sneer a subject of raillery with him; but he declared boldly that he had no recollection of having ever written such words, and that, if they existed, "he must have been half asleep when he wrote them.

I have mentioned the circumstance merely for the purpose of remarking, that with a sensibility vulnerable at so many points as his was, and acted upon by an imagination so long practised in self-tormenting, it is only wonderful that, thinking constantly, as his letters prove him to have been, of distant friends, and receiving from few or none equal proofs of thoughtfulness in return, he should not more frequently have broken out into such sallies against the absent and "unreplying." For myself, I can only say that, from the moment I began to unravel his character, the most slighting and even acrimonious expressions that I could have heard he had, in a fit of spleen, uttered against me, would have no more altered my opinion of his disposition, nor disturbed my affection for him, than the momentary clouding over of a bright sky could leave an impression on the mind of gloom, after its shadow had passed away.

LETTER 336. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 9. 1819.

"Talking of blunders reminds me of Ireland — Ireland of Moore. What is this I see in Galignani about 'Bermuda — agent — deputy — appeal — attachment,' &c.? What is the matter? Is it any thing in which his friends can be of use to him? Pray inform me.

"Of Don Juan I hear nothing further from *you;* but the papers don't seem so fierce as the letter you sent me seemed to anticipate, by their extracts at least in Galignani's Messenger. I never saw such a set of fellows as you are! And then the pains taken to exculpate the modest publisher — he remonstrated, forsooth! I will write a preface that *shall* exculpate *you* and * * * [Hobhouse], &c. completely, on that point; but, at the same time, I will cut you up, and you in particular, like gourds. You have no more soul than the Count de Caylus, (who assured his friends, on his death-bed, that he had none, and that *he* must know better than they whether he had one or no,) and no more blood than a water-melon! And I see there hath been asterisks, and what Perry used to call 'domned cutting and slashing' — but, never mind.

"I write in haste. To-morrow I set off for Bologna. I write to you with thunder, lightning, &c., and all the winds of heaven

whistling through my hair, and the racket of preparation to boot. 'My mistress dear,' who hath 'fed my heart upon smiles and wine'[1] for the last two months, set off for Bologna with her husband this morning, and it seems that I follow him at three to-morrow morning. I cannot tell how our romance will end, but it hath gone on hitherto most erotically. Such perils and escapes! Juan's are as child's play in comparison. The fools think that all my *poeshie* is always allusive to my *own* adventures: I have had at one time or another better and more extraordinary and perilous and pleasant than these, every day of the week, if I might tell them; but that must never be.

"I hope Mrs. M. has accouched.

"Yours ever."

LETTER 337. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 12. 1819.

"I do not know how far I may be able to reply to your letter, for I am not very well to-day. Last night I went to the representation of Alfieri's Mirra, the two last acts of which threw me into convulsions. I do not mean by that word a lady's hysterics, but the agony of reluctant tears, and the choking shudder, which I do not often undergo for fiction. This is but the second time for any thing under reality; the first was on seeing Kean's Sir Giles Overreach. The worst was, that the 'Dama,' in whose box I was, went off in the same way, I really believe more from fright than any other sympathy — at least with the players: but she has been ill, and I have been ill, and we are all languid and pathetic this morning, with great expenditure of sal volatile.[2] But, to return to your letter of the 23d of July.

"You are right, Gifford is right, Crabbe is right, Hobhouse is right — you are all right, and I am all wrong; but do, pray, let me have that pleasure. Cut me up root and branch; quarter me in the Quarterly; send round my 'disjecti membra poetæ,' like those of the Levite's concubine; make me, if you will, a spectacle to men and angels; but don't ask me to alter, for I won't: — I am obstinate and lazy — and there's the truth.

"But, nevertheless, I will answer your friend Palgrave, who objects to the quick succession of fun and gravity, as if in that case the gravity did not (in intention, at least) heighten the fun. His metaphor is, that 'we are never scorched and drenched at the same time.' Blessings on his experience! Ask him these questions about 'scorching and drenching.' Did he never play at cricket, or walk a mile in hot weather? Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in handing the cup to his charmer, to the great shame of his nankeen breeches? Did he never swim in the sea at noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his head, which all the foam of ocean could not cool? Did he never draw his foot out of too hot water, d—ning his eyes and his valet's? Did he never tumble into a river or lake, fishing, and sit in his wet clothes in the boat, or on the bank, afterwards 'scorched and drenched,' like a true sportsman? 'Oh for breath to utter!' — but make him my compliments; he is a clever fellow for all that — a very clever fellow.

"You ask me for the plan of Donny Johnny: I *have* no plan; I *had* no plan; but I had or have materials; though if, like

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[1] ["When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here."
Irish Melodies.]

[2] The "Dama," in whose company he witnessed this representation, thus describes its effect upon him: — "The play was that of Mirra; the actors, and particularly the actress* who performed the part of Mirra, seconded with much success the intentions of our great dramatist. Lord Byron took a strong interest in the representation, and it was evident that he was deeply affected. At length there came a point of the performance at which he could no longer restrain his emotions: — he burst into a flood of tears, and, his sobs preventing him from remaining any longer in the box, he rose and left the theatre. — I saw him similarly affected another time during a representation of Alfieri's 'Philip,' at Ravenna." — "Gli attori, e specialmente l' attrice che rappresentava Mirra secondava assai bene la mente del nostro grande tragico. L. B. prece molto interesse alla rappresentazione, e si conosceva che era molto commosso. Venne un punto poi della tragedia in cui non potè più frenare la sua emozione, — diede in un diretto pianto e i singhiozzi gl' impedirono di più restare nel palco; onde si levò, e partì dal teatro. In uno stato simile lo viddi un altra volta a Ravenna ad una rappresentazione del Filippo d'Alfieri."

* ["Went to see Mirra performed. I have seldom seen a tragedy where the distress is more affecting. The actress who played Mirra did it to the life: her first entrance told the whole story of the play; and the part is so managed, as to excite pity and sympathy for Mirra, in spite of the odious passion of which she is the victim. If terror and pity be the objects of tragedy, the part is admirably contrived to excite both these feelings in the highest degree; for, while you shudder at the terrible workings and fearful energy of her passion, the struggles of her own native innocence of mind and the horror with which she regards herself make the strongest appeal to your compassion." — MATTHEWS: *Diary of an Invalid*, p. 282. ed. 1835.]

Tony Lumpkin, 'I am to be snubbed so when I am in spirits,' the poem will be naught, and the poet turn serious again. If it don't take, I will leave it off where it is, with all due respect to the public; but if continued, it must be in my own way. You might as well make Hamlet (or Diggory)[1] 'act mad' in a strait waistcoat as trammel my buffoonery, if I am to be a buffoon; their gestures and my thoughts would only be pitiably absurd and ludicrously constrained. Why, man, the soul of such writing is its licence; at least the *liberty* of that *licence*, if one likes — *not* that one should abuse it. It is like Trial by Jury and Peerage and the Habeas Corpus — a very fine thing, but chiefly in the *reversion;* because no one wishes to be tried for the mere pleasure of proving his possession of the privilege.

"But a truce with these reflections. You are too earnest and eager about a work never intended to be serious. Do you suppose that I could have any intention but to giggle and make giggle? — a playful satire, with as little poetry as could be helped, was what I meant. And as to the indecency, do, pray, read in Boswell what *Johnson*, the sullen moralist, says of *Prior* and Paulo Purgante.[2]

"Will you get a favour done for me? *You* can, by your government friends, Croker, Canning, or my old schoolfellow Peel, and I can't. Here it is. Will you ask them to appoint (*without salary or emolument*) a noble Italian (whom I will name afterwards) consul or vice-consul for Ravenna? He is a man of very large property, — noble, too; but he wishes to have a British protection, in case of changes. Ravenna is near the sea. He wants *no emolument* whatever. That his office might be useful, I know; as I lately sent off from Ravenna to Trieste a poor devil of an English sailor, who had remained there sick, sorry, and pennyless (having been set ashore in 1814), from the want of any accredited agent able or willing to help him homewards. Will you get this done? If you do, I will then send his name and condition, subject, of course, to rejection, if *not* approved when known.

"I know that in the Levant you make consuls and vice-consuls, perpetually, of foreigners. This man is a patrician, and has twelve thousand a year. His motive is a British protection in case of new invasions. Don't you think Croker would do it for us? To be sure, my *interest* is rare!! but, perhaps, a brother wit in the Tory line might do a good turn at the request of so harmless and long absent a Whig, particularly as there is no *salary* or *burden* of any sort to be annexed to the office.

"I can assure you, I should look upon it as a great obligation; but, alas! that very circumstance may, very probably, operate to the contrary — indeed, it ought; but I have, at least, been an honest and an open enemy. Amongst your many splendid government connections, could not you, think you, get our Bibulus made a Consul? or make me one, that I may make him my Vice. You may be assured that, in case of accidents in Italy, he would be no feeble adjunct — as you would think if you knew his property.

"What is all this about Tom Moore? but why do I ask? since the state of my own affairs would not permit me to be of use to him, though they are greatly improved since 1816, and may, with some more luck and a little prudence, become quite clear. It seems his claimants are *American* merchants? *There* goes *Nemesis!* Moore abused America. It is always thus in the long run: — Time, the Avenger. You have seen every trampler down, in turn, from Buonaparte to the simplest individuals. You saw how some were avenged even upon my insignificance, and how in turn * * * [Romilly] paid for his atrocity. It is an odd world; but the watch has its mainspring, after all.

"So the Prince has been repealing Lord Edward Fitzgerald's forfeiture?[3] *Ecco un' sonetto!*

"To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less, —
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise.

[1] [In the farce of "All the World's a Stage."]

[2] ["I mentioned Lord Hailes's censure of Prior, in his preface to a Collection of Sacred Poems, where he mentions 'those impure tales which will be the eternal opprobrium of their author.'— JOHNSON: 'Sir, Lord Hailes has forgot.' There is nothing in Prior that will excite to lewdness. If Lord Hailes thinks there is, he must be more combustible than other people!' I instanced the tale of Paulo Purganti.—JOHNSON: 'Sir, there is nothing there. * * No, sir, Prior is a lady's book: no lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library.'" — *Boswell*, vol. vii. p. 10. ed. 1835]

[3] [Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the first Duke of Leinster. He died in 1798, of wounds received in resisting an arrest upon a charge of high treason. He had married Pamela, the adopted daughter of Madame de Genlis; who, according to Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Edward, was in fact that lady's own daughter by the Duke of Orleans. —*Egalité.*]

Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
Were it not easy, Sir, and is't not sweet
To make thyself beloved? and to be
Omnipotent by Mercy's means? for thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete,
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

"There, you dogs! there's a sonnet for you: you won't have such as that in a hurry from Mr. Fitzgerald. You may publish it with my name, an' ye wool. He deserves all praise, bad and good; it was a very noble piece of principality. Would you like an epigram — a translation?

"If for silver, or for gold,
You could melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples,
Then your face we might behold,
Looking, doubtless, much more smugly,
Yet ev'n *then* 'twould be d—d ugly.

"This was written on some Frenchwoman, by Rulhières, I believe. And so good morrow to you, Master Lieutenant.

"Yours."

LETTER 338. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 23. 1819.

"I send you a letter to Roberts, signed Wortley Clutterbuck, which you may publish in what form you please, in answer to his article. I have had many proofs of men's absurdity, but he beats all in folly. Why, the wolf in sheep's clothing has tumbled into the very trap! We'll strip him. The letter is written in great haste, and amidst a thousand vexations. Your letter only came yesterday, so that there is no time to polish: the post goes out to-morrow. The date is 'Little Piddlington.' Let Hobhouse correct the press; he knows and can read the handwriting. Continue to keep the *anonymous* about 'Juan;' it helps us to fight against overwhelming numbers. I have a thousand distractions at present; so excuse haste, and wonder I can act or write at all. Answer by post, as usual.

"Yours.

"P. S.—If I had had time, and been quieter and nearer, I would have cut him to hash; but as it is, you can judge for yourselves."

The letter to the Reviewer, here mentioned, had its origin in rather an amusing circumstance. In the first canto of Don Juan appeared the following passage: —

"For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed My Grandmother's Review, — the British!

"I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post —
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is — that he had the money."

On the appearance of the poem, the learned editor of the Review in question allowed himself to be decoyed into the ineffable absurdity of taking the charge as serious, and, in his succeeding number, came forth with an indignant contradiction of it.[1] To this tempting subject the letter, written so hastily off at Bologna, related; but, though printed for Mr. Murray, in a pamphlet, consisting of twenty-three pages, it was never published by him. Being valuable, however, as one of the best specimens we have of Lord Byron's simple and thoroughly English prose, it has been preserved in the recent editions of his works.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1819.

MODE OF LIFE AT BOLOGNA. — ANECDOTES. — RETURN WITH MADAME GUICCIOLI TO LA MIRA. — MR. MOORE'S REMINISCENCES OF HIS VISIT TO LORD BYRON. — HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE. — HIS PORTRAIT BY THE COUNTESS ALBRIZZI — MR. HOPPNER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS HABITS AND MODE OF LIFE AT VENICE.

TOWARDS the latter end of August, Count Guiccioli, accompanied by his lady, went for a short time to visit some of his Romagnese estates, while Lord Byron remained at Bologna alone. And here, with a heart softened and excited by the new feeling that had taken possession of him, he appears to have given himself up, during this interval of solitude, to a train of melancholy and impassioned thought, such as, for a time, brought back all the romance of his youthful days.

[1] ["No misdemeanor," say the reviewers," appears to us in so detestable a light as the acceptance of a present by an editor of a Review, as the condition of praising an author; and yet the miserable man (for miserable he is, as having a soul of which he cannot get rid), who has given birth to this pestilent poem, has not scrupled to lay this to the charge of the British Review; and that not by insinuation, but has actually stated himself to have sent money in a letter to the editor of this journal, who acknowledged the receipt of the same by a letter in return, with thanks. We do utterly deny that there is one word of truth, or the semblance of truth, as far as regards this Review or its Editor, in the assertions made in the stanzas above referred to."]

That spring of natural tenderness within his soul, which neither the world's efforts nor his own had been able to chill or choke up, was now, with something of its first freshness, set flowing once more. He again knew what it was to love and be loved, — too late, it is true, for happiness, and too wrongly for peace, but with devotion enough, on the part of the woman, to satisfy even his thirst for affection, and with a sad earnestness, on his own, a foreboding fidelity, which made him cling but the more passionately to this attachment from feeling that it would be his last.

A circumstance which he himself used to mention as having occurred at this period will show how overpowering, at times, was the rush or melancholy over his heart. It was his fancy, during Madame Guiccioli's absence from Bologna, to go daily to her house at his usual hour of visiting her, and there, causing her apartments to be opened, to sit turning over her books, and writing in them.[1] He would then descend into her garden, where he passed hours in musing; and it was on an occasion of this kind, as he stood looking, in a state of unconscious reverie, into one of those fountains so common in the gardens of Italy, that there came suddenly into his mind such desolate fancies, such bodings of the misery he might bring on her he loved, by that doom which (as he has himself written) "makes it fatal to be loved[2]," that, overwhelmed with his own thoughts, he burst into an agony of tears.

During the same few days it was that he wrote in the last page of Madame Guiccioli's copy of "Corinne" the following remarkable note: —

"My dearest Teresa, — I have read this book in your garden; — my love, you were absent, or else I could not have read it. It is a favourite book of yours, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these English words, and *others* will not understand them — which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognise the hand-writing of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours — *Amor mio* — is comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter, — to *what* purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, seventeen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had stayed there, with all my heart, — or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state.

"But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me, — at least, you *say so*, and *act* as if you *did* so, which last is a great consolation in all events. But *I* more than love you, and cannot cease to love you.

"Think of me, sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us, — but they never will, unless you *wish* it. BYRON.

"Bologna, August 25. 1819."

LETTER 339. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 24. 1819.

"I wrote to you by last post, enclosing a buffooning letter for publication, addressed to the buffoon Roberts, who has thought proper to tie a canister to his own tail. It was written off-hand, and in the midst of circumstances not very favourable to facetiousness, so that there may, perhaps, be more bitterness than enough for that sort of small acid punch: — you will tell me.

"Keep the *anonymous*, in any case: it helps what fun there may be. But if the matter grow serious about *Don Juan*, and you feel *yourself* in a scrape, or *me* either, *own that I am the author*. *I* will never *shrink*; and if *you* do, I can always answer you in the question of Guatimozin to his minister — each being on his own coals.[3]

[1] One of these notes, written at the end of the 5th chapter, 18th book of Corinne ("Fragmens des Pensées de Corinne") is as follows: —

"I knew Madame de Stael well, — better than she knew Italy, — but I little thought that, one day, I should *think with her thoughts*, in the country where she has laid the scene of her most attractive production. She is sometimes right, and often wrong, about Italy and England; but almost always true in delineating the heart, which is of but one nation, and of no country, — or, rather, of all. BYRON.

"Bologna, August 23. 1819."

[2] "Oh Love! what is it, in this world of ours,
Which makes it fatal to be loved? ah! why
With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breasts — but place to die —
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish."
[*Don Juan*, c. iii. st. 2.]

[3] ["Guatimozin, together with his chief favourite, being subjected by Cortes to torture, in order to force from them a discovery of the royal treasures, the unhappy monarch bore the torments with invincible fortitude: his fellow-sufferer, however, overcome by the violence of the anguish, turned a dejected eye towards his master, which seemed to implore his permission to reveal all that he knew; but the high-spirited prince darting on him a look of authority, mingled with scorn, checked his weakness by asking him, 'Am I now reposing on a bed of flowers?' Overawed by the reproach,

"I wish that I had been in better spirits; but I am out of sorts, out of nerves, and now and then (I begin to fear) out of my senses. All this Italy has done for me, and not England: I defy all you, and your climate to boot, to make me mad. But if ever I do really become a bedlamite, and wear a strait waistcoat, let me be brought back among you; your people will then be proper company.

"I assure you what I here say and feel has nothing to do with England, either in a literary or personal point of view. All my present pleasures or plagues are as Italian as the opera. And after all, they are but trifles; for all this arises from my 'Dama's' being in the country for three days (at Capofiume). But as I could never live but for one human being at a time, (and, I assure you, *that one* has never been *myself*, as you may know by the consequences, for the *selfish* are *successful* in life,) I feel alone and unhappy.

"I have sent for my daughter from Venice, and I ride daily, and walk in a garden, under a purple canopy of grapes, and sit by a fountain, and talk with the gardener of his tools, which seem greater than Adam's, and with his wife, and with his son's wife, who is the youngest of the party, and, I think, talks best of the three. Then I revisit the Campo Santo, and my old friend, the sexton, has two — but *one* the prettiest daughter imaginable; and I amuse myself with contrasting her beautiful and innocent face of fifteen with the skulls with which he has peopled several cells, and particularly with that of one skull dated 1766, which was once covered (the tradition goes,) by the most lovely features of Bologna — noble and rich. When I look at these, and at this girl — when I think of what *they were*, and what she must be — why, then, my dear Murray, I won't shock you by saying what I think. It is little matter what becomes of us 'bearded men,' but I don't like the notion of a beautiful woman's lasting less than a beautiful tree — than her own picture — her own shadow, which won't change so to the sun as her face to the mirror. I must leave off, for my head aches consumedly. I have never been quite well since the night of the representation of Alfieri's Mirra, a fortnight ago.

"Yours ever."

LETTER 340. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 29. 1819.

"I have been in a rage these two days, and am still bilious therefrom. You shall hear. A captain of dragoons, * *, Hanoverian by birth, in the Papal troops at present, whom I had obliged by a loan when nobody would lend him a paul, recommended a horse to me, on sale by a Lieutenant * *, an officer who unites the sale of cattle to the purchase of men. I bought it. The next day, on shoeing the horse, we discovered the *thrush*, — the animal being warranted sound. I sent to reclaim the contract and the money. The lieutenant desired to speak with me in person. I consented. He came. It was his own particular request. He began a story. I asked him if he would return the money. He said no — but he would exchange. He asked an exorbitant price for his other horses. I told him that he was a thief. He said he was an *officer* and a man of honour, and pulled out a Parmesan passport signed by General Count Neipperg.[1] I answered, that as he was an officer, I would treat him as such; and that as to his being a gentleman, he might prove it by returning the money: as for his Parmesan passport, I should have valued it more if it had been a Parmesan cheese. He answered in high terms, and said that if it were the *morning* (it was about eight o'clock in the evening) he would have *satisfaction*. I then lost my temper: 'As for THAT,' I replied, 'you shall have it directly, — it will be *mutual* satisfaction, I can assure you. You are a thief, and, as you say, an officer; my pistols are in the next room loaded; take one of the candles, examine, and make your choice of weapons.' He replied, that *pistols* were *English weapons; he* always fought with the *sword*. I told him that I was able to accommodate him, having three regimental swords in a drawer near us: and he might take the longest and put himself on guard.

"All this passed in presence of a third person. He then said *No;* but to-morrow morning he would give me the meeting at any time or place. I answered that it was not usual to appoint meetings in the presence of witnesses, and that we had best speak man to man, and appoint time and instruments. But as the man present was leaving the room, the Lieutenant * *, before he could shut the door after him, ran out roaring 'Help and murder' most lustily, and fell into

the favourite persevered in his duty, and expired." — *Robertson's America*, vol. iii. p. 74.]

[1] [Shortly after the abdication of Napoleon Buonaparte, the Count was presented to Maria Louisa, and became, in the sequel, her chamberlain, and then her husband. He died in 1831.]

a sort of hysteric in the arms of about fifty people, who all saw that I had no weapon of any sort or kind about me, and followed him, asking him what the devil was the matter with him. Nothing would do: he ran away without his hat, and went to bed, ill of the fright. He then tried his complaint at the police, which dismissed it as frivolous. He is, I believe, gone away, or going.

"The horse was warranted, but, I believe, so worded that the villain will not be obliged to refund, according to law. He endeavoured to raise up an indictment of assault and battery, but as it was in a public inn, in a frequented street, there were too many witnesses to the contrary; and, as a military man, he has not cut a martial figure, even in the opinion of the priests. He ran off in such a hurry that he left his hat, and never missed it till he got to his hostel or inn. The facts are as I tell you, I can assure you. He began by 'coming Captain Grand over me,' or I should never have thought of trying his 'cunning in fence.' But what could I do? He talked of 'honour, and satisfaction, and his commission;' he produced a military passport; there are severe punishments for *regular duels* on the Continent, and trifling ones for *rencontres*, so that it is best to fight it out directly; he had robbed, and then wanted to insult me; — what could I do? My patience was gone, and the weapons at hand, fair and equal. Besides, it was just after dinner, when my digestion was bad, and I don't like to be disturbed. His friend * * is at Forli; we shall meet on my way back to Ravenna. The Hanoverian seems the greater rogue of the two; and if my valour does not ooze away like Acres's — 'Odds flints and triggers!' if it should be a rainy morning, and my stomach in disorder, there may be something for the obituary.

"Now pray, 'Sir Lucius, do not you look upon me as a very ill-used gentleman?' I send my Lieutenant to match Mr. Hobhouse's *Major* Cartwright: and so 'good morrow to you, good master Lieutenant.' With regard to other things I will write soon, but I have been quarreling and fooling till I can scribble no more."

In the month of September, Count Guiccioli, being called away by business to Ravenna, left his young Countess and her lover to the free enjoyment of each other's society at Bologna. The lady's ill health, which had been the cause of her thus remaining behind, was thought, soon after, to require the still further advantage of a removal to Venice; and the Count her husband, being written to on the subject, consented, with the most complaisant readiness, that she should proceed thither in company with Lord Byron. "Some business" (says the lady's own Memoir) "having called Count Guiccioli to Ravenna, I was obliged, by the state of my health, instead of accompanying him, to return to Venice, and he consented that Lord Byron should be the companion of my journey. We left Bologna on the fifteenth of September: we visited the Euganean Hills and Arquà, and wrote our names in the book which is presented to those who make this pilgrimage. But I cannot linger over these recollections of happiness; — the contrast with the present is too dreadful. If a blessed spirit, while in the full enjoyment of heavenly happiness, were sent down to this earth to suffer all its miseries, the contrast could not be more dreadful between the past and the present, than what I have endured from the moment when that terrible word reached my ears, and I for ever lost the hope of again beholding him, one look from whom I valued beyond all earth's happiness. When I arrived at Venice, the physicians ordered that I should try the country air, and Lord Byron, having a villa at La Mira, gave it up to me, and came to reside there with me. At this place we passed the autumn, and there I had the pleasure of forming your acquaintance."[1]

It was my good fortune, at this period, in the course of a short and hasty tour through the north of Italy, to pass five or six days with Lord Byron at Venice. I had written to him on my way thither to announce my coming, and to say how happy it would make

[1] "Il Conte Guiccioli doveva per affari ritornare a Ravenna; lo stato della mia salute esiggeva che io ritornassi in vece a Venezia. Egli acconsentì dunque che Lord Byron mi fosse compagno di viaggio. Partimmo da Bologna alli 15 di S^re. — visitammo insieme i Colli Euganei ed Arquà; scrivemmo i nostri nomi nel libro che si presenta a quelli che fanno quel pellegrinaggio. Ma sopra tali rimembranze di felicità non posso fermarmi, caro Sign^r. Moore; l'opposizione col presente é troppo forte, e se un anima benedetta nel pieno godimento di tutte le felicità celesti fosse mandata quaggiù e condannata a sopportare tutte le miserie della nostra terra non potrebbe sentire più terribile contrasto frà il passato ed il presente di quello che io sento dacchè quella terribile parola è giunta alle mie orecchie, dacchè ho perduto la speranza di più vedere quello di cui uno sguardo valeva per me più di tutte le felicità della terra. Giunti a Venezia i medici mi ordinarono di respirare l'aria della campagna. Egli aveva una villa alla Mira, — la cedesse a me, e venne meco. Là passammo l'autunno, e là ebbi il bene di fare la vostra conoscenza." — *MS.*

me could I tempt him to accompany me as far as Rome.

During my stay at Geneva, an opportunity had been afforded me of observing the exceeding readiness with which even persons the least disposed to be prejudiced gave an ear to any story relating to Lord Byron, in which the proper portions of odium and romance were but plausibly mingled. In the course of conversation, one day, with the late amiable and enlightened Monsieur D * *, that gentleman related, with much feeling, to my fellow-traveller and myself, the details of a late act of seduction of which Lord Byron had, he said, been guilty, and which was made to comprise within itself all the worst features of such unmanly frauds upon innocence; — the victim, a young unmarried lady, of one of the first families of Venice, whom the noble seducer had lured from her father's house to his own, and, after a few weeks, most inhumanly turned her out of doors. In vain, said the relator, did she entreat to become his servant, his slave; — in vain did she ask to remain in some dark corner of his mansion, from which she might be able to catch a glimpse of his form as he passed. Her betrayer was obdurate, and the unfortunate young lady, in despair at being thus abandoned by him, threw herself into the canal, from which she was taken out but to be consigned to a mad-house. Though convinced that there must be considerable exaggeration in this story, it was only on my arrival at Venice I ascertained that the whole was a romance; and that out of the circumstances (already laid before the reader) connected with Lord Byron's fantastic and, it must be owned, discreditable fancy for the Fornarina, this pathetic tale, so implicitly believed at Geneva, was fabricated.

Having parted at Milan with Lord John Russell, whom I had accompanied from England, and whom I was to rejoin, after a short visit to Rome, at Genoa, I made purchase of a small and (as it soon proved) crazy travelling carriage, and proceeded alone on my way to Venice. My time being limited, I stopped no longer at the intervening places than was sufficient to hurry over their respective wonders, and, leaving Padua at noon on the 8th of October, I found myself, about two o'clock, at the door of my friend's villa, at La Mira. He was but just up, and in his bath; but the servant having announced my arrival, he returned a message that, if I would wait till he was dressed, he would accompany me to Venice. The interval I employed in conversing with my old acquaintance, Fletcher, and in viewing, under his guidance, some of the apartments of the villa.

It was not long before Lord Byron himself made his appearance; and the delight I felt in meeting him once more, after a separation of so many years, was not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered doubly touching by the evident rarity of such meetings to him of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality and gaiety with which he gave way to his feelings. It would be impossible, indeed, to convey to those who have not, at some time or other, felt the charm of his manner, any idea of what it could be when under the influence of such pleasurable excitement as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment.

I was a good deal struck, however, by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change, — having lost, by the enlargement of the features, some of that refined and spiritualised look, that had, in other times, distinguished it. The addition of whiskers, too, which he had not long before been induced to adopt, from hearing that some one had said he had a "faccia di musico," as well as the length to which his hair grew down on his neck, and the rather foreign air of his coat and cap, — all combined to produce that dissimilarity to his former self I had observed in him. He was still, however, eminently handsome: and, in exchange for whatever his features might have lost of their high, romantic character, they had become more fitted for the expression of that arch, waggish wisdom, that Epicurean play of humour, which he had shown to be equally inherent in his various and prodigally gifted nature; while, by the somewhat increased roundness of the contours, the resemblance of his finely formed mouth and chin to those of the Belvidere Apollo had become still more striking.

His breakfast, which I found he rarely took before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, was speedily despatched, — his habit being to eat it standing, and the meal in general consisting of one or two raw eggs, a cup of tea without either milk or sugar, and a bit of dry biscuit. Before we took our departure, he presented me to the Countess Guiccioli, who was at this time, as my readers already know, living under the same roof with him at La Mira; and who, with a style of beauty singular in an Italian, as being fair-complexioned and delicate, left an impression upon my mind, during this our first

short interview, of intelligence and amiableness such as all that I have since known or heard of her has but served to confirm.

We now started together, Lord Byron and myself, in my little Milanese vehicle, for Fusina, — his portly gondolier Tita, in a rich livery and most redundant mustachios, having seated himself on the front of the carriage, to the no small trial of its strength, which had already once given way, even under my own weight, between Verona and Vicenza. On our arrival at Fusina, my noble friend, from his familiarity with all the details of the place, had it in his power to save me both trouble and expense in the different arrangements relative to the custom-house, remise, &c.; and the good-natured assiduity with which he bustled about in despatching these matters, gave me an opportunity of observing, in his use of the infirm limb, a much greater degree of activity than I had ever before, except in sparring, witnessed.

As we proceeded across the Lagoon in his gondola, the sun was just setting, and it was an evening such as Romance would have chosen for a first sight of Venice, rising "with her tiara of bright towers" above the wave; while, to complete, as might be imagined, the solemn interest of the scene, I beheld it in company with him who had lately given a new life to its glories, and sung of that fair City of the Sea thus grandly: —

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned in her hundred isles."

But, whatever emotions the first sight of such a scene might, under other circumstances, have inspired me with, the mood of mind in which I now viewed it was altogether the very reverse of what might have been expected. The exuberant gaiety of my companion, and the recollections — any thing but romantic — into which our conversation wandered, put at once completely to flight all poetical and historical associations; and our course was, I am almost ashamed to say, one of uninterrupted merriment and laughter till we found ourselves at the steps of my friend's palazzo on the Grand Canal. All that had ever happened, of gay or ridiculous, during our London life together, — his scrapes and my lecturings, — our joint adventures with the Bores and Blues, the two great enemies, as he always called them, of London happiness, — our joyous nights together at Watier's, Kinnaird's, &c. and "that d—d supper of Rancliffe's which *ought* to have been a dinner," — all was passed rapidly in review between us, and with a flow of humour and hilarity, on his side, of which it would have been difficult, even for persons far graver than I can pretend to be, not to have caught the contagion.

He had all along expressed his determination that I should not go to any hotel, but fix my quarters at his house during the period of my stay; and, had he been residing there himself, such an arrangement would have been all that I most desired. But, this not being the case, a common hotel was, I thought, a far readier resource; and I therefore entreated that he would allow me to order an apartment at the Gran Bretagna, which had the reputation, I understood, of being a comfortable hotel. This, however, he would not hear of; and, as an inducement for me to agree to his plan, said that, as long as I chose to stay, though he should be obliged to return to La Mira in the evenings, he would make it a point to come to Venice every day and dine with me. As we now turned into the dismal canal, and stopped before his damp-looking mansion, my predilection for the Gran Bretagna returned in full force; and I again ventured to hint that it would save an abundance of trouble to let me proceed thither. But "No — no," he answered, — "I see you think you'll be very uncomfortable here; but you'll find that it is not quite so bad as you expect."

As I groped my way after him through the dark hall, he cried out, "Keep clear of the dog;" and before we had proceeded many paces farther, "Take care, or that monkey will fly at you;" — a curious proof, among many others, of his fidelity to all the tastes of his youth, as it agrees perfectly with the description of his life at Newstead, in 1809, and of the sort of menagerie which his visitors had then to encounter in their progress through his hall. Having escaped these dangers, I followed him up the staircase to the apartment destined for me. All this time he had been despatching servants in various directions, — one, to procure me a *laquais de place;* another, to go in quest of Mr. Alexander Scott, to whom he wished to give me in charge; while a third was sent to order his Segretario to come to him. "So, then, you keep a Secretary?" I said. "Yes," he answered, "a fellow who *can't write* [1] —

[1] The title of Segretario is sometimes given, as in this case, to a head-servant or house-steward.

but such are the names these pompous people give to things."

When we had reached the door of the apartment it was discovered to be locked, and, to all appearance, had been so for some time, as the key could not be found; — a circumstance which, to my English apprehension, naturally connected itself with notions of damp and desolation, and I again sighed inwardly for the Gran Bretagna. Impatient at the delay of the key, my noble host, with one of his humorous maledictions, gave a vigorous kick to the door and burst it open; on which we at once entered into an apartment not only spacious and elegant, but wearing an aspect of comfort and habitableness which to a traveller's eye is as welcome as it is rare. "Here," he said, in a voice whose every tone spoke kindness and hospitality, — "these are the rooms I use myself, and here I mean to establish you."

He had ordered dinner from some Tratteria, and while waiting its arrival — as well as that of Mr. Alexander Scott, whom he had invited to join us — we stood out on the balcony, in order that, before the daylight was quite gone, I might have some glimpses of the scene which the Canal presented. Happening to remark, in looking up at the clouds, which were still bright in the west, that "what had struck me in Italian sunsets was that peculiar rosy hue ——" I had hardly pronounced the word "rosy," when Lord Byron, clapping his hand on my mouth, said, with a laugh, "Come, d—n it, Tom, *don't* be poetical." Among the few gondolas passing at the time, there was one at some distance, in which sat two gentlemen, who had the appearance of being English; and, observing them to look our way, Lord Byron putting his arms a-kimbo, said with a sort of comic swagger, "Ah! if you, John Bulls, knew who the two fellows are now standing up here, I think you *would* stare!" — I risk mentioning these things, though aware how they may be turned against myself, for the sake of the otherwise indescribable traits of manner and character which they convey. After a very agreeable dinner, through which the jest, the story, and the laugh were almost uninterruptedly carried on, our noble host took leave of us to return to La Mira, while Mr. Scott and I went to one of the theatres, to see the Ottavia of Alfieri.

The ensuing evenings, during my stay, were passed much in the same manner, — my mornings being devoted, under the kind superintendence of Mr. Scott, to a hasty, and, I fear, unprofitable view of the treasures of art with which Venice abounds. On the subjects of painting and sculpture Lord Byron has, in several of his letters, expressed strongly and, as to most persons will appear, heretically his opinions. In his want, however, of a due appreciation of these arts, he but resembled some of his great precursors in the field of poetry; — both Tasso and Milton, for example, having evinced so little tendency to such tastes[1], that, throughout the whole of their pages, there is not, I fear, one single allusion to any of those great masters of the pencil and chisel, whose works, nevertheless, both had seen. That Lord Byron, though despising the imposture and jargon with which the worship of the Arts is, like other worships, clogged and mystified, felt deeply, more especially in sculpture, whatever imaged forth true grace and energy, appears from passages of his poetry, which are in every body's memory, and not a line of which but thrills alive with a sense of grandeur and beauty such as it never entered into the capacity of a mere connoisseur even to conceive.

In reference to this subject, as we were conversing one day after dinner about the various collections I had visited that morning, on my saying that fearful as I was, at all times, of praising any picture, lest I should draw upon myself the connoisseur's sneer for my pains, I would yet, to *him*, venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan which —— "The Hagar!"[2] he exclaimed, eagerly interrupting me; and it was in fact this very picture I was about to mention as having wakened in me, by the truth of its expression, more real emotion than any I had yet seen among the chefs-d'œuvre of Venice. It was with no small degree of pride and pleasure I now discovered that my noble friend had felt equally with myself the affecting mixture of sorrow and reproach with which the woman's eyes tell the whole story in that picture.

On the second evening of my stay, Lord

[1] That this was the case with Milton is acknowledged by Richardson, who admired both Milton and the Arts too warmly to make such an admission upon any but valid grounds. "He does not appear," says this writer, "to have much regarded what was done with the pencil; no, not even when in Italy, in Rome, in the Vatican. Neither does it seem sculpture was much esteemed by him." After an authority like this, the theories of Hayley and others, with respect to the impressions left upon Milton's mind by the works of art he had seen in Italy, are hardly worth a thought. Though it may be conceded that Dante was an admirer of the Arts, his recommendation of the Apocalypse to Giotto, as a source of subjects for the pencil, shows, at least, what indifferent judges poets are, in general, of the sort of fancies fittest to be embodied by the painter.

[2] [Abraham dismissing Hagar, by Guercino.]

Byron having, as before, left us for La Mira, I most willingly accepted the offer of Mr. Scott to introduce me to the conversazioni of the two celebrated ladies, with whose names, as leaders of Venetian fashion, the tourists to Italy have made every body acquainted. To the Countess Albrizzi's parties Lord Byron had chiefly confined himself during the first winter he passed at Venice; but the tone of conversation at these small meetings being much too learned for his tastes, he was induced, the following year, to discontinue his attendance at them, and chose, in preference, the less erudite, but more easy, society of the Countess Benzoni. Of the sort of learning sometimes displayed by the "blue" visitants at Madame Albrizzi's, a circumstance mentioned by the noble poet himself may afford some idea. The conversation happening to turn, one evening, upon the statue of Washington, by Canova, which had been just shipped off for the United States, Madame Albrizzi, who was then engaged in compiling a Description Raisonnée of Canova's works, and was anxious for information respecting the subject of this statue, requested that some of her learned guests would detail to her all they knew of him. This task a Signor * * (author of a book on Geography and Statistics) undertook to perform, and, after some other equally sage and authentic details, concluded by informing her that "Washington was killed in a duel by Burke." — "What," exclaimed Lord Byron, as he stood biting his lips with impatience during this conversation, "what, in the name of folly, are you all thinking of?" — for he now recollected the famous duel between Hamilton and Colonel Burr, whom, it was evident, this learned worthy had confounded with Washington and Burke!

In addition to the motives easily conceivable for exchanging such a society for one that offered, at least, repose from such erudite efforts, there was also another cause more immediately leading to the discontinuance of his visits to Madame Albrizzi. This lady, who has been sometimes honoured with the title of "The De Stael of Italy," had written a book called "Portraits[1]," containing sketches of the characters of various persons of note; and it being her intention to introduce Lord Byron into this assemblage, she had it intimated to his Lordship that an article in which his portraiture had been attempted was to appear in a new edition she was about to publish of her work. It was expected, of course, that this intimation would awaken in him some desire to see the sketch; but, on the contrary, he was provoking enough not to manifest the least symptoms of curiosity. Again and again was the same hint, with as little success, conveyed; till, at length, on finding that no impression could be produced in this manner, a direct offer was made, in Madame Albrizzi's own name, to submit the article to his perusal. He could now contain himself no longer. With more sincerity than politeness, he returned for answer to the lady, that he was by no means ambitious of appearing in her work; that, from the shortness, as well as the distant nature of their acquaintance, it was impossible she could have qualified herself to be his portrait-painter, and that, in short, she could not oblige him more than by committing the article to the flames.

Whether the tribute thus unceremoniously treated ever met the eyes of Lord Byron, I know not; but he could hardly, I think, had he seen it, have escaped a slight touch of remorse at having thus spurned from him a portrait drawn in no unfriendly spirit, and, though affectedly expressed, seizing some of the less obvious features of his character, — as, for instance, that diffidence so little to be expected from a career like his, — with the discriminating niceness of a female hand. The following are extracts from this Portrait: —

> "'Toi, dont le monde encore ignore le vrai nom,
> Esprit mystérieux, Mortel, Ange, ou Démon,
> Qui que tu sois, Byron, bon ou fatal génie,
> J'aime de tes conceits la sauvage harmonie.'
>
> LAMARTINE.

"It would be to little purpose to dwell upon the mere beauty of a countenance in which the expression of an extraordinary mind was so conspicuous. What serenity was seated on the forehead, adorned with the finest chestnut hair, light, curling, and disposed with such art, that the art was hidden in the imitation of most pleasing nature! What varied expression in his eyes! They were of the azure colour of the heavens, from which they seemed to derive their origin. His teeth, in form, in colour, in transparency, resembled pearls; but his cheeks were too delicately tinged with the hue of the pale rose. His neck, which he was in the habit of keeping uncovered as much as the usages of society permitted, seemed to have been formed in a mould, and was very white. His hands were as beautiful as if they had been the works of art. His figure left nothing to be desired, particularly by those who found rather a grace than a defect in a certain light and gentle undulation of the person when he entered a room, and of which you hardly felt tempted

[1] ["Ritratti di Uomini Illustri," 8vo. Madame Albrizzi died in September 1836, at the age of seventy-five.]

to enquire the cause. Indeed it was scarcely perceptible, — the clothes he wore were so long.

"He was never seen to walk through the streets of Venice, nor along the pleasant banks of the Brenta, where he spent some weeks of the summer; and there are some who assert that he has never seen, excepting from a window, the wonders of the 'Piazza di San Marco;' — so powerful in him was the desire of not showing himself to be deformed in any part of his person. I, however, believe that he has often gazed on those wonders, but in the late and solitary hour, when the stupendous edifices which surrounded him, illuminated by the soft and placid light of the moon, appeared a thousand times more lovely.

"His face appeared tranquil like the ocean on a fine spring morning; but, like it, in an instant became changed into the tempestuous and terrible, if a passion, (a passion did I say?) a thought, a word, occurred to disturb his mind. His eyes then lost all their sweetness, and sparkled so that it became difficult to look on them. So rapid a change would not have been thought possible; but it was impossible to avoid acknowledging that the natural state of his mind was the tempestuous.

"What delighted him greatly one day annoyed him the next; and whenever he appeared constant in the practice of any habits, it arose merely from the indifference, not to say contempt, in which he held them all: whatever they might be, they were not worthy that he should occupy his thoughts with them. His heart was highly sensitive, and suffered itself to be governed in an extraordinary degree by sympathy; but his imagination carried him away, and spoiled every thing. He believed in presages, and delighted in the recollection that he held this belief in common with Napoleon. It appeared that, in proportion as his intellectual education was cultivated, his moral education was neglected, and that he never suffered himself to know or observe other restraints than those imposed by his inclinations. Nevertheless, who could believe that he had a constant, and almost infantine timidity, of which the evidences were so apparent as to render its existence indisputable, notwithstanding the difficulty experienced in associating with Lord Byron a sentiment which had the appearance of modesty? Conscious as he was that, wherever he presented himself, all eyes were fixed on him, and all lips, particularly those of the women, were opened to say, 'There he is, that is Lord Byron,' — he necessarily found himself in the situation of an actor obliged to sustain a character, and to render an account, not to others (for about them he gave himself no concern), but to himself, of his every action and word. This occasioned him a feeling of uneasiness which was obvious to every one.

"He remarked on a certain subject (which in 1814 was the topic of universal discourse) that 'the world was worth neither the trouble taken in its conquest, nor the regret felt at its loss,' which saying (if the worth of an expression could ever equal that of many and great actions) would almost show the thoughts and feelings of Lord Byron to be more stupendous and unmeasured than those of him respecting whom he spoke.

"His gymnastic exercises were sometimes violent, and at others almost nothing. His body, like his spirit, readily accommodated itself to all his inclinations. During an entire winter, he went out every morning alone to row himself to the island of Armenians, (a small island situated in the midst of the tranquil lagune, and distant from Venice about half a league,) to enjoy the society of those learned and hospitable monks, and to learn their difficult language; and, in the evening, entering again into his gondola, he went, but only for a couple of hours, into company. A second winter, whenever the water of the lagune was violently agitated, he was observed to cross it, and landing on the nearest *terra firma*, to fatigue at least two horses with riding.

"No one ever heard him utter a word of French, although he was perfectly conversant with that language. He hated the nation and its modern literature; in like manner, he held the modern Italian literature in contempt, and said it possessed but one living author, — a restriction which I know not whether to term ridiculous, or false and injurious. His voice was sufficiently sweet and flexible. He spoke with much suavity, if not contradicted, but rather addressed himself to his neighbour than to the entire company.

"Very little food sufficed him; and he preferred fish to flesh for this extraordinary reason, that the latter, he said, rendered him ferocious. He disliked seeing women eat; and the cause of this extraordinary antipathy must be sought in the dread he always had, that the notion he loved to cherish of their perfection and almost divine nature might be disturbed. Having always been governed by them, it would seem that his very self-love was pleased to take refuge in the idea of their excellence, — a sentiment which he knew how (God knows how) to reconcile with the contempt in which, shortly after-

wards, almost with the appearance of satisfaction, he seemed to hold them. But contradictions ought not to surprise us in characters like Lord Byron's; and then, who does not know that the slave holds in detestation his ruler?

"Lord Byron disliked his countrymen, but only because he knew that his morals were held in contempt by them. The English, themselves rigid observers of family duties, could not pardon him the neglect of his, nor his trampling on principles; therefore neither did he like being presented to them, nor did they, especially when they had their wives with them, like to cultivate his acquaintance. Still there was a strong desire in all of them to see him, and the women in particular, who did not dare to look at him but by stealth, said, in an under voice, 'What a pity it is!' If, however, any of his compatriots of exalted rank and of high reputation came forward to treat him with courtesy, he showed himself obviously flattered by it, and was greatly pleased with such association. It seemed that to the wound which remained always open in his ulcerated heart such soothing attentions were as drops of healing balm, which comforted him.

"Speaking of his marriage, — a delicate subject, but one still agreeable to him, if it was treated in a friendly voice, — he was greatly moved, and said it had been the innocent cause of all his errors and all his griefs. Of his wife he spoke with much respect and affection. He said she was an illustrious lady, distinguished for the qualities of her heart and understanding, and that all the fault of their cruel separation lay with himself. Now, was such language dictated by justice or by vanity? Does it not bring to mind the saying of Julius, that the wife of Cæsar must not even be suspected? What vanity in that saying of Cæsar! In fact, if it had not been from vanity, Lord Byron would have admitted this to no one. Of his young daughter, his dear Ada, he spoke with great tenderness, and seemed to be pleased at the great sacrifice he had made in leaving her to comfort her mother. The intense hatred he bore his mother-in-law, and a sort of Euryclea of Lady Byron, two women to whose influence he, in a great measure, attributed her estrangement from him, — demonstrated clearly how painful the separation was to him, notwithstanding some bitter pleasantries which occasionally occur in his writings against her also, dictated rather by rancour than by indifference."

From the time of his misunderstanding with Madame Albrizzi, the visits of the noble poet were transferred to the house of the other great rallying point of Venetian society, Madame Benzoni, — a lady in whose manners, though she had long ceased to be young, there still lingered much of that attaching charm, which a youth passed in successful efforts to please seldom fails to leave behind.[1] That those powers of pleasing, too, were not yet gone, the fidelity of, at least, one devoted admirer testified; nor is she supposed to have thought it impossible that Lord Byron himself might yet be linked on at the end of that long chain of lovers, which had, through so many years, graced the triumphs of her beauty. If, however, there could have been, in any case, the slightest chance of such a conquest, she had herself completely frustrated it by introducing her distinguished visitor to Madame Guiccioli, — a step by which she at last lost, too, even the ornament of his presence at her parties, as in consequence of some slighting conduct on her part, towards his "Dama," he discontinued his attendance at her evening assemblies, and at the time of my visit to Venice had given up society altogether.

I could soon collect, from the tone held respecting his conduct at Madame Benzoni's, how subversive of all the morality of intrigue they considered the late step of which he had been guilty in withdrawing his acknowledged "Amica" from the protection of her husband, and placing her, at once, under the same roof with himself. "You must really (said the hostess herself to me) scold your friend; — till this unfortunate affair, he conducted himself *so* well!" — a eulogy on his previous moral conduct which, when I reported it the following day to my noble host, provoked at once a smile and sigh from his lips.

The chief subject of our conversation,

[1] ["The charms of the Countess Marina Benzoni," says Lady Morgan, "have been sung by all who ever tingled a guitar to the tune of 'La Biondina in Gondoletta;' but the spell of her Venetian manner, its softness and naïveté, are less susceptible of description. Reviving recollections of the brilliant and pleasurable circles over which she once presided, by many a pleasant anecdote well recited, and often recurring to the present sad and hapless state of her unfortunate country, to the last doing its honours by foreign visitants, and still presenting the lineaments and colouring of the portraits of Titian and Giorgione, she resembles the priestess of some desolated temple, still hovering round the ruined altars whose fires are extinct and festivals eclipsed for ever."— *Italy*, vol. ii. p. 472.]

when alone, was his marriage, and the load of obloquy which it had brought upon him. He was most anxious to know the worst that had been alleged of his conduct; and as this was our first opportunity of speaking together on the subject, I did not hesitate to put his candour most searchingly to the proof, not only by enumerating the various charges I had heard brought against him by others, but by specifying such portions of these charges as I had been inclined to think not incredible myself. To all this he listened with patience, and answered with the most unhesitating frankness, laughing to scorn the tales of unmanly outrage related of him, but, at the same time, acknowledging that there had been in his conduct but too much to blame and regret, and stating one or two occasions, during his domestic life, when he had been irritated into letting "the breath of bitter words" escape him, — words, rather those of the unquiet spirit that possessed him than his own, and which he now evidently remembered with a degree of remorse and pain which might well have entitled them to be forgotten by others.

It was, at the same time, manifest, that, whatever admissions he might be inclined to make respecting his own delinquencies, the inordinate measure of the punishment dealt out to him had sunk deeply into his mind, and, with the usual effect of such injustice, drove him also to be unjust himself; — so much so, indeed, as to impute to the quarter, to which he now traced all his ill fate, a feeling of fixed hostility to himself, which would not rest, he thought, even at his grave, but continue to persecute his memory, as it was now embittering his life. So strong was this impression upon him, that during one of our few intervals of seriousness, he conjured me, by our friendship, if, as he both felt and hoped, I should survive him, not to let unmerited censure settle upon his name, but, while I surrendered him up to condemnation, where he deserved it, to vindicate him where aspersed.

How groundless and wrongful were these apprehensions, the early death which he so often predicted and sighed for has enabled us, unfortunately but too soon, to testify. So far from having to defend him against any such assailants, an unworthy voice or two, from persons more injurious as friends than as enemies, is all that I find raised in hostility to his name; while by none, I am inclined to think, would a generous amnesty over his grave be more readily and cordially concurred in than by her, among whose numerous virtues a forgiving charity towards himself was the only one to which she had not yet taught him to render justice.

I have already had occasion to remark, in another part of this work, that with persons who, like Lord Byron, live centred in their own tremulous web of sensitiveness, those friends of whom they see least, and who, therefore, least frequently come in collision with them in those every-day realities from which such natures shrink so morbidly, have proportionately a greater chance of retaining a hold on their affections. There is, however, in long absence from persons of this temperament, another description of risk hardly less, perhaps, to be dreaded. If the station a friend holds in their hearts is, in near intercourse with them, in danger from their sensitiveness, it is almost equally, perhaps, at the mercy of their too active imaginations during absence. On this very point, I recollect once expressing my apprehensions to Lord Byron, in a passage of a letter addressed to him but a short time before his death, of which the following is, as nearly as I can recall it, the substance: — "When *with* you, I feel *sure* of you; but, at a distance, one is often a little afraid of being made the victim, all of a sudden, of some of those fanciful suspicions, which, like meteoric stones, generate themselves (God knows how) in the upper regions of your imagination, and come clattering down upon our heads, some fine sunny day, when we are least expecting such an invasion."

In writing thus to him, I had more particularly in recollection a fancy of this kind respecting myself, which he had, not long before my present visit to him at Venice, taken into his head. In a ludicrous, and now, perhaps, forgotten publication of mine, giving an account of the adventures of an English family in Paris, there had occurred the following description of the chief hero of the tale: —

"A fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man,
With mustachios which gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft, —
As hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher."[1]

On seeing this doggrel, my noble friend, — as I might, indeed, with a little more thought, have anticipated, — conceived the notion that I meant to throw ridicule on his whole race of poetic heroes, and accordingly, as I learned from persons then in frequent intercourse with him, flew out into one of his fits of half humorous rage against me. This he now confessed himself, and, in

[1] [See "Fudge Family in Paris," Ep. v.]

laughing over the circumstance with me, owned that he had even gone so far as, in his first moments of wrath, to contemplate some little retaliation for this perfidious hit at his heroes. "But when I recollected," said he, "what pleasure it would give the whole tribe of blockheads and blues to see you and me turning out against each other, I gave up the idea." He was, indeed, a striking instance of what may be almost invariably observed, that they who best know how to wield the weapon of ridicule themselves, are the most alive to its power in the hands of others. I remember, one day, — in the year 1813, I think, — as we were conversing together about critics and their influence on the public, "For my part," he exclaimed, "I don't care what they say of me, so they don't quiz me." — "Oh, you need not fear that," — I answered, with something, perhaps, of a half-suppressed smile on my features, — "nobody could quiz *you*." — "*You could*, you villain!" he replied, clenching his hand at me, and looking, at the same time, with comic earnestness into my face.

Before I proceed any farther with my own recollections, I shall here take the opportunity of extracting some curious particulars respecting the habits and mode of life of my friend while at Venice, from an account obligingly furnished me by a gentleman who long resided in that city, and who, during the greater part of Lord Byron's stay, lived on terms of the most friendly intimacy with him.

"I have often lamented that I kept no notes of his observations during our rides and aquatic excursions. Nothing could exceed the vivacity and variety of his conversation, or the cheerfulness of his manner. His remarks on the surrounding objects were always original: and most particularly striking was the quickness with which he availed himself of every circumstance, however trifling in itself, and such as would have escaped the notice of almost any other person, to carry his point in such arguments as we might chance to be engaged in. He was feelingly alive to the beauties of nature, and took great interest in any observations, which, as a dabbler in the arts, I ventured to make upon the effects of light and shadow, or the changes produced in the colour of objects by every variation in the atmosphere.

"The spot where we usually mounted our horses had been a Jewish cemetery; but the French, during their occupation of Venice, had thrown down the enclosures, and levelled all the tombstones with the ground, in order that they might not interfere with the fortifications upon the Lido, under the guns of which it was situated. To this place, as it was known to be that where he alighted from his gondola and met his horses, the curious amongst our country people, who were anxious to obtain a glimpse of him, used to resort; and it was amusing in the extreme to witness the excessive coolness with which ladies, as well as gentlemen, would advance within a very few paces of him, eyeing him, some with their glasses, as they would have done a statue in a museum, or the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change. However flattering this might be to a man's vanity, Lord Byron, though he bore it very patiently, expressed himself, as I believe he really was, excessively annoyed at it.

"I have said that our usual ride was along the sea-shore, and that the spot where we took horse, and of course dismounted, had been a cemetery. It will readily be believed, that some caution was necessary in riding over the broken tombstones, and that it was altogether an awkward place for horses to pass. As the length of our ride was not very great, scarcely more than six miles in all, we seldom rode fast, that we might at least prolong its duration, and enjoy as much as possible the refreshing air of the Adriatic. One day, as we were leisurely returning homewards, Lord Byron, all at once, and without saying any thing to me, set spurs to his horse and started off at full gallop, making the greatest haste he could to get to his gondola. I could not conceive what fit had seized him, and had some difficulty in keeping even within a reasonable distance of him, while I looked around me to discover, if I were able, what could be the cause of his unusual precipitation. At length I perceived at some distance two or three gentlemen, who were running along the opposite side of the island nearest the Lagoon, parallel with him, towards his gondola, hoping to get there in time to see him alight; and a race actually took place between them, he endeavouring to outstrip them. In this he, in fact, succeeded, and, throwing himself quickly from his horse, leapt into his gondola, of which he hastily closed the blinds, ensconcing himself in a corner so as not to be seen. For my own part, not choosing to risk my neck over the ground I have spoken of, I followed more leisurely as soon as I came amongst the gravestones, but got to the place of embarkation just at the same moment with my curious countrymen, and in time to witness their disappointment at having had their run for nothing. I found him exulting in his success in outstripping them. He expressed in strong terms his annoyance at what he called their impertinence, whilst I

could not but laugh at his impatience, as well as at the mortification of the unfortunate pedestrians, whose eagerness to see him, I said, was, in my opinion, highly flattering to him. That, he replied, depended on the feeling with which they came; and he had not the vanity to believe that they were influenced by any admiration of his character or of his abilities, but that they were impelled merely by idle curiosity. Whether it was so or not, I cannot help thinking that if they had been of the other sex, he would not have been so eager to escape from their observation, as in that case he would have repaid them glance for glance.

"The curiosity that was expressed by all classes of travellers to see him, and the eagerness with which they endeavoured to pick up any anecdotes of his mode of life, were carried to a length which will hardly be credited. It formed the chief subject of their enquiries of the gondoliers who conveyed them from terra firma to the floating city; and these people, who are generally loquacious, were not at all backward in administering to the taste and humours of their passengers, relating to them the most extravagant and often unfounded stories. They took care to point out the house where he lived, and to give such hints of his movements as might afford them an opportunity of seeing him. Many of the English visitors, under pretext of seeing his house, in which there were no paintings of any consequence, nor, besides himself, any thing worthy of notice, contrived to obtain admittance through the cupidity of his servants, and with the most barefaced impudence forced their way even into his bedroom, in the hopes of seeing him. Hence arose, in a great measure, his bitterness towards them, which he has expressed in a note to one of his poems, on the occasion of some unfounded remark made upon him by an anonymous traveller in Italy; and it certainly appears well calculated to foster that cynicism which prevails in his latter works more particularly, and which, as well as the misanthropical expressions that occur in those which first raised his reputation, I do not believe to have been his natural feeling. Of this I am certain, that I never witnessed greater kindness than in Lord Byron.

"The inmates of his family were all extremely attached to him, and would have endured any thing on his account. He was indeed culpably lenient to them; for even when instances occurred of their neglecting their duty, or taking an undue advantage of his good-nature, he rather bantered than spoke seriously to them upon it, and could not bring himself to discharge them, even when he had threatened to do so. An instance occurred within my knowledge of his unwillingness to act harshly towards a tradesman whom he had materially assisted, not only by lending him money, but by forwarding his interest in every way that he could. Notwithstanding repeated acts of kindness on Lord Byron's part, this man robbed and cheated him in the most barefaced manner; and when at length Lord Byron was induced to sue him at law for the recovery of his money, the only punishment he inflicted upon him, when sentence against him was passed, was to put him in prison for one week, and then to let him out again, although his debtor had subjected him to a considerable additional expense by dragging him into all the different courts of appeal, and that he never at last recovered one halfpenny of the money owed to him. Upon this subject he writes to me from Ravenna, 'If * * * is *in* (prison), let him out; if *out*, put him in for a week, merely for a lesson, and give him a good lecture.'

"He was also ever ready to assist the distressed, and he was most unostentatious in his charities: for besides considerable sums which he gave away to applicants at his own house, he contributed largely by weekly and monthly allowances to persons whom he had never seen, and who, as the money reached them by other hands, did not even know who was their benefactor. One or two instances might be adduced where his charity certainly bore an appearance of ostentation; one particularly, when he sent fifty louis d'or to a poor printer whose house had been burnt to the ground, and all his property destroyed; but even this was not unattended with advantage; for it in a manner compelled the Austrian authorities to do something for the poor sufferer, which I have no hesitation in saying they would not have done otherwise; and I attribute it entirely to the publicity of his donation, that they allowed the man the use of an unoccupied house belonging to the government until he could rebuild his own, or re-establish his business elsewhere. Other instances might be perhaps discovered where his liberalities proceeded from selfish, and not very worthy motives[1]; but these are rare, and it would be unjust in the extreme to assume them as proofs of his character."

[1] The writer here, no doubt, alludes to such questionable liberalities as those exercised towards the husbands of his two favourites, Madame Segati and the Fornarina.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1819.

LA MIRA AND VENICE. — PROPOSITION OF COUNT GUICCIOLI. — ANECDOTES. — WIELAND. — ALLEGRA. — PRESENTATION OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY TO MR. MOORE. — LETTERS TO HOPPNER, MURRAY, AND WILLIAM BANKES. — OUTCRY AGAINST DON JUAN. — THE PROPHECY OF DANTE. — PROJECTED EMIGRATION TO SOUTH AMERICA. — FERRARA. — THIRD CANTO OF DON JUAN COMPLETED. — DEPARTURE OF COUNT AND COUNTESS GUICCIOLI FOR RAVENNA.

It has been already mentioned that, in writing to my noble friend to announce my coming, I had expressed a hope that he would be able to go on with me to Rome; and I had the gratification of finding, on my arrival, that he was fully prepared to enter into this plan. On becoming acquainted, however, with all the details of his present situation, I so far sacrificed my own wishes and pleasure as to advise strongly that he should remain at La Mira. In the first place, I saw reason to apprehend that his leaving Madame Guiccioli at this crisis might be the means of drawing upon him the suspicion of neglecting, if not actually deserting, a young person who had just sacrificed so much to her devotion for him, and whose position, at this moment, between the Count and Lord Byron, it required all the generous prudence of the latter to shield from shame or fall. There had just occurred too, as it appeared to me, a most favourable opening for the retrieval of, at least, the imprudent part of the transaction, by replacing the lady instantly under her husband's protection, and thus enabling her still to retain that station in society which, in such society, nothing but such imprudence could have endangered.

This latter hope had been suggested by a letter he one day showed me, (as we were dining together alone, at the well-known Pellegrino,) which had that morning been received by the Contessa from her husband, and the chief object of which was — *not* to express any censure of her conduct, but to suggest that she should prevail upon her noble admirer to transfer into his keeping a sum of 1000*l.*, which was then lying, if I remember right, in the hands of Lord Byron's banker at Ravenna, but which the worthy Count professed to think would be more advantageously placed in his own. Security, the writer added, would be given, and five per cent. interest allowed; as to accept of the sum on any other terms he should hold to be an "avvilimento" to him. Though, as regarded the lady herself, who has since proved, by a most noble sacrifice, how perfectly disinterested were her feelings throughout [1], this trait of so wholly opposite a character in her lord must have still further increased her disgust at returning to him, yet so important did it seem, as well for her friend's sake as her own, to retrace, while there was yet time, their last imprudent step, that even the sacrifice of this sum, which I saw would materially facilitate such an arrangement, did not appear to me by any means too high a price to pay for it. On this point, however, my noble friend entirely differed with me; and nothing could be more humorous and amusing than the manner in which, in his newly assumed character of a lover of money, he dilated on the many virtues of a thousand pounds, and his determination not to part with a single one of them to Count Guiccioli. Of his confidence, too, in his own power of extricating himself from this difficulty he spoke with equal gaiety and humour; and Mr. Scott, who joined our party after dinner, having taken the same view of the subject as I did, he laid a wager of two sequins with that gentleman, that, without any such disbursement, he would yet bring all right again, and "save the lady and the money too."

[1] The circumstance here alluded to may be most clearly, perhaps, communicated to my readers through the medium of the following extract from a letter which Mr. Barry (the friend and banker of Lord Byron) did me the favour of addressing to me, soon after his Lordship's death: — "When Lord Byron went to Greece, he gave me orders to advance money to Madame Guiccioli; but that lady would never consent to receive any. His Lordship had also told me that he meant to leave his will in my hands, and that there would be a bequest in it of 10,000*l.* to Madame Guiccioli. He mentioned this circumstance also to Lord Blessington. When the melancholy news of his death reached me, I took for granted that this will would be found among the sealed papers he had left with me; but there was no such instrument. I immediately then wrote to Madame Guiccioli, enquiring if she knew any thing concerning it, and mentioning, at the same time, what his Lordship had said as to the legacy. To this the lady replied, that he had frequently spoken to her on the same subject, but that she had always cut the conversation short, as it was a topic she by no means liked to hear him speak upon. In addition, she expressed a wish that no such will as I had mentioned would be found; as her circumstances were already sufficiently independent, and the world might put a wrong construction on her attachment, should it appear that her fortunes were, in any degree, bettered by it."

It is indeed certain, that he had at this time taken up the whim (for it hardly deserves a more serious name) of minute and constant watchfulness over his expenditure; and, as most usually happens, it was with the increase of his means that this increased sense of the value of money came. The first symptom I saw of this new fancy of his was the exceeding joy which he manifested on my presenting to him a rouleau of twenty Napoleons, which Lord Kinnaird, to whom he had, on some occasion, lent that sum, had intrusted me with, at Milan, to deliver into his hands. With the most joyous and diverting eagerness, he tore open the paper, and, in counting over the sum, stopped frequently to congratulate himself on the recovery of it.

Of his household frugalities I speak but on the authority of others; but it is not difficult to conceive that, with a restless spirit like his, which delighted always in having something to contend with, and which, but a short time before, "for want," as he said, "of something craggy to break upon," had tortured itself with the study of the Armenian language, he should, in default of all better excitement, find a sort of stir and amusement in the task of contesting, inch by inch, every encroachment of expense, and endeavouring to suppress what he himself calls

> "That climax of all earthly ills,
> The inflammation of our weekly bills."

In truth, his constant recurrence to the praise of avarice in Don Juan, and the humorous zest with which he delights to dwell on it, shows how new-fangled, as well as how far from serious, was his adoption of this "good old-gentlemanly vice."[1] In the same spirit he had, a short time before my arrival at Venice, established a hoarding-box, with a slit in the lid, into which he occasionally put sequins, and, at stated periods, opened it to contemplate his treasures. His own ascetic style of living enabled him, as far as himself was concerned, to gratify this taste for economy in no ordinary degree, — his daily bill of fare, when the Margarita was his companion, consisting, I have been assured, of but four beccafichi, of which the Fornarina eat three, leaving even him hungry.

That his parsimony, however (if this new phasis of his ever-shifting character is to be called by such a name), was very far from being of that kind which Bacon condemns, as "withholding men from works of liberality," is apparent from all that is known of his munificence, at this very period, — some particulars of which, from a most authentic source, have just been cited, proving amply that while, for the indulgence of a whim, he kept one hand closed, he gave free course to his generous nature by dispensing lavishly from the other.[2] It should be remembered, too, that as long as money shall continue to be one of the great sources of power, so long will they who seek influence over their fellow-men attach value to it as an instrument; and the more lowly they are inclined to estimate the disinterestedness of the human heart, the more available and precious will they consider the talisman that gives such power over it. Hence, certainly, it is not among those who have thought highest of mankind that the disposition to avarice has most generally displayed itself. In Swift the love of money was strong and avowed; and to Voltaire the same propensity was also frequently imputed, — on about as sufficient grounds, perhaps, as to Lord Byron.

On the day preceding that of my departure from Venice, my noble host, on arriving from La Mira to dinner, told me, with all the glee of a schoolboy who had been just granted a holiday, that, as this was my last evening, the Contessa had given him leave to "make a night of it," and that accordingly he would not only accompany me to the opera, but we should sup together at some café (as in the old times) afterwards. Observing a volume in his gondola, with a number of paper marks between the leaves, I enquired of him what it was? — "Only a book," he answered, "from which I am trying to *crib*, as I do wherever I can[3]; — and that's the way I get the character of an original poet." On taking it up and looking into it, I exclaimed, "Ah, my old friend, Agathon!"[4] — "What!" he cried, archly, "you have been beforehand with me there, have you?"

Though in imputing to himself premeditated plagiarism, he was, of course, but jesting, it was, I am inclined to think, his

[1] ["In short, I must not lead the life I did do,
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too;
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice."
Don Juan, c. i. st. 216.]

[2] ["I will economize and do. It is not for myself; but I should like, God willing, to leave something to my relatives more than a mere name; and, besides that, to be able to do good to others to a greater extent."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Kinnaird.*]

[3] This will remind the reader of Molière's avowal of speaking of wit: — "C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout où je le trouve."

[4] The History of Agathon, by Wieland.

practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite thus his vein by the perusal of others, on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint caught by his imagination, as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source. In the present instance, the inspiration he sought was of no very elevating nature, — the anti-spiritual doctrines of the Sophist in this Romance[1] being what chiefly, I suspect, attracted his attention to its pages, as not unlikely to supply him with fresh argument and sarcasm for those depreciating views of human nature and its destiny, which he was now, with all the wantonness of unbounded genius, enforcing in Don Juan.

Of this work he was, at the time of my visit to him, writing the third canto, and before dinner, one day, read me two or three hundred lines of it; — beginning with the stanzas "Oh Wellington," &c. which at that time formed the opening of this third canto, but were afterwards reserved for the commencement of the ninth. My opinion of the poem, both as regarded its talent and its mischief, he had already been made acquainted with, from my having been one of those, — his Committee, as he called us, — to whom, at his own desire, the manuscript of the two first cantos had been submitted, and who, as the reader has seen, angered him not a little by deprecating the publication of it. In a letter which I, at that time, wrote to him on the subject, after praising the exquisite beauty of the scenes between Juan and Haidée, I ventured to say, "Is it not odd that the same licence which, in your early Satire[2], you blamed *me* for being guilty of on the borders of my twentieth year, you are now yourself (with infinitely greater power, and therefore infinitely greater mischief) indulging in *after* thirty!"

Though I now found him, in full defiance of such remonstrances, proceeding with this work, he had yet, as his own letters prove, been so far influenced by the general outcry against his poem, as to feel the zeal and zest with which he had commenced it considerably abated, — so much so, as to render, ultimately, in his own opinion, the third and fourth cantos much inferior in spirit to the two first. So sensitive, indeed, — in addition to his usual abundance of this quality, — did he, at length, grow on the subject, that when Mr. W. Bankes, who succeeded me, as his visitor, happened to tell him, one day, that he had heard a Mr. Saunders (or some such name), then resident at Venice, declare that, in his opinion, "Don Juan was all Grub Street," such an effect had this disparaging speech upon his mind, (though coming from a person who, as he himself would have it, was "nothing but a d—d salt-fish seller,") that, for some time after, by his own confession to Mr. Bankes, he could not bring himself to write another line of the poem; and, one morning, opening a drawer where the neglected manuscript lay, he said to his friend, "Look here — this is all Mr. Saunders's 'Grub Street.'"

To return, however, to the details of our last evening together at Venice. After a dinner with Mr. Scott at the Pellegrino, we all went, rather late, to the opera, where the principal part in the Baccanali di Roma was represented by a female singer, whose chief claim to reputation, according to Lord Byron, lay in her having *stilettoed* one of her favourite lovers. In the intervals between the singing he pointed out to me different persons among the audience, to whom celebrity of various sorts, but, for the most part, disreputable, attached; and of one lady who sat near us, he related an anecdote, which, whether new or old, may, as creditable to Venetian facetiousness, be worth, perhaps, repeating. This lady had, it seems, been pronounced by Napoleon the finest woman in Venice; but the Venetians, not quite agreeing with this opinion of the great man, contented themselves with calling her "La Bella *per Decréto*," — adding (as

[1] Between Wieland, the author of this Romance, and Lord Byron, may be observed some of those generic points of resemblance which it is so interesting to trace in the characters of men of genius. The German poet, it is said, never perused any work that made a strong impression upon him, without being stimulated to commence one, himself, on the same topic and plan; and in Lord Byron the imitative principle was almost equally active, — there being few of his poems that might not, in the same manner, be traced to the strong impulse given to his imagination by the perusal of some work that had just before interested him. In the history, too, of their lives and feelings, there was a strange and painful coincidence, — the revolution that took place in all Wieland's opinions, from the Platonism and romance of his youthful days, to the material and Epicurean doctrines that pervaded all his maturer works, being chiefly, it is supposed, brought about by the shock his heart had received from a disappointment of its affections in early life. Speaking of the illusion of this first passion, in one of his letters, he says, — "It is one for which no joys, no honours, no gifts of fortune, not even wisdom itself can afford an equivalent, and which, when it has once vanished, returns no more."

[2] [— "Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!
Griev'd to condemn, the muse must yet be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust."
Works, p. 425.]

the Decrees always begin with the word "Considerando"), "Ma *senza* il Considerando."

From the opera, in pursuance of our agreement to "make a night of it," we betook ourselves to a sort of *cabaret* in the Place of St. Mark, and there, within a few yards of the Palace of the Doges, sat drinking hot brandy punch, and laughing over old times, till the clock of St. Mark struck the second hour of the morning. Lord Byron then took me in his gondola, and, the moon being in its fullest splendour, he made the gondoliers row us to such points of view as might enable me to see Venice, at that hour, to advantage. Nothing could be more solemnly beautiful than the whole scene around, and I had, for the first time, the Venice of my dreams before me. All those meaner details which so offend the eye by day were now softened down by the moonlight into a sort of visionary indistinctness; and the effect of that silent city of palaces, sleeping, as it were, upon the waters, in the bright stillness of the night, was such as could not but affect deeply even the least susceptible imagination. My companion saw that I was moved by it, and though familiar with the scene himself, seemed to give way, for the moment, to the same strain of feeling; and, as we exchanged a few remarks suggested by that wreck of human glory before us, his voice, habitually so cheerful, sunk into a tone of mournful sweetness, such as I had rarely before heard from him, and shall not easily forget. This mood, however, was but of the moment; some quick turn of ridicule soon carried him off into a totally different vein, and at about three o'clock in the morning, at the door of his own palazzo, we parted, laughing, as we had met; — an agreement having been first made that I should take an early dinner with him next day at his villa, on my road to Ferrara.

Having employed the morning of the following day in completing my round of sights at Venice, — taking care to visit specially "that picture by Giorgione," to which the poet's exclamation, "*such* a woman!"[1] will long continue to attract all votaries of beauty, — I took my departure from Venice, and, at about three o'clock, arrived at La Mira. I found my noble host waiting to receive me, and, in passing with him through the hall, saw his little Allegra, who, with her nursery maid, was standing there as if just returned from a walk. To the perverse fancy he had for falsifying his own character, and even imputing to himself faults the most alien to his nature, I have already frequently adverted, and had, on this occasion, a striking instance of it. After I had spoken a little in passing to the child, and made some remark on its beauty, he said to me, — "Have you any notion — but I suppose *you* have — of what they call the parental feeling? For myself, I have not the least." And yet, when that child died, in a year or two afterwards, he who now uttered this artificial speech was so overwhelmed by the event, that those who were about him at the time actually trembled for his reason!

A short time before dinner he left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. "Look here," he said, holding it up — "this would be worth something to Murray, though *you*, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it." — "What is it?" I asked. — "My Life and Adventures," he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. "It is not a thing," he continued, "that can be published during my lifetime, but you may have it — if you like — there, do whatever you please with it." In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added, "This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it." He then added, "You may show it to any of our friends you think worthy of it:" — and this is nearly, word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject.

At dinner we were favoured with the presence of Madame Guiccioli, who was so obliging as to furnish me, at Lord Byron's suggestion, with a letter of introduction to her brother, Count Gamba, whom it was probable, they both thought, I should meet at Rome. This letter I never had an opportunity of presenting; and as it was left open for me to read, and was, the greater part of it, I have little doubt, dictated by my noble friend, I may venture, without impropriety, to give an extract from it here; — premising that the allusion to the "Castle," &c. refers to some tales respecting the cruelty of Lord Byron to his wife, which the young Count had heard, and, at this time, implicitly believed. After a few sentences of compliment to the bearer, the letter proceeds: — "He is on his way to see the won-

1 "'Tis but a portrait of his son and wife,
And self; but *such* a woman! love in life!"
Beppo, stanza xii.

This seems, by the way, to be an incorrect description of the picture, as, according to Vasari and others, Giorgione never was married, and died young.

Rome, and there is no one, I am
re qualified to enjoy them. I shall
fied and obliged by your acting, as
u can, as his guide. He is a friend
Byron's, and much more accurately
ed with his history than those who
ated it to you. He will accordingly
to you, if you ask him, *the shape,*
usions, and whatever else you may
o require, of *that Castle in which he*
prisoned a young and innocent wife,"

My dear Pietro, whenever you
ined to laugh, do send two lines of
to your sister, who loves and ever
e you with the greatest tenderness.
sa Guiccioli."[1]

expressing his regret that I had not
e to prolong my stay at Venice, my
iend said, "At least, I think, you
pare a day or two to go with me to
I should like," he continued, thought-
to visit that tomb[2] with you:"—
eaking off into his usual gay tone,
of poetical pilgrims—eh, Tom, what
?"—That I should have declined
r, and thus lost the opportunity of
rsion which would have been re-
ed as a bright dream, through all
-life, is a circumstance I never can
without wonder and self-reproach.
main design on which I had then
mind of reaching Rome, and, if
Naples, within the limited period
ircumstances allowed, rendered me
alive than I ought to have been to
iousness of the episode thus offered

it was time for me to depart, he
d his intention to accompany me a
s; and, ordering his horses to fol-
oceeded with me in the carriage as
trà, where for the last time—how
inking it was to be the last!—I
y kind and admirable friend fare-

viene per vedere le meraviglie di questa Città, a che nessuno meglio di lui saprebbe gustarle. ato che vi facciate sua guida come potrete, e e ne avrete obbligo. Egli è amico di Lord la sua storia assai più precisamente di quelli a raccontarono. Egli dunque vi racconterà se herete *la forma, le dimensioni*, e tuttociò che del *Castello ove tiene imprigionata una giovane sposa*, &c. &c. Mio caro Pietro, quando ti sei to a ridere, allora rispondi due righe alla tua he t'ama e t'amerà sempre colla maggiore "

re is a tomb in Arquà;—rear'd in air,
ar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
bones of Laura's lover: here repair

LETTER 341. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"October 22. 1819.

"I am glad to hear of your return, but I do not know how to congratulate you—unless you think differently of Venice from what I think now, and you thought always. I am, besides, about to renew your troubles by requesting you to be judge between Mr. E * * * and myself in a small matter of imputed peculation and irregular accounts on the part of that phœnix of secretaries. As I knew that you had not parted friends, at the same time that *I* refused for my own part any judgment but *yours*, I offered him his choice of any person, the *least* scoundrel native to be found in Venice, as his own umpire; but he expressed himself so convinced of your impartiality, that he declined any but *you*. This is in his favour.—The paper within will explain to you the default in his accounts. You will hear his explanation, and decide if it so please you. I shall not appeal from the decision.

"As he complained that his salary was insufficient, I determined to have his accounts examined, and the enclosed was the result. It is all in black and white with documents, and I have despatched Fletcher to explain (or rather to perplex) the matter.

"I have had much civility and kindness from Mr. Dorville during your journey, and I thank him accordingly.

"Your letter reached me at your departure[3], and displeased me very much:—not that it might not be true in its statement and kind in its intention, but you have lived long enough to know how useless all such representations ever are and must be in cases where the passions are concerned. To reason with men in such a situation is like reasoning with a drunkard in his cups—the only answer you will get from him is, that he is sober, and you are drunk.

"Upon that subject we will (if you like) be silent. You might only say what would

Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius," &c.
"*Childe Harold*, c. iv. st. 30.]

[3] Mr. Hoppner, before his departure from Venice for Switzerland, had, with all the zeal of a true friend, written a letter to Lord Byron, entreating him "to leave Ravenna while yet he had a whole skin, and urging him not to risk the safety of a person he appeared so sincerely attached to—as well as his own—for the gratification of a momentary passion, which could only be a source of regret to both parties." In the same letter Mr. Hoppner informed him of some reports he had heard lately at Venice, which, though possibly, he said, unfounded, had much increased his anxiety respecting the consequences of the connection formed by him.

distress me without answering any purpose whatever; and I have too many obligations to you to answer you in the same style. So that you should recollect that you have also that advantage over me. I hope to see you soon.

"I suppose you know that they said at Venice, that I was arrested at Bologna as a *Carbonaro* — a story about as true as their usual conversation. Moore has been here— I lodged him in my house at Venice, and went to see him daily; but I could not at that time quit La Mira entirely. You and I were not very far from meeting in Switzerland. With my best respects to Mrs. Hoppner, believe me ever and truly, &c

"P. S. — Allegra is here in good health and spirits — I shall keep her with me till I go to England, which will perhaps be in the spring. It has just occurred to me that you may not perhaps like to undertake the office of judge between Mr. E. and your humble servant. — Of course, as Mr. Liston (the comedian, not the ambassador) says, '*it is all hoptional*[1]:' but I have no other resource. I do not wish to find him a rascal, if it can be avoided, and would rather think him guilty of carelessness than cheating. The case is this — can I, or not, give him a character for *honesty?* — It is not my intention to continue him in my service."

LETTER 342. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"October 25. 1819.

"You need not have made any excuses about *the* letter: I never said but that you might, could, should, or would have reason. I merely described my own state of inaptitude to listen to it at that time, and in those circumstances. Besides, you did not speak from your *own* authority — but from what you said you had heard. Now my blood boils to hear an Italian speaking ill of another Italian, because, though they lie in particular, they speak truth in general by speaking ill at all; — and although they know that they are trying and wishing to lie, they do not succeed, merely because they can say nothing so bad of each other, that it *may* not, and must not be true, from the atrocity of their long debased national character.[2]

"With regard to E., you will perceive a most irregular, extravagant account, without proper documents to support it. He demanded an increase of salary, which made me suspect him; he supported an outrageous extravagance of expenditure, and did not like the dismission of the cook; he never complained of him — as in duty bound — at the time of his robberies. I can only say, that the house expense is now under *one half* of what it then was, as he himself admits. He charged for a comb *eighteen* francs,— the real price was *eight*. He charged a passage from Fusina for a person named Iambelli, who paid it *herself*, as she will prove if necessary. He fancies, or asserts himself, the victim of a domestic complot against him; — accounts are accounts — prices are prices; — let him make out a fair detail. *I* am not prejudiced against him — on the contrary, I supported him against the complaints of his wife, and of his former master, at a time when I could have crushed him like an earwig; and if he is a scoundrel, he is the greatest of scoundrels, an ungrateful one. The truth is, probably, that he thought I was leaving Venice, and determined to make the most of it. At present he keeps bringing in *account after account*, though he had always money in hand — as I believe you know my system was never to allow longer than a week's bills to run. Pray read him this letter — I desire nothing to be concealed against which he may defend himself.

"Pray how is your little boy? and how are you? — I shall be up in Venice very soon, and we will be bilious together. I hate the place and all that it inherits.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 343. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"October 28. 1819.

"I have to thank you for your letter, and your compliment to Don Juan. I said nothing to you about it, understanding that it is a sore subject with the moral reader, and has been the cause of a great row; but I am glad you like it. I will say nothing about the shipwreck, except that I hope you think it is as *nautical* and *technical* as verse could admit in the octave measure.

"The poem has *not sold well*, so Murray says — 'but the best judges, &c. say, &c.' so

[1] [In Kenney's farce of "Raising the Wind."]

[2] "This language" (says Mr. Hoppner, in some remarks upon the above letter) "is strong, but it was the language of prejudice; and he was rather apt thus to express the feelings of the moment, without troubling himself to consider how soon he might be induced to change them. He was at this time so sensitive on the subject of Madame Guiccioli that, merely because some persons had disapproved of her conduct, he declaimed in the above manner against the whole nation. I never" (continues Mr. Hoppner) "was partial to Venice; but disliked it almost from the first month of my residence there. Yet I experienced more kindness in that place than I ever met with in any country, and witnessed acts of generosity and disinterestedness such as rarely are met with elsewhere."

says that worthy man. I have never seen it in print. The third canto is in advance about one hundred stanzas; but the failure of the two first has weakened my *estro*, and it will neither be so good as the two former, nor completed, unless I get a little more *riscaldato* in its behalf. I understand the outcry was beyond every thing. — Pretty cant for people who read Tom Jones, and Roderick Random, and the Bath Guide, and Ariosto, and Dryden, and Pope — to say nothing of Little's Poems! Of course I refer to the *morality* of these works, and not to any pretension of mine to compete with them in any thing but decency. I hope yours is the Paris edition, and that you did not pay the London price. I have seen neither except in the newspapers.

"Pray make my respects to Mrs. H., and take care of your little boy. All my household have the fever and ague, except Fletcher, Allegra, and my*sen* (as we used to say in Nottinghamshire), and the horses, and Mutz, and Moretto. In the beginning of November, perhaps sooner, I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you. To-day I got drenched by a thunder-storm, and my horse and groom too, and his horse all bemired up to the middle in a cross-road. It was summer at noon, and at five we were bewintered; but the lightning was sent perhaps to let us know that the summer was not yet over. It is queer weather for the 27th October.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 344. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, October 29. 1819.

"Yours of the 15th came yesterday. I am sorry that you do not mention a large letter addressed to *your care* for Lady Byron, from me, at Bologna, two months ago. Pray tell me, was this letter received and forwarded?

"You say nothing of the vice-consulate for the Ravenna patrician, from which it is to be inferred that the thing will not be done.

"I had written about a hundred stanzas of a *third* canto to Don Juan, but the reception of the two first is no encouragement to you nor me to proceed.

"I had also written about 600 lines of a poem, the Vision (or Prophecy) of Dante, the subject a view of Italy in the ages down to the present — supposing Dante to speak in his own person, previous to his death, and embracing all topics in the way of prophecy, like Lycophron's Cassandra; but this and the other are both at a stand-still for the present.

"I gave Moore, who is gone to Rome, my Life in MS., in seventy-eight folio sheets, brought down to 1816. But this I put into his hands for *his* care, as he has some other MSS. of mine — a Journal kept in 1814, &c. Neither are for publication during my life; but when I am cold you may do what you please. In the meantime, if you like to read them you may, and show them to any body you like — I care not.

"The Life is *Memoranda*, and not *Confessions*. I have left out all my *loves* (except in a general way), and many other of the most important things (because I must not compromise other people), so that it is like the play of Hamlet — 'the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire.' But you will find many opinions, and some fun, with a detailed account of my marriage, and its consequences, as true as a party concerned can make such account, for I suppose we are all prejudiced.

"I have never read over this Life since it was written, so that I know not exactly what it may repeat or contain. Moore and I passed some merry days together.[1]

"I probably must return for business, or in my way to America. Pray, did you get a letter for Hobhouse, who will have told you the contents? I understand that the Venezuelan commissioners had orders to treat with emigrants; now I want to go there. I should not make a bad South American planter, and I should take my natural daughter, Allegra, with me, and settle. I wrote, at length, to Hobhouse, to get information from Perry, who, I suppose, is the best topographer and trumpeter of the new republicans. Pray write.

"Yours ever,

"B.

"P. S. — Moore and I did nothing but laugh. He will tell you of 'my whereabouts,' and all my proceedings at this present; they are as usual. You should not let those fellows publish false 'Don Juans;' but do not put *my name*, because I mean to cut Roberts up like a gourd, in the preface, if I continue the poem."

[1] [In a letter of the same date Lord Byron says: "So far from 'seducing me to England,' as you suppose, the account Moore gave of me and mine was of any thing but a nature to make me wish to return. It is not such opinions of the public that would weigh with me one way or the other; but I think they should weigh with others of my friends before they ask me to return to a place for which I have no great inclination."]

LETTER 345. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"October 29. 1819.

"The Ferrara story is of a piece with all the rest of the Venetian manufacture, — you may judge. I only changed horses there since I wrote to you, after my visit in June last. '*Convent*,' and '*carry off*,' quotha! and '*girl*.' I should like to know *who* has been carried off, except poor dear *me*. I have been more ravished myself than anybody since the Trojan war; but as to the arrest and its causes, one is as true as the other, and I can account for the invention of neither. I suppose it is some confusion of the tale of the Fornarina and of Mᵉ. Guiccioli, and half a dozen more; but it is useless to unravel the web, when one has only to brush it away. I shall settle with Master E., who looks very blue at your *in-decision*, and swears that he is the best arithmetician in Europe; and so I think also, for he makes out two and two to be five.

"You may see me next week. I have a horse or two more (five in all), and I shall repossess myself of Lido, and I will rise earlier, and we will go and shake our livers over the beach, as heretofore, if you like — and we will make the Adriatic roar again with our hatred of that now empty oyster-shell, without its pearl, the city of Venice.

"Murray sent me a letter yesterday: the impostors have published *two* new *third* cantos of *Don Juan*: — the devil take the impudence of some blackguard bookseller or other there*for!* Perhaps I did not make myself understood; he told me the sale had been great, 1200 out of 1500 quarto, I believe (which is nothing after selling 13,000 of the Corsair in one day); but that the 'best judges,' &c. had said it was very fine, and clever, and particularly good English, and poetry, and all those consolatory things, which are not, however, worth a single copy to a bookseller: and as to the author, of course I am in a d—ned passion at the bad taste of the times, and swear there is nothing like posterity, who, of course, must know more of the matter than their grandfathers. There has been an eleventh commandment to the women not to read it, and, what is still more extraordinary, they seem not to have broken it. But that can be of little import to them, poor things, for the reading or non-reading a book will never * * * *.

"Count G. comes to Venice next week, and I am requested to consign his wife to him, which shall be done. What you say of the long evenings at the Mira, or Venice, reminds me of what Curran said to Moore: — 'So I hear you have married a pretty woman, and a very good creature, too, — an excellent creature. Pray — um! *how do you pass your evenings?*' It is a devil of a question that, and perhaps as easy to answer with a wife as with a mistress.

"If you go to Milan, pray leave at least a *Vice-Consul* — the only vice that will ever be wanting in Venice. D'Orville is a good fellow. But you shall go to England in the spring with me, and plant Mrs. Hoppner at Berne with her relations for a few months. I wish you had been here (at Venice, I mean, not the Mira) when Moore was here — we were very merry and tipsy. He *hated* Venice, by the way, and swore it was a sad place.[1]

"So Madame Albrizzi's death is in danger — poor woman![2] Moore told me that at Geneva they had made a devil of a story of the Fornaretta: — 'Young lady seduced! — subsequent abandonment! — leap into the Grand Canal!' — and her being in the 'hospital of *fous* in consequence!' I should like to know who was nearest being made '*fou*,' and be d—d to them! Don't you think me in the interesting character of a very ill-used gentleman? I hope your little boy is well. Allegrina is flourishing like a promegranate blossom. "Yours, &c."

LETTER 346. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, November 8. 1819.

"Mr. Hoppner has lent me a copy of 'Don Juan,' Paris edition, which he tells me is read in Switzerland by clergymen and ladies with considerable approbation. In the second canto, you must alter the 49th stanza to

"'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters, like a veil
Which if withdrawn would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail:
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale
And the dim desolate deep; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

"I have been ill these eight days with a tertian fever, caught in the country on horseback in a thunder-storm. Yesterday I had the fourth attack: the two last were very smart, the first day as well as the last being preceded by vomiting. It is the fever of the place and the season. I feel weakened, but not unwell, in the intervals, except headach and lassitude.

[1] I beg to say that this report of my opinion of Venice is coloured somewhat too deeply by the feelings of the reporter.

[2] [See *antè*, p. 413.]

"Count Guiccioli has arrived in Venice, and has presented his spouse (who had preceded him two months for her health and the prescriptions of Dr. Aglietti) with a paper of conditions, regulations of hours and conduct, and morals, &c. &c. which he insists on her accepting, and she persists in refusing. I am expressly, it should seem, excluded by this treaty, as an indispensable preliminary; so that they are in high discussion, and what the result may be I know not, particularly as they are consulting friends.

"To-night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over 'Don Juan,' she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the first canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her, 'Nothing — but "your husband is coming."'[1] As I said this in Italian, with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, '*Oh my God, is* he *coming?*' thinking it was *her own*, who either was or ought to have been at the theatre. You may suppose we laughed when she found out the mistake. You will be amused, as I was; — it happened not three hours ago.

"I wrote to you last week, but have added nothing to the third canto since my fever, nor to 'The Prophecy of Dante.' Of the former there are about 110 octaves done; of the latter about 500 lines — perhaps more. Moore saw the third Juan, as far as it then went. I do not know if my fever will let me go on with either, and the tertian lasts, they say, a good while. I had it in Malta on my way home, and the malaria fever in Greece the year before that. The Venetian is not very fierce, but I was delirious one of the nights with it, for an hour or two, and, on my senses coming back, found Fletcher sobbing on one side of the bed, and La Contessa Guiccioli[2] weeping on the other; so that I had no want of attendance. I have not yet taken any physician, because, though I think they may relieve in chronic disorders, such as gout and the like, &c. &c. &c. (though they can't cure them) — just as surgeons are necessary to set bones and tend wounds — yet I think fevers quite out of their reach, and remediable only by diet and nature.

"I don't like the taste of bark, but I suppose that I must take it soon.

"Tell Rose that somebody at Milan (an Austrian, Mr. Hoppner says) is answering his book. William Bankes is in quarantine at Trieste. I have not lately heard from you. Excuse this paper: it is long paper shortened for the occasion. What folly is this of Carlile's trial?[1] why let him have the honours of a martyr? it will only advertise the books in question.

"Yours, &c.

"B.

"P. S. — As I tell you that the Guiccioli business is on the eve of exploding in one way or the other, I will just add that, without attempting to influence the decision of the Contessa, a good deal depends upon it. If she and her husband make it up, you will, perhaps, see me in England sooner than you expect. If not, I shall retire with her to France or America, change my name, and lead a quiet provincial life. All this may seem odd, but I have got the poor girl into a scrape; and as neither her birth, nor her rank, nor her connections by birth or marriage are inferior to my own, I am in honour bound to support her through. Besides, she is a very pretty woman — ask Moore — and not yet one and twenty.

"If she gets over this and I get over my tertian, I will, perhaps, look in at Albemarle Street, some of these days, *en passant* to Bolivar."

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[1] ["For God's sake, madam — madam — here's my master."]

[2] The following curious particulars of his delirium are given by Madame Guiccioli: — "At the beginning of winter Count Guiccioli came from Ravenna to fetch me. When he arrived, Lord Byron was ill of a fever, occasioned by his having got wet through; — a violent storm having surprised him while taking his usual exercise on horseback. He had been delirious the whole night, and I had watched continually by his bedside. During his delirium he composed a good many verses, and ordered his servant to write them down from his dictation. The rhythm of these verses was quite correct, and the poetry itself had no appearance of being the work of a delirious mind. He preserved them for some time after he got well, and then burned them."— "Sul cominciare dell' inverno il Conte Guiccioli venne a prendermi per ricondurmi a Ravenna. Quando egli giunse Ld. Byron era ammalato di febbri prese per essersi bagnato avendolo sorpreso un forte temporale mentre faceva l' usato suo esercizio a cavallo. Egli aveva delirato tutta la notte, ed io aveva sempre vegliato presso al suo letto. Nel suo delirio egli compose molti versi che ordinò al suo domestico di scrivere sotto la sua dittatura. La misura dei versi era esatissima, e la poesia pure non pareva opera di una mente in delirio. Egli la conservò lungo tempo dopo restabilito — poi l' abbrucciò."

I have been informed, too, that, during his ravings at this time, he was constantly haunted by the idea of his mother-in-law, — taking every one that came near him for her, and reproaching those about him for letting her enter his room.

[1] [For republishing "Paine's Age of Reason." This trial occupied three days; the greater part of the time being consumed in the defence. Carlile was sentenced to pay a fine of fifteen hundred pounds, and be imprisoned three years in Dorchester gaol.]

LETTER 347. TO MR. BANKES.

"Venice, November 20. 1819.

"A tertian ague, which has troubled me for some time, and the indisposition of my daughter, have prevented me from replying before to your welcome letter. I have not been ignorant of your progress nor of your discoveries, and I trust that you are no worse in health from your labours. You may rely upon finding every body in England eager to reap the fruits of them; and as you have done more than other men, I hope you will not limit yourself to saying less than may do justice to the talents and time you have bestowed on your perilous researches. The first sentence of my letter will have explained to you why I cannot join you at Trieste. I was on the point of setting out for England (before I knew of your arrival) when my child's illness has made her and me dependent on a Venetian Proto-Medico.

"It is now seven years since you and I met; — which time you have employed better for others and more honourably for yourself than I have done.

"In England you will find considerable changes, public and private, — you will see some of our old college contemporaries turned into lords of the Treasury, Admiralty, and the like, — others become reformers and orators, — many settled in life, as it is called, — and others settled in death; among the latter, (by the way, not our fellow collegians,) Sheridan, Curran, Lady Melbourne, Monk Lewis, Frederick Douglas[1], &c. &c. &c.; but you will still find Mr. * * living and all his family, as also * * * * *.

"Should you come up this way, and I am still here, you need not be assured how glad I shall be to see you; I long to hear some part from you, of that which I expect in no long time to *see*. At length you have had better fortune than any traveller of equal enterprise (except Humbolt), in returning safe; and after the fate of the Brownes, and the Parkes, and the Burckhardts, it is hardly less surprise than satisfaction to get you back again.

"Believe me ever

"And very affectionately yours,

"BYRON."

LETTER 348. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, December 4. 1819.

"You may do as you please, but you are about a hopeless experiment. Eldon will decide against you, were it only that my name is in the record. You will also recollect that if the publication is pronounced against, on the grounds you mention, as *indecent and blasphemous*, that *I* lose all right in my daughter's *guardianship* and *education*, in short, all paternal authority, and every thing concerning her, except * * * * * * * *. It was so decided in Shelley's case, because he had written Queen Mab, &c. &c. However, you can ask the lawyers, and do as you like: I do not inhibit you trying the question; I merely state one of the consequences to me. With regard to the copyright, it is hard that you should pay for a nonentity: I will therefore refund it, which I can very well do, not having spent it, nor begun upon it; and so we will be quits on that score. It lies at my banker's.

"Of the Chancellor's law I am no judge; but take up Tom Jones, and read his Mrs. Waters and Molly Seagrim; or Prior's Hans Carvel and Paulo Purganti: Smollett's Roderick Random, the chapter of Lord Strutwell, and many others; Peregrine Pickle, the scene of the beggar girl; Johnson's *London*, for coarse expressions; for instance, the words '* *,' and '* *;' Anstey's Bath Guide[2], the 'Hearken, Lady

[1] [The Hon. Frederick Sylvester North Douglas, only son of Lord Glenbervie. He died in October 1819, in his twenty-ninth year. In 1813, he published an "Essay on Certain Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks;" of which a favourable notice will be found in the Quarterly Review for January 1814. "To Mr. Douglas and Mr. Hobhouse," says the reviewer, "the country is indebted for many valuable facts, and many intelligent observations illustrative of the present state of the inhabitants of Greece, and it may be hoped that the example of those gentlemen will not be long without followers. That it is only by a steady perseverance in pursuits of this kind, that the Greeks can arrive at their favourite object of political emancipation. 'Weak and untutored minds,' says Mr. Douglas, 'are seldom able to support with steadiness the sudden glare of reason: the events of the French revolution may inform us that a gradual progression is necessary, that the seeds of rational liberty will never prosper in a soil not prepared by proper cultivation to receive them. The Greeks have commenced, however, with moderation and wisdom; and if the wild fancies of politicians and enthusiasts do not hurry them out of the course in which they are advancing with cautious but accelerated steps, another age may witness the glorious period when the torch of knowledge shall conduct them to the enjoyment of happiness and freedom.'"]

[2] ["There is a new thing published, that will make you split your cheeks with laughing. It is called the New Bath Guide. It stole into the world, and for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally every thing else; but so much wit, so much humour, fun and poetry, never met together before. I can say it by heart, and if I had time would write it you down; for it is not

Betty, hearken;' — take up, in short, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Dryden, Fielding, Smollett, and let the counsel select passages, and what becomes of *their* copyright, if his Wat Tyler decision is to pass into a precedent? I have nothing more to say: you must judge for yourselves.

I wrote to you some time ago. I have had a tertian ague; my daughter Allegra has been ill also, and I have been almost obliged to run away with a married woman; but with some difficulty, and many internal struggles, I reconciled the lady with her lord, and cured the fever of the child with bark, and my own with cold water. I think of setting out for England by the Tyrol in a few days, so that I could wish you to direct your next letter to Calais. Excuse my writing in great haste and late in the morning, or night, whichever you please to call it. The third canto of 'Don Juan' is completed, in about two hundred stanzas; very decent, I believe, but do not know, and it is useless to discuss until it be ascertained if it may or may not be a property.

"My present determination to quit Italy was unlooked for; but I have explained the reasons in letters to my sister and Douglas Kinnaird, a week or two ago. My progress will depend upon the snows of the Tyrol, and the health of my child, who is at present quite recovered; but I hope to get on well, and am

"Yours ever and truly.

"P. S. — Many thanks for your letters, to which you are not to consider this as an answer, but as an acknowledgment."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1819—1820.

VENICE. — CORRESPONDENCE WITH MADAME GUICCIOLI. — ILLNESS OF THE COUNTESS. — PREPARATIONS FOR A RETURN TO ENGLAND. — HASTY DEPARTURE FOR RAVENNA. — RESIDENCE IN THE PALAZZO GUICCIOLI. — ANECDOTES. — EPIGRAMS. — LETTERS TO HOPPNER, MOORE, MURRAY, AND WILLIAM BANKES. — STATE OF MANNERS AND MORALS IN ITALY. — LETTER FROM DALLAS. — COMPLETION OF THE FOURTH CANTO OF DON JUAN, THE PROPHECY OF DANTE, AND THE TRANSLATIONS OF PULCI'S MORGANTE AND DANTE'S FRANCESCA DI RIMINI.

THE struggle which, at the time of my visit to him, I had found Lord Byron so well disposed to make towards averting, as far as now lay in his power, some of the mischievous consequences which, both to the object of his attachment and himself, were likely to result from their connection, had been brought, as the foregoing letters show, to a crisis soon after I left him. The Count Guiccioli, on his arrival at Venice, insisted, as we have seen, that his lady should return with him; and, after some conjugal negotiations, in which Lord Byron does not appear to have interfered, the young Contessa consented reluctantly to accompany her lord to Ravenna, it being first covenanted that, in future, all communication between her and her lover should cease.

"In a few days after this," says Mr. Hoppner, in some notices of his noble friend with which he has favoured me, "he returned to Venice, very much out of spirits, owing to Madame Guiccioli's departure, and out of humour with every body and every thing around him. We resumed our rides at the Lido; and I did my best not only to raise his spirits, but to make him forget his absent mistress, and to keep him to his purpose of returning to England. He went into no society; and having no longer any relish for his former occupation, his time, when he was not writing, hung heavy enough on hand."

The promise given by the lovers not to correspond was, as all parties must have foreseen, soon violated; and the letters Lord Byron addressed to the lady, at this time, though written in a language not his own, are rendered frequently even eloquent by the mere force of the feeling that governed him — a feeling which could not have owed its fuel to fancy alone, since, now that reality had been so long substituted, it still burned on. From one of these letters, dated November 25th, I shall so far presume upon the discretionary power vested in me, as to lay a short extract or two before the reader — not merely as matters of curiosity, but on account of the strong evidence they afford of the struggle between passion and a sense of right that now agitated him.

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yet reprinted, and not one to be had." — *Horace Walpole to G. Montague*, June 20. 1766.

"Have you read the New Bath Guide? It is the only thing in fashion, and is a new and original kind of humour Miss Prue's conversation I doubt you will paste down, as a certain Yorkshire baronet did before he carried it to his daughters; yet I remember you all read Crazy Tales without pasting." — *Gray to Dr. Wharton*, Aug. 26. 1766.]

"You are," he says, "and ever will be, my first thought. But, at this moment, I am in a state most dreadful, not knowing which way to decide; — on the one hand, fearing that I should compromise you for ever, by my return to Ravenna and the consequences of such a step, and, on the other, dreading that I shall lose both you and myself, and all that I have ever known or tasted of happiness, by never seeing you more. I pray of you, I implore you, to be comforted, and to believe that I cannot cease to love you but with my life."[1] In another part he says, "I go to save you, and leave a country insupportable to me without you. Your letters to F * * and myself do wrong to my motives — but you will yet see your injustice. It is not enough that I must leave you — from motives of which ere long you will be convinced — it is not enough that I must fly from Italy, with a heart deeply wounded, after having passed all my days in solitude since your departure, sick both in body and mind — but I must also have to endure your reproaches without answering and without deserving them. Farewell! in that one word is comprised the death of my happiness."[2]

He had now arranged every thing for his departure for England, and had even fixed the day, when accounts reached him from Ravenna that the Contessa was alarmingly ill; — her sorrow at their separation having so much preyed upon her mind, that even her own family, fearful of the consequences, had withdrawn all opposition to her wishes, and now, with the sanction of Count Guiccioli himself, entreated her lover to hasten to Ravenna. What was he, in this dilemma, to do? Already had he announced his coming to different friends in England, and every dictate, he felt, of prudence and manly fortitude urged his departure. While thus balancing between duty and inclination, the day appointed for his setting out arrived; and the following picture, from the life, of his irresolution on the occasion, is from a letter written by a female friend of Madame Guiccioli, who was present at the scene: — "He was ready dressed for the journey, his gloves and cap on, and even his little cane in his hand. Nothing was now waited for but his coming down stairs, — his boxes being already all on board the gondola. At this moment, my Lord, by way of pretext, declares, that if it should strike one o'clock before every thing was in order (his arms being the only thing not yet quite ready) he would not go that day. The hour strikes, and he remains!"[3]

The writer adds, "it is evident he has not the heart to go;" and the result proved that she had not judged him wrongly. The very next day's tidings from Ravenna decided his fate, and he himself, in a letter to the Contessa, thus announces the triumph which she had achieved. "F * * * will already have told you, *with her accustomed sublimity*, that Love has gained the victory. I could not summon up resolution enough to leave the country where you are, without, at least, once more seeing you. On *yourself*, perhaps, it will depend, whether I ever again shall leave you. Of the rest we shall speak when we meet. You ought, by this time, to know which is most conducive to your welfare, my presence or my absence. For myself, I am a citizen of the world — all countries are alike to me. You have ever been, since our first acquaintance, *the sole object of my thoughts*. My opinion was, that the best course I could adopt, both for your peace and that of all your family, would have been to depart and go far, *far* away from you; — since to have been near and not approach you would have been, for me, impossible. You have however decided that I am to return to Ravenna. I shall accordingly return — and shall *do* — and *be* all that you wish. I cannot say more."[4]

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[1] "Tu sei, e sarai sempre mio primo pensier. Ma in questo momento sono in un' stato orribile non sapendo cosa decidere; — temendo, da una parte, comprometterti in eterno col mio ritorno a Ravenna, e colle sue conseguenze; e, dal' altra perderti, e me stesso, e tutto quel che ho conosciuto o gustato di felicità, nel non vederti più. Ti prego, ti supplico calmarti, e credere che non posso cessare ad amarti che colla vita."

[2] "Io parto, per *salvarti*, e lascio un paese divenuto insopportabile senza di te. Le tue lettere alla F * *, ed anche a me stesso fanno torto ai miei motivi; ma col tempo vedrai la tua ingiustizia. Tu parli del dolor—io lo sento, ma mi mancano le parole. Non basta lasciarti per dei motivi dei quali tu eri persuasa (non molto tempo fa) — non basta partire dall' Italia col cuore lacerato, dopo aver passato tutti i giorni dopo la tua partenza nella solitudine, ammalato di corpo e di anima — ma ho anche a sopportare i tuoi rimproveri, senza replicarti, e senza meritarli. Addio — in quella parola è compresa la morte *di* mia felicita."

The close of this last sentence exhibits one of the very few instances of incorrectness that Lord Byron falls into in these letters; — the proper construction being "*della* mia felicita."

[3] "Egli era tutto vestito di viaggio coi guanti fra le mani, col suo bonnet, e persino colla piccola sua canna; non altro aspettavasi che egli scendesse le scale, tutti i bauli erano in barca. Milord fa la pretesta che se suona un ora dopo il mezzodi e che non sia ogni cosa all' ordine (poichè le armi sole non erano in pronto) egli non partirebbe più per quel giorno. L'ora suona ed egli resta."

[4] "La F * * ti avra detta, *colla sua solita sublimità*, che l'Amor ha vinto. Io non ho potuto trovare forza di anima per lasciare il paese dove tu sei, senza vederti almeno un' altra volta; — forse dipenderà da *te* se mai

On quitting Venice he took leave of Mr. oppner in a short but cordial letter, which cannot better introduce than by prefixing it the few words of comment with which is excellent friend of the noble poet has mself accompanied it: — "I need not say th what painful feeling I witnessed the parture of a person who, from the first day our acquaintance, had treated me with varied kindness, reposing a confidence in which it was beyond the power of my most efforts to deserve; admitting me to intimacy which I had no right to claim, d listening with patience, and the greatest od temper, to the remonstrances I ven-red to make upon his conduct."

LETTER 349. TO MR. HOPPNER.

My dear Hoppner,

"Partings are but bitter work at best, that I shall not venture on a second with u. Pray make my respects to Mrs. Hoppner, d assure her of my unalterable reverence r the singular goodness of her disposition, hich is not without its reward even in this orld — for those who are no great be-evers in human virtues would discover ough in her to give them a better opinion their fellow-creatures and — what is still ore difficult — of themselves, as being of e same species, however inferior in ap-roaching its nobler models. Make, too, hat excuses you can for my omission of e ceremony of leave-taking. If we all eet again, I will make my humblest apo-gy; if not, recollect that I wished you all ell; and, if you can, forget that I have ven you a great deal of trouble.

"Yours, &c. &c."

LETTER 350. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, December 10. 1819.

"Since I last wrote, I have changed my ind, and shall not come to England. The ore I contemplate, the more I dislike the lace and the prospect. You may, there-ore, address to me as usual *here*, though I ean to go to another city. I have finished he third canto of Don Juan, but the things have read and heard discourage all further publication — at least for the present. You may try the copy question, but you'll lose it: the cry is up, and cant is up. I should have no objection to return the price of the copyright, and have written to Mr. Kinnaird by this post on the subject. Talk with him.

"I have not the patience, nor do I feel interest enough in the question, to contend with the fellows in their own slang; but I perceive Mr. Blackwood's Magazine and one or two others of your missives have been hyperbolical in their praise, and diabolical in their abuse. I like and admire Wilson, and *he* should not have indulged himself in such outrageous licence.[1] It is overdone and defeats itself. What would he say to the grossness without passion and the misanthropy without feeling of Gulliver's Travels? — When he talks of Lady Byron's business, he talks of what he knows nothing about; and you may tell him that no one can more desire a public investigation of that affair than I do.

"I sent home by Moore (*for* Moore only, who has my Journal) my Memoir written up to 1816, and I gave him leave to show it to whom he pleased, but *not to publish*, on any account. You may read it, and you may let Wilson read it, if he likes — not for his *public* opinion, but his private; for I like the man, and care very little about his Magazine. And I could wish Lady B. herself to read it, that she may have it in her power to mark any thing mistaken or mis-stated; as it will probably appear after my extinction, and it would be but fair she should see it, — that is to say, herself willing.

"Perhaps I may take a journey to you in the spring; but I *have* been ill, and *am* indolent and indecisive, because few things interest me. These fellows first abused me for being gloomy, and now they are wroth that I am, or attempted to be, facetious. I have got such a cold and headach that I can hardly see what I scrawl: — the winters here are as sharp as needles. Some time ago, I wrote to you rather fully about my Italian affairs; at present I can say no more, except that you shall hear further by and by.

"Your Blackwood accuses me of treating

lascio più. Per il resto parleremo. Tu dovresti desso sapere cosa sarà più convenevole al tuo ben essere mia presenza o la mia lontananza. Io sono cittadino el mondo — tutti i paesi sono eguali per me. Tu sei ata sempre (dopo che ci siamo conosciuti) *l'unico ggetto di miei* pensieri. Credeva che il miglior partito r la pace tua e la pace di tua famiglia fosse il mio artire, e andare ben *lontano*; poichè stare vicino e *non* vicinarti sarebbe per me impossibile. Ma tu hai deciso che lo debbo ritornare a Ravenna — tornaro — e farò — e sarò ciò che tu vuoi. Non posso dirti di più."

[1] This is one of the many mistakes into which his distance from the scene of literary operations led him. The gentleman, to whom the hostile article in the Magazine is here attributed, has never, either then or since, written upon the subject of the noble poet's character or genius, without giving vent to a feeling of admiration as enthusiastic as it is always eloquently and powerfully expressed.

"Pray let not these versiculi go forth with *my* name, except among the initiated, because my friend H. has foamed into a reformer, and, I greatly fear, will subside into Newgate[1]; since the Honourable House, according to Galignani's Reports of Parliamentary Debates, are menacing a prosecution to a pamphlet of his. I shall be very sorry to hear of any thing but good for him, particularly in these miserable squabbles; but these are the natural effects of taking a part in them.

"For my own part, I had a sad scene since you went. Count Gu. came for his wife, and *none* of those consequences which Scott prophesied ensued. There was no damages, as in England, and so Scott lost his wager. But there was a great scene, for she would not, at first, go back with him — at least, she *did* go back with him; but he insisted, reasonably enough, that all communication should be broken off between her and me. So, finding Italy very dull, and having a fever tertian, I packed up my valise, and prepared to cross the Alps; but my daughter fell ill, and detained me.

"After her arrival at Ravenna, the Guiccioli fell ill again too; and at last, her father (who had, all along, opposed the liaison most violently till now) wrote to me to say that she was in such a state that *he* begged me to come and see her, — and that her husband had acquiesced, in consequence of her relapse, and that *he* (her father) would guarantee all this, and that there would be no further scenes in consequence between them, and that I should not be compromised in any way. I set out soon after, and have been here ever since. I found her a good deal altered, but getting better: — *all* this comes of reading Corinna.

"The Carnival is about to begin, and I saw about two or three hundred people at the Marquis Cavalli's the other evening, with as much youth, beauty, and diamonds among the women, as ever averaged in the like number. My appearance in waiting on the Guiccioli was considered as a thing of course. The Marquis is her uncle, and naturally considered me as her relation.

"The paper is out, and so is the letter. Pray write. Address to Venice, whence the letters will be forwarded. Yours, &c.

"B."

[1] [Lord Byron's fears were well founded. When the above was written, his friend Mr. Hobhouse was actually in Newgate. Mr. Stuart Wortley (now Lord Wharncliffe) having, on the 10th of December called the attention of the House of Commons to certain passages contained in a pamphlet entitled "A Trifling Mistake in Thomas Lord Erskine's recent Preface," the said pamphlet was voted a breach of privilege, and the publisher was ordered to attend at the bar; but Mr. (now the Right Honourable) Edward Ellice having stated, that he was authorised to give up the name of the writer, Mr. Hobhouse was committed to Newgate, and remained there till the dissolution in February. At the ensuing election, he was chosen one of the representatives for Westminster.]

LETTER 353. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, January 20. 1820.

"I have not decided any thing about remaining at Ravenna. I may stay a day, a week, a year, all my life; but all this depends upon what I can neither see nor foresee. I came because I was called, and will go the moment that I perceive what may render my departure proper. My attachment has neither the blindness of the beginning, nor the microscopic accuracy of the close to such liaisons; but 'time and the hour' must decide upon what I do. I can as yet say nothing, because I hardly know any thing beyond what I have told you.

"I wrote to you last post for my moveables, as there is no getting a lodging with a chair or table here ready; and as I have already some things of the sort at Bologna which I had last summer there for my daughter, I have directed them to be moved; and wish the like to be done with those of Venice, that I may at least get out of the 'Albergo Imperiale,' which *is imperial* in all true sense of the epithet. Buffini may be paid for his poison. I forgot to thank you and Mrs. Hoppner for a whole treasure of toys for Allegra before our departure; it was very kind, and we are very grateful.

"Your account of the weeding of the Governor's party is very entertaining. If you do not understand the consular exceptions, I do; and it is right that a man of honour, and a woman of probity, should find it so, particularly in a place where there are not 'ten righteous.' As to nobility — in England none are strictly noble but peers, not even peers' sons, though titled by courtesy; nor knights of the garter, unless of the peerage, so that Castlereagh himself would hardly pass through a foreign herald's ordeal till the death of his father.

"The snow is a foot deep here. There is a theatre, and opera, — the Barber of Seville. Balls begin on Monday next. Pay the porter for never looking after the gate, and ship my chattels, and let me know, or let Castelli let me know, how my lawsuits go on — but fee him only in proportion to his success. Perhaps we may meet in the spring yet, if you are for England. I see Hobhouse has got into a scrape, which does not please me; he should not have gone so deep among

those men without calculating the consequences. I used to think myself the most imprudent of all among my friends and acquaintances, but almost begin to doubt it.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 354. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, January 31. 1820.

"You would hardly have been troubled with the removal of my furniture, but there is none to be had nearer than Bologna, and I have been fain to have that of the rooms which I fitted up for my daughter there in the summer removed here. The expense will be at least as great of the land carriage, so that you see it was necessity, and not choice. Here they get every thing from Bologna, except some lighter articles from Forlì or Faenza.

"If Scott is returned, pray remember me to him, and plead laziness the whole and sole cause of my not replying: — dreadful is the exertion of letter-writing. The Carnival here is less boisterous, but we have balls and a theatre. I carried Bankes to both, and he carried away, I believe, a much more favourable impression of the society here than of that of Venice, — recollect that I speak of the *native* society only.

"I am drilling very hard to learn how to double a shawl, and should succeed to admiration if I did not always double it the wrong side out; and then I sometimes confuse and bring away two, so as to put all the Serventi out, besides keeping their *Servite* in the cold till every body can get back their property. But it is a dreadfully moral place, for you must not look at anybody's wife except your neighbour's, — if you go to the next door but one, you are scolded, and presumed to be perfidious. And then a relazione or an amicizia seems to be a regular affair of from five to fifteen years, at which period, if there occur a widowhood, it finishes by a sposalizio; and in the mean time it has so many rules of its own, that it is not much better. A man actually becomes a piece of female property, — they won't let their Serventi marry until there is a vacancy for themselves. I know two instances of this in one family here.

"To-night there was a ——[1] Lottery after the opera; it is an odd ceremony. Bankes and I took tickets of it, and buffooned together very merrily. He is gone to Firenze. Mrs. J * * should have sent you my postscript; there was no occasion to have bored you in person. I never interfere in anybody's squabbles, — she may scratch your face herself.

"The weather here has been dreadful — snow several feet — a *fiume* broke down a bridge, and flooded heaven knows how many *campi*; then rain came — and it is still thawing — so that my saddle-horses have a sinecure till the roads become more practicable. Why did Lega give away the goat? a blockhead — I must have him again.

"Will you pay Missiaglia and the Buffo Buffini of the Gran Bretagna? I heard from Moore, who is at Paris; I had previously written to him in London, but he has not yet got my letter, apparently.

"Believe me, &c."

LETTER 355. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February 7. 1820.

"I have had no letter from you these two months; but since I came here in December, 1819, I sent you a letter for Moore, who is God knows *where* — in Paris or London, I presume. I have copied and cut the third canto of Don Juan *into two*, because it was too long; and I tell you this beforehand, because in case of any reckoning between you and me, these two are only to go for *one*, as this was the original form, and, in fact, the two together are not longer than one of the first: so remember that I have not made this division to *double* upon *you*; but merely to suppress some tediousness in the aspect of the thing. I should have served you a pretty trick if I had sent you, for example, cantos of 50 stanzas each.

"I am translating the first canto of Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, and have half done it; but these last days of the Carnival confuse and interrupt every thing.

"I have not yet sent off the cantos, and have some doubt whether they ought to be published, for they have not the spirit of the first. The outcry has not frightened but it has *hurt* me, and I have not written *con amore* this time. It is very decent, however, and as dull as 'the last new comedy.'

I think my translations of Pulci will make you stare. It must be put by the original, stanza for stanza, and verse for verse; and you will see what was permitted in a Catholic country and a bigoted age to a churchman, on the score of religion: — and so tell those buffoons who accuse me of attacking the Liturgy.

"I write in the greatest haste, it being the hour of the Corso, and I must go and buffoon with the rest. My daughter Allegra is just gone with the Countess G. in Count G.'s

[1] The word here, being under the seal, is illegible.

coach and six to join the cavalcade, and I must follow with all the rest of the Ravenna world. Our old Cardinal is dead, and the new one not appointed yet; but the masquing goes on the same, the vice-legate being a good governor. We have had hideous frost and snow, but all is mild again.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 356. TO MR. BANKES.

"Ravenna, February 19. 1820.

"I have room for you in the house here, as I had in Venice, if you think fit to make use of it; but do not expect to find the same gorgeous suite of tapestried halls. Neither dangers nor tropical heats have ever prevented your penetrating wherever you had a mind to it, and why should the snow now? — Italian snow — fie on it! — so pray come. Tita's heart yearns for you, and mayhap for your silver broadpieces; and your playfellow, the monkey, is alone and inconsolable.

"I forget whether you admire or tolerate red hair, so that I rather dread showing you all that I have about me and around me in this city. Come, nevertheless, — you can pay Dante a morning visit, and I will undertake that Theodore and Honoria will be most happy to see you in the forest hard by. We Goths, also, of Ravenna, hope you will not despise our arch-Goth, Theodoric. I must leave it to these worthies to entertain you all the fore part of the day, seeing that I have none at all myself — the lark that rouses me from my slumbers being an afternoon bird. But, then, all your evenings, and as much as you can give me of your nights, will be mine. Ay! and you will find me eating flesh, too, like yourself or any other cannibal, except it be upon Fridays. Then, there are more cantos (and be d—d to them) of what the courteous reader, Mr. Saunders, calls Grub Street in my drawer, which I have a little scheme to commit to your charge for England; only I must first cut up (or cut down) two aforesaid cantos into three, because I am grown base and mercenary, and it is an ill precedent to let my Mecænas, Murray, get too much for his money. I am busy, also, with Pulci — translating — servilely translating, stanza for stanza, and line for line, two octaves every night, — the same allowance as at Venice.

"Would you call at your banker's at Bologna, and ask him for some letters lying there for me, and burn them? — or I will — so do not burn them, but bring them, — and believe me ever and very affectionately yours,

"BYRON.

"P. S. — I have a particular wish to hear from yourself something about Cyprus, so pray recollect all that you can. — Good night."

LETTER 357. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February 21. 1820.

"The bulldogs will be very agreeable. I have only those of this country, who, though good, have not the tenacity of tooth and stoicism in endurance of my canine fellow-citizens: then pray send them by the readiest conveyance — perhaps best by sea. Mr. Kinnaird will disburse for them, and deduct from the amount on your application or that of Captain Tyler.

"I see the good old King[1] is gone to his place. One can't help being sorry, though blindness, and age, and insanity, are supposed to be drawbacks on human felicity; but I am not at all sure that the latter, at least, might not render him happier than any of his subjects.

"I have no thoughts of coming to the coronation, though I should like to see it, and though I have a right to be a puppet in it; but my division with Lady Byron, which has drawn an equinoctial line between me and mine in all other things, will operate in this also to prevent my being in the same procession.

"By Saturday's post I sent you four packets, containing Cantos third and fourth. Recollect that these two cantos reckon only as *one* with you and me, being, in fact, the third canto cut into two, because I found it too long. Remember this, and don't imagine that there could be any other motive. The whole is about 225 stanzas, more or less, and a lyric of 96 lines, so that they are no longer than the first *single* cantos: but the truth is, that I made the first too long, and should have cut those down also had I thought better. Instead of saying in future for so many cantos, say so many stanzas or pages; it was Jacob Tonson's way[2], and certainly the best; it prevents mistakes. I might have sent you a dozen cantos of 40 stanzas each, — those of 'The Minstrel' (Beattie's) are no longer, — and ruined you at once, if you don't suffer as it is. But

[1] [George the Third; who died January 29. 1820.]

[2] [When Dryden engaged himself in the composition of those imitations of Boccaccio and Chaucer which have been since called the "Fables," he entered into an agreement with Tonson to furnish ten thousand lines for two hundred and fifty guineas; and, to make up the full number, he gave the bookseller the Epistle to his Cousin, and his Alexander's Feast.]

recollect that you are not *pinned down* to any thing you say in a letter, and that, calculating even these two cantos as *one* only (which they were and are to be reckoned), you are not bound by your offer. Act as may seem fair to all parties.

"I have finished my translation of the first canto of 'The Morgante Maggiore' of Pulci, which I will transcribe and send. It is the parent, not only of Whistlecraft, but of all jocose Italian poetry.[1] You must print it side by side with the original Italian, because I wish the reader to judge of the fidelity: it is stanza for stanza, and often line for line, if not word for word.

"You ask me for a volume of manners, &c. on Italy. Perhaps I am in the case to know more of them than most Englishmen, because I have lived among the natives, and in parts of the country where Englishmen, never resided before (I speak of Romagna and this place particularly); but there are many reasons why I do not choose to treat in print on such a subject. I have lived in their houses and in the heart of their families, sometimes merely as 'amico di casa,' and sometimes as 'amico di cuore' of the Dama, and in neither case do I feel myself authorised in making a book of them. Their moral is not your moral; their life is not your life; you would not understand it; it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventual education, the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions, which are at once *sudden* and *durable* (what you find in no other nation), and who actually have no society (what we would call so), as you may see by their comedies; they have no real comedy, not even in Goldoni, and that is because they have no society to draw it from.

"Their conversazioni are not society at all. They go to the theatre to talk, and into company to hold their tongues. The *women* sit in a circle, and the men gather into groups, or they play at dreary faro, or 'lotto reale,' for small sums. Their academie are concerts like our own, with better music and more form. Their best things are the carnival balls and masquerades, when every body runs mad for six weeks. After their dinners and suppers they make extempore verses and buffoon one another; but it is in a humour which you would not enter into, ye of the north.

"In their houses it is better. I should know something of the matter, having had a pretty general experience among their women, from the fisherman's wife up to the Nobil Dama, whom I serve. Their system has its rules, and its fitnesses, and its decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline or game at hearts, which admits few deviations, unless you wish to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers even to marry if they can help it, and keeping them always close to them in public as in private, whenever they can. In short, they transfer marriage to adultery, and strike the *not* out of that commandment. The reason is, that they marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover. If I wrote a quarto, I don't know that I could do more than amplify what I have here noted. It is to be observed that while they do all this, the greatest outward respect is to be paid to the husbands, not only by the ladies, but by their Serventi — particularly if the husband serves no one himself (which is not often the case, however): so that you would often suppose them relations — the Servente making the figure of one adopted into the family. Sometimes the ladies run a little restive and elope, or divide, or make a scene: but this is at starting, generally, when they know no better, or when they fall in love with a foreigner, or some such anomaly, — and is always reckoned unnecessary and extravagant.

"You enquire after Dante's Prophecy: I have not done more than six hundred lines, but will vaticinate at leisure.

"Of the bust I know nothing. No cameos or seals are to be cut here or elsewhere that I know of, in any good style. Hobhouse should write himself to Thorwaldsen: the bust was made and paid for three years ago.

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[1] ["To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,
And revelled in the fancies of the time,
True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings despotic."
Don Juan, c. iv. st. 6.]

"Pray tell Mrs. Leigh to request Lady Byron to urge forward the transfer from the funds. I wrote to Lady Byron on business this post, addressed to the care of Mr. D. Kinnaird."

LETTER 358. TO MR. BANKES.

"Ravenna, February 26. 1820.

"Pulci and I are waiting for you with impatience; but I suppose we must give way to the attraction of the Bolognese galleries for a time. I know nothing of pictures myself, and care almost as little: but to me there are none like the Venetian — above all, Giorgione. I remember well his Judgment of Solomon in the Mariscalchi in Bologna. The real mother is beautiful, exquisitely beautiful. Buy her, by all means, if you can, and take her home with you: put her in safety: for be assured there are troublous times brewing for Italy; and as I never could keep out of a row in my life, it will be my fate, I dare say, to be over head and ears in it; but no matter, these are the stronger reasons for coming to see me soon.

"I have more of Scott's novels (for surely they are Scott's) since we met, and am more and more delighted. I think that I even prefer them to his poetry, which (by the way) I redde for the first time in my life in your rooms in Trinity College.

"There are some curious commentaries on Dante preserved here, which you should see. Believe me ever, faithfully and most affectionately, yours, &c."

LETTER 359. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, March 1. 1820.

"I sent you by last post the translation of the first canto of the Morgante Maggiore, and wish you to ask Rose about the words 'sbergo' and 'usbergo,' which I have translated *cuirass*. I suspect that it means *helmet* also. Now, if so, which of the senses is best accordant with the text? I have adopted cuirass, but will be amenable to reasons. Of the natives, some say one, and some t'other: but they are no great Tuscans in Romagna. However, I will ask Sgricci (the famous improvisatore) to-morrow, who is a native of Arezzo.[1] The Countess Guiccioli, who is reckoned a very cultivated young lady, and the dictionary, say *cuirass*. I have written cuirass, but *helmet* runs in my head nevertheless — and will run in verse very well, whilk is the principal point. I will ask the Sposa Spina Spinelli, too, the Florentine bride of Count Gabriel Rusponi, just imported from Florence, and get the sense out of somebody.

"I have just been visiting the new Cardinal, who arrived the day before yesterday in his legation. He seems a good old gentleman, pious and simple, and not quite like his predecessor, who was a bon-vivant, in the worldly sense of the words.

"Enclosed is a letter which I received some time ago from Dallas.[2] It will explain itself. I have not answered it. This comes of doing people good. At one time or another (including copyrights) this person has had about fourteen hundred pounds of my money, and he writes what he calls a posthumous work about me, and a scrubby letter accusing me of treating him ill, when I never did any such thing. It is true that I left off letter-writing, as I have done with almost every body else; but I can't see how that was misusing him.

"I look upon his epistle as the consequence of my not sending him another hundred pounds, which he wrote to me for about two years ago, and which I thought proper to withhold, he having had his share, methought, of what I could dispone upon others.

"In your last you ask me after my articles of domestic wants. I believe they are as usual: the bulldogs, magnesia, soda-powders, tooth-powders, brushes, and every thing of the kind which are here unattainable. You still ask me to return to England: alas! to what purpose? You do not know what you are requiring. Return I must, probably, some day or other (if I live), sooner or later; but it will not be for pleasure, nor can it end in good. You enquire after my health and SPIRITS in large letters: my health can't be very bad, for I cured myself of a sharp tertian ague, in three weeks, with cold water, which had held my stoutest gondolier for months, notwithstanding all the bark of the apothecary, — a circumstance which surprised Dr. Aglietti, who said it was a proof of great stamina, particularly in so epidemic a season. I did it out of dislike to the taste of bark (which I can't bear), and succeeded, contrary to the prophecies of every body, by simply taking nothing at all. As to *spirits*, they are unequal, now high, now low, like other people's I suppose, and depending upon circumstances.

"Pray send me W. Scott's new novels. What are their names and characters? I read some of his former ones, at least once a day, for an hour or so. The last are too

[1] [Sgricci died at Florence in July 1836.]

[2] [See BYRONIANA.]

a 362. TO MR. MURRAY.

" Ravenna, March 20. 1820.

st post I sent you 'The Vision of '—four first cantos. Enclosed you d, *line for line*, in *third rhyme* (*terza* of which your British blackguard as yet understands nothing, Fanny of . You know that she was born here, rried, and slain, from Cary, Boyd, and eople. I have done it into *cramp* , line for line, and rhyme for rhyme, he possibility. You had best append e poems already sent by last three I shall not allow you to play the you did last year, with the prose you ibed to Mazeppa, which I sent to you be published, if not in a periodical —and there you tacked it, without a f explanation. If this is published, it *with the original*, and *together* with *lci* translation, *or* the *Dante imitation*. se you have both by now, and the ng before.[1]

a 363. TO MR. MURRAY.

" Ravenna, March 23. 1820.

ave received your letter of the 7th. the four packets you have already d, I have sent the Pulci a few days nd since (a few days ago) the four ntos of Dante's Prophecy, (the best ever wrote, if it be not *unintelligible*,) last post a literal translation, word d (versed like the original), of the of Francesca of Rimini. I want to hat you think of the new Juans, and slations, and the Vision. They are all hat are, or ought to be, very different e another.

you choose to make a print from the n, you may; but she don't correspond o the character you mean her to re- . On the contrary, the Contessa G. except that she is remarkably fair), much prettier than the Fornarina; ave no picture of her except a mi- , which is very ill done; and, besides, l not be proper, on any account what- make such a use of it, even if you opy.

collect that the *two* new cantos only ith us for *one*. You may put the Pulci and Dante together: perhaps that were best. So you have put *your* name to Juan, after all your panic, and the row: you are a rare fellow. I must now put myself in a passion to continue my prose.

" Yours, &c.

" BYRON."

" I have caused write to Thorwaldsen. Pray be careful in sending my daughter's picture — I mean, that it be not hurt in the carriage, for it is a journey rather long and jolting."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1820.

RAVENNA. — POPE CONTROVERSY. — PULCI. — CONGREVE. — SHERIDAN. — MRS. CENTLIVRE. — COMMENCEMENT OF MARINO FALIERO. — SIR WALTER SCOTT. — GOLDSMITH. — THE CARBONARI. — REPLY TO BLACKWOOD. — ITALIAN TRANSLATION OF CHILDE HAROLD. — SIR HUMPHRY DAVY AT RAVENNA. — ANECDOTES. — CAMPBELL'S POETS. — VOLTAIRE. — GOETHE ON MANFRED. — PAPAL DECREE. — GUICCIOLI SEPARATION.

LETTER 364. TO MR. MURRAY.

" Ravenna, March 28. 1820.

" ENCLOSED is a 'Screed of Doctrine' for you, of which I will trouble you to acknowledge the receipt by next post. Mr. Hobhouse must have the correction of it for the press. You may show it first to whom you please.

" I wish to know what became of my two Epistles from St. Paul (translated from the Armenian three years ago and more), and of the letter to Roberts of last autumn, which you never have attended to? There are two packets with this.

" P. S. — I have some thoughts of publishing the 'Hints from Horace,' written ten years ago[2], — if Hobhouse can rummage them out of my papers left at his father's, — with some omissions and alterations previously to be made when I see the proofs."

his translation of the exquisitely pathetic epi- rancesca of Rimini, see Works, p. 505.

making the observations which occur in the of this work, on the singular preference given ble author to the "Hints from Horace," I was e of the revival of this strange predilection, s it appears from the above letter, and, still more strongly, from some that follow) took place so many years after, in the full maturity of his powers and taste. Such a delusion is hardly conceivable, and can only, perhaps, be accounted for by that tenaciousness of early opinions and impressions by which his mind, in other respects so versatile, was characterised.

LETTER 365. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, March 29. 1820.

"Herewith you will receive a note (enclosed) on Pope, which you will find tally with a part of the text of last post. I have at last lost all patience with the atrocious cant and nonsense about Pope, with which our present blackguards are overflowing, and am determined to make such head against it as an individual can, by prose or verse; and I will at least do it with good will. There is no bearing it any longer; and if it goes on, it will destroy what little good writing or taste remains amongst us. I hope there are still a few men of taste to second me; but if not, I'll battle it alone, convinced that it is in the best cause of English literature.

"I have sent you so many packets, verse and prose, lately, that you will be tired of the postage, if not of the perusal. I want to answer some parts of your last letter, but I have not time, for I must 'boot and saddle,' as my Captain Craigengelt (an officer of the old Napoleon Italian army) is in waiting, and my groom and cattle to boot.

"You have given me a screed of metaphor and what not about *Pulci*, and manners, and 'going without clothes, like our Saxon ancestors.' Now, the *Saxons did not go without clothes;* and, in the next place, they are not my ancestors, nor yours either; for mine were Norman, and yours, I take it by your name, were *Gael*. And, in the next, I differ from you about the 'refinement' which has banished the comedies of Congreve. Are not the comedies of *Sheridan* acted to the thinnest houses? I *know* (as *ex-committed*) that 'The School for Scandal' was the *worst stock piece* upon record. I also know that Congreve gave up writing because Mrs. Centlivre's balderdash drove his comedies off. So it is not decency, but stupidity, that does all this; for Sheridan is as *decent* a writer as need be, and Congreve no worse than Mrs. Centlivre, of whom Wilks (the actor) said, 'not only her play would be damned, but she too.' He alluded to 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife.' But last, and most to the purpose, Pulci is *not* an *indecent* writer — at least in his first canto, as you will have perceived by this time.

"You talk of *refinement:* — are you all *more* moral? are you *so* moral? No such thing. *I* know what the world is in England, by my own proper experience of the best of it — at least of the loftiest; and I have described it every where as it is to be found in all places.

"But to return. I should like to see the *proofs* of mine answer, because there will be something to omit or to alter. But pray let it be carefully printed. When convenient let me have an answer.

LETTER 366. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, March 31. 1820.

"Ravenna continues much the same as I described it. Conversazioni all Lent, and much better ones than any at Venice. There are small games at hazard, that is, faro, where nobody can point more than a shilling or two; — other card-tables, and as much talk and coffee as you please. Every body does and says what they please; and I do not recollect any disagreeable events, except being three times falsely accused of flirtation, and once being robbed of six sixpences by a nobleman of the city, a Count * * *. I did not suspect the illustrious delinquent; but the Countess V * * * and the Marquis L * * * told me of it directly, and also that it was a way he had, of filching money when he saw it before him; but I did not *ax* him for the cash, but contented myself with telling him that if he did it again, I should anticipate the law.

"There is to be a theatre in April, and a fair, and an opera, and another opera in June, besides the fine weather of nature's giving, and the rides in the Forest of Pine. With my best respects to Mrs. Hoppner, believe me ever, &c.

"BYRON.

"P. S. — Could you give me an item of what books remain at Venice? I *don't* want them, but want to know whether the few that are not here are there, and were not lost by the way. I hope and trust you have got all your wine safe, and that it is drinkable. Allegra is prettier, I think, but as obstinate as a mule, and as ravenous as a vulture: health good, to judge of the complexion — temper tolerable, but for vanity and pertinacity. She thinks herself handsome, and will do as she pleases.

LETTER 367. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, April 9. 1820.

"In the name of all the devils in the printing-office, why don't you write to acknowledge the receipt of the second, third, and fourth packets, viz. the Pulci — translation and original, the *Danticles*, the Observations on, &c.? You forget that you keep me in hot water till I know whether they are arrived, or if I must have the bore of re-copying.

"Have you gotten the cream of translations, Francesca of Rimini, from the Inferno? Why, I have sent you a warehouse of trash within the last month, and you have no sort of feeling about you: a pastry-cook would have had twice the gratitude, and thanked me at least for the quantity.

"To make the letter heavier, I enclose you the Cardinal Legate's (our Campeius) circular for his conversazione this evening. It is the anniversary of the Pope's *tiaration*, and all polite Christians, even of the Lutheran creed, must go and be civil. And there will be a circle, and a faro-table, (for shillings, that is, they don't allow high play,) and all the beauty, nobility, and sanctity of Ravenna present. The Cardinal himself is a very good-natured little fellow, bishop of Muda, and legate here, — a decent believer in all the doctrines of the church. He has kept his housekeeper these forty years * * *; but is reckoned a pious man, and a moral liver.

"I am not quite sure that I won't be among you this autumn, for I find that business don't go on — what with trustees and lawyers — as it should do, 'with all deliberate speed.' They differ about investments in Ireland.

"Between the devil and deep sea,
Between the lawyer and trustee,

I am puzzled; and so much time is lost by my not being upon the spot, what with answers, demurs, rejoinders, that it may be I must come and look to it; for one says do, and t'other don't, so that I know not which way to turn: but perhaps they can manage without me.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — I have begun a tragedy on the subject of Marino Faliero, the Doge of Venice; but you sha'n't see it these six years, if you don't acknowledge my packets with more quickness and precision. *Always write, if but a line*, by return of post, when any thing arrives, which is not a mere letter.

"Address direct to Ravenna; it saves a week's time, and much postage."

LETTER 368. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, April 16. 1820.

"Post after post arrives without bringing any acknowledgment from you of the different packets (excepting the first) which I have sent within the last two months, all of which ought to be arrived long ere now; and as they were announced in other letters, you ought at least to say whether they are come or not. You are not expected to write frequent, or long letters, as your time is much occupied; but when parcels that have cost some pains in the composition, and great trouble in the copying, are sent to you, I should at least be put out of suspense, by the immediate acknowledgment, per return of post, addressed *directly* to *Ravenna*. I am naturally — knowing what continental posts are — anxious to hear that they are arrived; especially as I loathe the task of copying so much, that if there was a human being that could copy my blotted MSS. he should have all they can ever bring for his trouble. All I desire is two lines, to say, such a day I received such a packet. There are at least six unacknowledged. This is neither kind nor courteous.

"I have, besides, another reason for desiring you to be speedy, which is, that there is THAT brewing in Italy which will speedily cut off all security of communication, and set all your Anglo-travellers flying in every direction, with their usual fortitude in foreign tumults. The Spanish and French affairs have set the Italians in a ferment; and no wonder: they have been too long trampled on. This will make a sad scene for your exquisite traveller, but not for the resident, who naturally wishes a people to redress itself. I shall, if permitted by the natives, remain to see what will come of it, and perhaps to take a turn with them, like Dugald Dalgetty and his horse, in case of business; for I shall think it by far the most interesting spectacle and moment in existence, to see the Italians send the barbarians of all nations back to their own dens. I have lived long enough among them to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence. But they want union, and they want principle; and I doubt their success. However, they will try, probably; and if they do, it will be a good cause. No Italian can hate an Austrian more than I do: unless it be the English, the Austrians seem to me the most obnoxious race under the sky.

"But I doubt, if any thing be done, it won't be so quietly as in Spain. To be sure, revolutions are not to be made with rose-water, where there are foreigners as masters.

"Write while you can; for it is but the toss up of a paul that there will not be a row that will somewhat retard the mail by and by.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

LETTER 369. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, April 18. 1820.

"I have caused write to Siri and Willhalm to send with Vincenza, in a boat, the camp-beds and swords left in their care when I quitted Venice. There are also several pounds of *Manton's best powder* in a Japan case; *but unless* I felt sure of getting it away from V. without seizure, I won't have it ventured. I *can get* it *in* here, by means of an acquaintance in the customs, who has offered to get it ashore for me; but should like to be certiorated of its safety in leaving Venice. I would not lose it for its weight in gold — there is none such in Italy, as I take it to be.

"I wrote to you a week or so ago, and hope you are in good plight and spirits. Sir Humphry Davy[1] is here, and was last night at the Cardinal's. As I had been there last Sunday, and yesterday was warm, I did not go, which I should have done, if I had thought of meeting the man of chemistry. He called this morning, and I shall go in search of him at Corso time. I believe today, being Monday, there is no great conversazione, and only the family one at the Marchese Cavalli's, where I go as a *relation* sometimes; so that, unless he stays a day or two, we should hardly meet in public.

"The theatre is to open in May for the fair, if there is not a row in all Italy by that time, — the Spanish business has set them all a constitutioning, and what will be the end, no one knows — it is also necessary thereunto to have a beginning.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — My benediction to Mrs. Hoppner. How is your little boy? Allegra is growing, and has increased in good looks and obstinacy."

LETTER 370. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, April 23. 1820.

"The proofs don't contain the *last* stanzas of Canto second, but end abruptly with the 105th stanza.

"I told you long ago that the new Cantos[2] were *not* good, and I also *told you a reason*. Recollect, I do not oblige you to publish them; you may suppress them, if you like, but I can alter nothing. I have erased the six stanzas about those two impostors, Southey and Wordsworth (which I suppose will give you great pleasure), but I can do no more. I can neither recast, nor replace; but I give you leave to put it all into the fire, if you like, or *not* to publish, and I think that's sufficient.

"I told you that I wrote on with no good will — that I had been, *not* frightened, but *hurt* by the outcry, and, besides, that when I wrote last November, I was ill in body, and in very great distress of mind about some private things of my own; but *you would* have it: so I sent it to you, and to make it lighter, *cut* it in two — but I can't piece it together again. I can't cobble: I must 'either make a spoon or spoil a horn,' — and there's an end; for there's no remeid: but I leave you free will to suppress the whole, if you like it.

"About the *Morgante Maggiore, I won't have a line omitted.* It may circulate, or it may not; but all the criticism on earth shan't touch a line, unless it be because it is *badly* translated. Now you say, and I say, and others say, that the translation is a good one; and so it shall go to press as it is. Pulci must answer for his own irreligion: I answer for the translation only.

"Pray let Mr. Hobhouse look to the *Italian* next time in the *proofs*: this time, while I am scribbling to you, they are corrected by one who passes for the prettiest woman in Romagna, and even the marches, as far as Ancona, be the other who she may.

"I am glad you like my answer to your enquiries about Italian society. It is fit you should like *something*, and be d—d to you.

"My love to Scott. I shall think higher of knighthood ever after for his being dubbed. By the way, he is the first poet titled for his talent in Britain: it has happened abroad before now; but on the Continent titles are universal and worthless. Why don't you send me Ivanhoe and the Monastery? I have never written to Sir Walter, for I know he has a thousand things, and I a thousand nothings, to do; but I hope to see him at Abbotsford before very long, and I will sweat his claret for him, though Italian abstemiousness has made my brain but a shilpit concern for a Scotch sitting 'inter pocula.' I love Scott and Moore, and all the better brethren; but I hate and abhor that puddle of water-worms whom you have taken into your troop.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — You say that *one half* is very good: you are *wrong*; for, if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. *Where* is the poetry of which *one half* is good? is it the *Æneid*? is it *Milton*'s? is it *Dryden*'s? is it

[1] [See BYRONIANA.]

[2] Of Don Juan.

xcept *Pope*'s and Goldsmith's, of
s good? and yet these two last
s your pond poets would explode.
alf of the two new Cantos be good
nion, what the devil would you
' No—no; no poetry is *generally*
y by fits and starts—and you are
t a sparkle here and there. You
vell want a midnight *all stars* as
erfect.

: on the verge of a *row* here.
they have overwritten all the
ith 'Up with the republic!' and
he Pope!' &c. &c. This would
in London, where the walls are
But here it is a different thing:
t used to such fierce political in-
nd the police is all on the alert,
rdinal glares pale through all his

" April 24. 1820. 8 o'clock, P.M.

lice have been, all noon and after,
r the inscribers, but have caught
. They must have been all night
the 'Live Republics—Death to
Priests,' are innumerable, and
ver all the palaces: ours has
ere is 'Down with the Nobility,'
re down enough already, for that
very heavy rain and wind having
did not get on horseback to
'skirr the country;' but I shall
orrow, and take a canter among
y, who are a savage, resolute race,
ng with guns in their hands. I
y don't suspect the serenaders,
y on the guitar here all night, as
their mistresses.

of politics, as Caleb Quotem says,
t the *conclusion* of my Ode on
written in the year 1815, and,
t with the Duke de Berri's catas-
820, tell me if I have not as good
he character of '*Vates*,' in both
e word, as Fitzgerald and Cole-

imson tears will follow yet—'

ot they?

pretend to foresee what will hap-
you Englishers at this distance,
inate a row in Italy; in whilk
t know that I won't have a finger
like the Austrians, and think the
amously oppressed; and if they
I will recommend 'the erection
of a sconce upon Drumsnab,' like Dugald Dalgetty."

LETTER 371. TO MR. MURRAY.

" Ravenna, May 8. 1820.

"From your not having written again, an intention which your letter of the 7th ultimo indicated, I have to presume that the 'Prophecy of Dante' has not been found more worthy than its predecessors in the eyes of your illustrious synod. In that case, you will be in some perplexity; to end which, I repeat to you, that you are not to consider yourself as bound or pledged to publish any thing because it is *mine*, but always to act according to your own views, or opinions, or those of your friends; and to be sure that you will in no degree offend me by 'declining the article,' to use a technical phrase. The *prose* observations on John Wilson's attack, I do not intend for publication at this time; and I send a copy of verses to Mr. Kinnaird (they were written last year on crossing the Po) which must *not* be published either. I mention this, because it is probable he may give you a copy. Pray recollect this, as they are mere verses of society, and written upon private feelings and passions. And, moreover, I can't consent to any mutilations or omissions of *Pulci*: the original has been ever free from such in Italy, the capital of Christianity, and the translation may be so in England; though you will think it strange that they should have allowed such *freedom* for so many centuries to the Morgante, while the other day they confiscated the whole translation of the fourth canto of Childe Harold, and have persecuted Leoni, the translator—so he writes me, and so I could have told him, had he consulted me before his publication. This shows how much more politics interest men in these parts than religion. Half a dozen invectives against tyranny confiscate Childe Harold in a month; and eight and twenty cantos of quizzing monks and knights, and church government, are let loose for centuries. I copy Leoni's account.

"'Non ignorerà forse che la mia versione del 4° Canto del Childe Harold fu confiscata in ogni parte: ed io stesso ho dovuto soffrir vessazioni altrettanto ridicole quanto illiberali, ad arte che alcuni versi fossero esclusi dalla censura. Ma siccome il divieto non fa d'ordinario che accrescere la curiosità così quel carme sull' Italia è ricercato più che

n ne'er shall want an heir;
s breathe but to inherit
ever bounding spirit—
nce more her hosts assemble,

Tyrants shall believe and tremble.
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet."

Works, p. 562.]

Tom is a fine fellow; but he should ; for the first is an *injustice* (to he second an *ignorance*, and the *der*. Tell him all this, and let him ood part; for I might have ram- o a review and rowed him — in- hich, I act like a Christian.

"Yours, &c."

. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 20. 1820.

and foremost, you must forward o *Moore* dated 2d *January*, which might open, but desired you *to* Now, you should really not forget things, because they do mischief nds. You are an excellent man, n, and live among great men, but ecollect your absent friends and

first place, *your packets;* then a n Kinnaird, on the most urgent another from Moore, about a com- n to Lady Byron of importance; rom the mother of Allegra; and, Ravenna, the Countess G. is on the g separated. But the Italian pub- her side, particularly the women, e men also, because they say that business to take the business up a year of toleration. All her re- o are numerous, high in rank, and are furious *against him* for his I am warned to be on my guard, ery capable of employing *sicarii*— tin as well as Italian, so you can l it; but I have arms, and don't , thinking that I could pepper his s if they don't come unawares, and y do, one may as well end that way ; and it would besides serve *you* rtisement:—

escape from rope or gun, &c.
ho takes woman, woman, woman, &c.

"Yours.

—I have looked over the press, knows how. Think what I have on hand and the post going out to-morrow. Do you remember the epitaph on Voltaire?

"'Ci-git l'enfant gâté,' &c.

"'Here lies the spoilt child
Of the world which he spoil'd.'

The original is in Grimm and Diderot, &c. &c. &c."

LETTER 374. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, May 24. 1820.

"I wrote to you a few days ago. There is also a letter of January last for you at Murray's, which will explain to you why I am here. Murray ought to have forwarded it long ago. I enclose you an epistle from a countrywoman of yours at Paris, which has moved my entrails. You will have the goodness, perhaps, to enquire into the truth of her story, and I will help her as far as I can,—though not in the useless way she proposes. Her letter is evidently unstudied, and so natural, that the orthography is also in a state of nature.

"Here is a poor creature, ill and solitary, who thinks, as a last resource, of translating you or me into French! Was there ever such a notion? It seems to me the consummation of despair. Pray enquire, and let me know, and, if you could draw a bill on me *here* for a few hundred francs, at your banker's, I will duly honour it,—that is, if she is not an impostor.[2] If not, let me know, that I may get something remitted by my banker Longhi, of Bologna, for I have no correspondence myself, at Paris: but tell her she must not translate;—if she does, it will be the height of ingratitude.

"I had a letter (not of the same kind, but in French and flattery) from a Madame Sophie Gail, of Paris, whom I take to be the spouse of a Gallo-Greek of that name. Who is she? and what is she? and how came she to take an interest in my *poeshie* or its author? If you know her, tell her, with my compliments, that, as I only *read* French, I have not answered her letter; but would have done so in Italian, if I had not thought it would look like an affectation. I have just

rrow any thing (excepting money) than the another — they are always sure to be re- it is very hard, having been the *lender*, to l as the debtor; as is the case of Anstey ett. As there is 'honour amongst thieves' some amongst poets, and give each his due. rd to give it more than Mr. Campbell him- h a high reputation for originality, and a cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the t *Rogers*) who can be reproached (and *in* deed a reproach) with having written *too Works*, p. 809.]

[1] ["Ci-git l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta."]

[2] According to his desire, I waited upon this young lady, having provided myself with a rouleau of fifteen or twenty Napoleons to present to her from his Lordship; but, with a very creditable spirit, my young countrywoman declined the gift, saying that Lord Byron had mistaken the object of her application to him, which was to request that, by allowing her to have the sheets of some of his works before publication, he would enable her to prepare early translations for the French booksellers, and thus afford her the means of acquiring something towards a livelihood.

been scolding my monkey for tearing the seal of her letter, and spoiling a mock book, in which I put rose leaves. I had a civet-cat the other day, too; but it ran away, after scratching my monkey's cheek, and I am in search of it still. It was the fiercest beast I ever saw, and like * * in the face and manner.

"I have a world of things to say; but, as they are not come to a *dénouement*, I don't care to begin their history till it is wound up. After you went, I had a fever, but got well again without bark. Sir Humphry Davy was here the other day, and liked Ravenna very much. He will tell you any thing you may wish to know about the place and your humble servitor.

"Your apprehensions (arising from Scott's) were unfounded. There are *no damages* in this country, but there will probably be a separation between them, as her family, which is a principal one, by its connections, are very much against *him*, for the whole of his conduct; — and he is old and obstinate, and she is young and a woman, determined to sacrifice every thing to her affections. I have given her the best advice, viz. to stay with him, — pointing out the state of a separated woman, (for the priests won't let lovers live openly together, unless the husband sanctions it,) and making the most exquisite moral reflections, — but to no purpose. She says, 'I will stay with him, if he will let you remain with me. It is hard that I should be the only woman in Romagna who is not to have her Amico; but, if not, I will not live with him; and as for the consequences, love, &c. &c. &c.' — you know how females reason on such occasions.

"He says he has let it go on till he can do so no longer. But he wants her to stay, and dismiss me; for he doesn't like to pay back her dowry and to make an alimony. Her relations are rather for the separation, as they detest him, — indeed, so does every body. The populace and the women are, as usual, all for those who are in the wrong, viz. the lady and her lover. I should have retreated, but honour, and an erysipelas which has attacked her, prevent me, — to say nothing of love, for I love her most entirely, though not enough to persuade her to sacrifice every thing to a frenzy. 'I see how it will end; she will be the sixteenth Mrs. Shuffleton.'

"My paper is finished, and so must this letter. Yours ever, B.

"P. S. — I regret that you have not completed the Italian Fudges. Pray, how come you to be still in Paris? Murray has four or five things of mine in hand — the new Don Juan, which his back-shop synod don't admire; — a translation of the first canto of Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, excellent; — a short ditto from Dante, not so much approved; the Prophecy of Dante, very grand and worthy, &c. &c. &c.: — a furious prose answer to Blackwood's Observations on Don Juan, with a savage Defence of Pope — likely to make a row. The opinions above I quote from Murray and his Utican senate; — you will form your own, when you see the things.

"You will have no great chance of seeing me, for I begin to think I must finish in Italy. But, if you come my way, you shall have a tureen of macaroni. Pray tell me about yourself, and your intents.

"My trustees are going to lend Earl Blessington sixty thousand pounds (at six per cent.) on a Dublin mortgage. Only think of my becoming an Irish absentee!"

LETTER 375. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, May 28. 1820.

"A German named Ruppsecht has sent me, heaven knows why, several Deutsche Gazettes, of all which I understand neither word nor letter. I have sent you the enclosed to beg you to translate to me some remarks, which appear to be *Goethe's* upon Manfred, — and if I may judge by *two* notes of *admiration* (generally put after something ridiculous by us) and the word '*hypocondrisch*,' are any thing but favourable. I shall regret this, for I should have been proud of Goethe's good word; but I shan't alter my opinion of him, even though he should be savage.

"Will you excuse this trouble, and do me this favour? — Never mind — soften nothing — I am literary proof — having had good and evil said in most modern languages.

"Believe me, &c."

LETTER 376. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 1. 1820.

"I have received a Parisian letter from W. W.[1], which I prefer answering through you, if that worthy be still at Paris, and, as he says, an occasional visitor of yours. In November last he wrote to me a well-meaning letter, stating, for some reasons of his own, his belief that a re-union might be effected between Lady B. and myself. To this I answered as usual; and he sent me a second letter, repeating his notions, which letter I

[1] [Mr. Wedderburn Webster; now Sir James Webster Wedderburn, 1838.]

have never answered, having had a thousand other things to think of. He now writes as if he believed that he had offended me by touching on the topic; and I wish you to assure him that I am not at all so, — but, on the contrary, obliged by his good nature. At the same time acquaint him *the thing is impossible*. *You know this*, as well as I, — and there let it end.

"I believe that I showed you his epistle in autumn last. He asks me if I have heard of *my* 'laureat' at Paris [1], — somebody who has written 'a most sanguinary Epître' against me; but whether in French, or Dutch, or on what score, I know not, and he don't say, — except that (for my satisfaction) he says it is the best thing in the fellow's volume. If there is any thing of the kind that I *ought* to know, you will doubtless tell me. I suppose it to be something of the usual sort; — he says, he don't remember the author's name.

"I wrote to you some ten days ago, and expect an answer at your leisure.

"The separation business still continues, and all the world are implicated, including priests and cardinals. The public opinion is furious against *him*, because he ought to have cut the matter short *at first*, and not waited twelve months to begin. He has been trying at evidence, but can get none *sufficient*; for what would make fifty divorces in England won't do here — there must be the *most decided* proofs.

"It is the first cause of the kind attempted in Ravenna for these two hundred years; for, though they often separate, they assign a different motive. You know that the continental incontinent are more delicate than the English, and don't like proclaiming their coronation in a court, even when nobody doubts it.

"All her relations are furious against him. The father has challenged him — a superfluous valour, for he don't fight, though suspected of two assassinations — one of the famous Monzoni of Forli. Warning was given me not to take such long rides in the Pine Forest without being on my guard; so I take my stiletto and a pair of pistols in my pocket during my daily rides.

"I won't stir from this place till the matter is settled one way or the other. She is as femininely firm as possible; and the opinion is so much against him, that the *advocates* decline to undertake his cause, because they say that he is either a fool or a rogue — fool, if he did not discover the liaison till now; and rogue, if he did know it, and waited for some bad end, to divulge it. In short, there has been nothing like it since the days of Guido di Polenta's family, in these parts.

"If the man has me taken off, like Polonius 'say, he made a good end,' — for a melodrame. The principal security is, that he has not the courage to spend twenty scudi — the average price of a clean-handed bravo — otherwise there is no want of opportunity, for I ride about the woods every evening, with one servant, and sometimes an acquaintance, who latterly looks a little queer in solitary bits of bushes.

"Good bye. — Write to yours ever, &c."

LETTER 377. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, June 7. 1820.

"Enclosed is something which will interest you, to wit, the opinion of *the* greatest man of Germany — perhaps of Europe — upon one of the great men of your advertisements, (all 'famous hands,' as Jacob Tonson [2] used to say of his ragamuffins,) — in short, a critique of *Goethe's* upon *Manfred*. There is the original, an English translation, and an Italian one; keep them all in your archives, — for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not, are always interesting — and this is more so, as favourable. His *Faust* I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *vivâ voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the *Staubach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else, much more than Faustus, that made me write Manfred. The first scene, however, and that of Faustus are very similar. Acknowledge this letter.

"Yours ever.

"P. S. — I have received *Ivanhoe*; — *good*. Pray send me some tooth-powder and tincture of myrrh, by *Waite*, &c. Ricciardetto should have been *translated literally*, *or not at all*. As to puffing *Whistlecraft*, it *won't* do.[3] I'll tell you why some day or other. Cornwall's a poet, but spoilt by the detestable schools of the day. Mrs. Hemans is a poet

[1] M. Lamartine. [See *antè*, p. 413.]

[2] ["Perhaps I should be much better pleased, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a 'great genius,' or an 'eminent hand,' as Jacob does all his authors." — *Pope to Steele*.]

[3] [Probably this alludes to an article on Whistlecraft, in the Quart. Rev. vol. xxi. p. 503.; in which the reviewer says, "About a hundred years ago, a poem, bearing a certain degree of affinity to the 'Specimen,' was produced by Monsignor Forteguerri, a writer who in genius and means was far inferior to the English Poet," &c. &c.]

also, but too stiltified and apostrophic, — and quite wrong. Men died calmly before the Christian era, and since, without Christianity; witness the Romans, and, lately, Thistlewood[1], Sandt[2], and Louvel[3] — *men who ought to have been weighed down with their crimes, even had they believed.* A deathbed is a matter of nerves and constitution, and not of religion. Voltaire was frightened, Frederick of Prussia not: Christians the same, according to their strength rather than their creed. What does Helga Herbert[4] mean by his stanza? which is octave got drunk or gone mad. He ought to have his ears boxed with Thor's hammer for rhyming so fantastically."[5]

The following is the article from Goethe's "Kunst und Alterthum," enclosed in this letter. The grave confidence with which the venerable critic traces the fancies of his brother poet to real persons and events, making no difficulty even of a double murder at Florence to furnish grounds for his theory, affords an amusing instance of the disposition so prevalent throughout Europe, to picture Byron as a man of marvels and mysteries, as well in his life as his poetry. To these exaggerated, or wholly false notions of him, the numerous fictions palmed upon the world of his romantic tours and wonderful adventures in places he never saw, and with persons that never existed[6], have, no doubt, considerably contributed; and the consequence is, so utterly out of truth and nature are the representations of his life and character long current upon the Continent, that it may be questioned whether the real "flesh and blood" hero of these pages, — the social, practical-minded, and, with all his faults and eccentricities, *English* Lord Byron, — may not, to the over-exalted imaginations of most of his foreign admirers, appear but an ordinary, unromantic, and prosaic personage.

[1] [Arthur Thistlewood, executed at the Old Bailey, May 1. 1820, for High Treason.]

[2] [Charles Sandt, the assassin of Kotzebue, at Manheim, in March 1819. After the murder he exclaimed "God, I thank thee, for having permitted me to accomplish this act!" and plunged the bloody poniard in his own breast. He went to the place of execution as to a fête, and his last words were, that he "died for his country."]

[3] [The murderer of the Duc de Berri, in February 1820.]

[4] [The Hon. William Herbert, uncle to the Earl of Carnarvon, author of "Helga," "Icelandic Translations," &c. &c.]

"GOETHE ON MANFRED.

[1820.]

"Byron's tragedy, Manfred, was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one that closely touched me. This singular intellectual poet has taken my Faustus to himself, and extracted from it the strongest nourishment for his hypochondriac humour. He has made use of the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this account that I cannot enough admire his genius. The whole is in this way so completely formed anew, that it would be an interesting task for the critic to point out not only the alterations he has made, but their degree of resemblance with, or dissimilarity to, the original; in the course of which I cannot deny that the gloomy heat of an unbounded and exuberant despair becomes at last oppressive to us. Yet is the dissatisfaction we feel always connected with esteem and admiration.

"We find thus in this tragedy the quintessence of the most astonishing talent born to be its own tormentor. The character of Lord Byron's life and poetry hardly permits a just and equitable appreciation. He has often enough confessed what it is that torments him. He has repeatedly pourtrayed it; and scarcely any one feels compassion for this intolerable suffering, over which he is ever laboriously ruminating. There are, properly speaking, two females whose phantoms for ever haunt him, and which, in this piece also, perform principal parts — one under the name of Astarte, the other without form or actual presence, and merely a voice. Of the horrid occurrence which took place with the former the following is related: — When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady. Her husband discovered the amour, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one on whom any suspicion could be attached. Lord

[5] ["Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer, and sometimes,
In gratitude, thoul't praise his rugged rhymes."
English Bards, &c.]

[6] Of this kind are the accounts, filled with all sorts of circumstantial wonders, of his residence in the island of Mytilene; — his voyages to Sicily, — to Ithaca, with the Countess Guiccioli, &c. &c. But the most absurd, perhaps, of all these fabrications, are the stories told by Pouqueville, of the poet's religious conferences in the cell of Father Paul, at Athens; and the still more unconscionable fiction in which Rizo has indulged, in giving the details of a pretended theatrical scene, got up (according to this poetical historian) between Lord Byron and the Archbishop of Arta, at the tomb of Botzaris, in Missolonghi.

Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after.

"This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems. As, for instance, when turning his sad contemplations inwards, he applies to himself the fatal history of the king of Sparta. It is as follows: — Pausanias, a Lacedemonian general, acquires glory by the important victory at Platæa, but afterwards forfeits the confidence of his countrymen through his arrogance, obstinacy, and secret intrigues with the enemies of his country. This man draws upon himself the heavy guilt of innocent blood, which attends him to his end; for, while commanding the fleet of the allied Greeks, in the Black Sea, he is inflamed with a violent passion for a Byzantine maiden. After long resistance, he at length obtains her from her parents, and she is to be delivered up to him at night. She modestly desires the servant to put out the lamp, and, while groping her way in the dark, she overturns it. Pausanias is awakened from his sleep — apprehensive of an attack from murderers, he seizes his sword, and destroys his mistress. The horrid sight never leaves him. Her shade pursues him unceasingly, and he implores for aid in vain from the gods and the exorcising priests.

"That poet must have a lacerated heart who selects such a scene from antiquity, appropriates it to himself, and burdens his tragic image with it. The following soliloquy, which is overladen with gloom and a weariness of life, is, by this remark, rendered intelligible. We recommend it as an exercise to all friends of declamation. Hamlet's soliloquy appears improved upon here."[1]

Letter 378. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 9. 1820.

"Galignani has just sent me the Paris edition of your works (which I wrote to order), and I am glad to see my old friends with a French face. I have been skimming and dipping, in and over them, like a swallow, and as pleased as one. It is the first time that I had seen the Melodies without music; and, I don't know how, but I can't read in a music-book — the crotchets confound the words in my head, though I recollect them perfectly when *sung*. Music assists my memory through the ear, not through the eye; I mean, that her quavers perplex me upon paper, but they are a help when heard. And thus I was glad to see the words without their borrowed robes; — to my mind they look none the worse for their nudity.

"The biographer has made a botch of your life — calling your father 'a *venerable old* gentleman,' and prattling of 'Addison,' and 'dowager countesses.' If that damned fellow was to *write my* life, I would certainly *take his*. And then, at the Dublin dinner, you have 'made a speech' (do you recollect, at Douglas K.'s, 'Sir, he made me a speech?') too complimentary to the 'living poets,' and somewhat redolent of universal praise. I am but too well off in it, but * * *.

"You have not sent me any poetical or personal news of yourself. Why don't you complete an Italian Tour of the Fudges? I have just been turning over Little, which I knew by heart in 1803, being then in my fifteenth summer. Heigho! I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours.

"In my last I told you of a cargo of 'Poeshie,' which I had sent to M. at his own impatient desire; — and, now he has got it, he don't like it, and demurs. Perhaps he is right. I have no great opinion of any of my last shipment, except a translation from Pulci, which is word for word, and verse for verse.

"I am in the third act of a Tragedy; but whether it will be finished or not, I know not: I have, at this present, too many passions of my own on hand to do justice to those of the dead. Besides the vexations mentioned in my last, I have incurred a quarrel with the Pope's carabiniers, or gens d'armerie, who have petitioned the Cardinal against my liveries, as resembling too nearly their own lousy uniform. They particularly object to the epaulettes, which all the world with us have on upon gala days. My liveries are of the colours conforming to my arms, and have been the family hue since the year 1066.

"I have sent a tranchant reply, as you may suppose; and have given to understand that, if any soldados of that respectable corps insult my servants, I will do likewise by their gallant commanders; and I have directed my ragamuffins, six in number, who are tolerably savage, to defend themselves, in case of aggression; and, on holidays and gaudy days, I shall arm the whole set, including myself, in case of accidents or treachery. I used to play pretty well at the broad-sword, once upon a time, at Angelo's; but I should like the pistol, our national buccaneer weapon, better, though I am out of practice at present. However, I can 'wink and hold out mine iron.' It makes me think (the whole

[1] The critic here subjoins the soliloquy from Manfred, beginning "We are the fools of time and terror," in which the allusion to Pausanias occurs.

thing does) of Romeo and Juliet — 'now, Gregory, remember thy *swashing* blow.'

"All these feuds, however, with the Cavalier for his wife, and the troopers for my liveries, are very tiresome to a quiet man, who does his best to please all the world, and longs for fellowship and good will. Pray write. I am yours, &c."

LETTER 379. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, July 13. 1820.

"To remove or increase your Irish anxiety about my being 'in a wisp[1],' I answer your letter forthwith; premising that, as I am a '*Will* of the wisp,' I may chance to flit out of it. But, first, a word on the Memoir; — I have no objection, nay, I would rather that *one* correct copy was taken and deposited in honourable hands, in case of accidents happening to the original; for you know that I have none, and have never even *re*-read, nor, indeed, *read* at all what is there written; I only know that I wrote it with the fullest intention to be 'faithful and true' in my narrative, but *not* impartial — no, by the Lord! I can't pretend to be that, while I feel. But I wish to give every body concerned the opportunity to contradict or correct me.

"I have no objection to any proper person seeing what is there written, — seeing it was written, like every thing else, for the purpose of being read, however much many writings may fail in arriving at that object.

"With regard to 'the wisp,' the Pope has pronounced *their separation*. The decree came yesterday from Babylon, — it was *she* and *her friends* who demanded it, on the grounds of her husband's (the noble Count Cavalier's) extraordinary usage. *He* opposed it with all his might because of the alimony, which has been assigned, with all her goods, chattels, carriage, &c. to be restored by him. In Italy they can't divorce. He insisted on her giving me up, and he would forgive every thing, — * * * * * * * * * * But, in this country, the very courts hold such proofs in abhorrence, the Italians being as much more delicate in public than the English, as they are more passionate in private.

"The friends and relatives, who are numerous and powerful, reply to him — '*You*, yourself, are either fool or knave, — fool, if you did not see the consequences of the approximation of these two young persons, — knave, if you connive at it. Take your choice, — but don't break out (after twelve months of the closest intimacy, under your own eyes and positive sanction) with a scandal, which can only make you ridiculous and her unhappy.'

"He swore that he thought our intercourse was purely amicable, and that *I* was more partial to him than to her, till melancholy testimony proved the contrary. To this they answer, that 'Will of *this* wisp' was not an unknown person, and that 'clamosa Fama' had not proclaimed the purity of my morals; — that *her* brother, a year ago, wrote from Rome to warn him that his wife would infallibly be led astray by this ignis fatuus, unless he took proper measures, all of which he neglected to take, &c. &c.

"Now he says that he encouraged my return to Ravenna, to see '*in quanti piedi di acqua siamo*,' and he has found enough to drown him in. In short,

"'Ce ne fut pas le tout; sa femme se plaignit —
Procès — La parenté se joint en excuse et dit
Que du *Docteur* venoit tout le mauvais ménage;
Que cet homme étoit fou, que sa femme étoit sage.
On fit casser le mariage.'

It is but to let the women alone, in the way of conflict, for they are sure to win against the field. She returns to her father's house, and I can only see her under great restrictions — such is the custom of the country. The relations behave very well: — I offered any settlement, but they refused to accept it, and swear she *shan't* live with G. (as he has tried to prove her faithless), but that he shall maintain her; and, in fact, a judgment to this effect came yesterday. I am, of course, in an awkward situation enough.

"I have heard no more of the carabiniers who protested against my liveries. They are not popular, those same soldiers, and, in a small row, the other night, one was slain, another wounded, and divers put to flight, by some of the Romagnuole youth, who are dexterous, and somewhat liberal of the knife. The perpetrators are not discovered, but I hope and believe that none of my ragamuffins were in it, though they are somewhat savage, and secretly armed, like most of the inhabitants. It is their way, and saves sometimes a good deal of litigation.

"There is a revolution at Naples. If so, it will probably leave a card at Ravenna in its way to Lombardy.

"Your publishers seem to have used you like mine. M. has shuffled, and almost insinuated that my last productions are *dull*. Dull, sir! — damme, dull! I believe he is right. He begs for the completion of my tragedy of Marino Faliero, none of which is yet gone to England. The fifth act is nearly completed, but it is dreadfully long — 40

[1] An Irish phrase for being in a scrape.

sheets of long paper of 4 pages each — about 150 when printed; but 'so full of pastime and prodigality' that I think it will do.

"Pray send and publish your *Pome* upon me; and don't be afraid of praising me too highly. I shall pocket my blushes.

"'Not actionable!' — *Chantre d'enfer!* [1] — by * * that's 'a speech,' and I won't put up with it. A pretty title to give a man for doubting if there be any such place!

"So my Gail is gone — and Miss Mah*ony* won't take *mo*ney. I am very glad of it — I like to be generous free of expense. But beg her not to translate me.

"Oh, pray tell Galignani that I shall send him a screed of doctrine if he don't be more punctual. Somebody *regularly detains two*, and sometimes *four*, of his Messengers by the way. Do, pray, entreat him to be more precise. News are worth money in this remote kingdom of the Ostrogoths.

"Pray, reply. I should like much to share some of your Champagne and La Fitte, but I am too Italian for Paris in general. Make Murray send my letter to you — it is full of *epigrams*.

"Yours, &c."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

1820.

RAVENNA. — DEPARTURE OF MADAME GUICCIOLI. — COMPLETION OF MARINO FALIERO. — MILMAN'S FALL OF JERUSALEM. — ADA'S PICTURE. — SCHOOL AND COLLEGE CONTEMPORARIES. — ENGLISH IN ITALY. — QUEEN CAROLINE AND MR. HOBY. — ANASTASIUS. — ADVICE TO JULIA. — MITCHELL'S ARISTOPHANES. — RUMOURED ARRIVAL IN LONDON. — SIR ROBERT PEEL'S ANECDOTE.—UGO FOSCOLO.—JOHN KEATS. — MISS HOLFORD. — WASHINGTON IRVING. — HOGG'S TALES. — DEDICATION OF MARINO FALIERO TO GOETHE.

In the separation that had now taken place between Count Guiccioli and his wife, it was one of the conditions that the lady should, in future, reside under the paternal roof;— in consequence of which, Madame Guiccioli, on the 16th of July, left Ravenna and retired to a villa belonging to Count Gamba, about fifteen miles distant from that city. Here Lord Byron occasionally visited her — about once or twice, perhaps, in a month — passing the rest of his time in perfect solitude. To a mind like his, whose world was within itself, such a mode of life could have been neither new nor unwelcome; but to the woman, young and admired, whose acquaintance with the world and its pleasures had but just begun, this change was, it must be confessed, most sudden and trying. Count Guiccioli was rich, and, as a young wife, she had gained absolute power over him. She was proud, and his station placed her among the highest in Ravenna. They had talked of travelling to Naples, Florence, Paris, — and every luxury, in short, that wealth could command was at her disposal.

All this she now voluntarily and determinedly sacrificed for Byron. Her splendid home abandoned — her relations all openly at war with her — her kind father but tolerating, from fondness, what he could not approve — she was now, upon a pittance of 200*l.* a year, living apart from the world, her sole occupation the task of educating herself for her illustrious friend, and her sole reward the few brief glimpses of him which their now restricted intercourse allowed. Of the man who could inspire and keep alive so devoted a feeling, it may be pronounced with confidence that he could *not* have been such as, in the freaks of his own wayward humour, he represented himself; while, on the lady's side, the whole history of her attachment goes to prove how completely an Italian woman, whether by nature or from her social position, is led to invert the usual course of such frailties among ourselves, and, weak in resisting the first impulses of passion, to reserve the whole strength of her character for a display of constancy and devotedness afterwards.

LETTER 380. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, July 17. 1820.

"I have received some books, and Quarterlies, and Edinburghs, for all which I am grateful: they contain all I know of England, except by Galignani's newspaper.

"The tragedy is completed, but now comes the task of copy and correction. It is very long, (42 *sheets* of long paper, of four pages each,) and I believe must make more than 140 or 150 pages, besides many historical extracts as notes, which I mean to append. History is closely followed. Dr. Moore's account is in some respects false, and in all foolish and flippant. *None* of the chronicles (and I have consulted Sanuto, Sandi, Navagero, and an anonymous Siege of Zara, besides the histories of Laugier, Daru, Sismondi, &c.) state, or even hint,

[1] The title given him by M. Lamartine, in one of his Poems. [See p. 413.]

that he begged his life; they merely say that he did not deny the conspiracy. He was one of their great men, — commanded at the siege of Zara, — beat 80,000 Hungarians, killing 8000, and at the same time kept the town he was besieging in order, — took Capo d'Istria, — was ambassador at Genoa, Rome, and finally Doge, where he fell for treason, in attempting to alter the government, by what Sanuto calls a judgment on him, for, many years before (when Podesta and Captain of Treviso), having knocked down a bishop, who was sluggish in carrying the host at a procession. He 'saddles him,' as Thwackum did Square, 'with a judgment;' but he does not mention whether he had been punished at the time for what would appear very strange, even now, and must have been still more so in an age of papal power and glory. Sanuto says, that Heaven took away his senses for this buffet in his old days, and induced him to conspire. — 'Però fù permesso che il Faliero perdette l'intelletto,' &c.

"I do not know what your parlour-boarders will think of the Drama I have founded upon this extraordinary event. The only similar one in history is the story of Agis, King of Sparta, a prince *with* the commons against the aristocracy, and losing his life therefor. But it shall be sent when copied.

"I should be glad to know why your Quarter*ing* Reviewers, at the close of 'The Fall of Jerusalem,' accuse me of Manicheism? a compliment to which the sweetener of 'one of the mightiest spirits' by no means reconciles me. The poem they review is very noble; but could they not do justice to the writer without converting him into my religious antidote? I am not a Manichean, nor an *Any*-chean. I should like to know what harm my 'poeshies' have done? I can't tell what people mean by making me a hobgoblin."[1]

LETTER 381. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 31. 1820.

"I have '*put my soul*' into the tragedy (as you *if* it); but you know that there are d—d souls as well as tragedies. Recollect that it is not a political play, though it may look like it: it is strictly historical. Read the history and judge.

"Ada's picture is her mother's. I am glad of it — the mother made a good daughter. Send me Gifford's opinion, and never mind the Archbishop. I can neither send you away, nor give you a hundred pistoles, nor a better taste: I send you a tragedy, and you ask for 'facetious epistles;' a little like your predecessor, who advised Dr. Prideaux to 'put some more humour into his Life of Mahomet.'

"Bankes is a wonderful fellow. There is hardly one of my school or college contemporaries that has not turned out more or less celebrated. Peel, Palmerstone, Bankes, Hobhouse, Tavistock, Bob Mills, Douglas Kinnaird, &c. &c. have all talked and been talked about.

"We are here going to fight a little next month, if the Huns don't cross the Po, and probably if they do. I can't say more now. If any thing happens, you have matter for a posthumous work, in MS.; so pray be civil. Depend upon it, there will be savage work, if once they begin here. The French courage proceeds from vanity, the German from phlegm, the Turkish from fanaticism and opium, the Spanish from pride, the English from coolness, the Dutch from obstinacy, the Russian from insensibility, but the *Italian* from *anger;* so you'll see that they will spare nothing."

LETTER 382. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, August 31. 1820.

"D—n your 'mezzo cammin[2]' — you should say 'the prime of life,' a much more consolatory phrase. Besides, it is not correct. I was born in 1788, and consequently am but thirty-two. You are mistaken on another point. The 'Sequin Box' never came into requisition, nor is it likely to do so. It were better that it had, for then a man is not *bound*, you know. As to reform, I did reform — what would you have? 'Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.' I verily believe that nor you, nor any man of poetical temperament, can avoid a strong passion of some kind. It is the poetry of life. What should I have known or written,

[1] ["Mr. Milman," says Bishop Heber "has much to add to his own reputation and that of his country. Remarkably as Britain is now distinguished by its living poetical talent, our time has need of him. For sacred poetry (a walk which Milton alone has hitherto successfully trodden) his taste, his peculiar talents, his education, and his profession appear alike to designate him; and, while by a strange predilection for the worser half of Manicheism, one of the mightiest spirits of the age has, apparently, devoted himself and his genius to the adornment and extension of evil, we may be well exhilarated by the accession of a new and potent ally to the cause of human virtue and happiness, whose example may furnish an additional evidence that purity and weakness are not synonymous, and that the torch of genius never burns so bright as when duly kindled at the altar." — *Quart. Rev. on the Fall of Jerusalem*, vol. xxiii. p. 225.]

[2] I had congratulated him upon arriving at what Dante calls the "mezzo cammin" of life, the age of thirty-three.

had I been a quiet, mercantile politician, or a lord in waiting? A man must travel, and turmoil, or there is no existence. Besides, I only meant to be a Cavalier Servente, and had no idea it would turn out a romance, in the Anglo fashion.

"However, I suspect I know a thing or two of Italy — more than Lady Morgan has picked up in her posting. What do Englishmen know of Italians beyond their museums and saloons — and some hack * *, *en passant?* Now, I have lived in the heart of their houses, in parts of Italy freshest and least influenced by strangers, — have seen and become (*pars magna fui*) a portion of their hopes, and fears, and passions, and am almost inoculated into a family. This is to see men and things as they are.

"You say that I called you 'quiet'[1] — I don't recollect any thing of the sort. On the contrary, you are always in scrapes.

"What think you of the Queen? I hear Mr. Hoby says, 'that it makes him weep to see her, she reminds him so much of Jane Shore.'

"Mr. Hoby the bootmaker's heart is quite sore,
For seeing the Queen makes him think of Jane Shore;
And, in fact, * *

Pray excuse this ribaldry. What is your poem about? Write and tell me all about it and you.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — Did you write the lively quiz on Peter Bell?[2] It has wit enough to be yours, and almost too much to be any body else's now going. It was in Galignani the other day or week."

LETTER 383. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 7. 1820.

"In correcting the proofs you must refer to the *manuscript*, because there are in it *various readings*. Pray attend to this, and choose what Gifford thinks best. Let me hear what he thinks of the whole.

"You speak of Lady * *'s illness; she is not of those who die: — the amiable only do; and those whose death would *do good* live. Whenever she is pleased to return, it may be presumed she will take her 'divining rod' along with her; it may be of use to her at home, as well as to the 'rich man' of the Evangelists.

"Pray do not let the papers paragraph me back to England. They may say what they please, any loathsome abuse but that. Contradict it.

"My last letters will have taught you to expect an explosion here: it was primed and loaded, but they hesitated to fire the train. One of the cities shirked from the league. I cannot write more at large for a thousand reasons. Our 'puir hill folk' offered to strike, and raise the first banner, but Bologna paused; and now 'tis autumn, and the season half over. 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!' The Huns are on the Po; but if once they pass it on their way to Naples, all Italy will be behind them. The dogs — the wolves — may they perish like the host of Sennacherib! If you want to publish the Prophecy of Dante, you never will have a better time."

LETTER 384. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Sept. 11. 1820.

"Here is another historical *note* for you. I want to be as near truth as the drama can be.

"Last post I sent you a note fierce as Faliero himself[3], in answer to a trashy tourist, who pretends that he could have been introduced to me. Let me have a proof of it, that I may cut its lava into some shape.

"What Gifford says is very consolatory (of the first act). 'English, sterling *genuine English*,' is a desideratum amongst you, and I am glad that I have got so much left; though Heaven knows how I retain it: I *hear* none but from my valet, and his is *Nottinghamshire:* and I *see* none but in your new publications, and theirs is *no* language at all, but jargon. Even your 'New Jerusalem' is terribly stilted and affected, with '*very, very*' so soft and pamby.

"Oh! if ever I *do* come amongst you again, I will give you such a 'Baviad and Mæviad!' not *as* good as the old, but even *better merited*. There never was such a *set* as your *ragamuffins* (I mean *not* yours only, but every body's). What with the Cockneys, and the Lakers, and the *followers* of Scott, and Moore, and Byron, you are in the very uttermost decline and degradation of literature. I can't think of it without all the remorse of a murderer. I wish that Johnson were alive again to crush them!"

[1] I had mistaken the concluding words of his letter of the 9th of June.

[2] [The very clever 'quiz' here alluded to was the production of John Hamilton Reynolds, Esq. See *antè*, p. 228.]

[3] The angry note against English travellers appended to this tragedy, in consequence of an assertion made by some recent tourist, that he (or, as it afterwards turned out, *she*) "had repeatedly declined an introduction to Lord Byron while in Italy."

LETTER 385. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Sept. 14. 1820.

"What! not a line? Well, have it your own way.

"I wish you would inform Perry, that his stupid paragraph[1] is the cause of all my newspapers being stopped in Paris. The fools believe me in your infernal country, and have not sent on their gazettes, so that I know nothing of your beastly trial of the Queen.

"I cannot avail myself of Mr. Gifford's remarks, because I have received none, except on the first act.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — Do, pray, beg the editors of papers to say any thing blackguard they please; but not to put me amongst their arrivals. They do me more mischief by such nonsense than all their abuse can do."

LETTER 386. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Sept. 21. 1820.

"So you are at your old tricks again. This is the second packet I have received unaccompanied by a single line of good, bad, or indifferent. It is strange that you have never forwarded any further observations of Gifford's. How am I to alter or amend, if I hear no further? or does this silence mean that it is well enough as it is, or too bad to be repaired? If the last, why do you not say so at once, instead of playing pretty, while you know that soon or late you must out with the truth.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — My sister tells me that you sent to her to enquire where I was, believing in my arrival, '*driving a curricle*,' &c. &c. into Palace-yard. Do you think me a coxcomb or a madman, to be capable of such an exhibition? My sister knew me better, and told you that could not be me. You might as well have thought me entering on 'a pale horse,' like Death in the Revelations."

LETTER 387. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Sept. 23. 1820.

"Get from Mr. Hobhouse, and send me a proof (with the Latin) of my Hints from Horace: it has now the *nonum prematur in annum* complete for its production, being written at Athens in 1811. I have a notion that, with some omissions of names and passages, it will do; and I could put my late observations *for* Pope amongst the notes, with the date of 1820, and so on. As far as versification goes, it is good; and, on looking back to what I wrote about that period, I am astonished to see how *little* I have trained on. I wrote better then than now; but that comes of my having fallen into the atrocious bad taste of the times. If I can trim it for present publication, what with the other things you have of mine, you will have a volume or two of *variety* at least, for there will be all measures, styles, and topics, whether good or no. I am anxious to hear what Gifford thinks of the tragedy; pray let me know. I really do not know what to think myself.

"If the Germans pass the Po, they will be treated to a mass out of the Cardinal de Retz's *Breviary*. * * is a fool, and could not understand this: Frere will. It is as pretty a conceit as you would wish to see upon a summer's day.

"Nobody here believes a word of the evidence against the Queen. The very mob cry shame against their countrymen, and say that for half the money spent upon the trial, any testimony whatever may be brought out of Italy. This you may rely upon as fact. I told you as much before. As to what travellers report, what *are travellers?* Now I have *lived* among the Italians — not *Florenced*, and *Romed*, and galleried, and conversationed it for a few months, and then home again; but been of their families, and friendships, and feuds, and loves, and councils, and correspondence, in a part of Italy least known to foreigners, — and have been amongst them of all classes, from the Conte to the Contadine; and you may be sure of what I say to you.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 388. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Sept. 28. 1820.

"I thought that I had told you long ago, that it *never* was intended nor written with any view to the stage. I have said so in the preface too. It is too long and too regular for your stage, the persons too few, and the *unity* too much observed. It is more like a play of Alfieri's than of your stage (I say this humbly in speaking of that great man); but there is poetry, and it is equal to Man-

[1] ["We rejoice to learn that Lord Byron yesterday arrived in town from Italy. The noble lord has finished a tragedy, which we should hope will be brought out at Drury Lane theatre, before Mr. Kean's departure for America." — *Morn. Chron.* Aug. 18.]

fred, though I know not what esteem is held of Manfred.

"I have now been nearly as long *out* of England as I was there during the time when I saw you frequently. I came home July 14th, 1811, and left again April 25th, 1816: so that Sept. 28th, 1820, brings me within a very few months of the same duration of time of my stay and my absence. In course, I can know nothing of the public taste and feelings, but from what I glean from letters, &c. Both seem to be as bad as possible.

"I thought *Anastasius*[1] excellent: did I not say so? Matthews's Diary most excellent; it, and Forsyth, and parts of Hobhouse, are all we have of truth or sense upon Italy. The Letter to Julia[2] very good indeed. I do not despise Mrs. Hemans; but if she knit blue stockings instead of wearing them, it would be better. *You* are taken in by that false stilted trashy style, which is a mixture of all the styles of the day, which are *all bombastic* (I don't except my *own* — no one has done more through negligence to corrupt the language); but it is neither English nor poetry. Time will show.

"I am sorry Gifford has made no further remarks beyond the first act: does he think all the English equally sterling as he thought the first? You did right to send the proofs: I was a fool; but I do really detest the sight of proofs: it is an absurdity; but comes from laziness.

"You can steal the two Juans into the world quietly, tagged to the others. The play as you will — the Dante too; but the *Pulci* I am proud of: it is superb; you have no such translation. It is the best thing I ever did in my life. I wrote the play, from beginning to end, and not a *single scene without interruption*, and being obliged to break off in the middle; for I had my hands full, and my head, too, just then; so it can be no great shakes — I mean the play; and the head too, if you like.

"P. S. — Politics here still savage and uncertain. However, we are all in our 'bandaliers,' to join the 'Highlanders if they cross the Forth,' *i. e.* to crush the Austrians if they cross the Po. The rascals! — and that dog Liverpool, to say their subjects are *happy!* If ever I come back, I'll work some of these ministers.

"Sept. 29.

"I open my letter to say, that on reading *more* of the four volumes on Italy[3], where the author says 'declined an introduction,' I perceive (*horresco referens*) it is written by a WOMAN!!! In that case you must suppress my note and answer, and all I have said about the book and the writer. I never dreamed of it until now, in my extreme wrath at that precious note. I can only say that I am sorry that a lady should say any thing of the kind. What I would have said to one of the other sex you know already. Her book too (as a *she* book) is not a bad one; but she evidently don't know the Italians, or rather don't like them, and forgets the *causes* of their misery and profligacy (*Matthews* and *Forsyth* are your men for truth and tact), and has gone over Italy in *company* — *always* a *bad* plan: you must be *alone* with people to know them well. Ask her, who was the '*descendant of Lady M. W. Montague*,' and by whom? by Algarotti?

"I suspect that, in Marino Faliero, you and yours won't like the *politics*, which are perilous to you in these times; but recollect that it is *not a political* play, and that I was obliged to put into the mouths of the characters the sentiments upon which they acted. I hate all things written like Pizarro, to represent France, England, and so forth. All I have done is meant to be purely Venetian, even to the very prophecy of its present state.

"Your Angles in general know little of the *Italians*, who detest them for their numbers and their GENOA treachery. Besides, the English travellers have not been composed of the best company. How could they? — out of 100,000, how many gentlemen were there, or honest men?

"Mitchell's Aristophanes is excellent. — Send me the rest of it.[4]

"These fools will force me to write a book about Italy myself, to give them 'the loud lie.' They prate about assassination; what is it

[1] ["Anastasius; or Memoirs of a Modern Greek," by the late Mr. Thomas Hope, published in 1820. Mr. Hope died in February 1831.]

[2] [Mr. Luttrell's "Advice to Julia, a Letter in Rhyme." See Quart. Rev. vol. xxiii. p. 505.]

[3] ["Sketches descriptive of Italy, in the Years 1816, 1817, with a brief Account of Travels in various Parts of France and Switzerland," by Miss Jane Waldie.]

[4] [The first volume of "The Comedies of Aristophanes, by Thomas Mitchell, A.M., late Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge," appeared in 1820. "Since the publication of Mr. Mitford," says the Quarterly Review, "nothing has appeared so calculated to convey a true impression of the character of antiquity, or to efface those theatrical and pedantic notions which are become the source, not only of infinite absurdity and distortion of mind among scholars, but of much practical mischief and error, in proportion as the blunders of the learned are diffused among the vulgar." — Vol. xxiii. p. 505.]

but the origin of duelling—and '*a wild justice*,' as Lord Bacon calls it? It is the fount of the modern point of honour in what the laws can't or *won't* reach. Every man is liable to it more or less, according to circumstances or place. For instance, I am living here exposed to it daily, for I have happened to make a powerful and unprincipled man my enemy;—and I never sleep the worse for it, or ride in less solitary places, because precaution is useless, and one thinks of it as of a disease which may or may not strike. It is true that there are those here, who, if he did, would 'live to think on't;' but that would not awake my bones: I should be sorry if it would, were they once at rest."

LETTER 389. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 8bre 6°, 1820.

"You will have now received all the acts, corrected, of the Marino Faliero. What you say of the 'bet of 100 guineas' made by some one who says that he saw me last week, reminds me of what happened in 1810: you can easily ascertain the fact, and it is an odd one.

"In the latter end of 1811, I met one evening at the Alfred my old school and form fellow, (for we were within two of each other, *he* the higher, though both very near the top of our remove,) *Peel*, the Irish secretary. He told me that, in 1810, he met me, as he thought, in St. James's Street, but we passed without speaking. He mentioned this, and it was denied as impossible, I being then in Turkey. A day or two afterward, he pointed out to his brother a person on the opposite side of the way:—'There,' said he, 'is the man whom I took for Byron.' His brother instantly answered, 'Why, it *is* Byron, and no one else.' But this is not all:—I was *seen* by somebody to *write down my name* amongst the enquirers after the King's health, then attacked by insanity. Now, at this very period, as nearly as I could make out, I was ill of a *strong fever* at Patras, caught in the marshes near Olympia, from the *malaria*. If I had died there, this would have been a new ghost story for you. You can easily make out the accuracy of this from Peel himself, who told it in detail. I suppose you will be of the opinion of Lucretius, who (denies the immortality of the soul, but) asserts that from the 'flying off the surfaces of bodies perpetually, these surfaces or cases, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it, so that the shapes and shadows of both the dead and absent are frequently beheld.'

"But if they are, are their coats and waistcoats also seen? I do not disbelieve that we may be two by some unconscious process, to a certain sign; but which of these two I happen at present to be, I leave you to decide. I only hope that *t'other me* behaves like a gemman.

"I wish you would get Peel asked how far I am accurate in my recollection of what he told me; for I don't like to say such things without authority.

"I am not sure that I was *not spoken* with; but this also you can ascertain. I have written to you such letters that I stop.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S.—Last year (in June, 1819, I met at Count Mosti's, at Ferrara, an Italian who asked me 'If I knew Lord Byron?' I told him *no* (no one knows himself, *you* know). 'Then,' says he, 'I do; I met him at Naples the other day.' I pulled out my card and asked him if that was the way he spelt his name: he answered, *yes*. I suspect that it was a blackguard navy surgeon who attended a young travelling madam about, and passed himself for a lord at the post-houses. He was a vulgar dog—quite of the cock-pit order—and a precious representative I must have had of him, if it was even so; but I don't know. He passed himself off as a gentleman, and squired about a Countess * * (of this place), then at Venice, an ugly battered woman, of bad morals even for Italy."

LETTER 390. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 8bre 8°, 1820.

"Foscolo's letter is exactly the thing wanted; firstly, because he is a man of genius; and, next, because he is an Italian, and therefore the best judge of Italics. Besides,

"He's more an antique Roman than a Dane;

that is, he is more of the ancient Greek than of the modern Italian. Though, 'somewhat,' as Dugald Dalgetty says, 'too wild and sa/vage' (like 'Ronald of the Mist'), 'tis a wonderful man, and my friends Hobhouse and Rose both swear by him; and they are good judges of men and of Italian humanity.

"Here are in all *two* worthy voices gain'd:

Gifford says it is good 'sterling genuine English,' and Foscolo says that the characters are right Venetian. Shakspeare and Otway had a million of advantages over me, besides the incalculable one of being *dead* from one to two centuries, and having been both born blackguards (which ARE such

attractions to the gentle living reader); let me then preserve the only one which I could possibly have — that of having been at Venice, and entered more into the local spirit of it. I claim no more.

"I know what Foscolo means about Calendaro's *spitting* at Bertram; *that*'s national — the objection, I mean. The Italians and French, with those 'flags of abomination,' their pocket handkerchiefs, spit there, and here, and every where else — in your face almost, and therefore *object* to it on the stage as *too familiar*. But we who *spit* nowhere — but in a man's face when we grow savage — are not likely to feel this. Remember *Massinger*, and Kean's Sir Giles Overreach—

"Lord! *thus* I *spit* at thee and thy counsel!

Besides, Calendaro does *not* spit in Bertram's face, he spits *at* him, as I have seen the Mussulmans do upon the ground when they are in a rage. Again, he *does not* in *fact despise* Bertram, though he affects it — as we all do, when angry with one we think our inferior. He is angry at not being allowed to die in his own way (although not afraid of death); and recollect that he suspected and hated Bertram from the first. Israel Bertuccio, on the other hand, is a cooler and more concentrated fellow: he acts upon *principle* and *impulse*; Calendaro upon *impulse* and *example*.

"So there's argument for you.

"The Doge *repeats*; — *true*, but it is from engrossing passion, and because he sees *different* persons, and is always obliged to recur to the *cause* uppermost in his mind. His speeches are long: — true, but I wrote for the *closet*, and on the French and Italian model rather than yours, which I think not very highly of, for all your *old* dramatists, who are long enough too, God knows: *look* into any of them.

"I return you Foscolo's letter, because it alludes also to his private affairs. I am sorry to see such a man in straits, because I know what they are, or what they were. I never met but three men who would have held out a finger to me: one was yourself, the other William Bankes, and the third a nobleman long ago dead: but of these the first was the only one who offered it while I *really* wanted it; the second from good will — but I was not in need of Bankes's aid, and would not have accepted it if I had (though I love and esteem him); and the *third* ——[1]

"So you see that I have seen some strange things in my time. As for your own offer, it was in 1815, when I was in actual uncertainty of five pounds. I rejected it; but I have not forgotten it, although you probably have.

"P. S. — Foscolo's Ricciardo was lent, with the *leaves uncut*, to some Italians now in villeggiatura, so that I have had no opportunity of hearing their decision, or of reading it. They seized on it as Foscolo's, and on account of the beauty of the paper and printing, directly. If I find it takes, I will reprint it *here*. The Italians think as highly of Foscolo as they can of any man, divided and miserable as they are, and with neither leisure at present to read, nor head nor heart to judge of any thing but extracts from French newspapers and the Lugano Gazette.

"We are all looking at one another, like wolves on their prey in pursuit, only waiting for the first faller on to do unutterable things. They are a great world in chaos, or angels in hell, which you please; but out of chaos came Paradise, and out of hell — I don't know what; but the devil went *in* there, and he was a fine fellow once, you know.

"You need never favour me with any periodical publication, except the Edinburgh Quarterly, and an occasional Blackwood; or now and then a Monthly Review; for the rest I do not feel curiosity enough to look beyond their covers.

"To be sure I took in the British Roberts finely. He fell precisely into the glaring trap laid for him. It was inconceivable how he could be so absurd as to think us serious with him.

"Recollect, that if you put my name to 'Don Juan' in these canting days, any lawyer might oppose my guardian right of my daughter in Chancery, on the plea of its containing the *parody*; — such are the perils of a foolish jest. I was not aware of this at the time, but you will find it correct, I believe; and you may be sure that the Noels would not let it slip. Now I prefer my child to a poem at any time, and so should you, as having half a dozen.

"Let me know your notions.

"If you turn over the earlier pages of the Huntingdon peerage story, you will see how common a name Ada was in the early Plantagenet days. I found it in my own pedigree in the reign of John and Henry, and gave it to my daughter. It was also the name of Charlemagne's sister. It is in an early chapter of Genesis, as the name of the wife of Lamech: and I suppose Ada is the feminine of *Adam*. It is short, ancient, vocalic, and had been in my family; for which reason I gave it to my daughter."

[1] The paragraph is left thus imperfect in the original.

"The Abbot will have a more than ordinary interest for me, for an ancestor of mine by the mother's side, Sir J. Gordon of Gight, the handsomest of his day, died on a scaffold at Aberdeen for his loyalty to Mary, of whom he was an imputed paramour as well as her relation. His fate was much commented on in the Chronicles of the times. If I mistake not, he had something to do with her escape from Loch Leven, or with her captivity there.[1] But this you will know better than I.

"I recollect Loch Leven as it were but yesterday. I saw it in my way to England in 1798, being then ten years of age. My mother, who was as haughty as Lucifer with her descent from the Stuarts, and her right line, from the *old Gordons, not the Seyton Gordons*, as she disdainfully termed the ducal branch, told me the story, always reminding me how superior *her* Gordons were to the southern Byrons, notwithstanding our Norman, and always masculine descent, which has never lapsed into a female, as my mother's Gordons had done in her own person.

"I have written to you so often lately, that the brevity of this will be welcome.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 393. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 8bre 17°, 1820.

"Enclosed is the Dedication of Marino Faliero to *Goethe*. Query,—is his title *Baron* or not?[2] I think yes. Let me know your opinion, and so forth.

"P. S.—Let me know what Mr. Hobhouse and you have decided about the two *prose* letters and their publication.

"I enclose you an Italian abstract of the German translator of Manfred's Appendix, in which you will perceive quoted what Goethe says of the *whole body* of English poetry (and *not* of me in particular). On this the Dedication is founded, as you will perceive, though I had thought of it before, for I look upon him as a great man."

The very singular Dedication transmitted with this letter has never before been published, nor, as far as I can learn, ever reached the hands of the illustrious German. It is written in the poet's most whimsical and mocking mood; and the unmeasured severity poured out in it upon the two favourite objects of his wrath and ridicule compels me to deprive the reader of some of its most amusing passages.

"DEDICATION TO BARON GOETHE, &c. &c. &c.

"Sir,—In the Appendix to an English work lately translated into German and published at Leipsic, a judgment of yours upon English poetry is quoted as follows: 'That in English poetry, great genius, universal power, a feeling of profundity, with sufficient tenderness and force, are to be found; but that *altogether these do not constitute poets*,' &c. &c.

"I regret to see a great man falling into a great mistake. This opinion of yours only proves that the '*Dictionary of Ten Thousand living English Authors*'[3] has not been translated into German. You will have read, in your friend Schlegel's version, the dialogue in Macbeth—

"'There are *ten thousand!*
Macbeth. *Geese*, villain?
Answer. *Authors*, sir.'

Now, of these 'ten thousand authors,' there are actually nineteen hundred and eighty-seven poets, all alive at this moment, whatever their works may be, as their booksellers well know; and amongst these there are several who possess a far greater reputation than mine, although considerably less than yours. It is owing to this neglect on the part of your German translators that you are not aware of the works of * * *.

"There is also another, named * * * *.

"I mention these poets by way of sample to enlighten you. They form but two bricks of our Babel, (WINDSOR bricks, by the way,) but may serve for a specimen of the building.

"It is, moreover, asserted that 'the predominant character of the whole body of the present English poetry is a *disgust* and *contempt* for life.' But I rather suspect that by one single work of *prose*, *you* yourself, have excited a greater contempt for life than all the English volumes of poesy that ever were written. Madame de Stael says, that 'Werther has occasioned more suicides than the most beautiful woman;' and I really believe that he has put more individuals out of this world than Napoleon himself, except in the way of his profession. Perhaps, Illustrious Sir, the acrimonious judgment passed by a celebrated northern journal[4] upon you in particular, and the Germans in general, has rather indisposed you towards English

[1] [See *post*, Letter 395.]

[2] [Goethe was ennobled, having the *Von* prefixed to his name, but never received the title of Baron.]

[3] [A work entitled "A Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland," and dedicated to the Prince Regent, appeared in 1816.]

[4] [See an article on Goethe's "Aus Meinen Leben," &c. in the Edinburgh Rev. vol. xxvi. and xxvii.]

poetry as well as criticism. But you must not regard our critics, who are at bottom good-natured fellows, considering their two professions, — taking up the law in court, and laying it down out of it. No one can more lament their hasty and unfair judgment, in your particular, than I do; and I so expressed myself to your friend Schlegel, in 1816, at Coppet.

"In behalf of my 'ten thousand' living brethren, and of myself, I have thus far taken notice of an opinion expressed with regard to 'English poetry' in general, and which merited notice, because it was YOURS.

"My principal object in addressing you was to testify my sincere respect and admiration of a man, who, for half a century, has led the literature of a great nation, and will go down to posterity as the first literary character of his age.

"You have been fortunate, Sir, not only in the writings which have illustrated your name, but in the name itself, as being sufficiently musical for the articulation of posterity. In this you have the advantage of some of your countrymen, whose names would perhaps be immortal also — if any body could pronounce them.

"It may, perhaps, be supposed, by this apparent tone of levity, that I am wanting in intentional respect towards you; but this will be a mistake: I am always flippant in prose. Considering you, as I really and warmly do, in common with all your own, and with most other nations, to be by far the first literary character which has existed in Europe since the death of Voltaire, I felt, and feel, desirous to inscribe to you the following work, — *not* as being either a tragedy or a *poem*, (for I cannot pronounce upon its pretensions to be either one or the other, or both, or neither,) but as a mark of esteem and admiration from a foreigner to the man who has been hailed in Germany 'THE GREAT GOETHE.'

"I have the honour to be,
"With the truest respect,
"Your most obedient and
"Very humble servant,
"BYRON.

"Ravenna, 8bre 14°, 1820.

"P. S. — I perceive that in Germany, as well as in Italy, there is a great struggle about what they call '*Classical*' and '*Romantic*,' — terms which were not subjects of classification in England, at least when I left it four or five years ago. Some of the English scribblers, it is true, abused Pope and Swift, but the reason was that they themselves did not know how to write either prose or verse; but nobody thought them worth making a sect of. Perhaps there may be something of the kind sprung up lately, but I have not heard much about it, and it would be such bad taste that I shall be very sorry to believe it."

CHAPTER XL.

1820.

RAVENNA.—LETTERS TO MURRAY AND MOORE. — A CHANT. — EPIGRAMS. — A PORTRAIT. — HENRY MATTHEWS. — THE WHITE LADY OF COLALTO. — KEATS AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. — PROGRESS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY. — ANECDOTES. — PLAN OF A NEWSPAPER IN CONJUNCTION WITH MOORE. — DISTURBED STATE OF ITALY.—THE CARBONARI.—LORD BYRON'S ADDRESS TO THE NEAPOLITAN GOVERNMENT. — FURTHER ANECDOTES.

LETTER 394. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, October 17. 1820.

"YOU owe me two letters — pay them. I want to know what you are about. The summer is over, and you will be back to Paris. Apropos of Paris, it was not Sophia *Gail*, but Sophia *Gay* — the English word *Gay* — who was my correspondent.[1] Can you tell who *she* is, as you did of the defunct * *?

"Have you gone on with your poem? I have received the French of mine. Only think of being *traduced* into a foreign language in such an abominable travesty! It is useless to rail, but one can't help it.

"Have you got my Memoir copied? I have begun a continuation. Shall I send it you, as far as it is gone?

"I can't say any thing to you about Italy, for the Government here look upon me with a suspicious eye, as I am well informed. Pretty fellows! — as if I, a solitary stranger, could do any mischief. It is because I am fond of rifle and pistol shooting, I believe; for they took the alarm at the quantity of cartridges I consumed, — the wiseacres!

[1] [I had mistaken the name of the lady he inquired after, and reported her to him as dead. But, on the receipt of the above letter, I discovered that his correspondent was Madame Sophie Gay, mother of the celebrated poetess and beauty, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay.]

"You don't deserve a long letter — nor a letter at all — for your silence. You have got a new Bourbon [1], it seems, whom they have christened 'Dieu-donné;' — perhaps the honour of the present may be disputed. Did you write the good lines on ——, the Laker?

"The Queen has made a pretty theme for the journals. Was there ever such evidence published? Why it is worse than 'Little's Poems' or 'Don Juan.' If you don't write soon, I will 'make you a speech.'

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 395. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 8bre 25°, 1820.

"Pray forward the enclosed to Lady Byron. It is on business.

"In thanking you for the Abbot, I made four grand mistakes. Sir John Gordon was not of Gight, but of Bogagicht, and a son of Huntley's. He suffered *not* for his loyalty, but in an insurrection. He had *nothing* to do with Loch Leven, having been dead some time at the period of the Queen's confinement: and, fourthly, I am not sure that he was the Queen's paramour or no, for Robertson does not allude to this, though *Walter Scott does*, in the list he gives of her admirers (as unfortunate) at the close of 'The Abbot.'

"I must have made all these mistakes in recollecting my mother's account of the matter, although she was more accurate than I am, being precise upon points of genealogy, like all the aristocratical Scotch. She had a long list of ancestors, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger's, most of whom are to be found in the old Scotch Chronicles, Spalding, &c. in arms and doing mischief. I remember well passing Loch Leven, as well as the Queen's Ferry: we were on our way to England in 1798. Yours.

"You had better not publish Blackwood and the Roberts' prose, except what regards Pope; — you have let the time slip by."

The Pamphlet in answer to Blackwood's Magazine, here mentioned, was occasioned by an article in that work, entitled "Remarks on Don Juan," and though put to press by Mr. Murray, was never published. The writer in the Magazine having, in reference to certain passages in Don Juan, taken occasion to pass some severe strictures on the author's matrimonial conduct, Lord Byron, in his reply, enters at some length into that painful subject; and his defence, [2] — if defence it can be called, where there has never yet been any definite charge [3] — will be perused with strong interest.

LETTER 396. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9bre 4. 1820.

"I have received from Mr. Galignani the enclosed letters, duplicates and receipts, which will explain themselves. [4] As the poems are your property by purchase, right, and justice, *all matters of publication*, &c. &c. *are for you to decide upon*. I know not how far my compliance with Mr. Galignani's request might be legal, and I doubt that it would not be honest. In case you choose to arrange with him, I enclose the permits to you, and in so doing I wash my hands of the business altogether. I sign them merely to enable you to exert the power you justly possess more properly. I will have nothing to do with it farther, except, in my answer to Mr. Galignani, to state that the letters, &c. &c. are sent to you, and the causes thereof.

"If you can check these foreign pirates, do; if not, put the permissive papers in the fire. I can have no view nor object whatever, but to secure to you your property.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. — I have read part of the Quarterly just arrived: Mr. Bowles shall be answered; — he is not *quite* correct in his statement about English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. [5] They support Pope, I see, in the

[1] [The Duke of Bourdeaux, born the 29th of September 1820.]

[2] [It has since been introduced into the complete edition of Lord Byron's Works (see p. 800.), and is characterised by the Quarterly Reviewers as "one of the finest specimens of English prose produced in this or in any preceding time."]

[3] While these sheets are passing through the press, a printed statement has been transmitted to me by Lady Noel Byron, which the reader will find inserted in the Appendix (First Edit.)

[4] Mr. Galignani had applied to Lord Byron with the view of procuring from him such legal right over those works of his Lordship of which he had hitherto been the sole publisher in France, as would enable him to prevent others, in future, from usurping the same privilege.

[5] [In a pamphlet entitled "The Invariable Principles of Poetry," in a letter to Mr. Campbell, occasioned by his masterly vindication of Pope in the first volume of his Specimens of British Poets. — "It is with pain we have so long witnessed the attacks on the moral and poetical character of this great poet by the last two of his editors. Warton, who first entered the list, though not unwilling to wound, exhibits occasionally some of the courtesy of the ancient chivalry; but his successor, the Rev. Mr. Bowles, possesses the contest *à l'outrance*, with the appearance, though not with the reality, of personal hostility. It had been more honourable in this gentleman, with his known prejudices against this class of poetry, in which Pope will always remain unrivalled, to have declined the office of editor, than to attempt to spread among new generations of readers the most unfavourable and the most unjust impressions of the Poet and of the Man."—*Quart. Rev.* vol. xxiii. p. 407.]

"'*Clincher.* Damn your Timothy! — I tell you, woman, your husband has *murdered me* — he has carried away my fine jubilee clothes.'[1]

"So Bowles has been telling a story, too ('t is in the Quarterly), about the woods of 'Madeira,' and so forth. I shall be at Bowles again, if he is not quiet. He mis-states, or mistakes, in a point or two. The paper is finished, and so is the letter.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 398. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9bre 9°, 1820.

"The talent you approve of is an amiable one, and might prove a 'national service,' but unfortunately I must be angry with a man before I draw his real portrait; and I can't deal in '*generals*,' so that I trust never to have provocation enough to make a *Gallery*. If '*the* person' had not by many little dirty sneaking traits provoked it, I should have been silent, though I *had observed* him. Here follows an alteration: put —

"Devil with *such* delight in damning,
That if at the resurrection
Unto him the free election
Of his future could be given,
'Twould be rather Hell than Heaven;

that is to say, if these two new lines do not too much lengthen out and weaken the amiability of the original thought and expression. You have a discretionary power about showing. I should think that Croker would not disrelish a sight of these light little humorous things, and may be indulged now and then.

"Why, I do like one or two vices, to be sure; but I can back a horse and fire a pistol 'without thinking or blinking' like Major Sturgeon; I have fed at times for two months together on sheer biscuit and water (without metaphor); I can get over seventy or eighty miles a day *riding* post, and *swim five* at a stretch, as at Venice, in 1818, or at least I *could do*, and have done it ONCE.

"I know Henry Matthews[2]: he is the image, to the very voice, of his brother Charles, only darker — his laugh his in particular. The first time I ever met him was in Scrope Davies's rooms after his brother's death, and I nearly dropped, thinking that it was his ghost. I have also dined with him in his rooms at King's College. Hobhouse once purposed a similar Memoir; but I am afraid that the letters of Charles's correspondence with me (which are at Whitton with my other papers) would hardly do for the public: for our lives were not over strict, and our letters somewhat lax upon most subjects.[3]

"Last week I sent you a correspondence with Galignani, and some documents on your property. You have now, I think, an opportunity of *checking*, or at least *limiting*, those *French republications*. You may let all your authors publish what they please *against me* and *mine*. A publisher is not, and cannot be, responsible for all the works that issue from his printer's.

"The 'White Lady of Avenel' is not quite so good as a *real well authenticated* ('Donna Bianca') White Lady of Colalto, or spectre in the Marca Trivigiana, who has been repeatedly seen. There is a man (a huntsman) now alive who saw her also. Hoppner could tell you all about her, and so can Rose perhaps. I myself have *no doubt* of the fact, historical and spectral.[4] She always appeared on particular occasions, before the deaths of the family, &c. &c. I heard Madame Benzoni say, that she knew a gentleman who had seen her cross his room at Colalto Castle. Hoppner saw and spoke with the huntsman who met her at the chase, and never *hunted* afterwards. She was a girl attendant, who, one day dressing the hair of a Countess Colalto, was seen by her mistress to smile upon her husband in the glass. The Countess had her shut up in the wall of the castle, like Constance de Beverley. Ever after, she haunted them and all the Colaltos. She is described as very beautiful and fair. It is well authenticated."

LETTER 399. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9bre 18°, 1820.

"The death of Waite[5] is a shock to the — teeth, as well as to the feelings of all who

[1] [See Farquhar's "Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee," act iv. sc. 1.]

[2] [Henry Matthews was educated at Eton, and afterwards became a fellow of King's College, Cambridge. In 1817 he left England on account of ill health, and on his return in 1819 published his well-known "Diary of an Invalid." In 1821 he was appointed Advocate Fiscal of Ceylon, and in 1827 was promoted to the Bench of the Supreme Court of Judicature in that island; where he died, May 20, 1828, in his thirty-eighth year.]

[3] Here follow some details respecting his friend Charles Skinner Matthews, which have already been given in this work. [See *antè*, p. 60.]

[4] The ghost-story, in which he here professes such serious belief, forms the subject of one of Mr. Rogers's beautiful Italian sketches. See "*Italy*," p. 43. edit. 1830.

[5] [The fashionable dentist of Old Burlington Street. "Went," says Lord Byron, "to Waite's. Teeth all right and white; but he says that I grind them in my sleep, and chip the edges." — *Journal*, 1814.]

knew him. Good God, he and *Blake*[1] both gone! I left them both in the most robust health, and little thought of the national loss in so short a time as five years. They were both as much superior to Wellington in rational greatness, as he who preserves the hair and the teeth is preferable to the 'bloody blustering warrior' who gains a name by breaking heads and knocking out grinders. Who succeeds him? Where is tooth-powder *mild* and yet efficacious — where is *tincture* — where are clearing *roots* and *brushes* now to be obtained? Pray obtain what information you can upon these '*Tus*culan questions.' My jaws ache to think on't. Poor fellows! I anticipated seeing both again; and yet they are gone to that place where both teeth and hair last longer than they do in this life. I have seen a thousand graves opened, and always perceived, that whatever was gone, the *teeth* and *hair* remained with those who had died with them. Is not this odd? They go the very first things in *youth*, and yet last the longest in the dust, if people will but *die* to preserve them! It is a queer life, and a queer death, that of mortals.

"I knew that Waite had married, but little thought that the other decease was so soon to overtake him. Then he was such a delight, such a coxcomb, such a jewel of a man! There is a tailor at Bologna so like him! and also at the top of his profession. Do not neglect this commission. *Who* or *what* can replace him? What says the public?

"I remand you the Preface. *Don't forget* that the Italian extract from the Chronicle must *be translated*. With regard to what you say of retouching the Juans and the Hints, it is all very well; but I can't *furbish*. I am like the tiger (in poesy), if I miss the first spring, I go growling back to my jungle. There is no second; I can't correct; I can't, and I won't. Nobody ever succeeds in it, great or small. Tasso remade the whole of his Jerusalem; but who ever reads that version? all the world goes to the first. Pope *added* to 'The Rape of the Lock,' but did not reduce it. You must take my things as they happen to be. If they are not likely to suit, reduce their *estimate* accordingly. I would rather give them away than hack and hew them. I don't say that you are not right: I merely repeat that I cannot better them. I must 'either make a spoon, or spoil a horn;' and there's an end.

"Yours.

"P. S. — Of the praises of that little *** Keats[2], I shall observe as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a *pension*: 'What! has *he* got a pension? Then it is time that I should give up *mine!*'[3] Nobody could be prouder of the praise of the Edinburgh than I was, or more alive to their censure, as I showed in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. At present *all the men* they have ever praised are degraded by that insane article. Why don't they review and praise 'Solomon's Guide to Health?' it is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keats.

"Bowles must be *bowled* down. 'Tis a sad match at cricket, if he can get any notches at Pope's expense. If he once get into '*Lord*'s ground,' (to continue the pun, because it is foolish,) I think I could beat him in one innings. You did not know, perhaps, that I was once (*not metaphorically*, but *really*) a good cricketer, particularly in *batting*, and I played in the Harrow match against the Etonians in 1805, gaining more notches (as one of our chosen eleven) than any, except Lord Ipswich and Brookman, on our side."

LETTER 400. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 9bre 23d, 1820.

"The 'Hints,' Hobhouse says, will require a good deal of slashing to suit the times, which will be a work of time, for I don't feel at all laborious just now. Whatever effect they are to have would perhaps be greater in a separate form, and they also must have my name to them. Now, if you publish them in the same volume with Don Juan, they identify Don Juan as mine, which I don't think worth a Chancery suit about my daughter's guardianship, as in your present code a facetious poem is sufficient to take away a man's rights over his family.

"Of the state of things here it would be difficult and not very prudent to speak at large, the Huns opening all letters. I wonder if they can read them when they have opened them; if so, they may see, in my

[1] ["Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a Lake,
And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake.

"As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qualification than one half of the heads he crops, viz. — independence." — *Hints from Horace*. See *Works*, p. 446.]

[2] [The epithet omitted here is "*dirty blackguard*."]

[3] ["Johnson, who thought slightingly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, 'What! have they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine!' Whether this proceeded from a momentary indignation, as if it were an affront to his exalted merit that a player should be rewarded in the same manner with him, or was the sudden effect of a fit of peevishness, it was unluckily said, and, indeed, cannot be justified."—*Boswell's Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 157. ed. 1833.]

MOST LEGIBLE HAND, THAT I THINK THEM DAMNED SCOUNDRELS AND BARBARIANS, and THEIR EMPEROR a FOOL, and themselves more fools than he; all which they may send to Vienna for any thing I care. They have got themselves masters of the Papal police, and are bullying away; but some day or other they will pay for all: it may not be very soon, because these unhappy Italians have no consistency among themselves; but I suppose that Providence will get tired of them at last, * *

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 401. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, Dec. 9, 1820.

"Besides this letter, you will receive *three* packets, containing, in all, 18 more sheets of Memoranda, which, I fear, will cost you more in postage than they will ever produce by being printed in the next century. Instead of waiting so long, if you could make any thing of them *now* in the way of *reversion*, (that is, after *my* death,) I should be very glad, — as, with all due regard to your progeny, I prefer you to your grandchildren. Would not Longman or Murray advance you a certain sum *now*, pledging themselves *not* to have them published till after *my* decease, think you? — and what say you?

"Over these latter sheets I would leave you a discretionary power[1]; because they contain, perhaps, a thing or two which is too sincere for the public. If I consent to your disposing of their reversion *now*, where would be the harm? Tastes may change. I would, in your case, make my essay to dispose of them, *not* publish, now; and if *you* (as is most likely) survive me, add what you please from your own knowledge; and, *above all*, *contradict* any thing, if I have *mis*-stated; for my first object is the truth, even at my own expense.

"I have some knowledge of your countryman Muley Moloch[2], the lecturer. He wrote to me several letters upon Christianity, to convert me: and, if I had not been a Christian already, I should probably have been now, in consequence. I thought there was something of wild talent in him, mixed with a due leaven of absurdity, — as there must be in all talent, let loose upon the world, without a martingale.

"The ministers seem still to persecute the Queen * * *; but they *won't* go out, the sons of b—es. Damn Reform — I want a place — what say you? You must applaud the honesty of the declaration, whatever you may think of the intention.

"I have quantities of paper in England, original and translated — tragedy, &c. &c. and am now copying out a fifth canto of Don Juan, 149 stanzas. So that there will be near *three thin* Albemarle, or *two thick* volumes of all sorts of my Muses. I mean to plunge thick, too, into the contest upon Pope, and to lay about me like a dragon till I make manure of Bowles for the top of Parnassus.

"These rogues are right — *we do* laugh at *t'others* — eh? — don't we?[3] You shall see — you shall see what things I'll say, an' it pleases Providence to leave us leisure. But in these parts they are all going to war; and there is to be liberty, and a row, and a constitution — when they can get them. But I won't talk politics — it is low. Let us talk of the Queen, and her bath, and her bottle — that's the only *motley* nowadays.

"If there are any acquaintances of mine, salute them. The priests here are trying to persecute me, — but no matter.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 402. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, Dec. 9, 1820.

"I open my letter to tell you a fact[4], which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is *now* lying *dead* in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my great-coat to visit Madame la Contessa G. when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going,

[1] The power here meant is that of omitting passages that might be thought objectionable. He afterwards gave me this, as well as every other right, over the whole of the manuscript.

[2] [See *antè*, p. 438.]

[3] He here alludes to a humorous article, of which I had told him, in Blackwood's Magazine, where the poets of the day were all grouped together in a variety of fantastic shapes, with "Lord Byron and little Moore laughing behind, as if they would split," at the rest of the fraternity.

[4] ["The other evening ('twas on Friday last) —
This is a fact, and no poetic fable —
Just as my great coat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,
I heard a shot — 'twas eight o'clock scarce past —
And running out as fast as I was able,
I found the military commandant
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant."
Don Juan, c. v. st. 33.]

as it is the custom for every body here, it seems, to run away from 'the stricken deer.'

"However, down we ran, and found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with five wounds; one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However, we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child — a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession — a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer — and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or any thing around him but confusion and dismay.

"As nobody could, or would, do any thing but howl and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience — made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body — sent off two soldiers to the guard — despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had the commandant carried up stairs into my own quarter.[1] But it was too late, he was gone — not at all disfigured — bled inwardly — not above an ounce or two came out.

"I had him partly stripped — made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls, or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him, all but the skin. Everybody conjectures why he was killed, but no one knows how. The gun was found close by him — an old gun, half filed down.

"He only said, 'O Dio!' and 'Gesu!' two or three times, and appeared to have suffered very little. Poor fellow! he was a brave officer, but had made himself much disliked by the people. I knew him personally, and had met with him often at conversazioni and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dragoons, doctors, priests, and all kinds of persons, — though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved. The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may suppose.

"You are to know that, if I had not had the body moved, they would have left him there till morning in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not choose to let even a dog die in such a manner, without succour: — and, as for consequences, I care for none in a duty.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — The lieutenant on duty by the body is smoking his pipe with great composure. — A queer people this."

LETTER 403. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, Dec. 25. 1820.

"You will or ought to have received the packet and letters which I remitted to your address a fortnight ago (or it may be more days), and I shall be glad of an answer, as, in these times and places, packets per post are in some risk of not reaching their destination.

"I have been thinking of a project for you and me, in case we both get to London again, which (if a Neapolitan war don't suscitate) may be calculated as possible for one of us about the spring of 1821. I presume that you, too, will be back by that time, or never; but on that you will give me some index. The project, then, is for you and me to set up jointly a *newspaper* — nothing more nor less — weekly, or so, with some improvement or modifications upon the plan of the present scoundrels, who degrade that department, — but a *newspaper*, which we will edite in due form, and, nevertheless, with some attention.

"There must always be in it a piece of poesy from one or other of us *two*, leaving room, however, for such dilettanti rhymers as may be deemed worthy of appearing in the same column: but *this* must be a *sine qua non;* and also as much prose as we can compass. We will take an *office* — our names *not* announced, but suspected — and, by the blessing of Providence, give the age some new lights upon policy, poesy, biography, criticism, morality, theology, and all other *ism*, *ality*, and *ology* whatsoever.

"Why, man, if we were to take to this in good earnest, your debts would be paid off in a twelvemonth, and, by dint of a little diligence and practice, I doubt not that we could distance the common-place blackguards who have so long disgraced common sense and the common reader. They have no merit but practice and impudence, both of which we may acquire; and, as for talent and culture, the devil's in't if such proofs as we have given of both can't furnish out something better than the 'funeral baked meats' which have coldly set forth the breakfast table of all Great Britain for so many years. Now, what think you? Let me know; and recollect that, if we take to such an enterprise, we must do so in good earnest. Here

[1] ["Poor fellow! for some reason surely bad
They had slain him with five slugs, and left him there
To perish on the pavement: so I had
Him borne into the house, and up the stair,
And stripp'd and look'd to," &c.
Don Juan, c. v. st. 34.]

is a hint, — do you make it a plan. We will modify it into as literary and classical a concern as you please, only let us put out our powers upon it, and it will most likely succeed. But you must *live* in London, and I also, to bring it to bear, and *we must keep it a secret*.

"As for the living in London, I would make that not difficult to you (if you would allow me), until we could see whether one means or other (the success of the plan, for instance) would not make it quite easy for you, as well as your family; and, in any case, we should have some fun, composing, correcting, supposing, inspecting, and supping together over our lucubrations. If you think this worth a thought, let me know, and I will begin to lay in a small literary capital of composition for the occasion.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"B.

"P. S. — If you thought of a middle plan between a *Spectator* and a newspaper, why not? — only not on a *Sunday*. Not that Sunday is not an excellent day, but it is engaged already. We will call it the 'Tenda Rossa,' the name Tassoni gave an answer of his in a controversy, in allusion to the delicate hint of Timour the Lame, to his enemies, by a 'Tenda' of that colour, before he gave battle. Or we will call it 'Gli,' or 'I Carbonari,' if it so please you — or any other name full of 'pastime and prodigality,' which you may prefer. Let me have an answer. I conclude poetically, with the bellman, 'A merry Christmas to you!'"

The year 1820 was an era signalised, as will be remembered, by the many efforts of the revolutionary spirit which, at that time, broke forth, like ill-suppressed fire, throughout the greater part of the South of Europe. In Italy, Naples had already raised the Constitutional standard, and her example was fast operating through the whole of that country. Throughout Romagna, secret societies, under the name of Carbonari, had been organised, which waited but the word of their chiefs to break out into open insurrection. We have seen from Lord Byron's Journal in 1814, what intense interest he took in the last struggles of Revolutionary France under Napoleon; and his exclamations, "Oh for a Republic! — 'Brutus, thou sleepest!'" show the lengths to which, in theory at least, his political zeal extended. Since then, he had but rarely turned his thoughts to politics; the tame, ordinary vicissitude of public affairs having but little in it to stimulate a mind like his, whose sympathies nothing short of a crisis seemed worthy to interest. This the present state of Italy gave every promise of affording him; and, in addition to the great national cause itself, in which there was every thing that a lover of liberty, warm from the pages of Petrarch and Dante, could desire, he had also private ties and regards to enlist him socially in the contest. The brother of Madame Guiccioli, Count Pietro Gamba, who had been passing some time at Rome and Naples, was now returned from his tour; and the friendly sentiments with which, notwithstanding a natural bias previously in the contrary direction, he at length learned to regard the noble lover of his sister, cannot better be described than in the words of his fair relative herself.

"At this time," says Madame Guiccioli, "my beloved brother, Pietro, returned to Ravenna from Rome and Naples. He had been prejudiced by some enemies of Lord Byron against his character, and my intimacy with him afflicted him greatly; nor had my letters succeeded in entirely destroying the evil impression which Lord Byron's detractors had produced. No sooner, however, had he seen and known him, than he became inspired with an interest in his favour, such as could not have been produced by mere exterior qualities, but was the result only of that union he saw in him of all that is most great and beautiful, as well in the heart as mind of man. From that moment every former prejudice vanished, and the conformity of their opinions and studies contributed to unite them in a friendship, which only ended with their lives." [1]

The young Gamba, who was, at this time, but twenty years of age, with a heart full of all those dreams of the regeneration of Italy, which not only the example of Naples, but the spirit working beneath the surface all around him, inspired, had, together with his father, who was still in the prime of life, become enrolled in the secret bands now organising throughout Romagna, and Lord Byron

[1] "In quest' epoca venne a Ravenna di ritorno da Roma e Napoli il mio diletto fratello Pietro. Egli era stato prevenuto da dei nemeci di Lord Byron contro il di lui carattere; molto lo affligeva la mia intimità con lui, e le mie lettere non avevano riuscito a bene distruggere la cattiva impressione ricevuta dei detrattori di Lord Byron. Ma appena lo vidde e lo conobbe egli pure ricevesse quella impressione che non può essere prodotta da dei pregi esteriori, ma solamente dall' unione di tuttociò che vi è di più bello e di più grande nel cuore e nella mente dell' uomo. Svani ogni sua anteriore prevenzione contro di Lord Byron, e la conformità della loro idee e dei studii loro contribuì a stringerli in quella amicizia che non doveva avere fine che colla loro vita."

least of refinement on the surface, and by the novelty and apparent difficulty that invested them served to keep alive that illusion of imagination from which such pursuits derive their sole redeeming charm.

With such a mixture, or rather predominance, of the ideal in his loves, his hates, and his sorrows, the state of his existence at that period, animated as it was, and kept buoyant, by such a flow of success, must be acknowledged, even with every deduction for the unpicturesque associations of a London life, to have been, in a high degree, poetical, and to have worn round it altogether a sort of halo of romance, which the events that followed were but too much calculated to dissipate. By his marriage, and its results, he was again brought back to some of those bitter realities of which his youth had had a foretaste. Pecuniary embarrassment—that ordeal, of all others, the most trying to delicacy and high-mindedness — now beset him with all the indignities that usually follow in its train ; and he was thus rudely schooled into the advantages of *possessing* money, when he had hitherto thought but of the generous pleasure of *dispensing* it. No stronger proof, indeed, is wanting of the effect of such difficulties in tempering down even the most chivalrous pride, than the necessity to which he found himself reduced in 1816, not only of departing from his resolution never to profit by the sale of his works, but of accepting a sum of money, for copyright, from his publisher, which he had for some time persisted in refusing for himself, and, in the full sincerity of his generous heart, had destined for others.

The injustice and malice to which he soon after became a victim had an equally fatal effect in disenchanting the dream of his existence. Those imaginary, or, at least, retrospective sorrows, in which he had once loved to indulge, and whose tendency it was, through the medium of his fancy, to soften and refine his heart, were now exchanged for a host of actual, ignoble vexations, which it was even more humiliating than painful to encounter. His misanthropy, instead of being, as heretofore, a vague and abstract feeling, without any object to light upon, and losing therefore its acrimony in diffusion, was now, by the hostility he came in contact with, condensed into individual enmities, and narrowed into personal resentments ; and from the lofty, and, as it appeared to himself, philosophical luxury of hating mankind in the gross, he was now brought down to the self-humbling necessity of despising them in detail.

By all these influences, so fatal to enthusiasm of character, and forming, most of them, indeed, a part of the ordinary process by which hearts become chilled and hardened in the world, it was impossible but that some material change must have been effected in a disposition at once so susceptible and tenacious of impressions. By compelling him to concentre himself in his own resources and energies, as the only stand now left against the world's injustice, his enemies but succeeded in giving to the principle of self-dependence within him a new force and spring which, however it added to the vigour of his character, could not fail, by bringing Self so much into action, to impair a little its amiableness. Among the changes in his disposition, attributable mainly to this source, may be mentioned that diminished deference to the opinions and feelings of others which, after this compulsory rally of all his powers of resistance, he exhibited. Some portion, no doubt, of this refractoriness may be accounted for by his absence from all those whose slightest word or look would have done more with him than whole volumes of correspondence ; but by no cause less powerful and revulsive than the struggle in which he had been committed could a disposition naturally diffident as his was, and diffident even through all this excitement, have been driven into the assumption of a tone so universally defying, and so full, if not of pride in his own pre-eminent powers, of such a contempt for some of the ablest among his contemporaries, as almost implied it. It was, in fact, as has been more than once remarked in these pages, a similar stirring up of all the best and worst elements of his nature, to that which a like rebound against injustice had produced in his youth ; —though with a difference in point of force and grandeur, between the two explosions, almost as great as between the outbreaks of a firework and a volcano.

Another consequence of the spirit of defiance now roused in him, and one that tended, perhaps, even more fatally than any yet mentioned, to sully and, for a time, bring down to earth the romance of his character, was the course of life to which, outrunning even the licence of his youth, he abandoned himself at Venice. From this, as from his earlier excesses, the timely warning of disgust soon rescued him ; and the connection with Madame Guiccioli which followed, and which, however much to be reprehended, had in it all of marriage that his real marriage wanted, seemed to place, at length, within reach of his affectionate spirit that union and sympathy for which, through life, it had thirsted. But the treasure came too

late; — the pure poetry of the feeling had vanished; and those tears he shed so passionately in the garden at Bologna flowed less, perhaps, from the love which he felt at that moment, than from the saddening consciousness how differently he could have felt formerly. It was, indeed, wholly beyond the power, even of an imagination like his, to go on investing with its own ideal glories a sentiment which, — more from daring and vanity than from any other impulse, — he had taken such pains to tarnish and debase in his own eyes. Accordingly, instead of being able, as once, to elevate and embellish all that interested him, to make an idol of every passing creature of his fancy, and mistake the form of love, which he so often conjured up, for its substance, he now degenerated into the wholly opposite and perverse error of depreciating and making light of what, intrinsically, he valued, and, as the reader has seen, throwing slight and mockery upon a tie in which it was evident some of the best feelings of his nature were wrapped up. That foe to all enthusiasm and romance, the habit of ridicule, had, in proportion as he exchanged the illusions for the realities of life, gained further empire over him; and how far it had, at this time, encroached upon the loftier and fairer regions of his mind may be seen in the pages of Don Juan, — that diversified arena, on which the two Genii, good and evil, that governed his thoughts, hold, with alternate triumph, their ever-powerful combat.

Even this, too, this vein of mockery, — in the excess to which, at last, he carried it, — was but another result of the shock his proud mind had received from those events that had cast him off, branded and heart-stricken, from country and from home. As he himself touchingly says,

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep."[1]

This laughter, — which, in such temperaments, is the near neighbour of tears, — served as a diversion to him from more painful vents of bitterness; and the same philosophical calculation which made the poet of melancholy, Young, declare that "he preferred laughing at the world to being angry with it," led Lord Byron also to settle upon the same conclusion; and to feel, in the misanthropic views he was inclined to take of mankind, that mirth often saved him the pain of hate.

That, with so many drawbacks upon all generous effusions of sentiment, he should still have preserved so much of his native tenderness and ardour as is conspicuous, through all disguises, in his unquestionable love for Madame Guiccioli, and in the still more undoubted zeal with which he now entered, heart and soul, into the great cause of human freedom, wheresoever or by whomsoever asserted[2], — only shows how rich must have been the original stores of sensibility and enthusiasm which even a career such as his could so little chill or exhaust. Most consoling, too, is it to reflect that the few latter years of his life should have been thus visited with a return of that poetic lustre, which, though it never had ceased to surround the bard, had but too much faded away from the character of the man; and that while Love, — reprehensible as it was, but still Love, — had the credit of rescuing him from the only errors that disgraced his maturer years, for Liberty was reserved the proud but mournful triumph of calling the last stage of his glorious course her own, and lighting him, amidst the sympathies of the world, to his grave.

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[1] ["Now my sere fancy 'falls into the yellow
Leaf,' and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque:
And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, for we must steep
Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep," &c.
Don Juan, c. iv. st. 4.]

[2] Among his "Detached Thoughts" I find this general passion for liberty thus strikingly expressed. After saying, in reference to his own choice of Venice as a place of residence, "I remembered General Ludlow's domal inscription, 'Omne solum forti patria,' and sat down free in a country which had been one of slavery for centuries," he adds, "But there is *no* freedom, even for *masters*, in the midst of slaves. It makes my blood boil to see the thing. I sometimes wish that I was the owner of Africa, to do at once what Wilberforce will do in time, viz. sweep slavery from her deserts, and look on upon the first dance of their freedom.

"As to political slavery, so general, it is men's own fault: if they *will* be slaves, let them! Yet it is but 'a word and a blow.' See how England formerly, France, Spain, Portugal, America, Switzerland, freed themselves! There is no one instance of a long contest in which *men* did not triumph over systems. If Tyranny misses her *first* spring, she is cowardly as the tiger, and retires to be hunted."

["O Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,
Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
Thou hast struck one immense Colossus down,
Thou moral Washington of Africa."
Don Juan, c. xiv. st. 82.]

CHAPTER XLI.

1821.

RAVENNA.—DIARY.—FAME.—RICHARDSON. —FIELDING. — SCOTT'S NOVELS. — VESTRIS THE COMEDIAN. — FEMALE EDUCATION.—ENNUI.—SWIFT.—DYING AT TOP. —JOHNSON'S VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES. —SHARP THE CONVERSATIONIST. — VACCINATION. — CAMPBELL'S POETS. — HOMER. — TALE OF TROY. — MARINO FALIERO. — SCOTT. — GRILLPARZER. — SARDANAPALUS. — JAVA GAZETTE. — MOORE. — LORD GREY. — LAWRENCE. — THE EDGEWORTHS IN LONDON. — HYPOCHONDRIA. — REGNARD. — THREE AND THIRTY!

HAVING endeavoured, in this comparison between his present and former self, to account, by what I consider to be their true causes, for the new phenomena which his character, at this period, exhibited, I shall now lay before the reader the JOURNAL by which these remarks were more immediately suggested, and from which I fear they will be thought to have too long detained him.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY OF LORD BYRON, 1821.

"Ravenna, January 4. 1821.

"'A sudden thought strikes me.' Let me begin a Journal once more. The last I kept was in Switzerland, in record of a tour made in the Bernese Alps, which I made to send to my sister in 1816, and I suppose that she has it still, for she wrote to me that she was pleased with it. Another, and longer, I kept in 1813-1814, which I gave to Thomas Moore in the same year.

"This morning I gat me up late, as usual — weather bad — bad as England — worse. The snow of last week melting to the sirocco of to-day, so that there were two d—d things at once. Could not even get to ride on horseback in the forest. Stayed at home all the morning — looked at the fire — wondered when the post would come. Post came at the Ave Maria, instead of half-past one o'clock, as it ought. Galignani's Messengers, six in number — a letter from Faenza, but none from England. Very sulky in consequence (for there ought to have been letters), and ate in consequence a copious dinner; for when I am vexed, it makes me swallow quicker — but drank very little.

"I was out of spirits — read the papers — thought what *fame* was, on reading, in a case of murder, that 'Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gipsy woman accused. He had on his counter (I quote faithfully) a *book*, the Life of *Pamela*, which he was *tearing* for *waste* paper, &c. &c. In the cheese was found, &c. and a *leaf* of *Pamela wrapt round the bacon*.' What would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of *living* authors (*i. e.* while alive) — he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding (the *prose* Homer of human nature) and of Pope[1] (the most beautiful of poets) — what would he have said, could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince's toilets (see Boswell's Johnson[2]) to the grocer's counter and the gipsy-murderess's bacon!!![3]

"What would he have said? what can any body say, save what Solomon said long before us? After all, it is but passing from one counter to another, from the bookseller's to the other tradesman's — grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship.

"Wrote five letters in about half an hour, short and savage, to all my rascally correspondents. Carriage came. Heard the news of three murders at Faenza and Forli — a

[1] ["Richardson seems to have joined Aaron Hill in the cuckoo-song, that Pope had written himself out; and the dislike which he manifests towards Fielding, breaks out too often, and is too anxiously veiled under an affectation of charity and candour, not to lead us to suspect that the author of Tom Jones was at least as obnoxious to Richardson through the success, as from the alleged immorality, of his productions." — SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Prose Works*, vol. iii. p. 19.]

[2] ["A gentleman, who had lately been at Paris, sought, while in a large company at Richardson's villa, to gratify the landlord by informing him that he had seen his Clarissa lying on the king's brother's table. Richardson observing that a part of the company were engaged in conversation apart, affected not to hear what had been said, but took advantage of the first general pause to address the gentleman with — 'Sir, I think you were saying something about' — and then stopped in a flutter of expectation; which his guest mortified by replying, 'A mere trifle, sir, not worth repeating." — *Boswell's Johnson.*]

[3] ["What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the Œdipus Tyrannus, the Alchemist, and Tom Jones the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May." — *Coleridge's Table Talk.*]

carabinier, a smuggler, and an attorney — all last night. The two first in a quarrel, the latter by premeditation.

"Three weeks ago — almost a month — the 7th it was — I picked up the commandant, mortally wounded, out of the street; he died in my house; assassins unknown, but presumed political. His brethren wrote from Rome last night to thank me for having assisted him in his last moments. Poor fellow! it was a pity; he was a good soldier, but imprudent. It was eight in the evening when they killed him. We heard the shot; my servants and I ran out, and found him expiring, with five wounds, two whereof mortal — by slugs they seemed. I examined him, but did not go to the dissection next morning.

"Carriage at 8 or so — went to visit La Contessa G. — found her playing on the piano-forte — talked till ten, when the Count, her father, and the no less Count, her brother, came in from the theatre. Play, they said, Alfieri's Fileppo — well received.

"Two days ago the King of Naples passed through Bologna on his way to congress. My servant Luigi brought the news. I had sent him to Bologna for a lamp. How will it end? Time will show.

"Came home at eleven, or rather before. If the road and weather are comfortable, mean to ride to-morrow. High time — almost a week at this work — snow, sirocco, one day — frost and snow the other — sad climate for Italy. But the two seasons, last and present, are extraordinary. Read a Life of Leonardo da Vinci by Rossi — ruminated — wrote this much, and will go to bed.

"January 5. 1821.

"Rose late — dull and drooping — the weather dripping and dense. Snow on the ground, and sirocco above in the sky, like yesterday. Roads up to the horse's belly, so that riding (at least for pleasure) is not very feasible. Added a postscript to my letter to Murray. Read the conclusion, for the fiftieth time (I have read all W. Scott's novels at least fifty times), of the third series of 'Tales of my Landlord,' — grand work — Scotch Fielding, as well as great English poet — wonderful man! I long to get drunk with him.

"Dined versus six o' the clock. Forgot that there was a plum-pudding, (I have added, lately, *eating* to my 'family of vices,') and had dined before I knew it. Drank half a bottle of some sort of spirits — probably spirits of wine; for what they call brandy, rum, &c. &c. here is nothing but spirits of wine, coloured accordingly. Did *not* eat two apples, which were placed by way of dessert. Fed the two cats, the hawk, and the tame (but *not tamed*) crow. Read Mitford's History of Greece — Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Up to this present moment writing, 6 minutes before eight o' the clock — French hours, not Italian.

"Hear the carriage — order pistols and great coat, as usual — necessary articles. Weather cold — carriage open, and inhabitants somewhat savage — rather treacherous and highly inflamed by politics. Fine fellows, though, good materials for a nation. Out of chaos God made a world, and out of high passions comes a people.

"Clock strikes — going out to make love. Somewhat perilous, but not disagreeable. Memorandum — a new screen put up to-day. It is rather antique, but will do with a little repair.

"Thaw continues — hopeful that riding may be practicable to-morrow. Sent the papers to All[1]. — grand events coming.

"11 o' the clock and nine minutes. Visited La Contessa G. Nata G. G. Found her beginning my letter of answer to the thanks of Alessio del Pinto of Rome for assisting his brother the late Commandant in his last moments, as I had begged her to pen my reply for the purer Italian, I being an ultramontane, little skilled in the set phrase of Tuscany. Cut short the letter — finish it another day. Talked of Italy, patriotism, Alfieri, Madame Albany, and other branches of learning. Also Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline, and the War of Jugurtha. At 9 came in her brother, Il Conte Pietro — at 10, her father, Conte Ruggiero.

"Talked of various modes of warfare — of the Hungarian and Highland modes of broad-sword exercise, in both whereof I was once a moderate 'master of fence.' Settled that the R. will break out on the 7th or 8th of March, in which appointment I should trust, had it not been settled that it was to have broken out in October, 1820. But those Bolognese shirked the Romagnuoles.

"'It is all one to Ranger.' One must not be particular, but take rebellion when it lies in the way. Come home — read the 'Ten Thousand' again, and will go to bed.

"Mem. — Ordered Fletcher (at four o'clock this afternoon) to copy out seven or eight apophthegms of Bacon[1], in which I have detected such blunders as a schoolboy might detect rather than commit. Such are the sages! What must they be, when such as I can stumble on their mistakes or mistatements? I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical.

[1] [See Works, p. 808.]

"January 6. 1821.

"Mist—thaw—slop—rain. No stirring out on horseback. Read Spence's Anecdotes. Pope a fine fellow—always thought him so. Corrected blunders in *nine* apophthegms of Bacon—all historical—and read Mitford's Greece. Wrote an epigram. Turned to a passage in Guinguené—ditto in Lord Holland's Lope de Vega.[1] Wrote a note on Don Juan.

"At eight went out to visit. Heard a little music—like music. Talked with Count Pietro G. of the Italian comedian Vestris, who is now at Rome—have seen him often act in Venice—a good actor—very. Somewhat of a mannerist; but excellent in broad comedy, as well as in the sentimental pathetic. He has made me frequently laugh and cry, neither of which is now a very easy matter—at least, for a player to produce in me.

"Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalric and feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as haymaking and milking?

"Came home, and read Mitford again, and played with my mastiff—gave him his supper. Made another reading to the epigram, but the turn the same. To-night at the theatre, there being a prince on his throne in the last scene of the comedy,—the audience laughed, and asked him for a *Constitution*. This shows the state of the public mind here, as well as the assassinations. It won't do. There must be an universal republic,—and there ought to be.

"The crow is lame of a leg—wonder how it happened—some fool trod upon his toe, I suppose. The falcon pretty brisk—the cats large and noisy—the monkeys I have not looked to since the cold weather, as they suffer by being brought up. Horses must be gay—get a ride as soon as weather serves. Deuced muggy still—an Italian winter is a sad thing, but all the other seasons are charming.

"What is the reason that I have been, all my lifetime, more or less *ennuyé?* and that, if any thing, I am rather less so now than I was at twenty, as far as my recollection serves? I do not know how to answer this, but presume that it is constitutional,—as well as the waking in low spirits, which I have invariably done for many years. Temperance and exercise, which I have practised at times, and for a long time together vigorously and violently, made little or no difference. Violent passions did;—when under their immediate influence—it is odd, but—I was in agitated, but *not* in depressed, spirits.

"A dose of salts has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me. But wine and spirits make me sullen and savage to ferocity—silent, however, and retiring, and not quarrelsome, if not spoken to. Swimming also raises my spirits,—but in general they are low, and get daily lower. That is *hopeless;* for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as I was at nineteen. The proof is, that then I must game, or drink, or be in motion of some kind, or I was miserable. At present, I can mope in quietness; and like being alone better than any company—except the lady's whom I serve. But I feel a something, which makes me think that, if I ever reach near to old age, like Swift, 'I shall die at top' first.[2] Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses.

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[1] ["Till Voltaire appeared, there was no nation more ignorant of its neighbours' literature than the French. He first exposed, and then corrected, this neglect in his countrymen. There is no writer to whom the authors of other nations, especially of England, are so indebted for the extension of their fame in France, and, through France, in Europe. There is no critic who has employed more time, wit, ingenuity, and diligence in promoting the literary intercourse between country and country, and in celebrating in one language the triumphs of another. Yet, by a strange fatality, he is constantly represented as the enemy of all literature but his own; and Spaniards, Englishmen, and Italians vie with each other in inveighing against his occasional exaggeration of faulty passages; the authors of which, till he pointed out their beauties, were hardly known beyond the country in which their language was spoken. Those who feel such indignation at his misrepresentations and oversights would find it difficult to produce a critic in any modern language, who, in speaking of foreign literature, is better informed or more candid than Voltaire; and they certainly never would be able to discover one who to those qualities unites so much sagacity and liveliness."—Vol. i. p. 215. ed. 1817.]

[2] ["I remember as I and others were taking with Swift an evening walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he stopped short: we passed on; but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upwards at a noble elm, which, in its uppermost branches, was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, 'I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top."—DR. YOUNG, in his *Letter to Richardson*.]

"January 7. 1821. Sunday.

"Still rain — mist — snow — drizzle — and all the incalculable combinations of a climate where heat and cold struggle for mastery. Read Spence, and turned over Roscoe, to find a passage I have not found. Read the fourth vol. of W. Scott's second series of 'Tales of my Landlord.' Dined. Read the Lugano Gazette. Read — I forget what. At eight went to conversazione. Found there the Countess Geltrude, Betti V. and her husband, and others. Pretty black-eyed woman that — *only* nineteen — same age as Teresa, who is prettier, though.

"The Count Pietro G. took me aside to say that the Patriots have had notice from Forli (twenty miles off) that to-night the government and its party mean to strike a stroke — that the Cardinal here has had orders to make several arrests immediately, and that, in consequence, the Liberals are arming, and have posted patroles in the streets, to sound the alarm and give notice to fight for it.

"He asked me 'what should be done?' I answered, 'Fight for it, rather than be taken in detail;' and offered, if any of them are in immediate apprehension of arrest, to receive them in my house (which is defensible), and to defend them, with my servants and themselves (we have arms and ammunition), as long as we can, — or to try to get them away under cloud of night. On going home, I offered him the pistols which I had about me — but he refused, but said he would come off to me in case of accidents.

"It wants half an hour of midnight, and rains; — as Gibbet says, 'a fine night for their enterprise — dark as hell, and blows like the devil.'[1] If the row don't happen *now*, it must soon. I thought that their system of shooting people would soon produce a re-action — and now it seems coming. I will do what I can in the way of combat, though a little out of exercise. The cause is a good one.

"Turned over and over half a score of books for the passage in question, and can't find it. Expect to hear the drum and the musquetry momently (for they swear to resist, and are right,) — but I hear nothing, as yet, save the plash of the rain and the gusts of the wind at intervals. Don't like to go to bed, because I hate to be waked, and would rather sit up for the row, if there is to be one.

"Mended the fire — have got the arms — and a book or two, which I shall turn over. I know little of their numbers, but think the Carbonari strong enough to beat the troops, even here. With twenty men this house might be defended for twenty-four hours against any force to be brought against it, *now* in this place, for the same time; and, in such a time, the country would have notice, and would rise, — if ever they *will* rise, of which there is some doubt. In the mean time, I may as well read as do any thing else, being alone.

"January 8. 1821. Monday.

"Rose, and found Count P. G. in my apartments. Sent away the servant. Told me that, according to the best information, the Government had not issued orders for the arrests apprehended; that the attack in Forli had not taken place (as expected) by the Sanfedisti — the opponents of the Carbonari or Liberals — and that, as yet, they are still in apprehension only. Asked me for some arms of a better sort, which I gave him. Settled that, in case of a row, the Liberals were to assemble *here* (with me), and that he had given the word to Vincenzo G. and others of the *Chiefs* for that purpose. He himself and father are going to the chase in the forest; but V. G. is to come to me, and an express to be sent off to him, P. G., if any thing occurs. Concerted operations. They are to seize — but no matter.

"I advised them to attack in detail, and in different parties, in different *places* (though at the *same* time), so as to divide the attention of the troops, who, though few, yet being disciplined, would beat any body of people (not trained) in a regular fight — unless dispersed in small parties, and distracted with different assaults. Offered to let them assemble here if they choose. It is a strongish post — narrow street, commanded from within — and tenable walls.

"Dined. Tried on a new coat. Letter to Murray, with corrections of Bacon's Apophthegms and an epigram — the *latter not* for publication. At eight went to Teresa, Countess G. At nine and a half came in Il Conte P. and Count P. G. Talked of a certain proclamation lately issued. Count R. G. had been with * * (the * *), to sound him about the arrests. He, * *, is a *trimmer*, and deals, at present, his cards with both hands. If he don't mind, they'll be full. * * pretends (*I* doubt him — *they* don't, — we shall see) that there is no such order, and seems staggered by the immense exertions of the Neapolitans, and the fierce spirit of the Liberals here. The truth is, that * * cares for little but his place (which is a good one), and wishes to play pretty with both parties. He has changed his mind thirty times these last three moons, to my know-

[1] [Beaux Stratagem, act iv. sc. 2.]

ledge, for he corresponds with me. But he is not a bloody fellow—only an avaricious one.

"It seems that, just at this moment (as Lydia Languish says), there will be no elopement after all. I wish that I had known as much last night—or, rather, this morning—I should have gone to bed two hours earlier. And yet I ought not to complain; for, though it is a sirocco, and heavy rain, I have not *yawned* for these two days.

"Came home—read History of Greece—before dinner had read Walter Scott's Rob Roy. Wrote address to the letter in answer to Alessio del Pinto, who has thanked me for helping his brother (the late Commandant, murdered here last month) in his last moments. Have told him I only did a duty of humanity—as is true. The brother lives at Rome.

"Mended the fire with some 'sgobole' (a Romagnuole word), and gave the falcon some water. Drank some Seltzer-water. Mem.—received to-day a print, or etching, of the story of Ugolino, by an Italian painter—different, of course, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and I think (as far as recollection goes) *no worse*, for Reynolds's is not good in history.[1] Tore a button in my new coat.

"I wonder what figure these Italians will make in a regular row. I sometimes think that, like the Irishman's gun (somebody had sold him a crooked one), they will only do for 'shooting round a corner;' at least, this sort of shooting has been the late tenor of their exploits. And yet there are materials in this people, and a noble energy, if well directed. But who is to direct them? No matter. Out of such times heroes spring. Difficulties are the hotbeds of high spirits, and Freedom the mother of the few virtues incident to human nature.

"Tuesday, January 9. 1821.

"Rose—the day fine. Ordered the horses; but Lega (my *secretary*, an Italianism for steward or chief servant) coming to tell me that the painter had finished the work in fresco, for the room he has been employed on lately, I went to see it before I set out. The painter has not copied badly the prints from Titian, &c. considering all things.

"Dined. Read Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes,'—all the examples and mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. I do not so much admire the opening. I remember an observation of Sharpe's, (the *Conversationist*, as he was called in London, and a very clever man,) that the first line of this poem was superfluous, and that Pope (the best of poets, *I* think,) would have begun at once, only changing the punctuation—

"'Survey mankind from China to Peru.'[2]

The former line, 'Let observation,' &c. is certainly heavy and useless. But 'tis a grand poem—and *so true!*—true as the 10th of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages *changes* all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and every thing 'about, around, and underneath' man, *except man himself*, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes lead but to disappointment.[3] All the discoveries which have yet been made have multiplied little but existence.[4] An extirpated disease

[1] ["The subject is said, by Cumberland, to have been suggested to Sir Joshua by Goldsmith. The merit lies in the execution; and even this seems of a disputable excellence. The lofty and stern sufferer of Dante appears on Reynolds's canvass like a famished mendicant, deficient in any commanding qualities of intellect, and regardless of his dying children who cluster around his knees."—*Brit. Painters*, vol. I. p. 268.

"The dungeon of Bonnivard" (the Prisoner of Chillon) "is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal even for the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable, as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings."—Sir Walter Scott.]

[2] ["There is an offence against simplicity which should be shunned; though it occurs often in Johnson, and though the abstract terms, affected by him, give a kind of false pomp to the style, assuming the air of personification. He thus commences his imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal;—

'Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru.'

Dryden and Pope would have been satisfied with the second line, and would have avoided both the tautology and pomposity of the first."—*Sharp's Letters to a Young Friend at College; Essays*, p. 47. ed. 1834.]

[3] ["Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more."
Vanity of Human Wishes.]

[4] ["What opposite discoveries we have seen!
(Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets)
One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
One breaks your bones, one sets them in the sockets:
But vaccination certainly has been
A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets," &c.
Don Juan, c. i. st. 129.]

Verfluchter — Hundsfott' — and so forth[1]; but I have little less of their energetic conversation.

"I like, however, their women, (I was once *so desperately* in love with a German woman, Constance,) and all that I have read, translated, of their writings, and all that I have seen on the Rhine of their country and people — all, except the Austrians, whom I abhor, loathe, and — I cannot find words for my hate of them, and should be sorry to find deeds correspondent to my hate; for I abhor cruelty more than I abhor the Austrians — except on an impulse, and then I am savage — but not deliberately so.

"Grillparzer is grand — antique — *not so simple* as the ancients, but very simple for a modern — too Madame de Stael*ish*, now and then — but altogether a great and goodly writer.

"January 13. 1821, Saturday.

"Sketched the outline and Drams. Pers. of an intended tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus, (I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old,) and read over a passage in the ninth vol. octavo, of Mitford's Greece, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians.

"Dined — news come — the *Powers* mean to war with the peoples. The intelligence seems positive — let it be so — they will be beaten in the end. The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.

"I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grillparzer's Sappho, which she promises to read. She quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not the loftiest* theme for true tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my fewer arguments. I believe she was right. I must put more love into 'Sardanapalus' than I intended. I I speak, of course, *if* the times will allow me leisure. That *if* will hardly be a peace-maker.

"January 14. 1821.

"Turned over Seneca's tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of Sardanapalus. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned — dined — wrote some more of my tragedy.

"Read Diodorus Siculus — turned over Seneca, and some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the spirits (at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and I don't like laudanum now as I used to do. So I have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters, which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and thereunto I conclude this day's diary.

"The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is, however, strange. It *settles*, but it makes me gloomy — gloomy at the very moment of their effect, and not gay hardly ever. But it composes for a time, though sullenly.

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"I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore ('the poet,' *par excellence*, and he deserves it) and I were going together, in the same carriage, to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining Whigs. Murray, the magnificent (the illustrious publisher of that name), had just sent me a Java gazette — I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it to contain a dispute (the said Java gazette) on Moore's merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But, there is *fame* for you at six and twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

"It was a great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest — *pleasure*, at least — to be *with* him; and, surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were

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Along the road, as if they went to bury
Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle
With 'schnapps' — sad dogs! whom 'Hundsfott' or 'Verfluchter,'
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the material *facts*) and of *place*. Otherwise, it would have given me no delight. Who will persuade me, when I reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not contain a hero? — its very magnitude proved this. Men do not labour over the ignoble and petty dead — and why should not the *dead* be *Homer*'s dead? The secret of Tom Campbell's defence of *inaccuracy* in costume and description is, that his Gertrude, &c. has no more locality in common with Pennsylvania than with Penmanmaur. It is notoriously full of grossly false scenery, as all Americans declare, though they praise parts of the poem. It is thus that self-love for ever creeps out, like a snake, to sting any thing which happens, even accidentally, to stumble upon it.

"January 12. 1821.

"The weather still so humid and impracticable, that London, in its most oppressive fogs, were a summer-bower to this mist and sirocco, which has now lasted (but with one day's interval), chequered with snow or heavy rain only, since the 30th of December, 1820. It is so far lucky that I have a literary turn; — but it is very tiresome not to be able to stir out, in comfort, on any horse but Pegasus, for so many days. The roads are even worse than the weather, by the long splashing, and the heavy soil, and the growth of the waters.

"Read the Poets — English, that is to say — out of Campbell's edition. There is a good deal of taffeta in some of Tom's prefatory phrases, but his work is good as a whole. I like him best, though, in his own poetry.

"Murray writes that they want to act the Tragedy of Marino Faliero — more fools they, it was written for the closet. I have protested against this piece of usurpation, (which, it seems, is legal for managers over any printed work, against the author's will,) and I hope they will not attempt it. Why don't they bring out some of the numberless aspirants for theatrical celebrity, now encumbering their shelves, instead of lugging me out of the library? I have written a fierce protest against any such attempt; but I still would hope that it will not be necessary, and that they will see, at once, that it is not intended for the stage. It is too regular — the time, twenty-four hours — the change of place not frequent — nothing *melo*-dramatic — no surprises, no starts, nor trap-doors, nor opportunities 'for tossing their heads and kicking their heels' — and no *love* — the grand ingredient of a modern play.

"I have found out the seal cut on Murray's letter. It is meant for Walter Scott — or *Sir* Walter — he is the first poet knighted since Sir Richard Blackmore. But it does not do him justice. Scott's — particularly when he recites — is a very intelligent countenance, and this seal says nothing.

"Scott is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any — if not better (only on an erroneous system) — and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar learned were tired of hearing 'Aristides called the Just,' and Scott the Best, and ostracised him.

"I like him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good-nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper! — for he deserves it. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of W. Scott's. I shall give the seal, with his bust on it, to Madame la Comtesse G. this evening, who will be curious to have the effigies of a man so celebrated.

"How strange are our thoughts, &c. &c. &c. [1]

"Midnight.

"Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer — a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity; but they *must* learn to pronounce it. With all the allowance for a *translation*, and above all, an *Italian* translation (they are the very worst of translators, except from the Classics — Annibale Caro, for instance — and *there*, the bastardy of their language helps them, as, by way of *looking legitimate*, they ape their father's tongue); — but with every allowance for such a disadvantage, the tragedy of Sappho is superb and sublime! There is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. And *who is he?* I know him not; but *ages will*. 'Tis a high intellect.

"I must premise, however, that I have read *nothing* of Adolph Müllner's (the author of 'Guilt'), and much less of Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland, than I could wish. I only know them through the medium of English, French, and Italian translations. Of the *real* language I know absolutely nothing, — except oaths learned from postillions and officers in a squabble. I can *swear* in German potently, when I like — 'Sacrament —

[1] Here follows a long passage, already extracted, relative to his early friend, Edward Noel Long. [See *antè*, p. 31.]

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quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

"Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patrician, thorough-bred look* of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp, so modestly and ingenuously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

"The only pleasure of fame is that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl's harp after.

"January 16. 1821.

"Read — rode — fired pistols — returned — dined — wrote — visited — heard music — talked nonsense — and went home.

"Wrote part of a Tragedy — advanced in Act 1st with 'all deliberate speed.' Bought a blanket. The weather is still muggy as a London May — mist, mizzle, the air replete with Scotticisms, which, though fine in the descriptions of Ossian, are somewhat tiresome in real, prosaic perspective. Politics still mysterious.

"January 17. 1821.

"Rode i' the forest — fired pistols — dined. Arrived a packet of books from England and Lombardy — English, Italian, French, and Latin. Read till eight — went out.

"January 18. 1821.

"To-day, the post arriving late, did not ride. Read letters — only two gazettes instead of twelve now due. Made Lega write to that negligent Galignani, and added a postscript. Dined.

"At eight proposed to go out. Lega came in with a letter about a bill *unpaid* at Venice, which I thought paid months ago. I flew into a paroxysm of rage, which almost made me faint. I have not been well ever since. I deserve it for being such a fool — but it *was* provoking — a set of scoundrels! It is, however, but five and twenty pounds.

"January 19. 1821.

"Rode. Winter's wind somewhat more unkind than ingratitude itself, though Shakspeare says otherwise.[1] At least, I am so much more accustomed to meet with ingratitude than the north wind, that I thought the latter the sharper of the two. I had met with both in the course of the twenty-four hours, so could judge.

"Thought of a plan of education for my daughter Allegra, who ought to begin soon with her studies. Wrote a letter — afterwards a postscript. Rather in low spirits — certainly hippish — liver touched — will take a dose of salts.

"I have been reading the Life, by himself and daughter, of Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, the father of *the* Miss Edgeworth. It is altogether a great name. In 1813, I recollect to have met them in the fashionable world of London (of which I then formed an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of something) in the assemblies of the hour, and at a breakfast of Sir Humphry and Lady Davy's, to which I was invited for the nonce. I had been the lion of 1812: Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael, with 'the Cossack,' towards the end of 1813, were the exhibitions of the succeeding year.[2]

"I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarety, elderly, red complexion, but active, brisk, and endless. He was seventy, but did not look fifty — no, nor forty-eight even. I had seen poor Fitzpatrick not very long before — a man of pleasure, wit, eloquence, all things.[3] He tottered — but still talked like a gentleman, though feebly. Edgeworth bounced about, and talked loud and long; but he seemed neither weakly nor decrepit, and hardly old.

"He began by telling 'that he had given Dr. Parr a dressing, who had taken him for

[1] ["Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude," &c.
As You Like It, act ii. sc. 7.]

[2] ["May 11. 1813. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Edgeworth are just come over from Ireland, and are the great objects of curiosity and attention. Miss Edgeworth is a most agreeable person, very natural, clever, and well-informed, without the least pretensions of authorship. She had never been in a large society before, and she was followed and courted by all the persons of distinction in London, with an avidity almost without example." — Sir J. Mackintosh: *Life*, vol. ii. p. 262.]

[3] [General Richard Fitzpatrick, brother of the Earl of Upper Ossory, and, during forty years, the intimate friend of Fox. He was secretary at war to the ministry of 1783; to which situation he was again appointed in 1806, during the Fox and Grenville administration. He wrote various poetical trifles; and among others a political eclogue entitled "The Lyars," considered by Mr. Matthias the most finished of all the productions of the authors of the Rolliad. (See Pursuits of Literature.) He also composed the epitaph, inscribed on his monument in the church-yard of Sunning Hill, Berks. See Gent. Mag. vol. lxxxvi. p. 99. He died in 1813.]

an Irish bogtrotter,' &c. &c. Now I, who know Dr. Parr, and who know (*not* by experience — for I never should have presumed so far as to contend with him — but by hearing him *with* others, and *of* others) that it is not so easy a matter to 'dress him,' thought Mr. Edgeworth an assertor of what was not true. He could not have stood before Parr an instant. For the rest, he seemed intelligent, vehement, vivacious, and full of life. He bids fair for a hundred years.[1]

"He was not much admired in London, and I remember a 'ryghte merrie' and conceited jest which was rife among the gallants of the day, — viz. a paper had been presented for the *recall of Mrs. Siddons to the stage*, (she having lately taken leave, to the loss of ages, — for nothing ever was, or can be, like her,) to which all men had been called to subscribe. Whereupon Thomas Moore, of profane and poetical memory, did propose that a similar paper should be *sub*scribed and *circum*scribed 'for the recall of Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland.'[2]

"The fact was — every body cared more about *her*. She was a nice little unassuming 'Jeanie Deans-looking body,' as we Scotch say — and, if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write *her name;* whereas her father talked, *not* as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing.

"As for Mrs. Edgeworth, I forget — except that I think she was the youngest of the party. Altogether, they were an excellent cage of the kind; and succeeded for two months, till the landing of Madame de Stael.

"To turn from them to their works, I admire them; but they excite no feeling, and they leave no love — except for some Irish steward or postillion. However, the impression of intellect and prudence is profound — and may be useful.[3]

"January 21. 1821.

"Rode—fired pistols. Read from Grimm's Correspondence. Dined — went out — heard music — returned — wrote a letter to the Lord Chamberlain to request him to prevent the theatres from representing the Doge, which the Italian papers say that they are going to act. This is pretty work — what! without asking my consent, and even in opposition to it!

"January 21. 1821.

"Fine, clear, frosty day — that is to say, an Italian frost, for their winters hardly get beyond snow; for which reason nobody knows how to skate (or skait) — a Dutch and English accomplishment. Rode out, as usual, and fired pistols. Good shooting — broke four common, and rather small, bottles, in four shots, at fourteen paces, with a common pair of pistols and indifferent powder. Almost as good *wafering* or shooting — considering the difference of powder and pistol, — as when, in 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, it was my luck to split walking-sticks, wafers, half-crowns, shillings, and even the *eye* of a walking-stick, at twelve paces, with a single bullet — and all by *eye* and calculation; for my hand is not steady, and apt to change with the very weather. To the prowess which I here note, Joe Manton and others can bear testimony; for the former taught, and the latter has seen me do, these feats.

"Dined — visited — came home — read. Remarked on an anecdote in Grimm's Correspondence, which says that 'Regnard et la plûpart des poëtes comiques étaient gens bilieux et mélancoliques; et que M. de Voltaire, qui est très gai, n'a jamais fait que des tragedies — et que la comédie gaie est le seul genre où il n'ait point réussi. C'est que celui qui rit et celui qui fait rire sont deux hommes fort différens.' — Vol. VI.

"At this moment I feel as bilious as the best comic writer of them all, (even as Regnard himself, the next to Molière, who has written some of the best comedies in any language, and who is supposed to have committed suicide[4],) and am not in spirits to continue my proposed tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have, for some days, ceased to compose.

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[1] [Mr. Edgeworth died in 1817, in his seventy-fourth year.]

[2] In this I rather think he was misinformed; whatever merit there may be in the jest, I have not, as far as I can recollect, the slightest claim to it.

[3] ["In my first enthusiasm of admiration, I thought that Miss Edgeworth had first made fiction useful; but every fiction since Homer has taught friendship, patriotism, generosity, contempt of death. These are the highest virtues; and the fictions which taught them were therefore of the highest, though not of unmixed utility. Miss Edgeworth inculcates *prudence*, and the many virtues of that family. Are these excellent virtues higher or more useful than those of fortitude and benevolence? Certainly not. Where, then, is Miss Edgeworth's merit? Her merit — her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and as a woman of genius—consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others, and which had therefore been left by former writers to her."—Sir James Mackintosh: *Life*, vol. ii. p. 42.]

[4] [Regnard died in 1709, in his fifty-second year. It has been said that he died of chagrin, nay, that he voluntarily shortened his days; but these reports are contradicted in the Dictionnaire Historique, ed. 1811.]

"To-morrow is my birth-day — that is to say, at twelve o' the clock, midnight, *i. e.* in twelve minutes, I shall have completed thirty and three years of age!!! — and I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose.

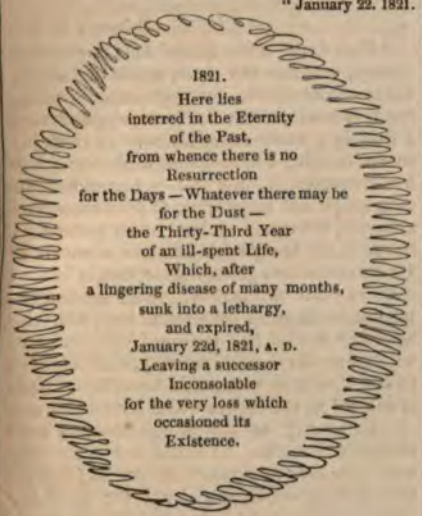
"It is three minutes past twelve. — 'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,' and I am now thirty-three!

> "Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
> Labuntur anni; —

but I don't regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done.

> "Through life's road, so dim and dirty,
> I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
> What have these years left to me?
> Nothing — except thirty-three.

"January 22. 1821.



CHAPTER XLII.

1821.

RAVENNA. — DIARY CONTINUED. — OPERATIONS OF THE CARBONARI.—LORD SYDNEY OSBORNE. — SOCRATES. — CHARITY. — CAIN. — FRANCESCA OF RIMINI. — TIBERIUS. — WHAT IS POETRY? — PAST AND FUTURE. — HOPE AND FEAR. — DEATH. — FREDERICK SCHLEGEL. — GENTLENESS OF DANTE. — VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. — LAZINESS. — GRIMM'S CORRESPONDENCE. — ST. LAMBERT AND THOMSON. — LOW SPIRITS. — BOWLES VERSUS POPE. — GRAY'S ELEGY. — INDIGESTION. — HOPE.

"January 23. 1821.

"FINE day. Read — rode — fired pistols, and returned. Dined — read. Went out at eight — made the usual visit. Heard of nothing but war, — 'the cry is still, They come.' The Carbonari seem to have no plan — nothing fixed among themselves, how, when, or what to do. In that case, they will make nothing of this project, so often postponed, and never put in action.

"Came home, and gave some necessary orders, in case of circumstances requiring a change of place. I shall act according to what may seem proper, when I hear decidedly what the Barbarians mean to do. At present, they are building a bridge of boats over the Po, which looks very warlike. A few days will probably show. I think of retiring towards Ancona, nearer the northern frontier; that is to say, if Teresa and her father are obliged to retire, which is most likely, as all the family are Liberals. If not, I shall stay. But my movements will depend upon the lady's wishes — for myself, it is much the same.

"I am somewhat puzzled what to do with my little daughter, and my effects, which are of some quantity and value, — and neither of them do in the seat of war, where I think of going. But there is an elderly lady who will take charge of *her*, and T. says that the Marchese C. will undertake to hold the chattels in safe keeping. Half the city are getting their affairs in marching trim. A pretty Carnival! The blackguards might as well have waited till Lent.

"January 24. 1821.

"Returned — met some masques in the Corso — 'Vive la bagatelle!' — the Germans are on the Po, the Barbarians at the gate, and their masters in council at Leybach (or whatever the eructation of the sound may syllable into a human pronunciation), and lo! they dance and sing and make merry, 'for to-morrow they may die.' Who can say that the Arlequins are not right? Like the Lady Baussiere, and my old friend Burton — I 'rode on.'

"Dined — (damn this pen!) — beef tough — there is no beef in Italy worth a curse; unless a man could eat an old ox with the hide on, singed in the sun.

"The principal persons in the events which may occur in a few days are gone out on a *shooting party*. If it were like a '*highland* hunting,' a pretext of the chase for a grand re-union of counsellors and chiefs, it would be all very well. But it is nothing more or less than a real snivelling, popping, small-shot, water-hen waste of powder, ammunition, and shot, for their own special amusement: a rare set of fellows for 'a man to risk his neck with,' as 'Marishall Wells' says in the Black Dwarf.

"If they gather, — 'whilk is to be doubted,' — they will not muster a thousand men. The reason of this is, that the populace are not interested, — only the higher and middle orders. I wish that the peasantry *were;* they are a fine savage race of two-legged leopards. But the Bolognese won't — the Romagnuoles can't without them. Or, if they try — what then? They will try, and man can do no more — and, if he *would* but try his utmost, much might be done. The Dutch, for instance, against the Spaniards — *then* the tyrants of Europe, since, the slaves, and, lately, the freedmen.

"The year 1820 was not a fortunate one for the individual me, whatever it may be for the nations. I lost a lawsuit, after two decisions in my favour. The project of lending money on an Irish mortgage was finally rejected by my wife's trustee after a year's hope and trouble. The Rochdale lawsuit had endured fifteen years, and always prospered till I married; since which, every thing has gone wrong — with me at least.

"In the same year, 1820, the Countess T. G. nata G[1]. G[1]. in despite of all I said and did to prevent it, *would* separate from her husband, Il Cavalier Commendatore G[1]. &c. &c. &c. and all on the account of 'P. P. clerk of this parish.' The other little petty vexations of the year — overturns in carriages — the murder of people before one's door, and dying in one's beds — the cramp in swimming — colics — indigestions and bilious attacks, &c. &c. &c. —

> "Many small articles make up a sum,
> And hey ho for Caleb Quotem, oh!"

"January 25. 1821.

"Received a letter from Lord S. O.[1], state secretary of the Seven Islands — a fine fellow — clever — dished in England five years ago, and came abroad to retrench and to renew. He wrote from Ancona, in his way back to Corfu, on some matters of our own. He is son of the late Duke of L. by a second marriage. He wants me to go to Corfu. Why not? — perhaps I may, next spring.

"Answered Murray's letter — read — lounged. Scrawled this additional page of life's log-book. One day more is over of it and of me: — but 'which is best, life or death, the gods only know,' as Socrates said to his judges, on the breaking up of the tribunal.[2] Two thousand years since that sage's declaration of ignorance have not enlightened us more upon this important point; for, according to the Christian dispensation, no one can know whether he is *sure* of salvation — even the most righteous — since a single slip of faith may throw him on his back, like a skaiter, while gliding smoothly to his paradise. Now, therefore, whatever the certainty of faith in the facts may be, the certainty of the individual as to his happiness or misery is no greater than it was under Jupiter.

"It has been said that the immortality of the soul is a 'grand peut-être' — but still it is a *grand* one. Every body clings to it — the stupidest, and dullest, and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded that he is immortal.

"January 26. 1821.

"Fine day — a few mares' tails portending change, but the sky clear, upon the whole. Rode — fired pistols — good shooting. Coming back, met an old man. Charity — purchased a shilling's worth of salvation. If that was to be bought, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life — sometimes for *vice*, but, if not more *often*, at least more *considerably*, for virtue — than I now possess. I never in my life gave a mistress so much as I have sometimes given a poor man in honest distress; but no matter. The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me (with the help of * * who has crowned their efforts) will triumph; — and, when justice is done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is as cold as the hearts which have stung me.

"Returning, on the bridge near the mill, met an old woman. I asked her age — she said '*Tre croci.*' I asked my groom (though myself a decent Italian) what the devil *her* three crosses meant. He said, ninety years, and that she had five years more to boot!! I repeated the same three times — not to mistake — ninety-five years!!! — and she was yet rather active — *heard* my question, for she answered it — *saw* me, for she advanced towards me; and did not appear at all decrepit, though certainly touched with years. Told her to come to-morrow, and will examine her myself. I love phenomena. If she *is* ninety-five years old, she must recollect the Cardinal Alberoni, who was legate here.

"On dismounting, found Lieutenant E. just arrived from Faenza. Invited him to dine with me to-morrow. Did *not* invite him for to-day, because there was a small

[1] [Lord Sidney-Godolphin Osborne, son of Francis-Godolphin, fifth Duke of Leeds, by Catherine, daughter of Thomas Anguish, Esq.]

[2] ["It is time that I retire to death, and you to your affairs of life: which of us has the better is known to the gods, but to no mortal man." — Cicero: *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. i.]

'riday, fast regularly and religiously,) wanted to eat all myself. Ate it.
t out — found T. as usual — music.
tlemen, who make revolutions and on a shooting, are not yet returned. n't return till Sunday — that is to have been out for five days, buf- while the interests of a whole country ıke, and even they themselves com-
.
a difficult part to play amongst such ssassins and blockheads — but, when is skimmed off, or has boiled over, y come of it. If this country could reed, what would be too great for nplishment of that desire? for the n of that Sigh of Ages? Let us ıey have hoped these thousand years. y revolvement of the chances may — it is upon the dice.
ıe Neapolitans have but a single llo amongst them, they will beat the ıutchers of the crown and sabre. in worse circumstances, beat the ınd Philips; America beat the En- reece beat Xerxes; and France beat till she took a tyrant; South Ame- s her old vultures out of their nest; ıese men are but firm in themselves, ıothing to shake them from without.

" January 28. 1821.

ıno Gazette did not come. Letters ıice. It appears that the Austrian ıve seized my three or four pounds sh powder. The scoundrels! — I pay them in *ball* for that powder. t till twilight.
lered the subjects of four tragedies ritten (life and circumstances per- to wit, Sardanapalus, already begun; metaphysical subject, something in of Manfred, but in five *acts*, perhaps, chorus; Francesca of Rimini, in ; and I am not sure that I would 'iberius. I think that I could ex- ›mething, of *my* tragic, at least, out ›omy sequestration and old age of t — and even out of his sojourn at — by softening the *details*, and ex- he despair which must have led to y vicious pleasures. For none but 'ul and gloomy mind overthrown ıve had recourse to such solitary — being also, at the same time, *old*, naster of the world.

" *Memoranda.*

" What is Poetry? — The feeling of a Former world and Future.

" *Thought Second.*

" Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure, — worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious, — does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow — a fear of what is to come — a doubt of what *is* — a retrospect to the past, leading to a prognostication of the future? (The best of Prophets of the future is the Past.) Why is this, or these? — I know not, except that on a pinnacle we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we never fear falling except from a precipice — the higher, the more awful, and the more sublime; and, therefore, I am not sure that Fear is not a pleasurable sensation; at least, *Hope* is; and *what Hope* is there without a deep leaven of Fear? and what sensation is so delightful as Hope? and, if it were not for Hope, where would the Future be? — in hell. It is useless to say *where* the Present is, for most of us know; and as for the Past, *what* predominates in memory? — *Hope baffled.* Ergo, in all human affairs, it is Hope — Hope — Hope. I allow sixteen minutes, though I never counted them, to any given or supposed possession. From whatever place we commence, we know where it all must end. And yet, what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men better or wiser. During the greatest horrors of the greatest plagues, (Athens and Florence, for example — see Thucydides and Machiavelli,) men were more cruel and profligate than ever. It is all a mystery. I feel most things, but I know nothing, except

— — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —[1]

" *Thought for a Speech of Lucifer, in the Tragedy of Cain:* —

" Were *Death* an *evil*, would *I* let thee *live?*
Fool! live as I live — as thy father lives,
And thy son's sons shall live for evermore.

" Past Midnight. One o' the clock.

" I have been reading Frederick Schlegel[2] (brother to the other of the name) till now, and I can make out nothing. He evidently

arked, with impatient strokes of the pen, by he original.

[2] [A translation of his "Lectures on the History of Literature" was published at Edinburgh in 1818.]

shows a great power of words, but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like Hazlitt, in English, who *talks pimples* — a red and white corruption rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon maps), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, except their own humours.

'I dislike him the worse, (that is, Schlegel,) because he always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo, he goes down like sunset, or melts like a rainbow, leaving a rather rich confusion, — to which, however, the above comparisons do too much honour.

"Continuing to read Mr. Frederick Schlegel. He is not such a fool as I took him for, that is to say, when he speaks of the North. But still he speaks of things *all over the world* with a kind of authority that a philosopher would disdain, and a man of common sense, feeling, and knowledge of his own ignorance, would be ashamed of. The man is evidently wanting to make an impression, like his brother, — or like George in the Vicar of Wakefield, who found out that all the good things had been said already on the right side, and therefore 'dressed up some paradoxes' upon the wrong side—ingenious, but false, as he himself says — to which 'the learned world said nothing, nothing at all, sir.'[1] The 'learned world,' however, *has* said something to the brothers Schlegel.

"It is high time to think of something else. What they say of the antiquities of the North is best.

"January 29. 1821.

"Yesterday, the woman of ninety-five years of age was with me. She said her eldest son (if now alive) would have been seventy. She is thin — short, but active — hears, and sees, and talks incessantly. Several teeth left — all in the lower jaw, and single front teeth. She is very deeply wrinkled, and has a sort of scattered grey beard over her chin, at least as long as my mustachios. Her head, in fact, resembles the drawing in crayons of Pope the poet's mother, which is in some editions of his works.

"I forgot to ask her if she remembered Alberoni[2] (legate here), but will ask her next time. Gave her a louis — ordered her a new suit of clothes, and put her upon a weekly pension. Till now, she had worked at gathering wood and pine-nuts in the forest, — pretty work at ninety-five years old! She had a dozen children, of whom some are alive. Her name is Maria Montanari.

"Met a company of the sect (a kind of Liberal Club) called the 'Americani' in the forest, all armed, and singing, with all their might, in Romagnuole — '*Sem* tutti soldat' per la liberta' ('we are all soldiers for liberty'). They cheered me as I passed — I returned their salute, and rode on. This may show the spirit of Italy at present.

"My to-day's journal consists of what I omitted yesterday. To-day was much as usual. Have rather a better opinion of the writings of the Schlegels than I had four-and-twenty hours ago; and will amend it still further, if possible.

"They say that the Piedmontese have at length arisen — *ça ira!*

"Read Schlegel. Of Dante he says, 'that at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favourite of his countrymen.' 'Tis false! There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not* a favourite! Why, they talk Dante — write Dante — and think and dream Dante at this moment (1821) to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it.[3]

"In the same style this German talks of gondolas on the Arno — a precious fellow to dare to speak of Italy!

"He says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings! — and Francesca of Rimini — and the father's feelings in Ugolino — and Beatrice — and 'La Pia!' Why, there is gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness — but who *but* Dante could have introduced any 'gentleness' at all into *Hell?* Is there any in Mil-

[1] ["Finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with ingenuity. They were false indeed, but they were new. — 'Well, my boy,' cried I, 'and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes.' — 'Sir,' replied my son, 'the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, Sir.'" — *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xx.]

[2] [Alberoni, the son of a gardener of Placentia, rose by his intrigues and his talents to be cardinal and prime minister of Spain. After his disgrace, in 1720, he went to Rome, and was made legate of Romagna by Innocent XIII. He died in 1752, at the age of eighty-seven.]

[3] ["I don't wonder," said Lord Byron, "at the enthusiasm of the Italians about Dante. He is the poet of liberty. Persecution, exile, the dread of a foreign grave could not shake his principles. There is no Italian gentleman, scarcely any well-educated girl, that has not all the finer passages of Dante at the finger's ends; particularly the Ravennese. The Guiccioli, for instance, can almost repeat any part of the Divine Comedy."—MEDWIN.]

ton's? No — and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory and majesty.[1]

"One o'clock.

"I have found out, however, where the German is right — it is about the Vicar of Wakefield. 'Of all romances in miniature (and, perhaps, this is the best shape in which romance can appear) the Vicar of Wakefield is, I think, the most exquisite.' He *thinks!* — he might be sure. But it is very well for a Schlegel. I feel sleepy, and may as well get me to bed. To-morrow there will be fine weather.

"'Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.'

"January 30, 1821.

"The Count P. G. this evening (by commission from the Ci.) transmitted to me the new *words* for the next six months. * * * and * * *. The new sacred word is * * * — the reply * * * — the rejoinder * * *. The former word (now changed) was * * * — there is also * * * — * * *.[2] Things seem fast coming to a crisis — *ça ira!*

"We talked over various matters of moment and movement. These I omit; — if they come to any thing, they will speak for themselves. After these, we spoke of Kosciusko. Count R. G. told me that he has seen the Polish officers in the Italian war burst into tears on hearing his name.

"Something must be up in Piedmont — all the letters and papers are stopped. Nobody knows any thing, and the Germans are concentrating near Mantua. Of the decision of Leybach nothing is known. This state of things cannot last long. The ferment in men's minds at present cannot be conceived without seeing it.

"January, 31, 1821.

"For several days I have not written any thing except a few answers to letters. In momentary expectation of an explosion of some kind, it is not easy to settle down to the desk for the higher kinds of composition. I *could* do it, to be sure, for, last summer, I wrote my drama in the very bustle of Madame la Contessa G.'s divorce, and all its process of accompaniments. At the same time, I also had the news of the loss of an important lawsuit in England. But these were only private and personal business; the present is of a different nature.

"I suppose it is this, but have some suspicion that it may be laziness, which prevents me from writing; especially as Rochefoucalt says that 'laziness often masters them all' — speaking of the *passions*. If this were true, it could hardly be said that 'idleness is the root of all evil,' since this is supposed to spring from the passions only: ergo, that which masters all the passions (laziness, to wit) would in so much be a good. Who knows?

"Midnight.

"I have been reading Grimm's Correspondence. He repeats frequently, in speaking of a poet, or a man of genius in any department, even in music, (Grétry, for instance,) that he must have 'une ame qui se tourmente, un esprit violent.' How far this may be true, I know not; but if it were, I should be a poet 'per excellenza;' for I have always had 'une ame,' which not only tormented itself but every body else in contact with it; and an 'esprit violent,' which has almost left me without any 'esprit' at all. As to defining what a poet *should* be, it is not worth while, for what are *they* worth? what have they done?

"Grimm, however, is an excellent critic and literary historian.[3] His Correspondence forms the annals of the literary part of that age of France, with much of her politics, and still more of her 'way of life.' He is as valuable, and far more entertaining than Muratori or Tiraboschi — I had almost said, than Ginguené — but there we should pause. However, 'tis a great man in its line.[4]

[1] ["The soul of Dante," say the Edinburgh Reviewers, vol. xxx. p. 333., "was fraught even to redundance with 'gentle feelings,' and he poured them out, on every occasion, with a warmth and delicacy perhaps unequalled in any other writer."]

[2] In the original MS. these watch-words are blotted over so as to be illegible.

[3] [Grimm was born at Ratisbon, in 1723, of humble parentage. When young he went to Paris, and was employed in the capacity of reader to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. He was first brought into notice by Rousseau, who made him known to Diderot and other persons of eminence in the literary world. After the Duke left Paris, Grimm regularly transmitted to his patron an account of what was passing in the literary, political, and scandalous chronicle of that gay city; and acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the Duke, that he made him his resident at the Court of France, and raised him to the rank of a baron. In 1795, Catherine of Russia appointed him her minister at the Court of Saxony; which situation he held, till the partial loss of sight compelled him to withdraw from business. He died in 1807, at the age of eighty-four.]

[4] ["He does not indeed," say the Edinburgh Reviewers, "exhaust the many interesting themes on which he touches, with the careful and comprehensive analysis of our Smith or Reid, and still less does he soar up, like his own Madame de Stael, to a point above the sphere of their perplexities, and solve high disputes by transcending the element in which they are generated. He does not,

"Monsieur St. Lambert has,

"'Et lorsqu'à ses regards la lumière est ravie,
Il n'a plus, en mourant, à perdre que la vie.'

This is, word for word, Thomson's

"'And dying, all we can resign is breath,'

without the smallest acknowledgment from the Lorrainer of a poet. M. St. Lambert is dead as a man, and (for any thing I know to the contrary) damned, as a poet, by this time. However, his Seasons have good things, and, it may be, some of his own.

"February 2. 1821.

"I have been considering what can be the reason why I always wake, at a certain hour in the morning, and always in very bad spirits — I may say, in actual despair and despondency, in all respects — even of that which pleased me over night. In about an hour or two, this goes off, and I compose either to sleep again, or, at least, to quiet. In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty — calculating, however, some lost from the bursting out and effervescence and overflowing of the soda-water, in drawing the corks, or striking off the necks ot the bottles from mere thirsty impatience. At present, I have *not* the thirst; but the depression of spirits is no less violent.

"I read in Edgeworth's Memoirs of something similar (except that his thirst expended itself on *small beer*) in the case of Sir F. B. Delaval[1]; — but then he was, at least, twenty years older. What is it? — liver? In England, Le Man (the apothecary) cured me of the thirst in three days, and it had lasted as many years. I suppose that it is all hypochondria.

"What I feel most growing upon me are laziness, and a disrelish more powerful than indifference. If I rouse, it is into fury. I presume that I shall end (if not earlier by accident, or some such termination) like Swift — 'dying at top.' I confess I do not contemplate this with so much horror as he apparently did for some years before it happened. But Swift had hardly *begun life* at the very period (thirty-three) when I feel quite an *old sort* of feel.

"Oh! there is an organ playing in the street — a waltz, too! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz which I have heard ten thousand times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing.[2]

"February 5. 1821.

"At last, 'the kiln's in a low.' The Germans are ordered to march, and Italy is, for the ten thousandth time, to become a field of battle. Last night the news came.

"This afternoon — Count P. G. came to me to consult upon divers matters. We rode out together. They have sent off to the C. for orders. To-morrow the decision ought to arrive, and then something will be done. Returned — dined — read — went out — talked over matters. Made a purchase of some arms for the new enrolled Americani, who are all on tiptoe to march. Gave order for some *harness* and pormanteaus necessary for the horses.

"Read some of Bowles's dispute about Pope, with all the replies and rejoinders. Perceive that my name has been lugged into the controversy, but have not time to state what I know of the subject. On some 'piping day of peace' it is probable that I may resume it.

"February 9. 1821.

"Before dinner wrote a little; also, before I rode out, Count P. G. called upon me, to let me know the result of the meeting of the Ci. at F. and at B. * * returned late last night. Every thing was combined under the idea that the Barbarians would pass the Po on the 15th inst. Instead of this, from some previous information or otherwise, they have hastened their march and actually passed two days ago; so that all that can be done at present in Romagna is, to stand on the alert and wait for the advance of the Neapolitans. Every thing was ready, and the Neapolitans had sent on their own instructions

like Johnson, leave behind him, in his casual excursions into the region of speculation, those giant vestiges that serve for ever to guide the track of more laborious adventurers; — nor scatter, like Burke, from the sportive wings of his genius, those precious gleams of diviner light that seem to reveal to us, for an instant, the inner shrines and recesses of philosophy. His eloquence is not often lofty, nor his philosophy exalted or exalting; but his conceptions are always clear and vigorous, and his judgments, for the most part, comprehensive and exact." — Vol. xxiii. p. 293.]

[1] ["Sir Francis Delaval's physician," says Mr. Edgeworth, "informed me that his death was occasioned by an unnatural distension of his stomach, which was attributed to his drinking immoderate quantities of water and small beer." — *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 136.]

[2] In this little incident of the music in the streets thus touching so suddenly upon the nerve of memory, and calling away his mind from its dark bodings to a recollection of years and scenes the happiest, perhaps, of his whole life, there is something that appears to me peculiarly affecting.

and intentions, all calculated for the *tenth* and *eleventh*, on which days a general rising was to take place, under the supposition that the Barbarians could not advance before the 15th.

"As it is, they have but fifty or sixty thousand troops, a number with which they might as well attempt to conquer the world as secure Italy in its present state. The artillery marches *last*, and alone, and there is an idea of an attempt to cut part of them off. All this will much depend upon the first steps of the Neapolitans. *Here*, the public spirit is excellent, provided it be kept up. This will be seen by the event.

"It is probable that Italy will be delivered from the Barbarians if the Neapolitans will but stand firm, and are united among themselves. *Here* they appear so.

"February 10. 1821.

"Day passed as usual — nothing new. Barbarians still in march — not well equipped, and, of course, not well received on their route. There is some talk of a commotion at Paris.

"Rode out between four and six—finished my letter to Murray on Bowles's pamphlets — added postscript. Passed the evening as usual — out till eleven — and subsequently at home.

"February 11. 1821.

"Wrote — had a copy taken of an extract from Petrarch's Letters[1], with reference to the conspiracy of the Doge, Marino Faliero, containing the poet's opinion of the matter. Heard a heavy firing of cannon towards Comacchio — the Barbarians rejoicing for their principal pig's birth-day, which is to-morrow — or Saint day — I forget which. Received a ticket for the first ball to-morrow. Shall not go to the first, but intend going to the second, as also to the Veglioni.

"February 13. 1821.

"To-day read a little in Louis B.'s Hollande[2], but have written nothing since the completion of the letter on the Pope controversy. Politics are quite misty for the present. The Barbarians still upon their march. It is not easy to divine what the Italians will now do.

"Was elected yesterday 'Socio' of the Carnival Ball Society. This is the fifth carnival that I have passed. In the four former, I racketed a good deal. In the present, I have been as sober as Lady Grace herself.

"February 14. 1821.

"Much as usual. Wrote, before riding out, part of a scene of 'Sardanapalus.' The first act nearly finished. The rest of the day and evening as before — partly without, in conversazione — partly at home.

"Heard the particulars of the late fray at Russi, a town not far from this. It is exactly the fact of Romēo and Giulietta — *not* Romĕo, as the Barbarian writes it. Two families of Contadini (peasants) are at feud. At a ball, the younger part of the families forget their quarrel, and dance together. An old man of one of them enters, and reproves the young men for dancing with the females of the opposite family. The male relatives of the latter resent this. Both parties rush home and arm themselves. They meet directly, by moonlight, in the public way, and fight it out. Three are killed on the spot, and six wounded, most of them dangerously, — pretty well for two families, methinks — and all *fact*, of the last week. Another assassination has taken place at Cesenna, — in all about *forty* in Romagna within the last three months. These people retain much of the middle ages.

"February 15. 1821.

"Last night finished the first act of Sardanapalus. To-night, or to-morrow, I ought to answer letters.

"February 16. 1821.

"Last night Il Conte P. G. sent a man with a bag full of bayonets, some muskets, and some hundreds of cartridges to my house, without apprizing me, though I had seen him not half an hour before. About ten days ago, when there was to be a rising here, the Liberals and my brethren C[l]. asked me to purchase some arms for a certain few of our ragamuffins. I did so immediately, and ordered ammunition, &c. and they were armed accordingly. Well — the rising is prevented by the Barbarians marching a week sooner than appointed; and an *order* is issued, and in force, by the Government, 'that all persons having arms concealed, &c. &c. shall be liable to, &c. &c.' — and what do my friends, the patriots, do two days afterwards? Why, they throw back upon my hands, and into my house, these very arms

[1] [See Works, p. 788.]

[2] ["Documens Historiques, et Reflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande," by Louis Buonaparte, ex-King of Holland, appeared in 1820.]

(without a word of warning previously) with which I had furnished them at their own request, and at my own peril and expense.

"It was lucky that Lega was at home to receive them. If any of the servants had (except Tita and F. and Lega) they would have betrayed it immediately. In the mean time, if they are denounced or discovered, I shall be in a scrape.[1]

"At nine went out—at eleven returned. Beat the crow for stealing the falcon's victuals. Read 'Tales of my Landlord'—wrote a letter—and mixed a moderate beaker of water with other ingredients.

"February 18. 1821.

"The news are that the Neapolitans have broken a bridge, and slain four pontifical carabiniers, whilk carabiniers wished to oppose. Besides the disrespect to neutrality, it is a pity that the first blood shed in this German quarrel should be Italian. However, the war seems begun in good earnest: for, if the Neapolitans kill the Pope's carabiniers, they will not be more delicate towards the Barbarians. If it be even so, in a short time 'there will be news o' thae craws,' as Mrs. Alison Wilson says of Jenny Blane's 'unco cockernony' in the 'Tales of my Landlord.'

"In turning over Grimm's Correspondence to-day, I found a thought of Tom Moore's in a song of Maupertuis to a female Laplander

"'Et tous les lieux
Où sont ses yeux,
Font la Zone brûlante.'

This is Moore's,

"'And those eyes make my climate, wherever I roam.'

But I am sure that Moore never saw it; for this was published in Grimm's Correspondence in 1813, and I knew Moore's by heart in 1812. There is also another, but an antithetical coincidence—

"'Le soleil luit,
Des jours sans nuit
Bientôt il nous destine;
Mais ces longs jours
Seront trop courts,
Passés près de Christine.'

This is the *thought reversed*, of the last stanza of the ballad on Charlotte Lynes, given in Miss Seward's Memoirs of Darwin, which is pretty—I quote from memory of these last fifteen years.

"'For my first night I'd go
To those regions of snow,
Where the sun for six months never shines;
And think, even then,
He too soon came again,
To disturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes.'[2]

"To-day I have had no communication with my Carbonari cronies; but, in the mean time, my lower apartments are full of their bayonets, fusils, cartridges, and what not. I suppose that they consider me as a depôt, to be sacrificed, in case of accidents. It is no great matter, supposing that Italy could be liberated, who or what is sacrificed. It is a grand object—the very *poetry* of politics. Only think—a free Italy!!! Why, there has been nothing like it since the days of Augustus. I reckon the times of Cæsar (Julius) free; because the commotions left every body a side to take, and the parties were pretty equal at the set out. But, afterwards, it was all prætorian and legionary business—and since!—we shall see, or, at least, some will see, what card will turn up. It is best to hope, even of the hopeless. The Dutch did more than these fellows have to do, in the Seventy Years' War.

"February 19. 1821.

"Came home solus—very high wind—lightning—moonshine—solitary stragglers muffled in cloaks—women in masks—white houses—clouds hurrying over the sky, like spilt milk blown out of the pail—altogether very poetical. It is still blowing hard—the tiles flying, and the house rocking—rain splashing—lightning flashing—quite a fine Swiss Alpine evening, and the sea roaring in the distance.

"Visited—converzatione. All the women frightened by the squall: they *won't* go to

[1] ["Lord Byron's connexion with the Gambas led to his becoming mixed up, to a much greater extent than we were till now aware of, in the Carbonari politics. He contributed large sums of money to the conspiring patriots: his house became a regular rendezvous for insurrectionary consultations, and, such was his imprudence, a complete magazine of arms and ammunition. His biographer seems to consider this "devotion to the sacred cause of human freedom," as almost enough to cover more sins than could ever be laid to his charge: we, however, are of the old school in many respects, and in none more decidedly than in the firm belief, that the man who, on any pretext, takes a part, voluntarily, in a war with which the service of his own country has nothing to do, incurs moral guilt of a deep and heinous dye."—*Quart. Rev.* 1831.]

[2] ["At a convivial meeting of Lichfield gentlemen, most of whom could make agreeable verses, it was proposed that every person in company should give a ballad or epigram on the lady whose health he drank. Mr. Vyse toasted Miss Lynes, and taking out his pencil, wrote the stanzas extempore."—*Seward's Life of Dr. Darwin.*]

erade because it lightens — the
ın!
ıowing away. A. has sent me
s to-day. The war approaches
l nearer. Oh those scoundrel
! Let us but see them beaten
Neapolitans but have the pluck
tch of old, or the Spaniards of
of the German Protestants, the
esbyterians, the Swiss under Tell,
reeks under Themistocles — *all*
solitary nations (except the Spa-
German Lutherans), and there
esurrection for Italy, and a hope
rld.

" February 20. 1821.

ews of the day are, that the Nea-
re full of energy. The public
is certainly well kept up. The
ıi' (a patriotic society here, an
nch of the 'Carbonari') give a
he Forest in a few days, and have
, as one of the Ct. It is to be
est of Boccacio's and Dryden's
n's Ghost;' and, even if I had
ıme political feelings, (to say no-
y old convivial turn, which every
hen revives,) I would go as a poet,
, as a lover of poetry. I shall
see the spectre of 'Ostasio[1] degli
Dryden has turned him into Guido
— an essentially different person,
found in Dante) come 'thunder-
prey in the midst of the festival.[2]
e, whether he does or no, I will
y and patriotic as possible.
n these few days I have read, but
ı.

" February 21. 1821.

ıal, rode — visited, &c. Business
hicken. The Pope has printed a
ı against the patriots, who, he says,
rising. The consequence of all
, that, in a fortnight, the whole
ill be up. The proclamation is
blished, but printed, ready for dis-
* * sent me a copy privately —
he does not know what to think.
wants to be well with the patriots,
ı me some civil message or other.
y own part, it seems to me, that
t the most decided success of the
Barbarians can prevent a general and immediate rise of the whole nation.

" February 23. 1821.

" Almost ditto with yesterday — rode, &c. — visited — wrote nothing — read Roman History.

" Had a curious letter from a fellow, who informs me that the Barbarians are ill-disposed towards me. He is probably a spy, or an impostor. But be it so, even as he says. They cannot bestow their hostility on one who loathes and execrates them more than I do, or who will oppose their views with more zeal, when the opportunity offers.

" February 24. 1821.

" Rode, &c. as usual. The secret intelligence arrived this morning from the frontier to the Ct. is as bad as possible. The *plan* has missed — the Chiefs are betrayed, military, as well as civil — and the Neapolitans not only have *not* moved, but have declared to the P. government, and to the Barbarians, that they know nothing of the matter!!!

'Thus the world goes; and thus the Italians are always lost for lack of union among themselves. What is to be done *here*, between the two fires, and cut off from the Nn. frontier, is not decided. My opinion was, — better to rise than be taken in detail; but how it will be settled now, I cannot tell. Messengers are despatched to the delegates of the other cities to learn their resolutions.

" I always had an idea that it would be *bungled;* but was willing to hope, and am so still. Whatever I can do by money, means, or person, I will venture freely for their freedom; and have so repeated to them (some of the Chiefs here) half an hour ago. I have two thousand five hundred scudi, better than five hundred pounds, in the house, which I offered to begin with.

" February 25. 1821.

" Came home — my head aches — plenty of news, but too tiresome to set down. I have neither read nor written, nor thought, but led a purely animal life all day. I mean to try to write a page or two before I go to bed. But, as Squire Sullen says, 'My head aches consumedly: Scrub, bring me a dram![3] Drank some Imola wine, and some punch.

---

io, the name is, I think, Nastagio.

ight came thundering on, but, from afar,
n imperious tone forebade the war;
Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
op the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid."
DRYDEN.]

[3] [Beaux Stratagem, act ii. sc. 1.]

Log-book continued.[1]

"February 27. 1821.

"I have been a day without continuing the log, because I could not find a blank book. At length I recollected this.

"Rode, &c.—wrote down an additional stanza for the 5th canto of D. J. which I had composed in bed this morning.[2] Visited *l'Amica*. We are invited, on the night of the Veglione (next Dominica) with the Marchesa Clelia Cavalli and the Countess Spinelli Rusponi. I promised to go. Last night there was a row at the ball, of which I am a 'socio.' The Vice-legate had the imprudent insolence to introduce *three* of his servants in masque — *without tickets*, too! and in spite of remonstrances. The consequence was, that the young men of the ball took it up, and were near throwing the Vice-legate out of the window. His servants, seeing the scene, withdrew, and he after them. His reverence Monsignore ought to know, that these are not times for the predominance of priests over decorum. Two minutes more, two steps further, and the whole city would have been in arms, and the government driven out of it.

"Such is the spirit of the day, and these fellows appear not to perceive it. As far as the simple fact went, the young men were right, servants being prohibited always at these festivals.

"Yesterday wrote two notes on the 'Bowles and Pope' controversy, and sent them off to Murray by the post. The old woman whom I relieved in the forest (she is ninety-four years of age) brought me two bunches of violets. 'Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus.' I was much pleased with the present. An English woman would have presented a pair of worsted stockings, at least, in the month of February. Both excellent things; but the former are more elegant. The present, at this season, reminds one of Gray's stanza, omitted from his elegy:—

"'Here scatter'd oft, the *earliest* of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.'

As fine a stanza as any in his elegy. I wonder that he could have the heart to omit it.[3]

"Last night I suffered horribly—from an indigestion, I believe. I *never* sup—that is, never at home. But, last night, I was prevailed upon by the Countess Gamba's persuasion, and the strenuous example o brother, to swallow, at supper, a quant boiled cockles, and to dilute them, *not* tantly, with some Imola wine. When I home, apprehensive of the consequen swallowed three or four glasses of sp which men (the venders) call brandy, ru hollands, but which gods would entitle s of wine, coloured or sugared. All was p well till I got to bed, when I became s what swollen, and considerably vertiginou got out, and mixing some soda-powders, d them off. This brought on temporary rel returned to bed; but grew sick and sorry and again. Took more soda-water. At I fell into a dreary sleep. Woke, and was i day, till I had galloped a few miles. Quer was it the cockles, or what I took to co them, that caused the commotion? I t both. I remarked in my illness the comp inertion, inaction, and destruction of my c mental faculties. I tried to rouse them, yet could not—and this is the *Soul!!* should believe that it was married to body, if they did not sympathise so m with each other. If the one rose, when other fell, it would be a sign that they lon for the natural state of divorce. But as it they seem to draw together like post-hors

"Let us hope the best—it is the gr possession."

CHAPTER XLIII.

1821.

LETTER TO MOORE CONCERNING THE M MOIR — AND THE PROJECTED JOURNAL. MADAME DE STAEL.—ANECDOTES OF MO LEWIS. — CAPTAIN WHITBY. — LOVE WRITING.—BARRY CORNWALL.—THE C DRAMATISTS.—MRS. CENTLIVRE AND C GREVE. — LETTERS CONCERNING THE PRESENTATION OF MARINO FALIERO. PLAN OF DON JUAN. — BELZONI.—LET ON BOWLES'S STRICTURES UPON POPE. GEORGE BANKES.—TURNER'S TRAVELS BOWLES AND CAMPBELL. — POPE'S HO —AND COWPER'S.—POPE'S CHARACTER SPORUS. — PORTRAIT OF MADAME GU CIOLI.—ALLEGRA.—JOHN SCOTT.—DE OF KEATES. — THE CENCI. — ANECDO —OVERTHROW OF THE CARBONARI.

DURING the two months comprised in Journal, some of the Letters of the foll

[1] In another paper-book.

[2] [Stanza 158—
"Thus in the East they are extremely strict,
And wedlock and a padlock mean the same," &c.]

[3] ["This stanza was printed in some of the early editions, but was afterwards omitted, because Gray th (and in my own opinion very justly) that it was too a parenthesis in this place. The lines, however, a themselves exquisitely fine, and demand preserva —MATTHIAS.]

ing series were written. The reader must, therefore, be prepared to find in them occasional notices of the same train of events.

LETTER 404. TO MR. MOORE.

" Ravenna, January 2. 1821.

" Your entering into my project for the Memoir, is pleasant to me. But I doubt (contrary to me my dear Mad^e Mac F * *, whom I always loved, and always shall — not only because I really *did* feel attached to her *personally*, but because she and about a dozen others of that sex were all who stuck by me in the grand conflict of 1815) — but I doubt, I say, whether the Memoir could appear in my lifetime; — and, indeed, I had rather it did not; for a man always *looks dead* after his Life has appeared, and I should certes not survive the appearance of mine. The first part I cannot consent to alter, even although Madame de Stael's opinion of B.C. and my remarks upon Lady C.'s beauty (which is surely great, and I suppose that I have said so — at least, I ought) should go down to our grandchildren in unsophisticated nakedness.

" As to Madame de Stael, I am by no means bound to be her beadsman — she was always more civil to me in person than during my absence. Our dear defunct friend, Monk Lewis[1], who was too great a bore ever to lie, assured me upon his tiresome word of honour, that at Florence, the said Madame de Stael was open-*mouthed* against me; and when asked, in *Switzerland*, *why* she had changed her opinion, replied, with laudable sincerity, that I had named her in a sonnet with Voltaire, Rousseau, &c.[2] and that she could not help it through decency. Now, I have not forgotten this, but I have been generous, — as mine acquaintance, the late Captain Whitby, of the navy, used to say to his seamen (when 'married to the gunner's daughter') — 'two dozen and let you off easy.' The 'two dozen' were with the cat-o'-nine tails; — the 'let you off easy' was rather his own opinion than that of the patient.

" My acquaintance with these terms and practices arises from my having been much conversant with ships of war and naval heroes in the year of my voyages in the Mediterranean. Whitby was in the gallant action off Lissa in 1811. He was brave, but a disciplinarian. When he left his frigate, he left a *parrot*, which was taught by the crew the following sounds — (it must be remarked that Captain Whitby was the image of Fawcett the actor, in voice, face, and figure, and that he squinted).

" The Parrot *loquitur*.

" 'Whitby! Whitby! funny eye! funny eye! two dozen, and let you off easy. Oh you ——!'

" Now, if Madame de B. has a parrot, it had better be taught a French parody of the same sounds.

" With regard to our purposed Journal, I will call it what you please, but it should be a newspaper, to make it *pay*. We can call it 'The Harp,' if you like — or any thing.

" I feel exactly as you do about our 'art,'[3] but it comes over me in a kind of rage every

[1] Of this gentleman, the following notice occurs in the "Detached Thoughts:" — "Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore — a damned bore — one may say. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially, — Madame de Stael or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was a jewel of a man, had he been better set; — I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory to every thing and every body. Being short-sighted, when we used to ride out together near the Brenta in the twilight in summer, he made me go *before*, to pilot him: I am absent at times, especially towards evening; and the consequence of this pilotage was some narrow escapes to the Monk on horseback. Once I led him *into* a ditch over which I had passed as usual, forgetting to warn my convoy; once I led him nearly into the river, instead of *on* the *moveable* bridge which *in*commodes passengers; and twice did we both run against the Diligence, which, being heavy and slow, did communicate less damage than it received in its leaders, who were *terra*fied by the charge; thrice did I lose him in the grey of the gloaming, and was obliged to bring-to to his distant signals of distance and distress; — all the time he went on talking without intermission, for he was a man of many words. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches — of a second visit to Jamaica.

" 'I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again!'

that is, —

" I would give many a sugar cane
Monk Lewis were alive again!"

[2] ["Rousseau — Voltaire — our Gibbon — and De Stael, Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore," &c. *Works*, p. 565.]

[3] The following passage from the letter of mine, to which the above was an answer, will best explain what follows: — "With respect to the newspaper, it is odd enough that Lord * * * * and myself had been (about a week or two before I received your letter) speculating upon your assistance in a plan somewhat similar, but more literary and less regularly periodical in its appearance. Lord * * †, as you will see by his volume of Essays, if it reaches you, has a very sly, dry, and pithy

† [Probably Lord John Russell, whose "Essay on the English Government and Constitution" had recently appeared.]

now and then, like * * * *, and then, if I don't write to empty my mind, I go mad. As to that regular, uninterrupted love of writing, which you describe in your friend, I do not understand it. I feel it as a torture, which I must get rid of, but never as a pleasure. On the contrary, I think composition a great pain.

"I wish you to think seriously of the Journal scheme — for I am as serious as one can be, in this world, about any thing. As to matters here, they are high and mighty — but not for paper. It is much about the state of things betwixt Cain and Abel. There is, in fact, no law or government at all; and it is wonderful how well things go on without them. Excepting a few occasional murders, (every body killing whomsoever he pleases, and being killed, in turn, by a friend, or relative, of the defunct,) there is as quiet a society and as merry a Carnival as can be met with in a tour through Europe. There is nothing like habit in these things.

"I shall remain here till May or June, and, unless 'honour comes unlooked for,' we may perhaps meet, in France or England, within the year.

"Yours, &c.

"Of course, I cannot explain to you existing circumstances, as they open all letters.

"Will you set me right about your curst 'Champs Elysées?'—are they 'és' or 'ées' for the adjective? I know nothing of French, being all Italian. Though I can read and understand French, I never attempt to speak it; for I hate it. From the second part of the Memoirs cut what you please."

LETTER 405. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, January 4. 1821.

"I just see, by the papers of Galignani, that there is a new tragedy of great expectation, by Barry Cornwall.[1] Of what I have read of his works I liked the *Dramatic* Sketches, but thought his Sicilian Story and Marcian Colonna, in rhyme, quite spoilt, by I know not what affectation of Wordsworth, and Moore, and myself, all mixed up into a kind of chaos. I think him very likely to produce a good tragedy, if he keep to a natural style, and not play tricks to form harlequinades for an audience. As he (Barry Cornwall is not his *true name*[2]) was a schoolfellow of mine, I take more than common interest in his success, and shall be glad to hear of it speedily. If I had been aware that he was in that line, I should have spoken of him in the preface to Marino Faliero. He will do a world's wonder if he produce a great tragedy. I am, however, persuaded, that this is not to be done by following the old dramatists, — who are full of gross faults, pardoned only for the beauty of their language, — but by writing naturally and *regularly*, and producing *regular* tragedies, like the *Greeks*; but not in *imitation*, — merely the outline of their conduct, adapted to our own times and circumstances, and of course no chorus.

"You will laugh, and say, 'Why don't you do so?' I have, you see, tried a sketch in Marino Faliero; but many people think my talent '*essentially undramatic*,' and I am not at all clear that they are not right. If Marino Faliero don't fall — in the perusal — I shall, perhaps, try again (but not for the stage); and, as I think that *love* is not the principal passion for tragedy (and yet most of ours turn upon it), you will not find me a popular writer. Unless it is love, *furious*, *criminal*, and *hapless*, it ought not to make a tragic subject. When it is melting and maudlin, it *does*, but it ought not to do; it is then for the gallery and second-price boxes.

"If you want to have a notion of what I am trying, take up a *translation* of any of the *Greek* tragedians. If I said the original, it would be an impudent presumption of mine; but the translations are so inferior to the originals, that I think I may risk it. Then judge of the 'simplicity of plot,' &c. and do not judge me by your old mad dramatists, which is like drinking usquebaugh and then proving a fountain. Yet after all, I suppose that you do not mean that spirits is a nobler element than a clear spring bubbling in the sun? and this I take to be the difference between the Greeks and those turbid mountebanks — always excepting Ben Jonson, who

way of putting sound truths upon politics and manners; and whatever scheme we adopt, he will be a very useful and active ally in it, as he has a pleasure in writing quite inconceivable to a poor hack scribe like me, who always feel, about my art, as the French husband did when he found a man making love to his (the Frenchman's) wife:—Comment, Monsieur,—sans y être *obligé!*' When I say this, however, I mean it only of the executive part of writing; for the imagining, the shadowing out of the future work, is, I own, a delicious fool's paradise."

[1] ["Mirandola," the tragedy here alluded to, was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, with considerable success, in January 1821.]

[2] [Bryan Walter Procter. "I told Lord Byron," says Captain Medwin, "that I had had a letter from Procter, and that he had been jeered on 'Mirandola' not having been included in his (Lord B.'s) enumeration of the dramatic pieces of the day, and that he added, he had been at Harrow with him. 'Ay,' said Lord Byron, 'I remember the name: he was in the lower school, in such a class. They stood Farrer, Procter, Jocelyn!'"]

was a scholar and classic. Or, take up a translation of Alfieri, and try the interest, &c. of these my new attempts in the old line, by *him* in *English*; and then tell me fairly your opinion. But don't measure me by YOUR OWN *old* or *new* tailors' yards. Nothing so easy as intricate confusion of plot and rant. Mrs. Centlivre, in comedy, has ten times the bustle of Congreve; but are they to be compared? and yet she drove Congreve from the theatre."[1]

LETTER 406. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, January 19. 1821.

"Yours of the 29th ultimo hath arrived. I must really and seriously request that you will beg of Messrs. Harris or Elliston to let the Doge alone: it is *not* an acting play; it will not serve *their* purpose; it will destroy *yours* (the sale); and it will distress me. It is not courteous, it is hardly even gentlemanly, to persist in this appropriation of a man's writings to their mountebanks.

"I have already sent you by last post a short protest[2] to the public (against this proceeding); in case that *they* persist, which I trust that they will not, you must then publish it in the newspapers. I shall not let them off with that only, if they go on; but make a longer appeal on that subject, and state what I think the injustice of their mode of behaviour. It is hard that I should have all the buffoons in Britain to deal with — *pirates* who *will* publish, and *players* who *will* act — when there are thousands of worthy men who can get neither bookseller nor manager for love nor money.

"You never answered me a word about *Galignani*. If you mean to use the two *documents, do;* if not, *burn* them. I do not choose to leave them in any one's possession: suppose some one found them without the letters, what would they *think?* why, that *I* had been doing the *opposite* of what I *have done*, to wit, referred the whole thing to you — an act of civility at least, which required saying, 'I have received your letter.' I thought that you might have some hold upon those publications by this means; to *me* it can be no interest one way or the other.[3]

"The *third* canto of Don Juan *is* 'dull,' but you must really put up with it: if the two first and the two following are tolerable, what do you expect? particularly as I neither dispute with you on it as a matter of criticism, nor as a matter of business.

"Besides, what am I to understand? you and Douglas Kinnaird, and others, write to me, that the two first published cantos are among the best that I ever wrote, and are reckoned so; Augusta writes that they are thought '*execrable*' (bitter word *that* for an author — eh, Murray?) as a *composition* even, and that she had heard so much against them that she would *never read them*, and never has. Be that as it may, I can't alter; that is not my forte. If you publish the three new ones without ostentation, they may perhaps succeed.

"Pray publish the Dante and the *Pulci* (the *Prophecy of Dante*, I mean). I look upon the Pulci as my grand performance.[4] The remainder of the 'Hints,' where be they? Now bring them all out about the same time, otherwise 'the *variety*' you wot of will be less obvious.

"I am in bad humour: some obstructions in business with those plaguy trustees, who object to an advantageous loan which I was to furnish to a nobleman on mortgage, because his property is in *Ireland*, have shown me how a man is treated in his absence. Oh, if I *do* come back, I will make some of those who little dream of it *spin* — or they or I shall go down.

"Yours ever, &c.

"B."

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[1] ["The plots of Mrs. Centlivre's plays are busy and well conducted, and her characters in general natural and well marked. Her comedy of 'The Busy Body,' which all the players had decried before its appearance, forced a run of many nights; while Congreve's 'Way of the World,' which perhaps contains more intrinsic wit than any dramatic piece ever written, could scarcely make its way at all. The indifferent success of this play completed Congreve's disgust to the theatre, which a long contest with Jeremy Collier had begun, and he determined never more to write for the stage."—*Biog. Dram.* vol. i. pp. 99. 142.]

[2] To the letter which enclosed this protest, and which has been omitted to avoid repetitions, he had subjoined a passage from Spence's Anecdotes (p. 197. of Singer's edition), where Pope says, speaking of himself, "I had taken such strong resolutions against any thing of that kind, from seeing how much every body that *did* write for the stage was obliged to subject themselves to the players and the town."—*Spence's Anecdotes*, p. 22.

In the same paragraph, Pope is made to say, "After I had got acquainted with the town, I resolved never to write any thing for the stage, though solicited by many of my friends to do so, and particularly Betterton."

[3] No further step was ever taken in this affair; and the documents, which were of no use whatever, are, I believe, still in Mr. Murray's possession.

[4] The self-will of Lord Byron was in no point more conspicuous than in the determination with which he thus persisted in giving the preference to one or two works of his own which, in the eyes of all other persons, were most decided failures. Of this class was the translation from Pulci, so frequently mentioned by him, which appeared afterwards in the Liberal, and which, though thus rescued from the fate of remaining unpublished, must for ever, I fear, submit to the doom of being unread.

LETTER 407. TO MR. MURRAY.

"January 20. 1821.

"I did not think to have troubled you with the plague and postage of a *double letter* this time, but I have just read in an *Italian paper*, 'That Lord Byron has a tragedy coming out,' &c. &c. &c.; and that the Courier and Morning Chronicle, &c. &c. are pulling one another to pieces about it and him, &c.

"Now I do reiterate and desire, that every thing may be done to prevent it from coming out on *any theatre*, for which it never was designed, and on which (in the present state of the stage of London) it could never succeed. I have sent you my appeal by last post, which you *must publish in case of need;* and I require you even in *your own name* (if my honour is dear to you) to declare that such representation would be contrary to my *wish and to my judgment*. If you do not wish to drive me mad altogether, you will hit upon some way to prevent this.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — I cannot conceive how Harris or Elliston should be so insane as to think of acting Marino Faliero; they might as well act the Prometheus of Æschylus. I speak of course humbly, and with the greatest sense of the distance of time and merit between the two performances; but merely to show the absurdity of the attempt.

"The Italian paper speaks of a 'party against it;' to be sure there would be a party. Can you imagine, that after having never flattered man, nor beast, nor opinion, nor politics, there would *not* be a party against a man, who is also a *popular* writer — at least a successful? Why, all parties would be a party against."

LETTER 408. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, January 20. 1821.

"If Harris or Elliston persist, after the remonstrance which I desired you and Mr. Kinnaird to make on my behalf, and which I hope will be sufficient — but *if*, I say, they *do persist*, then I pray you to *present in person* the enclosed letter to the Lord Chamberlain: I have said *in person*, because otherwise I shall have neither answer nor knowledge that it has reached its address, owing to 'the insolence of office.'

"I wish you would speak to Lord Holland, and to all my friends and yours, to interest themselves in preventing this cursed attempt at representation.

"God help me! at this distance, I am treated like a corpse or a fool by the few people that I thought I could rely upon; and I *was* a fool to think any better of them than of the rest of mankind.

"Pray write. Yours, &c.

"P. S. — I have nothing more at heart (that is, in literature) than to prevent this drama from going upon the stage: in short, rather than permit it, it must be *suppressed altogether*, and only *forty copies struck off privately* for presents to my friends. What curst fools those speculating buffoons must be *not* to see that it is unfit for their fair — or their booth!"

LETTER 409. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, January 22. 1821.

"Pray get well. I do not like your complaint. So, let me have a line to say you are up and doing again. To-day I am thirty-three years of age.

"Through life's road, &c. &c.[1]

"Have you heard that the 'Braziers' Company' have, or mean to present an address at Brandenburgh House, 'in armour,' and with all possible variety and splendour of brazen apparel?

"The Braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass —
A superfluous pageant — for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they 're going much more than they carry.

There's an Ode for you, is it not? — worthy

"Of Wordsworth, the grand metaquizzical poet,
A man of vast merit, though few people know it;
The perusal of whom (as I told *you* at Mestri)
I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry.

"Mestri and Fusina are the 'trajects, or common ferries,' to Venice; but it was from Fusina that you and I embarked, though 'the wicked necessity of rhyming' has made me press Mestri into the voyage.

"So, you have had a book dedicated to you? I am glad of it, and shall be very happy to see the volume.

"I am in a peck of troubles about a tragedy of mine, which is fit only for the (****) closet, and which it seems that the managers, assuming a *right* over published poetry, are determined to enact, whether I will or no, with their own alterations by Mr. Dibbin, I presume. I have written to Murray, to the Lord Chamberlain, and to others, to interfere and preserve me from such an exhibition. I want neither the impertinence of their hisses, nor the insolence of their applause. I write only for the *reader*, and care for nothing but the *silent* approbation of those who close

[1] Already given in his Journal. See p. 481.

ook with good humour and quiet tment.

w, if you would also write to our Perry, to beg of him to mediate with and Elliston to *forbear* this intent, l greatly oblige me. The play is quite or the stage, as a single glance will hem, and, I hope, *has* shown them; it were ever so fit, I will never have ng to do willingly with the theatres.

"Yours ever, in haste, &c."

410. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, January 27. 1821.

iffer from you about the *Dante*, which should be published with the tragedy. as you please: you must be the best of your own craft. I agree with you the *title*. The play may be good or t I flatter myself that it is original as re of *that* kind of passion, which to d is so natural, that I am convinced should have done precisely what the lid on those provocations.

m glad of Foscolo's approbation.

cuse haste. I believe I mentioned to t —— I forget what it was; but no

anks for your compliments of the year. that it will be pleasanter than the speak with reference to *England* only, as regards myself, *where* I had every disappointment — lost an important — and the trustees of Lady Byron g to allow of an advantageous loan to e from my property to Lord Blessing-. &c. by way of closing the four sea- These, and a hundred other such made a year of bitter business for me land. Luckily, things were a little ter for me *here*, else I should have he liberty of Hannibal's ring. [1]

y thank Gifford for all his goodnesses. nter is as cold here as Parry's polari- I must now take a canter in the forest; ses are waiting.

"Yours ever and truly."

411. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February 2. 1821.

ur letter of excuses has arrived. I the letter, but do not admit the excuses, except in courtesy; as when a man treads on your toes and begs your pardon, the pardon is granted, but the joint aches, especially if there be a corn upon it. However, I shall scold you presently.

"In the last speech of the Doge, there occurs (I think, from memory) the phrase,

"'And Thou who makest and unmakest suns;'

change this to

"'And Thou who kindlest and who quenchest suns;'

that is to say, if the verse runs equally well, and Mr. Gifford thinks the expression improved. Pray have the bounty to attend to this. You are grown quite a minister of state. Mind if some of these days you are not thrown out. * * will not be always a Tory, though Johnson says the first Whig was the devil.

"You have learnt one secret from Mr. Galignani's (somewhat tardily acknowledged) correspondence: this is, that an *English* author may dispose of his exclusive copyright in *France* — a fact of some consequence (in *time of peace*), in the case of a popular writer. Now I will tell you what *you* shall do, and take no advantage of you, though you were scurvy enough never to acknowledge my letter for three months. Offer Galignani the refusal of the copyright in France; if he refuses, appoint any bookseller in France you please, and I will sign any assignment you please, and it shall never cost you a *sou* on *my* account.

"Recollect that I will have nothing to do with it, except as far as it may secure the copyright to yourself. I will have no bargain but with the English booksellers, and I desire no interest out of that country.

"Now, that's fair and open, and a little handsomer than your *dodging* silence, to see what would come of it. You are an excellent fellow, mio caro Moray, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet Street about you now and then — a crum of the old loaf. You have no right to act suspiciously with me, for I have given you no reason. I shall always be frank with you; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds — to poets as well as physicians, and bidders at auctions.

"I shall say no more at this present, save that I am, Yours, &c.

on gladii, non saxa dabunt, non tela; sat ille annarum vindex, ac tanti sanguinis ultor, nnulus." *Juvenal*, Sat. x.

rords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurl'd, quell the man whose frown alarm'd the world: engeance due to Cannæ's fatal field, ods of human gore, a *ring* shall yield."

was the end of Hannibal: the Romans, who never thought themselves secure while he lived, no sooner heard that he had taken shelter at the court of Prusias, than they sent Q. Flaminius to demand him. Hannibal, who was well acquainted with the weakness of the Bithynian prince, and determined to die free, saw no other resource but swallowing poison; which, to be prepared against the worst, he always carried with him in the hollow of a ring!" — GIFFORD.]

"P. S. — If you venture, as you say, to Ravenna this year, I will exercise the rites of hospitality while you live, and bury you handsomely (though not in holy ground), if you get 'shot or slashed in a creagh or splore,' which are rather frequent here of late among the native parties. But perhaps your visit may be anticipated; I may probably come to your country; in which case write to her Ladyship the duplicate of the epistle the King of France wrote to Prince John."[1]

LETTER 412. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February 16. 1821.

"In the month of March will arrive from Barcelona Signor Curioni, engaged for the Opera. He is an acquaintance of mine, and a gentlemanly young man, high in his profession. I must request your personal kindness and patronage in his favour. Pray introduce him to such of the theatrical people, editors of papers, and others, as may be useful to him in his profession, publicly and privately.

"The fifth is so far from being the last of Don Juan, that it is hardly the beginning. I meant to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as *Anacharsis Cloots*[2] in the French Revolution. To how many cantos this may extend, I know not, nor whether (even if I live) I shall complete it; but this was my notion: I meant to have made him a cavalier servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a sentimental 'Werter-faced man' in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest: the Spanish tradition says hell: but it is probably only an allegory of the other state. You are now in possession of my notions on the subject.

"You say the Doge will not be popular: did I ever write for *popularity?* I defy you to show a work of mine (except a tale or two) of a popular style or complexion. It appears to me that there is room for a different style of the drama; neither a servile following of the old drama, which is a grossly erroneous one, nor yet *too French*, like those who succeeded the older writers. It appears to me, that good English, and a severer approach to the rules, might combine something not dishonourable to our literature. I have also attempted to make a play without love; and there are neither rings, nor mistakes, nor starts, nor outrageous ranting villains, nor melodrame in it. All this will prevent its popularity, but does not persuade me that it is *therefore* faulty. Whatever faults it has will arise from deficiency in the conduct, rather than in the conception, which is simple and severe.

"So *you epigrammatise* upon *my epigram?* I will *pay* you for *that*, mind if I don't, some day. I never let any one off in the long run (*who first begins*). Remember Sam, and see if I don't do you as good a turn. You unnatural publisher! what! quiz your own authors? you are a paper cannibal!

"In the Letter on Bowles (which I sent by Tuesday's post) after the words '*attempts had been made*' (alluding to the republication of 'English Bards'), add the words '*in Ireland;*' for I believe that English pirates did not begin their attempts till after I had left England the second time. Pray attend to this. Let me know what you and your synod think on Bowles.

"I did not think the second *seal* so bad: surely it is far better than the Saracen's head with which you have sealed your *last letter:* the larger, in *profile*, was surely much better than that.

"So Foscolo says he will get you a *seal cut* better in Italy? he means a *throat* — that is the only thing they do dexterously. The Arts — all but Canova's, and Morghen's, and *Ovid's* (I don't *mean poetry*), — are as low as need be: look at the seal which I gave to William Bankes, and own it. How came George Bankes to quote 'English Bards' in the House of Commons?[3] All the world keep flinging that poem in my face.

[1] ["As soon as Philip heard of Richard's deliverance from captivity, he wrote to his confederate John, in these terms: '*Take care of yourself: the Devil is broken loose.*'" — HUME, vol. ii. p. 206.]

[2] [John Baptiste Cloots (better known by the name of Anacharsis), a Prussian baron, born at Cleves in 1755. He was the nephew of Cornelius de Pauw, author of "Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains," &c. He travelled in different parts of Europe, and when in England cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. Burke. In 1790, at the bar of the National Convention, he described himself as "the orator of the human race." Falling, however, under the suspicion of Robespierre, he was, in March 1794, condemned to death. On the scaffold, he begged the executioner to decapitate him the last, alleging that he wished to make some observations essential to the establishment of certain principles, while the heads of his companions were falling. The request was obligingly complied with.]

[3] [January, 1821, on moving the Address in answer to the King's Speech. The following are the lines quoted by Mr. Bankes: —

"So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,

"Belzoni *is* a grand traveller, and his English is very prettily broken.[1]

"As for news, the Barbarians are marching on Naples, and if they lose a single battle, all Italy will be up. It will be like the Spanish row, if they have any bottom.

"Letters opened? — to be sure they are, and that's the reason why I always put in my opinion of the German Austrian scoundrels. There is not an Italian who loathes them more than I do; and whatever I could do to scour Italy and the earth of their infamous oppression would be done *con amore*.

"Yours, &c.

"B."

"P. S. — Recollect that the 'Hints' must be printed with the Latin, otherwise there is no sense."

LETTER 413. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February 21. 1821.

"In the forty-fourth page, volume first, of Turner's Travels (which you lately sent me), it is stated that 'Lord Byron, when he expressed such confidence of its practicability, seems to have forgotten that Leander swam both ways, with and against the tide; whereas *he* (Lord Byron) only performed the easiest part of the task by swimming with it from Europe to Asia.' I certainly could not have forgotten, what is known to every schoolboy, that Leander crossed in the night and returned towards the morning. My object was, to ascertain that the Hellespont could be crossed *at all* by swimming, and in this Mr. Ekenhead and myself both succeeded, one in an hour and ten minutes, and the other in one hour and five minutes. The *tide* was *not* in our favour; on the contrary, the great difficulty was to bear up against the current, which, so far from helping us into the Asiatic side, set us down right towards the Archipelago. Neither Mr. Ekenhead, myself, nor, I will venture to add, any person on board the frigate, from Captain Bathurst downwards, had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side, of which Mr. Turner speaks. I never heard of it till this moment, or I would have taken the other course. Lieutenant Ekenhead's sole motive, and mine also, for setting out from the European side was, that the little cape above Sestos was a more prominent starting place, and the frigate, which lay below, close under the Asiatic castle, formed a better point of view for us to swim towards; and, in fact, we landed immediately below it.

"Mr. Turner says, 'Whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore.' This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current, although a strong wind in the Asiatic direction might have such an effect occasionally.

"Mr. Turner attempted the passage from the Asiatic side, and failed: 'After five-and-twenty minutes, in which he did not advance a hundred yards, he gave it up from complete exhaustion.' This is very possible, and might have occurred to him just as readily on the European side. He should have set out a couple of miles higher, and could then have come out below the European castle. I particularly stated, and Mr. Hobhouse has done so also, that we were obliged to make the real passage of one mile extend to between *three* and *four*, owing to the force of the stream. I can assure Mr. Turner, that his success would have given me great pleasure, as it would have added one more instance to the proofs of the probability. It is not quite fair in him to infer, that because *he* failed, Leander could not succeed. There are still four instances on record: a Neapolitan, a young Jew, Mr. Ekenhead, and myself; the two last done in the presence of hundreds of *English* witnesses.

"With regard to the difference of the *current*, I perceived none; it is favourable to the swimmer on neither side, but may be stemmed by plunging into the sea, a considerable way above the opposite point of the coast which the swimmer wishes to make, but still bearing up against it; it is strong, but if you calculate well, you may reach

View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel:
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

See *Works*, p. 434.]

[1] [This distinguished traveller, in drawing up a Narrative of his Operations and Discoveries in Egypt, &c. declined all literary assistance beyond that of the individual employed to copy out his manuscript and correct the press. "As I made my discoveries alone," he says, "I have been anxious to write my book by myself, though in so doing the reader will consider me, and with great propriety, guilty of temerity; but the public will, perhaps, gain in the fidelity of my narrative what it loses in elegance. I am not an Englishman; but I prefer that my readers should receive from myself, as well as I am able to describe them, an account of my proceedings, rather than run the risk of having my meaning misrepresented by another: if I am intelligible, it is all that I can expect."]

land. My own experience and that of others bids me pronounce the passage of Leander perfectly practicable. Any young man, in good and tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from *either* side. I was three hours in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the Hellespont. Of what may be done in swimming, I will mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier Mengaldo (a gentleman of Bassano), a good swimmer, wished to swim with my friend Mr. Alexander Scott and myself. As he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him. We all three started from the Island of the Lido and swam to Venice. At the entrance of the Grand Canal, Scott and I were a good way ahead, and we saw no more of our foreign friend, which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a gondola to hold his clothes and pick him up. Scott swam on till past the Rialto, where he got out, less from fatigue than from *chill*, having been four hours in the water, without rest or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back — this being the *condition* of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, comprising the whole of the Grand Canal (besides the distance from the Lido), and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, *four hours* and *twenty minutes*. To this match, and during the greater part of its performance, Mr. Hoppner, the Consul-general, was witness, and it is well known to many others. Mr. Turner can easily verify the fact, if he thinks it worth while, by referring to Mr. Hoppner. The distance we could not *accurately* ascertain; it was of course considerable.

"I crossed the Hellespont in one hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution, than I was when I passed the Dardanelles, and yet two years ago I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes; and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowsers, an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. My two companions were also *four* hours in the water. Mengaldo might be about thirty years of age; Scott about six-and-twenty.

"With this experience in swimming at different periods of life, not only upon the SPOT, but elsewhere, of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that Leander's exploit was perfectly practicable? If three individuals did more than the passage of the Hellespont, why should he have done less? But Mr. Turner failed, and, naturally seeking a plausible reason for his failure, lays the blame on the *Asiatic* side of the strait. He tried to swim directly across, instead of going higher up to take the vantage: he might as well have tried to *fly* over Mount Athos.

"That a young Greek of the heroic times, in love, and with his limbs in full vigour, might have succeeded in such an attempt is neither wonderful nor doubtful. Whether he *attempted* it or *not* is another question, because he might have had a small *boat* to save him the trouble.

"I am yours very truly,

"BYRON.

"P. S. — Mr. Turner says that the swimming from Europe to Asia was 'the *easiest* part of the task.' I doubt whether Leander found it so, as it was the return; however, he had several hours between the intervals. The argument of Mr. Turner, 'that higher up or lower down, the strait widens so considerably that he would save little labour by his starting,' is only good for indifferent swimmers; a man of any practice or skill will always consider the distance less than the strength of the stream. If Ekenhead and myself had thought of crossing at the narrowest point, instead of going up to the Cape above it, we should have been swept down to Tenedos. The strait, however, is not so extremely wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts. As the frigate was stationed some time in the Dardanelles waiting for the firman, I bathed often in the strait subsequently to our traject, and generally on the Asiatic side, without perceiving the greater strength of the opposite stream by which the diplomatic traveller palliates his own failure. Our amusement in the small bay which opens immediately below the Asiatic fort was to *dive* for the LAND tortoises, which we flung in on purpose, as they amphibiously crawled along the bottom. *This* does not argue any greater violence of current than on the European shore. With regard to the *modest* insinuation that we chose the European side as 'easier,' I appeal to Mr. Hobhouse and Captain Bathurst if it be true or no (poor Ekenhead being since dead). Had we been aware of any such difference of current as is asserted, we would at least have proved it, and were not likely to have given it up in the twenty-five minutes of Mr. Turner's own experiment. The secret of all this is, that Mr. Turner failed, and that we succeeded; and he is consequently disappointed, and seems not unwilling to overshadow whatever little merit there might be

in our success. Why did he not try the European side? If he had succeeded there, after failing on the Asiatic, his plea would have been more graceful and gracious. Mr. Turner may find what fault he pleases with my poetry, or my politics; but I recommend him to leave aquatic reflections till he is able to swim 'five-and-twenty minutes' without being '*exhausted*,' though I believe he is the first modern Tory who ever swam '*against* the stream' for half the time."[1]

LETTER 414. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, February 22. 1821.

"As I wish the soul of the late Antoine Galignani to rest in peace, (you will have read his death, published by himself, in his own newspaper,) you are requested particularly to inform his children and heirs, that of their 'Literary Gazette,' to which I subscribed more than *two* months ago, I have only received one *number*, notwithstanding I have written to them repeatedly. If they have no regard for me, a subscriber, they ought to have some for their deceased parent, who is undoubtedly no better off in his present residence for this total want of attention. If not, let me have my francs. They were paid by Missiaglia, the *W*enetian bookseller. You may also hint to them that when a gentleman writes a letter, it is usual to send an answer. If not, I shall make them 'a speech,' which will comprise an eulogy on the deceased.

"We are here full of war, and within two days of the seat of it, expecting intelligence momently. We shall now see if our Italian friends are good for any thing but 'shooting round a corner,' like the Irishman's gun. Excuse haste,—I write with my spurs putting on. My horses are at the door, and an Italian Count waiting to accompany me in my ride.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S.—Pray, amongst my letters, did you get one detailing the death of the commandant here? He was killed near my door, and died in my house.

"BOWLES AND CAMPBELL.

"* To the air of '*How now, Madame Flirt*,' in the Beggars' Opera.

"* BOWLES. Why, how now, saucy Tom,
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mr. Campbell.

"* CAMPBELL. Why, how now, Billy Bowles,
&c. &c. &c."

LETTER 415. TO MR. MURRAY.

"March 2. 1821.

"This was the beginning of a letter which I meant for Perry, but stopped short, hoping you would be able to prevent the theatres. Of course you need not send it; but it explains to you my feelings on the subject. You say that 'there is nothing to fear, let them do what they please;' that is to say, that you would see me damned with great tranquillity. You are a fine fellow."

TO MR. PERRY.

"Ravenna, January 22. 1821.

"Dear Sir,

"I have received a strange piece of news, which cannot be more disagreeable to your public than it is to me. Letters and the gazettes do me the honour to say that it is the intention of some of the London Managers to bring forward on their stage the poem of 'Marino Faliero,' &c., which was never intended for such an exhibition, and I trust will never undergo it. It is certainly unfit for it. I have never written but for the solitary *reader*, and require no experiments for applause beyond his silent approbation. Since such an attempt to drag me forth as a gladiator in the theatrical arena is a violation of all the courtesies of literature, I trust that the impartial part of the press will step between me and this pollution. I say pollution, because every violation of a *right* is such, and I claim my right as an author to prevent what I have written from being turned into a stage-play. I have too much respect for the public to permit this of my own free will. Had I sought their favour, it would have been by a pantomime.

"I have said that I write only for the reader. Beyond this I cannot consent to any publication, or to the abuse of any publication of mine to the purposes of histrionism. The applauses of an audience would give me no pleasure; their disapprobation might, however, give me pain. The wager is therefore not equal. You may, perhaps, say, 'How can this be? if their disapprobation gives pain, their praise might afford pleasure?' By no means: the kick of an ass or the sting of a wasp may be painful to those who would find nothing agreeable in the braying of the one or the buzzing of the other.

"This may not seem a courteous comparison, but I have no other ready; and it occurs naturally."

[1] To the above letter, which was published at the time, Mr. Turner wrote a reply; but, for reasons stated by himself, did not print it. At his request, I give insertion to his paper in the Appendix.

land. My own experience and that of oth
bids me pronounce the passage of L
perfectly practicable. Any young man
good and tolerable skill in swimming, n
succeed in it from *either* side. I was th
hours in swimming across the Tagus, whi
is much more hazardous, being two hou
longer than the Hellespont. Of what m
be done in swimming, I will mention o
more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier M
galdo (a gentleman of Bassano), a g
swimmer, wished to swim with my fr
Mr. Alexander Scott and myself. A
seemed particularly anxious on the sub
we indulged him. We all three started f
the Island of the Lido and swam to V
At the entrance of the Grand Canal, S
and I were a good way ahead, and w
no more of our foreign friend, which, h
ever, was of no consequence, as there w
gondola to hold his clothes and pick him
Scott swam on till past the Rialto
he got out, less from fatigue than from
having been four hours in the water,
rest or stay, except what is to be
by floating on one's back — this be
condition of our performance. I
my course on to Santa Chiara, ov
the whole of the Grand Canal (be
distance from the Lido), and got
the Laguna once more opens to Ve
had been in the water, by my watch,
help or rest, and never touching
boat, *four hours* and *twenty minutes*
match, and during the greater part
formance, Mr. Hoppner, the Cou
was witness, and it is well know
others. Mr. Turner can easily
fact, if he thinks it worth while, b
to Mr. Hoppner. The distance
not *accurately* ascertain; it w
considerable.

"I crossed the Hellespont
and ten minutes only. I am
older in time, and twenty
than I was when I passed the
and yet two years ago I was
ming four hours and twenty m
am sure that I could have
hours longer, though I had
trowsers, an accoutrement wh
assists the performance. My
were also *four* hours in the
galdo might be about thi
Scott about six-and-twenty.

"With this experience
different periods of life, on
SPOT, but elsewhere, of wh
is there to make me d
exploit was perfectly po
individuals did more th

LETTER 416. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, Marzo, 1821.

"Dear Moray,

"In my packet of the 12th instant, in the last sheet (*not* the *half* sheet), last page, *omit* the sentence which (defining, or attempting to define, what and who are gentlemen) begins, 'I should say at least in life that most military men have it, and few naval; that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers,' &c. &c. I say, omit the whole of that sentence, because, like the 'cosmogony, or creation of the world,' in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' it is not much to the purpose.

"In the sentence above, too, almost at the top of the same page, after the words 'that there ever was, or can be, an aristocracy of poets,' add and insert these words—'I do not mean that they should write in the style of the song by a person of quality, or *parle euphuism;* but there is a *nobility* of thought and expression to be found no less in Shakspeare, Pope, and Burns, than in Dante, Alfieri,' &c. &c. and so on. Or, if you please, perhaps you had better omit the whole of the latter digression on the *vulgar* poets, and insert only as far as the end of the sentence on Pope's Homer, where I prefer it to Cowper's, and quote Dr. Clarke in favour of its accuracy.

"Upon all these points, take an opinion; take the sense (or nonsense) of your learned visitants, and act thereby. I am very tractable — in PROSE.

"Whether I have made out the case for Pope, I know not; but I am very sure that I have been zealous in the attempt. If it comes to the proofs, we shall beat the blackguards. I will show more *imagery* in twenty lines of Pope than in any equal length of quotation in English poesy, and that in places where they least expect it. For instance, in his lines on *Sporus*, — now, do just *read* them over — the subject is of no consequence (whether it be *satire* or epic) — we are talking of *poetry* and *imagery* from *nature* and *art*. Now, mark the images separately and arithmetically: —

"'1. The thing of *silk*.
2. *Curd* of *ass*'s milk.
3. The *butterfly*.
4. The *wheel*.
5. Bug with gilded wings.
6. *Painted* child of dirt.
7. Whose *buzz*.
8. Well-bred *spaniels*.
9. *Shallow streams run dimpling*.
10. Florid impotence.
11. *Prompter. Puppet squeaks*.
12. *The ear of Eve*.
13. *Familiar toad*.
14. *Half froth, half venom, spits* himself abroad.
15. *Fop* at the *toilet*.
16. *Flatterer* at the *board*.
17. *Amphibious thing*.
18. Now *trips* a *lady*.
19. Now *struts* a *lord*.
20. A *cherub's face*.
21. A *reptile* all the rest.
22. The *Rabbins*.
23. Pride that *licks* the *dust*.

"'Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and *pride* that *licks* the dust.'

"Now, is there a line of all the passage without the most *forcible* imagery (for his purpose)? Look at the *variety* — at the *poetry* of the passage — at the *imagination:* there is hardly a line from which a painting might not be made, and *is*. But this is nothing in comparison with his higher passages in the Essay on Man, and many of his other poems, serious and comic. There never was such an unjust outcry in this world as that which these fellows are trying against Pope.

"Ask Mr. Gifford if, in the fifth act of 'The Doge,' you could not contrive (where the sentence of the *Veil* is passed) to insert the following lines in Marino Faliero's answer?

"But let it be so. It will be in vain:
The veil which blackens o'er this blighted name,
And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits
Which glitter round it in their painted trappings,
Your delegated slaves — the people's tyrants.[1]

Which will be best, 'painted trappings,' or 'pictured purple,' or 'pictured trappings,' or 'painted purple?' Perpend, and let me know.

"Yours truly, &c.

"P. S. — Upon *public* matters here I say little: you will all hear soon enough of a general row throughout Italy. There never was a more foolish step than the expedition to Naples by these fellows.

"I wish to propose to *Holmes*, the miniature painter, to come out to me this spring. I will pay his expenses, and any sum in reason. I wish him to take my daughter's picture (who is in a convent) and the Countess G.'s, and the head of a peasant girl, which latter would make a study for Raphael. It is a complete *peasant* face, but an *Italian* peasant's, and quite in the Raphael Fornarina style. Her figure is tall, but rather large, and not at all comparable to her face, which is really superb. She is not seventeen, and I am anxious to have her face while it lasts. Madame G. is also very handsome, but it is quite in a different style — com-

[1] These lines — perhaps from some difficulty in introducing them — were never inserted in the Tragedy.

pletely blonde and fair — very uncommon in Italy; yet not an *English* fairness, but more like a Swede or a Norwegian. Her figure, too, particularly the bust, is uncommonly good. It must be *Holmes:* I like him because he takes such inveterate likenesses. There is a war here; but a solitary traveller, with little baggage, and nothing to do with politics, has nothing to fear. Pack him up in the Diligence. Don't forget."

LETTER 417. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, April. 3. 1821.

"Thanks for the translation. I have sent you some books, which I do not know whether you have read or no — you need not return them, in any case. I enclose you also a letter from Pisa. I have neither spared trouble nor expense in the care of the child; and as she was now four years old complete, and quite above the control of the servants — and as a *man* living without any woman at the head of his house cannot much attend to a nursery — I had no resource but to place her for a time (at a high pension too) in the convent of Bagna-Cavalli (twelve miles off), where the air is good, and where she will, at least, have her learning advanced, and her morals and religion inculcated.[1] I had also another reason; — things were and are in such a state here, that I had no reason to look upon my own personal safety as particularly insurable; and I thought the infant best out of harm's way, for the present.

"It is also fit that I should add that I by no means intended, nor intend, to give a *natural* child an *English* education, because with the disadvantages of her birth, her after settlement would be doubly difficult. Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might and may marry very respectably. In England such a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a fortune. It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity. I have now explained my notions as to the *place* where she now is — it is the best I could find for the present; but I have no prejudices in its favour.

"I do not speak of politics, because it seems a hopeless subject, as long as those scoundrels are to be permitted to bully states out of their independence. Believe me, Yours ever and truly.

"P. S. — There is a report here of a change in France; but with what truth is not yet known.

"P. S. — My respects to Mrs. H. I *have* the 'best opinion' of her countrywomen; and at my time of life, (three and thirty, 22d January, 1821,) that is to say, after the life I have led, a *good* opinion is the only rational one which a man should entertain of the whole sex — up to *thirty*, the worst possible opinion a man can have of them in *general*, the better for himself. Afterwards, it is a matter of no importance to *them*, nor to him either, *what opinion* he entertains — his day is over, or, at least, should be.

"You see how sober I am become."

LETTER 418. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, April 21. 1821.

"I enclose you another letter on Bowles. But I premise that it is not like the former, and that I am not at all sure how *much*, if *any*, of it should be published. Upon this point you can consult with Mr. Gifford, and think twice before you publish it at all. Pray send me some pounds weight of soda powders. I drink them in summer by dozens. Yours truly, B.

"P. S. — You may make my subscription for Mr. Scott's widow, &c. *thirty* instead of the proposed *ten* pounds; but do not put down *my name;* put down N. N. only. The reason is, that, as I have mentioned him in the enclosed pamphlet[2], it would look indelicate. I would give more, but my disappointments last year about Rochdale and the transfer from the funds render me more economical for the present."

LETTER 419. TO MR. SHELLEY.

"Ravenna, April 26. 1821.

"The child continues doing well, and the accounts are regular and favourable. It is gratifying to me that you and Mrs. Shelley do not disapprove of the step which I have taken, which is merely temporary.

"I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats — is it *actually* true? I did not think criticism had been so killing. Though I dif-

[1] With such anxiety did he look to this essential part of his daughter's education, that notwithstanding the many advantages she was sure to derive from the kind and feminine superintendence of Mrs. Shelley, his apprehensions, lest her feeling upon religious subjects might be disturbed by the conversation of Shelley himself, prevented him from allowing her to remain under his friend's roof.

[2] [The Second Letter to Mr. Murray on Bowles's Strictures. See Miscellaneous Prose Pieces.]

fer from you essentially in your estimate of his performances, I so much abhor all unnecessary pain, that I would rather he had been seated on the highest peak of Parnassus than have perished in such a manner. Poor fellow! though with such inordinate self-love he would probably have not been very happy. I read the review of 'Endymion' in the Quarterly. It was severe, — but surely not so severe as many reviews in that and other journals upon others.

"I recollect the effect on me of the Edinburgh on my first poem; it was rage, and resistance, and redress — but not despondency nor despair. I grant that those are not amiable feelings; but, in this world of bustle and broil, and especially in the career of writing, a man should calculate upon his powers of *resistance* before he goes into the arena.

"'Expect not life from pain nor danger free,
Nor deem the doom of man reversed for thee.'

"You know my opinion of *that second-hand* school of poetry. You also know my high opinion of your own poetry, — because it is of *no* school. I read Cenci — but, besides that I think the *subject* essentially *un*dramatic, I am not an admirer of our old dramatists *as models*. I deny that the English have hitherto had a drama at all. Your Cenci, however, was a work of power, and poetry. As to *my* drama, pray revenge yourself upon it, by being as free as I have been with yours.

"I have not yet got your Prometheus, which I long to see. I have heard nothing of mine, and do not know that it is yet published. I have published a pamphlet on the Pope controversy, which you will not like. Had I known that Keats was dead — or that he was alive and so sensitive — I should have omitted some remarks upon his poetry, to which I was provoked by his *attack* upon *Pope*, and my disapprobation of *his own* style of writing.

"You want me to undertake a great poem — I have not the inclination nor the power. As I grow older, the indifference — *not* to life, for we love it by instinct — but to the stimuli of life, increases. Besides, this late failure of the Italians has latterly disappointed me for many reasons, — some public, some personal. My respects to Mrs. S.

"Yours ever.

"P. S. — Could not you and I contrive to meet this summer? Could not you take a run here *alone?*"

LETTER 420. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, April 26. 1821.

"I sent you by last *postis* a large packet, which will *not* do for publication (I suspect), being, as the apprentices say, 'damned low.' I put off also for a week or two sending the Italian scrawl which will form a note to it. The reason is that, letters being opened, I wish to 'bide a wee.'

"Well, have you published the Tragedy? and does the Letter take?

"Is it true, what Shelley writes me, that poor John Keats died at Rome[1] of the Quarterly Review? I am very sorry for it, though I think he took the wrong line as a poet, and was spoilt by Cockneyfying, and suburbing, and versifying Tooke's Pantheon and Lempriere's Dictionary. I know, by experience, that a savage review is hemlock to a sucking author; and the one on me (which produced the English Bards, &c.) knocked me down — but I got up again. Instead of bursting a blood-vessel, I drank three bottles of claret, and began an answer, finding that there was nothing in the article for which I could lawfully knock Jeffrey on the head, in an honourable way. However, I would not be the person who wrote the homicidal article for all the honour and glory in the world, though I by no means approve of that school of scribbling which it treats upon.

"You see the Italians have made a sad business of it — all owing to treachery and disunion amongst themselves. It has given me great vexation. The execrations heaped upon the Neapolitans by the other Italians are quite in unison with those of the rest of Europe.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — Your latest packet of books is on its way here, but not arrived. Kenilworth excellent. Thanks for the pocket-books, of which I have made presents to those ladies who like cuts, and landscapes, and all that. I have got an Italian book or two which I should like to send you if I had an opportunity.

"I am not at present in the very highest

[1] [Keats died at Rome in February, 1821, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. His complaint was a consumption, under which he had lingered for some time; but his death was accelerated by a cold caught in his voyage to Italy. At the time of his death he had just completed his twenty-fourth year. — "A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met me," says Coleridge, "in a lane near Highgate. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and staid a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said, 'Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!' — 'There is death in that hand,' I said, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly." — *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 80.]

health, — spring probably; so I have lowered my diet and taken to Epsom salts.

"As you say my *prose* is good, why don't you treat with *Moore* for the reversion of the Memoirs? — *conditionally, recollect;* not to be published before decease. *He* has the permission to dispose of them, and I advised him to do so."

LETTER 421. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, April. 28. 1821.

"You cannot have been more disappointed than myself, nor so much deceived. I have been so at some personal risk also, which is not yet done away with. However, no time nor circumstances shall alter my tone nor my feelings of indignation against tyranny triumphant. The present business has been as much a work of treachery as of cowardice, — though both may have done their part. If ever you and I meet again, I will have a talk with you upon the subject. At present, for obvious reasons, I can write but little, as all letters are opened. In *mine* they shall always find *my* sentiments, but nothing that can lead to the oppression of others.

"You will please to recollect that the Neapolitans are nowhere now more execrated than in Italy, and not blame a whole people for the vices of a province. That would be like condemning Great Britain because they plunder wrecks in Cornwall.

"And now let us be literary; — a sad falling off, but it is always a consolation. If 'Othello's occupation be gone,' let us take to the next best; and, if we cannot contribute to make mankind more free and wise, we may amuse ourselves and those who like it. What are you writing? I have been scribbling at intervals, and Murray will be publishing about now.

"Lady Noel has, as you say, been dangerously ill, but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again.

"I have written a sheet or two more of Memoranda for you; and I kept a little Journal for about a month or two, till I had filled the paper-book. I then left it off, as things grew busy, and, afterwards, too gloomy to set down without a painful feeling. This I should be glad to send you, if I had an opportunity; but a volume, however small, don't go well by such posts as exist in this Inquisition of a country.

"I have no news. As a very pretty woman said to me a few nights ago, with the tears in her eyes, as she sat at the harpsichord, 'Alas! the Italians must now return to making operas.' I fear *that* and maccaroni are their forte, and 'motley their only wear.' However, there are some high spirits among them still. Pray write.

"And believe me, &c."

LETTER 422. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, May 3. 1821.

"Though I wrote to you on the 28th ultimo, I must acknowledge yours of this day, with the lines.[1] They are sublime, as well as beautiful, and in your very best mood and manner. They are also but too true. However, do not confound the scoundrels at the *heel* of the boot with their betters at the top of it. I assure you that there are some loftier spirits.

"Nothing, however, can be better than your poem, or more deserved by the Lazzaroni. They are now abhorred and disclaimed nowhere more than here. We will talk over these things (if we meet) some day, and I will recount my own adventures, some of which have been a little hazardous, perhaps.

"So, you have got the Letter on Bowles?[2] I do not recollect to have said any thing of *you* that could offend, — certainly, nothing intentionally. As for * *, I meant him a compliment. I wrote the whole off-hand, without copy or correction, and expecting then every day to be called into the field. What have I said of you? I am sure I forget. It must be something of regret for your approbation of Bowles. And did you *not* approve, as he says? Would I had known that before! I would have given him some more gruel.[3] My intention was to

[1] "Aye, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are," &c. &c.

[2] I had not, when I wrote, *seen* this pamphlet, as he supposes, but had merely heard from some friends, that his pen had "run a-muck" in it, and that I myself had not escaped a slight graze in its career.

[3] It may be sufficient to say of the use to which both Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles thought it worth their while to apply my name in this controversy, that, as far as my own knowledge of the subject extended, I was disposed to agree with *neither* of the extreme opinions into which, as it appeared to me, my distinguished friends had diverged; — neither with Lord Byron in that spirit of partisanship which led him to place Pope *above* Shakspeare and Milton, nor with Mr. Bowles in such an application of the "principles" of poetry as could tend to sink Pope, on the scale of his art, to any rank below the very first. Such being the middle state of my opinion on the question, it will not be difficult to understand how one of my controversial friends should be as mistaken in supposing me to differ altogether from his views, as the other was in taking for granted that I had ranged myself wholly on his side.

make fun of all these fellows; but how I succeeded, I don't know.

"As to Pope, I have always regarded him as the greatest name in our poetry. Depend upon it, the rest are barbarians. He is a Greek Temple, with a Gothic Cathedral on one hand, and a Turkish Mosque and all sorts of fantastic pagodas and conventicles about him. You may call Shakspeare and Milton pyramids, if you please, but I prefer the Temple of Theseus or the Parthenon to a mountain of burnt brick-work.

"The Murray has written to me but once, the day of its publication, when it seemed prosperous. But I have heard of late from England but rarely. Of Murray's other publications (of mine), I know nothing, — nor whether he *has* published. He was to have done so a month ago. I wish you would do something, — or that we were together.

"Ever yours and affectionately,

"B."

It was at this time that he began, under the title of "Detached Thoughts," that Book of Notices or Memorandums, from which, in the course of these pages, I have extracted so many curious illustrations of his life and opinions, and of which the opening article is as follows: —

"Amongst various Journals, Memoranda, Diaries, &c. which I have kept in the course of my living, I began one about three months ago, and carried it on till I had filled one paper-book (thinnish), and two sheets or so of another. I then left off, partly because I thought we should have some business here, and I had furbished up my arms and got my apparatus ready for taking a turn with the patriots, having my drawers full of their proclamations, oaths, and resolutions, and my lower rooms of their hidden weapons, of most calibres, — and partly because I had filled my paper-book.

"But the Neapolitans have betrayed themselves and all the world; and those who would have given their blood for Italy can now only give her their tears.

"Some day or other, if dust holds together, I have been enough in the secret (at least in this part of the country) to cast perhaps some little light upon the atrocious treachery which has replunged Italy into barbarism: at present, I have neither the time nor the temper. However the *real* Italians are not to blame; merely the scoundrels at the *heel of the boot*, which the *Hun* now wears, and will trample them to ashes with for their servility. I have risked myself with the others *here*, and how far I may or may not be compromised is a problem at this moment. Some of them, like Craigengelt, would 'tell all, and more than all, to save themselves.' But, come what may, the cause was a glorious one, though it reads at present as if the Greeks had run away from Xerxes. Happy the few who have only to reproach themselves with believing that these rascals were less 'rascaille' than they proved! — *Here* in Romagna, the efforts were necessarily limited to preparations and good intentions, until the Germans were fairly engaged in *equal* warfare — as we are upon their very frontiers, without a single fort or hill nearer than San Marino. Whether[1] 'hell will be paved with those 'good intentions,' I know not; but there will probably be good store of Neapolitans to walk upon the pavement, whatever may be its composition. Slabs of lava from their mountain, with the bodies of their own damned souls for cement, would be the fittest causeway for Satan's 'Corso.'"

CHAPTER XLIV.

1821.

SECOND LETTER TO MURRAY ON BOWLES'S STRICTURES UPON POPE. — JOHN SCOTT. — HYPOCHONDRIACISM. — ELOISA AND ABELARD. — ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS. — BOWLES'S MISSIONARY. — THE COCKNEY SCHOOL. — LETTERS TO HOPPNER ON ALLEGRA'S EDUCATION — AND TO MURRAY ON THE REPRESENTATION OF MARINO FALIERO.

LETTER 423. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 10. 1821.

"I HAVE just got your packet. I am obliged to Mr. Bowles, and Mr. Bowles is obliged to me, for having restored him to good humour. He is to write, and you to publish, what you please, — *motto* and subject. I desire nothing but fair play for all parties. Of course, after the new tone of Mr. Bowles, you will *not* publish my *defence of Gilchrist*: it would be brutal to do so after his urbanity, for it is rather too rough, like his own attack upon Gilchrist. You may tell him what I say there of *his Missionary* (it is praised, as

[1] ["No saint in the course of his religious warfare," says Boswell, "was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Johnson. He said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, 'Sir, hell is paved with good intentions.'" — *Life*, vol. v. p. 305. ed. 1835.']

it deserves). However, and if there are any passages *not personal* to Bowles, and yet bearing upon the question, you may add them to the reprint (if it is reprinted) of my first Letter to you. Upon this consult Gifford; and, above all, don't let any thing be added which can *personally* affect Mr. Bowles.

"In the enclosed notes, of course what I say of the *democracy* of poetry cannot apply to Mr. Bowles, but to the Cockney and water washing-tub schools.

"I hope and trust that Elliston *won't* be permitted to act the drama. Surely *he* might have the grace to wait for Kean's return before he attempted it; though, *even then, I* should be as much against the attempt as ever.

"I have got a small packet of books, but neither Waldegrave[1], Orford[2], nor Scott's novels among them. Why don't you republish Hodgson's Childe Harold's Monitor and Latino-mastix? they are excellent. Think of this — they are all for *Pope*.

"Yours, &c."

The controversy, in which Lord Byron, with so much grace and good-humour, thus allowed himself to be disarmed by the courtesy of his antagonist, it is not my intention to run the risk of reviving by any enquiry into its origin or merits. In all such discussions on matters of mere taste and opinion, where, on one side, it is the aim of the disputants to elevate the object of the contest, and on the other, to depreciate it, Truth will usually be found, like Shakspeare's gatherer of samphire on the cliff, "half way down." Whatever judgment, however, may be formed respecting the controversy itself, of the urbanity and gentle feeling on both sides, which (notwithstanding some slight trials of this good understanding afterwards) led ultimately to the result anticipated in the foregoing letter, there can be but one opinion; and it is only to be wished that such honourable forbearance were as sure of imitators as it is, deservedly, of eulogists. In the lively pages thus suppressed, when ready fledged for flight, with a power of self-command rarely exercised by wit, there are some passages, of a general nature, too curious to be lost, which I shall accordingly proceed to extract for the reader.

[*The "Letter to Mr. Murray on Mr. Bowles's Strictures upon the Life and Writings of Pope" being printed entire at the end of this Volume, most of Mr. Moore's extracts are omitted.*]

To the extract that follows I beg to call the particular attention of the reader. Those who at all remember the peculiar bitterness and violence with which the gentleman here commemorated assailed Lord Byron, at a crisis when both his heart and fame were most vulnerable, will, if I am not mistaken, feel a thrill of pleasurable admiration in reading these sentences, such as alone can convey any adequate notion of the proud, generous pleasure that must have been felt in writing them.

"Poor Scott is now no more. In the exercise of his vocation, he contrived at last to make himself the subject of a coroner's inquest. But he died like a brave man, and he lived an able one. I knew him personally, though slightly. Athough several years my senior, we had been schoolfellows together at the 'grammar-schule' (or, as the Aberdonians pronounce it, '*squeel*') of New Aberdeen. He did not behave to me quite handsomely in his capacity of editor a few years ago, but he was under no obligation to behave otherwise. The moment was too tempting for many friends and for all enemies. At a time when all my relations (save one) fell from me like leaves from the tree in autumn winds, and my few friends became still fewer — when the whole periodical press (I mean the daily and weekly, *not* the *literary* press) was let loose against me in every shape of reproach, with the two strange exceptions (from their usual opposition) of 'The Courier' and 'The Examiner,' — the paper of which Scott had the direction was neither the last, nor the least vituperative. Two years ago I met him at Venice, when he was bowed in griefs by the loss of his son, and had known, by experience, the bitterness of domestic privation. He was then earnest with me to return to England; and on my telling him, with a smile, that he was once of a different opinion, he replied to me, 'that he and others had been greatly misled; and that some pains, and rather extraordinary means, had been taken to excite them.' — Scott is no more, but there are more than one living who were present at this dialogue. He was a man of very considerable talents, and of great acquirements. He had made his way, as a literary character, with high success, and in a few years. Poor fellow! I recollect his joy at some appointment which he had obtained, or was to obtain, through Sir James Mackintosh, and which prevented the further extension (unless by a

[1] ["Memoirs by James Earl Waldegrave, K. G."]

[2] ["Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II., by Horace Walpole, Lord Orford."]

rapid run to Rome) of his travels in Italy. I little thought to what it would conduct him. Peace be with him! and may all such other faults as are inevitable to humanity be as readily forgiven him, as the little injury which he had done to one who respected his talents and regrets his loss."

In reference to some complaints made by Mr. Bowles, in his Pamphlet, of a charge of "hypochondriacism" which he supposed to have been brought against him by his assailant, Mr. Gilchrist, the noble writer thus proceeds: —

"I cannot conceive a man in perfect health being much affected by such a charge, because his complexion and conduct must amply refute it. But were it true, to what does it amount? — to an impeachment of a liver complaint.[1] 'I will tell it to the world,' exclaimed the learned Smelfungus; 'you had better (said I) tell it to your physician.' There is nothing dishonourable in such a disorder, which is more peculiarly the malady of students. It has been the complaint of the good and the wise and the witty, and even of the gay. Regnard, the author of the last French comedy after Molière, was atrabilarious, and Molière himself saturnine. Dr. Johnson, Gray, and Burns, were all more or less affected by it occasionally. It was the prelude to the more awful malady of Collins, Cowper, Swift, and Smart; but it by no means follows that a partial affliction of this disorder is to terminate like theirs. But even were it so,

"'Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee;
Folly — Folly's only free.' PENROSE.[2]

"Mendelsohn and Bayle were at times so overcome with this depression as to be obliged to recur to seeing 'puppet-shows,' and 'counting tiles upon the opposite houses,' to divert themselves. Dr. Johnson, at times, 'would have given a limb to recover his spirits.'

"In page, 14. we have a large assertion, that 'the Eloisa alone is sufficient to convict him (Pope) of *gross licentiousness*.' Thus, out it comes at last — Mr. B. *does* accuse Pope of 'gross licentiousness,' and grounds the charge upon a poem. The *licentiousness* is a 'grand peut-être,' according to the turn of the times being: — the *grossness* I deny. On the contrary, I do believe that such a subject never was, nor ever could be, treated by any poet with so much delicacy mingled with, at the same time, such true and intense passion. Is the 'Atys' of Catullus *licentious?* No, nor even gross; and yet Catullus is often a coarse writer. The subject is nearly the same, except that Atys was the suicide of his manhood, and Abelard the victim.

"The 'licentiousness' of the story was *not* Pope's, — it was a fact. All that it had of gross he has softened; all that it had of indelicate he has purified; all that it had of passionate he has beautified; and all that it had of holy he has hallowed. Mr. Campbell has admirably marked this in a few words (I quote from memory), in drawing the distinction between Pope and Dryden, and pointing out where Dryden was wanting. 'I fear,' says he, 'that had the subject of 'Eloisa,' fallen into his (Dryden's) hands, that he would have given us but a *coarse* draft of her passion.' Never was the delicacy of Pope so much shown as in this poem. With the facts and the letters of 'Eloisa' he has done what no other mind but that of the best and purest of poets could have accomplished with such materials. Ovid, Sappho (in the Ode called hers) — all that we have of ancient, all that we have of modern poetry, sinks into nothing compared with him in this production.

"Let us hear no more of this trash about 'licentiousness.' Is not 'Anacreon' taught in our schools? — translated, praised, and edited? and are the English schools or the English women the more corrupt for all this? When you have thrown the ancients into the fire, it will be time to denounce the moderns. 'Licentiousness!' — there is more real mischief and sapping licentiousness in a single French prose novel, in a Moravian hymn, or a German comedy, than in all the actual poetry that ever was penned or poured forth since the rhapsodies of Orpheus. The sentimental anatomy of Rousseau and Mad.

[1] ["The liver is the lazaret of bile,
But very rarely executes his function,
For the first passion stays there such a while,
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil, —
Rage, hate, fear, jealousy, revenge, compunction;
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire called central."
Don Juan, c. ii. st. 215.]

[2] ["Hail, awful Madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his vent'rous sail;
Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee;
Folly — folly's only free."
These lines are from Penrose's poem, entitled 'Madness,' — a composition which, in the opinion of Dr. Robert Anderson, "challenges a comparison with the Music Ode of Dryden, the Passions of Collins, and the Bard of Gray." Penrose died, like Lord Byron, at the early age of thirty-six.]

de Stael are far more formidable than any quantity of verse. They are so, because they sap the principles by *reasoning* upon the *passions;* whereas poetry is in itself passion, and does not systematise. It assails, but does not argue; it may be wrong, but it does not assume pretensions to optimism."

Mr. Bowles having, in his pamphlet, complained of some anonymous communication which he had received, Lord Byron thus comments on the circumstance.

"I agree with Mr. B. that the intention was to annoy him; but I fear that this was answered by his notice of the reception of the criticism. An anonymous writer has but one means of knowing the effect of his attack. In this he has the superiority over the viper; he knows that his poison has taken effect when he hears the victim cry; —the adder is *deaf.* The best reply to an anonymous intimation is to take no notice directly nor indirectly. I wish Mr. B. could see only one or two of the thousand which I have received in the course of a literary life, which, though begun early, has not yet extended to a third part of his existence as an author. I speak of *literary* life only; —were I to add *personal,* I might double the amount of *anonymous* letters. If he could but see the violence, the threats, the absurdity of the whole thing, he would laugh, and so should I, and thus be both gainers.

"To keep up the farce, within the last month of this present writing (1821), I have had my life threatened in the same way which menaced Mr. B.'s fame, excepting that the anonymous denunciation was addressed to the Cardinal Legate of Romagna, instead of to Mrs. Bowles. I append the menace in all its barbaric but literal Italian, that Mr. B. may be convinced; and as this is the only 'promise to pay' which the Italians ever keep, so my person has been at least as much exposed to 'a shot in the gloaming' from 'John Heatherblutter' (see Waverley), as ever Mr. B.'s glory was from an editor. I am, nevertheless, on horseback and lonely for some hours (*one* of them twilight) in the forest daily; and this, because it was my 'custom in the afternoon,' and that I believe if the tyrant cannot escape amidst his guards (should it be so written), so the humbler individual would find precautions useless."

The following just tribute to my Reverend Friend's merits as a poet I have peculiar pleasure in extracting: —

"Mr. Bowles has no reason to 'succumb' but to Mr. Bowles. As a poet, the author of 'The Missionary' may compete with the foremost of his contemporaries. Let it be recollected, that all my previous opinions of Mr. Bowles's poetry were *written* long before the publication of his last and best poem; and that a poet's *last* poem should be his best, is his highest praise. But, however, he may duly and honourably rank with his living rivals," &c. &c. &c.

Among various Addenda for this pamphlet, I find the following curious passages: —

"The grand distinction of the under forms of the new school of poets is their *vulgarity.* By this I do not mean that they are *coarse,* but 'shabby-genteel,' as it is termed. A man may be *coarse* and yet not *vulgar,* and the reverse. Burns is often coarse, but never *vulgar.* Chatterton is never vulgar, nor Wordsworth, nor the higher of the Lake school, though they treat of low life in all its branches. It is in their *finery* that the new under school are *most* vulgar, and they may be known by this at once; as what we called at Harrow 'a Sunday blood' might be easily distinguished from a gentleman, although his clothes might be better cut, and his boots the best blackened, of the two; —probably because he made the one or cleaned the other with his own hands.

"In the present case, I speak of writing, not of persons. Of the latter, I know nothing; of the former, I judge as it is found. * * They may be honourable and *gentlemanly* men, for what I know, but the latter quality is studiously excluded from their publications. They remind me of Mr. Smith and the Miss Broughtons at the Hampstead Assembly, in 'Evelina.' In these things (in private life, at least) I pretend to some small experience; because in the course of my youth, I have seen a little of all sorts of society, from the Christian prince and the Mussulman sultan and pacha, and the higher ranks of their countries, down to the London boxer, the '*flash and the swell,*' the Spanish muleteer, the wandering Turkish dervise, the Scotch highlander, and the Albanian robber; —to say nothing of the curious varieties of Italian social life. Far be it from me to presume that there are now, or can be, such a thing as an *aristocracy* of *poets;* but there *is* a nobility of thought and of style, open to all stations, and derived partly from talent, and partly from education, —which is to be found in Shakspeare, and Pope, and Burns, no less than in Dante and Alfieri, but which is nowhere to be perceived in the mock birds and bards of Mr. Hunt's little chorus. If I were asked to define what this gentlemanliness is, I should say that it is only to be defined by *examples* — of those who have it, and those who have it not. In *life,* I should say that most *military* men have it, and few *naval;* that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers; that

In case of their refusal, we would not have published it at all. But this is too late.

"Yours.

"P. S. — I enclose Mr. Bowles's letters: thank him in my name for their candour and kindness. — Also a letter for Hodgson, which pray forward. The Milan paper states that I '*brought forward the play!!!*' This is pleasanter still. But don't let yourself be worried about it; and if (as is likely) the folly of Elliston checks the sale, I am ready to make any deduction, or the entire cancel of your agreement.

"You will of course *not* publish my defence of Gilchrist, as, after Bowles's good humour upon the subject, it would be too savage.

"Let me hear from you the particulars; for, as yet, I have only the simple fact.

"If you knew what I have had to go through here, on account of the failure of these rascally Neapolitans, you would be amused; but it is now apparently over. They seemed disposed to throw the whole project and plans of these parts upon me chiefly."

LETTER 426. TO MR. MOORE.

"May 14. 1821.

"If any part of the letter to Bowles has (unintentionally, as far as I remember the contents) vexed you, you are fully avenged; for I see by an Italian paper that, notwithstanding all my remonstrances through all my friends (and yourself among the rest), the managers persisted in attempting the tragedy, and that it has been 'unanimously hissed!!' This is the consolatory phrase of the Milan paper, (which detests me cordially, and abuses me, on all occasions, as a Liberal,) with the addition, that *I* 'brought the play out' of my own good will.

"All this is vexatious enough, and seems a sort of dramatic Calvinism — predestined damnation, without a sinner's own fault. I took all the pains poor mortal could to prevent this inevitable catastrophe — partly by appeals of all kinds, up to the Lord Chamberlain, and partly to the fellows themselves. But, as remonstrance was vain, complaint is useless. I do not understand it — for Murray's letter of the 24th, and all his preceding ones, gave me the strongest hopes that there would be no representation. As yet, I know nothing but the fact, which I presume to be true, as the date is Paris, and the 30th. They must have been in a *hell* of a hurry for this damnation, since I did not even know that it was published; and, without its being first published, the histrions could not have got hold of it. Any one might have seen, at a glance, that it was utterly impracticable for the stage; and this little accident will by no means enhance its merit in the closet.

"Well, patience is a virtue, and, I suppose, practice will make it perfect. Since last year (spring, that is) I have lost a lawsuit, of great importance, on Rochdale collieries — have occasioned a divorce — have had my poesy disparaged by Murray and the critics — my fortune refused to be placed on an advantageous settlement (in Ireland) by the trustees; — my life threatened last month (they put about a paper here to excite an attempt at my assassination, on account of politics, and a notion which the priests disseminated that I was in a league against the Germans,) — and, finally, my mother-in-law recovered last fortnight, and my play was damned last week! These are like 'the eight-and-twenty misfortunes of Harlequin.' But they must be borne. If I give in, it shall be after keeping up a spirit at least. I should not have cared so much about it, if our southern neighbours had not bungled us all out of freedom for these five hundred years to come.

"Did you know John Keats? They say that he was killed by a review of him in the Quarterly — if he be dead, which I really don't know. I don't understand that *yielding* sensitiveness. What I feel (as at this present) is an immense rage for eight-and-forty hours, and then, as usual — unless this time it should last longer. I must get on horseback to quiet me. Yours, &c.

"Francis I. wrote, after the battle of Pavia, 'All is lost except our honour.' A hissed author may reverse it — '*Nothing* is lost, except our honour.' But the horses are waiting, and the paper full. I wrote last week to you."

LETTER 427. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 19. 1821.

"By the papers of Thursday, and two letters of Mr. Kinnaird, I perceive that the Italian gazette had lied most *Italically*, and that the drama had *not* been hissed, and that my friends *had* interfered to prevent the representation. So it seems they continue to act it, in spite of us all: for this we must 'trouble them at 'size.' Let it by all means be brought to a plea: I am determined to try the right, and will meet the expenses. The reason of the Lombard lie was that the Austrians — who keep up an Inquisition throughout Italy, and a *list* of *names* of all who think or speak of any thing but in favour of their despotism — have for five years past abused me in every form in the Gazette of Milan, &c. I wrote to you a week ago on the subject.

"Now I should be glad to know what

compensation Mr. Elliston would make me, not only for dragging my writings on the stage in *five* days, but for being the cause that I was kept for *four* days (from Sunday to Thursday morning, the only post-days) in the *belief* that the *tragedy* had been acted and 'unanimously hissed;' and this with the addition that *I* 'had brought it upon the stage,' and consequently that none of my friends had attended to my request to the contrary. Suppose that I had burst a blood-vessel, like John Keats, or blown my brains out in a fit of rage,—neither of which would have been unlikely a few years ago. At present I am, luckily, calmer than I used to be, and yet I would not pass those four days over again for — I know not what.[1]

"I wrote to you to keep up your spirits, for reproach is useless always, and irritating — but my feelings were very much hurt, to be dragged like a gladiator to the fate of a gladiator by that '*retiarius*,' Mr. Elliston. As to his defence and offers of compensation, what is all this to the purpose? It is like Louis the Fourteenth, who insisted upon buying at any price Algernon Sydney's horse, and, on his refusal, on taking it by force Sydney shot his horse. I could not shoot my tragedy, but I would have flung it into the fire rather than have had it represented.

"I have now written nearly three *acts* of another (intending to complete it in five), and am more anxious than ever to be preserved from such a breach of all literary courtesy and gentlemanly consideration.

"If we succeed, well: if not, previous to any future publication, we will request a *promise* not to be acted, which I would even pay for (as money is their object), or I will not publish — which, however, you will probably not much regret.

"The Chancellor has behaved nobly. You have also conducted yourself in the most satisfactory manner; and I have no fault to find with any body but the stage-players and their proprietor. I was always so civil to Elliston personally, that he ought to have been the last to attempt to injure me.

"There is a most rattling thunder-storm pelting away at this present writing; so that I write neither by day, nor by candle, nor torchlight, but by *lightning* light: the flashes are as brilliant as the most gaseous glow of the gas-light company. My chimney-board has just been thrown down by a gust of wind: I thought that it was the 'Bold Thunder' and 'Brisk Lightning' in person. — *Three* of us would be too many. There it goes — *flash* again! but,

> "I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;
> I never gave ye *franks*, nor *call'd* upon you;

as I have done by and upon Mr. Elliston.

"Why do you not write? You should at least send me a line of particulars: I know nothing yet but by Galignani and the Honourable Douglas.

"Well, and how does our Pope controversy go on? and the pamphlet? It is impossible to write any news: the Austrian scoundrels rummage all letters.

[1] The account given, by Madame Guiccioli, of his anxiety on this occasion, fully corroborates his own:—'His quiet was, in spite of himself, often disturbed by public events, and by the attacks which, principally in his character of author, the journals levelled at him. In vain did he protest that he was indifferent to these attacks. The impression was, it is true, but momentary; and he, from a feeling of noble pride, but too much disdained to reply to his detractors. But, however brief his annoyance was, it was sufficiently acute to occasion him much pain, and to afflict those who loved him. Every occurrence relative to the bringing Marino Faliero on the stage caused him excessive inquietude. On the occasion of an article in the Milan Gazette, in which mention was made of this affair he wrote to me in the following manner:—'You will see here confirmation of what I told you the other day! I am sacrificed in every way, without knowing the *why* or the *wherefore*. The tragedy in question is not (nor ever was) written for, or adapted to, the stage; nevertheless, the plan is not romantic; it is rather regular than otherwise;—in point of unity of time, indeed, perfectly regular, and failing but slightly in unity of place. You well now whether it was ever my intention to have it acted, since it was written at your side, and at a period assuredly rather more *tragical* to me as a *man* than as an *author*; for *you* were in affliction and peril. In the mean time, I learn from your Gazette that a cabal and party has been formed, while I myself have never taken the slightest step in the business. It is said that the author read it aloud!!!—here, probably, at Ravenna?—and to whom? perhaps to Fletcher!!!—that illustrious literary character,'" &c. &c.—"Ma però la sua tranquillità era suo malgrado sovente alterata dalle publiche vicende, e dagli attachi che spesso si direggevano a lui nei giornali come ad autore principalmente. Era invano che egli protestava indifferenza per codesti attachi. L'impressione non era è vero che momentanea, e purtroppo per una nobile fierezza sdegnava sempre di rispondere ai suoi dettratori. Ma per quanto fosse breve quella impressione era però assai forte per farlo molto soffrire e per affliggere quelli che lo amavano. Tuttavolta che ebbe luogo per la rappresentazione del suo Marino Faliero lo inquietò pure moltissimo e dietro ad un articolo di una Gazetta di Milano in cui si parlava di quell' affare egli mi scrisse così—'Ecco la verità di ciò che io vi dissi pochi giorni fa, come vengo sacrificato in tutte le maniere senza sapere il *perchè* e il *come*. La tragedia di cui si parla non è (e non era mai) nè scritta nè adatta al teatro, ma non è però romantico il disegno, piutèosto regolare—regolarissimo per l' unità del tempo, e mancando poco a quella del sito. Voi sapete bene se io aveva intenzione di farla rappresentare, poichè era scritta al vostro fianco e nei momenti per certo più *tragici* per me come uomo che come *autore*,—perchè *voi* eravate in affanno ed in pericolo. Intanto sento dalla vostra Gazetta che sia nata una cabala, un partito, e senza ch' io vi abbia preso la minima parte. Si dice che *l'autore ne fece la lettura!!!*—qui forse? a Ravenna?—ed a chi? forse a Fletcher!!! quel illustre litterato,'" &c. &c.

S. — I could have sent you a good f gossip and some *real* information, t not that all letters pass through the rians' inspection, and I have no wish orm *them* of any thing but my utter rence of them and theirs. They have onquered by treachery, however."

ER 428. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, May 20. 1821.

nce I wrote to you last week I have ed English letters and papers, by I perceive that what I took for an *truth* is, after all, a French lie of the te de France. It contains two ultra-oods in as many lines. In the first Lord B. did *not* bring forward his play, pposed the same; and, secondly, it was ndemned, but is continued to be acted, pite of publisher, author, Lord Chan-, and (for aught I know to the contrary) lience, up to the first of May, at least latest date of my letters. You will me, then, by causing Mr. Gazette of e to contradict himself, which, I sup-he is used to. I never answer a foreign *m;* but this is a mere matter of *fact*, not of *opinions*. I presume that you English and French interest enough to is for me — though, to be sure, as it is ng but the *truth* which we wish to state, sertion may be more difficult.

s I have written to you often lately at length, I won't bore you further now, by begging you to comply with my re-; and I presume the 'esprit du corps' 'du' or 'de'? for this is more than I) will sufficiently urge you, as one of ' to set this affair in its real aspect. ve me always yours ever and most af-nately, BYRON."

ER 429. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, May 25. 1821.

am very much pleased with what you f Switzerland, and will ponder upon it. ld rather she married there than here at matter. For fortune, I shall make at I can spare (if I live and she is cor-n her conduct); and if I die before she tled, I have left her by will five thou-pounds, which is a fair provision *out* of nd for a natural child. I shall increase I can, if circumstances permit me; but, rse (like all other human things), this y uncertain.

"You will oblige me very much by interfering to have the FACTS of the play-acting stated, as these scoundrels appear to be organising a system of abuse against me, because I am in their '*list*.' I care nothing for *their criticism*, but the matter of fact. I have written *four* acts of another tragedy, so you see they *can't* bully me.

"You know, I suppose, that they actually keep a *list* of all individuals in Italy who dislike them — it must be numerous. Their suspicions and actual alarms, about my conduct and presumed intentions in the late row, were truly ludicrous — though, not to bore you, I touched upon them lightly. They believed, and still believe here, or affect to believe it, that the whole plan and project of rising was settled by me, and the *means* furnished, &c. &c. All this was more fomented by the barbarian agents, who are numerous here (one of them was stabbed yesterday, by the way, but not dangerously): — and although when the Commandant was shot here before my door in December, I took him into my house, where he had every assistance, till he died on Fletcher's bed; and although not one of them dared to receive him into their houses but myself, they leaving him to perish in the night in the streets, they put up a paper about three months ago, denouncing me as the Chief of the Liberals, and stirring up persons to assassinate me. But this shall never silence nor bully my opinions. All this came from the German Barbarians."

LETTER 430. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 25. 1821.

"Mr. Moray,

"Since I wrote the enclosed a week ago, and for some weeks before, I have not had a line from you: now I should be glad to know upon what principle of common or *uncommon* feeling, you leave me without any information but what I derive from garbled gazettes in English, and abusive ones in Italian (the Germans hating me as a *coal-heaver*), while all this kick-up has been going on about the play? You SHABBY fellow!!! Were it not for two letters from Douglas Kinnaird, I should have been as ignorant as you are negligent.

"So, I hear Bowles has been abusing Hobhouse? If that's the case, he has broken the truce, like Morillo's successor, and I will cut him out, as Cochrane did the Esmeralda.[1]

r Captain Basil Hall's lively description of this t exploit, see his "Journal written on the Coast l, in 1820, &c." vol. i. p. 71. Lord Cochrane not only cut out the Esmeralda, from under the guns of Callao, but bore her off in triumph with all her crew.]

"Since I wrote the enclosed packet, I have completed (but not copied out) four acts of a new tragedy. When I have finished the fifth, I will copy it out. It is on the subject of 'Sardanapalus,' the last king of the Assyrians. The words *Queen* and *Pavilion* occur, but it is not an allusion to his Britannic Majesty, as you may tremulously imagine. This you will one day see (if I finish it), as I have made Sardanapalus *brave*, (though voluptuous, as history represents him,) and also as *amiable* as my poor powers could render him: — so that it could neither be truth nor satire on any living monarch. I have strictly preserved all the unities hitherto, and mean to continue them in the fifth, if possible; but *not* for *the stage*. Yours, in haste and hatred, you shabby correspondent! N."

CHAPTER XLV.

1821.

RAVENNA. — SARDANAPALUS COMPLETED. — MADAME BENZONI. — ANECDOTES. — EPIGRAM. — FAME. — TRIBUTES TO LORD BYRON'S GENIUS. — VISIT OF MR. COOLIDGE. — PICTURES AND BUSTS. — AMERICANS. — DON JUAN DISCONTINUED AT THE DESIRE OF MADAME GUICCIOLI. — SHAKSPEARE. — SEVERITY OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT. — THE GAMBAS AND MADAME GUICCIOLI COMPELLED TO LEAVE RAVENNA. — LETTERS TO HOPPNER, MOORE, AND MURRAY. — SHELLEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO LORD BYRON. — PROGRESS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

LETTER 431. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 28. 1821.

"SINCE my last of the 26th or 25th, I have dashed off my fifth act of the tragedy called 'Sardanapalus.' But now comes the copying over, which may prove heavy work — heavy to the writer as to the reader. I have written to you at least six times sans answer, which proves you to be a — bookseller. I pray you to send me a copy of Mr. *Wrangham*'s reformation of '*Langhorne*'s Plutarch.' I have the Greek, which is somewhat small of print, and the Italian, which is too heavy in style, and as false as a Neapolitan patriot proclamation. I pray you also to se a Life, published some years ago, o *Magician Apollonius* of Tyana. It is i glish, and I think edited or written by Martin Marprelate calls '*a bouncing pr* I shall trouble you no further with this than with the postage. Yours, &c.

"P. S. — Since I wrote this, I deter to enclose it (as a half sheet) to Mr. naird, who will have the goodness t ward it. Besides, it saves sealing-wax.

LETTER 432. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 3

"Dear Moray,

"You say you have written often. I only received yours of the eleventh, wh very short. By this post, in *five* pack send you the tragedy of Sardanapalus, w is written in a rough hand; perhaps Leigh can help you to decipher it. will please to acknowledge it by *retu* post. You will remark that the *unitie* all *strictly* observed. The scene pass the same *hall* always: the time, a *sum night*, about nine hours, or less, thou begins before sunset and ends after sun In the third act, when Sardanapalus call a *mirror* to look at himself in his arm recollect to quote the Latin passage f *Juvenal* upon *Otho* (a similar character, w did the same thing): Gifford will help to it. The trait is perhaps too familiar, it is historical, (of *Otho*, at least,) and natu in an effeminate character."

LETTER 433. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, May 31.

"I enclose you another letter, which only confirm what I have said to you.

"About Allegra — I will take some d sive step in the course of the year; at pres she is so happy where she is, that perh she had better have her *alphabet* impa in her convent.

"What you say of the *Dante* is the I have heard of it — all seeming to be me in the *row* about the tragedy. Continue it Alas! what could Dante himself *now* prop about Italy? I am glad you like it, how but doubt that you will be singular in opinion. My *new* tragedy is completed.

"The Benzoni is *right* [2], — I ought to

[1] [A translation of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, from the Greek of Philostratus, by the Rev. Edward Berwick, appeared in 1809.]

[2] [This refers to the following passage in a note to Marino Faliero: — "From the present decay and degeneracy of Venice under the Barbarians, there are some honourable individual exceptions. There is Alvise rini, who, after a long and honourable diplomatic c finds some consolation for the wrongs of his coun the pursuits of literature with his nephew, Vittor zon, the son of the celebrated *beauty*, the heroi 'La Biondina in Gondoletta,' &c." See *Works*, p.

mentioned her *humour* and *amiability*, but I thought at *sixty*, beauty would be most agreeable or least likely. However, it shall be rectified in a new edition; and if any of the parties have either looks or qualities which they wish to be noticed, let me have a minute of them. I have no private nor personal dislike to *Venice*, rather the contrary; but I merely speak of what is the subject of all remarks and all writers upon her present state. Let me hear from you before you start.

"Believe me ever, &c.

"P. S.—Did you receive two letters of Douglas Kinnaird's in an endorse from me? Remember me to Mengaldo, Soranzo, and all who care that I should remember them. The letter alluded to in the enclosed, 'to the *Cardinal*,' was in answer to some *queries* of the government, about a poor devil of a Neapolitan, arrested at Sinigaglia on suspicion, who came to beg of me here; being without breeches, and consequently without pockets for halfpence, I relieved and forwarded him to his country, and they arrested him at Pesaro on suspicion, and have since interrogated me (civilly and politely, however,) about him. I sent them the poor man's petition, and such information as I had about him, which I trust will get him out again, that is to say, if they give him a fair hearing.

"I *am* content with the article. Pray, did you receive, some posts ago, Moore's lines which I enclosed to you, written at Paris?"

LETTER 434. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 4. 1821.

"You have not written lately, as is the usual custom with literary gentlemen, to console their friends with their observations in cases of magnitude. I do not know whether I sent you my 'Elegy on the *recovery* of Lady * *:'—

"Behold the blessings of a lucky lot—
My play is damn'd, and Lady * * *not*.

"The papers (and perhaps your letters) will have put you in possession of Muster Elliston's dramatic behaviour. It is to be presumed that the play was *fitted* for the stage by Mr. Dibdin, who is the tailor upon such occasions, and will have taken measure with his usual accuracy. I hear that it is still continued to be performed—a piece of obstinacy for which it is some consolation to think that the discourteous histrio will be out of pocket.

"You will be surprised to hear that I have finished another tragedy in *five* acts, observing all the unities strictly. It is called 'Sardanapalus,' and was sent by last post to England. It is *not for* the stage, any more than the other was intended for it—and I shall take better care *this* time that they don't get hold on't.

"I have also sent, two months ago, a further letter on Bowles, &c.; but he seems to be so taken up with my 'respect' (as he calls it) towards him in the former case, that I am not sure that it will be published, being somewhat too full of 'pastime and prodigality.' I learn from some private letters of Bowles's, that *you* were 'the gentleman in asterisks.' Who would have dreamed it? you see what mischief that clergyman has done by printing notes without names. How the deuce was I to suppose that the first four asterisks meant 'Campbell' and *not* '*Pope*,' and that the blank signature meant Thomas Moore?[1] You see what comes of being

[1] In their eagerness, like true controversialists, to avail themselves of every passing advantage, and convert even straws into weapons on an emergency, my two friends, during their short warfare, contrived to place me in that sort of embarrassing position, the most provoking feature of which is, that it excites more amusement than sympathy. On the one side, Mr. Bowles chose to cite, as a support to his argument, a short fragment of a note, addressed to him, as he stated, by "a gentleman of the highest literary," &c. &c., and saying, in reference to Mr. Bowles's former pamphlet, "You have hit the right nail on the head, and * * * * too." This short scrap was signed with four asterisks; and when, on the appearance of Mr. Bowles's Letter, I met with it in his pages, not the slightest suspicion ever crossed my mind that I had been myself the writer of it;—my communications with my reverend friend and neighbour having been (for years, I am proud to say) sufficiently frequent to allow of such a hasty compliment to his disputative powers passing from my memory. When Lord Byron took the field against Mr. Bowles's Letter, this unlucky scrap, so authoritatively brought forward, was, of course, too tempting a mark for his facetiousness to be resisted; more especially as the person mentioned in it, as having suffered from the reverend critic's vigour, appeared, from the number of asterisks employed in designating him, to have been Pope himself, though, in reality, the name was that of Mr. Bowles's former antagonist, Mr. Campbell. The noble assailant, it is needless to say, made the most of this vulnerable point; and few readers could have been more diverted than I was with his happy ridicule of "the gentleman in asterisks," little thinking that I was myself, all the while, this veiled victim,—nor was it till about the time of the receipt of the above letter, that, by some communication on the subject from a friend in England, I was startled into the recollection of my own share in the transaction.

While by one friend I was thus unconsciously, if not innocently, drawn into the scrape, the other was not slow in rendering me the same friendly service;—for, on the appearance of Lord Byron's answer to Mr. Bowles, I had the mortification of finding that, with a far less pardonable want of reserve, he had all but named me as his authority for an anecdote of his reverend opponent's

familiar with parsons. His answers have not yet reached *me*, but I understand from Hobhouse, that *he* (H.) is attacked in them. If that be the case, Bowles has broken the truce, (which he himself proclaimed, by the way,) and I must have at him again.

"Did you receive my letters with the two or three concluding sheets of Memoranda?

"There are no news here to interest much. A German spy (*boasting* himself such) was stabbed last week, but *not* mortally. The moment I heard that he went about bullying and boasting, it was easy for me, or any one else, to foretell what would occur to him, which I did, and it came to pass in two days after. He has got off, however, for a slight incision.

"A row the other night, about a lady of the place, between her various lovers, occasioned a midnight discharge of pistols, but nobody wounded. Great scandal, however — planted by her lover — *to be* thrashed by her husband, for inconstancy to her regular Servente, who is coming home post about it, and she herself retired in confusion into the country, although it is the acme of the opera season. All the women furious against her (she herself having been censorious) for being *found out*. She is a pretty woman — a Countess Rusponi — a fine old Visigoth name, or Ostrogoth.

'The Greeks! what think you? They are my old acquaintances — but what to think I know not. Let us hope howsomever.

"Yours, B."

LETTER 435. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, June 22. 1821.

"Your dwarf of a letter came yesterday. That is right; — keep to your 'magnum opus' — magnoperate away. Now, if we were but together a little to combine our 'Journal of Trevoux!'[1] But it is useless to sigh, and yet very natural, — for I think you and I draw better together, in the social line, than any two other living authors.

"I forgot to ask you, if you had seen your own panegyric in the correspondence of Mrs. Waterhouse and Colonel Berkeley? To be sure *their* moral is not quite exact; but *your passion* is fully effective; and all poetry of the *Asiatic* kind — I mean Asiatic, as the Romans called 'Asiatic oratory,' and not because the scenery is Oriental — must be tried by that test only. I am not quite sure that I shall allow the Miss Byrons (legitimate or illegitimate) to read Lalla Rookh — in the first place, on account of this said '*passion*; and, in the second, that they may'nt discover that there was a better poet than papa.

"You say nothing of politics — but, alas! what can be said?

> "The world is a bundle of hay,
> Mankind are the asses who pull,
> Each tugs it a different way, —
> And the greatest of all is John Bull!

"How do you call your new project? I have sent Murray a new tragedy, ycleped 'Sardanapalus,' writ according to Aristotle — all, save the chorus — I could not reconcile me to that. I have begun another, and am in the second act; — so you see I saunter on as usual.

"Bowles's answers have reached me; but I can't go on disputing for ever, — particularly in a polite manner. I suppose he will take being *silent* for *silenced*. He has been so civil that I can't find it in my liver to be facetious with him, — else I had a savage joke or two at his service.

"I can't send you the little journal, because it is in boards, and I can't trust it per post. Don't suppose it is any thing particular; but it will show the *intentions* of the natives at that time — and one or two other things, chiefly personal, like the former one.

"So, Longman don't *bite*. — It was my wish to have made that work of use. Could you not raise a sum upon it (however small), reserving the power of redeeming it, on repayment?

"Are you in Paris, or a villaging? If you are *in* the city, you will never resist the Anglo-invasion you speak of. I do not see an Englishman in half a year, and, when I do, I turn my horse's head the other way. The fact, which you will find in the last note to the Doge, has given me a good excuse for quite dropping the least connection with travellers.

"I do not recollect the speech you speak of, but suspect it is not the Doge's, but one of Israel Bertuccio to Calendaro. I hope you think that Elliston behaved shamefully —

early days, which I had, in the course of an after-dinner conversation, told him at Venice, and which, — pleasant in itself, and, whether true or false, harmless, — derived its sole sting from the manner in which the noble disputant triumphantly applied it. Such are the consequences of one's near and dear friends taking to controversy.

[1] [The small town of Trevoux, in the department of Ain, gave its name not only to an excellent "Journal," extending to fifty-six volumes, but also to a Dictionary, consisting of eight large folios — "precious," says Mr. D'Israeli, "as a vast collection of ancient and modern learning, and not merely a grammatical, scientific, and technical encyclopædia, but replete with divinity, law, moral philosophy, critical and historical learning, and abounding with innumerable miscellaneous curiosities."]

it is my only consolation. I made the Milanese fellows contradict their lie, which they did with the grace of people used to it.

"Yours, &c.

"B."

LETTER 436. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, July 5. 1821.

"How could you suppose that I ever would allow any thing that *could* be said on your account to weigh with *me?* I only regret that Bowles had not *said* that you were the writer of that note, until afterwards, when out he comes with it, in a private letter to Murray, which Murray sends to me. D—n the controversy!

"D—n Twizzle,
D—n the bell,
And d—n the fool who rung it—Well!
From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd.

"I have had a friend of your Mr. Irving's—a very pretty lad—a Mr. Coolidge, of Boston—only somewhat too full of poesy and 'entusymusy.' I was very civil to him during his few hours' stay, and talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight. But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolf-skin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world. I can never get people to understand that poetry is the expression of *excited passion*, and that there is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake, or an eternal fever. Besides, who would ever *shave* themselves in such a state?

"I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in England (I never saw her), who says she is given over of a decline, but could not go out of the world without thanking me for the delight which my poesy for several years, &c.&c.&c. It is signed simply N. N. A. and has not a word of 'cant' or preachment in it upon *any* opinions. She merely says that she is dying, and that as I had contributed so highly to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might say so, begging me to *burn* her *letter*—which, by the way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such a letter in such circumstances as better than a diploma from Gottingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim in *Norway* (but not from a dying woman), in verse, on the same score of gratulation. These are the things which make one at times believe one's self a poet. But if I must believe that * * * * *, and such fellows, are poets also, it is better to be out of the corps.

"I am now in the fifth act of 'Foscari,' being the third tragedy in twelve months, besides *proses;* so you perceive that I am not at all idle. And are you, too, busy? I doubt that your life at Paris draws too much upon your time, which is a pity. Can't you divide your day, so as to combine both? I have had plenty of all sorts of worldly business on my hands last year, and yet it is not so difficult to give a few hours to the *Muses*. This sentence is so like * * * * that——

"Ever, &c

"If we were together, I should publish both my plays (periodically) in our *joint* journal. It should be our plan to publish all our best things in that way."

In the Journal entitled "Detached Thoughts," I find the tribute to his genius which he here mentions, as well as some others, thus interestingly dwelt upon.

"As far as fame goes (that is to say, *living* fame) I have had my share, perhaps—indeed, *certainly*—more than my deserts.

"Some odd instances have occurred to my own experience, of the wild and strange places to which a name may penetrate, and where it may impress. Two years ago (almost three, being in August or July, 1819,) I received at Ravenna a letter in *English* verse, from *Drontheim* in Norway, written by a Norwegian, and full of the usual compliments, &c. &c. It is still somewhere amongst my papers. In the same month I received an invitation into *Holstein* from a Mr. Jacobsen (I think) of Hamburgh; also, by the same medium, a translation of Medora's song in The Corsair by a Westphalian baroness (*not* 'Thunderton-Tronck'), with some original verses of hers (very pretty and Klopstock-ish), and a prose translation annexed to them, on the subject of my wife:—as they concerned her more than me, I sent them to her, together with Mr. Jacobsen's letter. It was odd enough to receive an invitation to pass the *summer* in *Holstein* while in *Italy*, from people I never knew. The letter was addressed to Venice. Mr. Jacobsen talked to me of the 'wild roses growing in the Holstein summer.' Why then did the Cimbri and Teutones emigrate?

"What a strange thing is life and man! Were I to present myself at the door of the house where my daughter now is, the door would be shut in my face—unless (as is not impossible) I knocked down the porter; and if I had gone in that year (and perhaps now) to Drontheim (the furthest town in Norway), or into Holstein, I should have been received with open arms into the man-

the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the *worst* of models [1], though the most extraordinary of writers. It has been my object to be as simple and severe as Alfieri, and I have broken down the *poetry* as nearly as I could to common language. The hardship is, that in these times one can neither speak of kings nor queens without suspicion of politics or personalities. I intended neither.

"I am not very well, and I write in the midst of unpleasant scenes here: they have, without trial or process, banished several of the first inhabitants of the cities — here and all around the Roman states — amongst them many of my personal friends, so that every thing is in confusion and grief: it is a kind of thing which cannot be described without an equal pain as in beholding it.

"You are very niggardly in your letters.

"Yours truly,

"B."

LETTER 439. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, July 22. 1821.

"The printer has done wonders; — he has read what I cannot — my own handwriting.

"I *oppose* the 'delay till winter:' I am particularly anxious to print while the *winter theatres* are *closed*, to gain time, in case they try their former piece of politeness. Any *loss* shall be considered in our contract, whether occasioned by the season or other causes; but print away, and publish.

"I think they must own that I have more *styles* than one. 'Sardanapalus' is, however, almost a comic character: but, for that matter, so is Richard the Third. Mind the *unities*, which are my great object of research. I am glad that Gifford likes it: as for 'the million,' you see I have carefully consulted any thing but the *taste* of the day for extravagant 'coups de théâtre.' Any probable loss, as I said before, will be allowed for in our accompts. The reviews (except one or two — Blackwood's, for instance) are cold enough; but never mind those fellows: I shall send them to the right about, if I take it into my head. I always found the English *baser* in some things than any other nation. You stare, but it's true as to gratitude, — perhaps because they are prouder, and proud people hate obligations.

"The tyranny of the Government here is breaking out. They have exiled about a thousand people of the best families all over the Roman states. As many of my friends are amongst them, I think of moving too, but not till I have had your answers. Continue *your address* to me *here*, as usual, and quickly. What you will *not* be sorry to hear is, that the *poor* of the place, hearing that I meant to go, got together a petition to the Cardinal to request that *he* would request me to *remain*. I only heard of it a day or two ago, and it is no dishonour to them nor to me; but it will have displeased the higher powers, who look upon me as a Chief of the Coalheavers. They arrested a servant of mine for a street quarrel with an officer (they drew upon one another knives and pistols); but as *the officer* was out of uniform, and in the *wrong* besides, on my protesting stoutly, he was released. I was not present at the affray, which happened by night near my stables. My man (an Italian), a very stout and not over-patient personage, would have taken a fatal revenge afterwards, if I had not prevented him. As it was, he drew his stiletto, and, but for passengers, would have carbonadoed the captain, who, I understand, made but a poor figure in the quarrel, except by beginning it. He applied to me, and I offered him any satisfaction, either by turning away the man, or otherwise, because he had drawn a knife. He answered that a reproof would be sufficient. I reproved him; and yet, after this, the shabby dog complained to the *Government*, — after being quite satisfied, as he said. *This* roused me, and I gave them a remonstrance which had some effect. The captain has been reprimanded, the servant released, and the business at present rests there."

Among the victims of the "black sentence and proscription" by which the rulers of Italy were now, as appears from the above letters, avenging their late alarm upon all who had even in the remotest degree contributed to it, the two Gambas were, of course, as suspected Chiefs of the Carbonari of Romagna, included. About the middle of July, Madame Guiccioli, in a state of despair, wrote to inform Lord Byron that her father, in whose palazzo she was at that time residing, had just been ordered to quit Ravenna within twenty-four hours, and that it was the inten-

[1] In venturing this judgment upon Shakspeare, Lord Byron but followed in the footsteps of his great idol Pope. "It was mighty simple in Rowe," says this poet, "to write a play now professedly in Shakspeare's style, that is, professedly in the style of a bad age."— *Spence*, sect. 4. 1734-36. Of Milton, too, Pope seems to have held pretty nearly the same opinion as that professed by Lord Byron in some of these letters. See, in Spence, sect. 5. 1737-39, a passage on which his editor remarks — "Perhaps Pope did not relish Shakspeare more than he seems to have done Milton."

tion of her brother to depart the following morning. The young Count, however, was not permitted to remain even so long, being arrested that very night, and conveyed by soldiers to the frontier; and the Contessa herself, in but a few days after, found that she also must join the crowd of exiles. The prospect of being again separated from her noble friend seems to have rendered banishment little less fearful, in her eyes, than death. "This alone," she says in a letter to him, "was wanting to fill up the measure of my despair. Help me, my dear Byron, for I am in a situation most terrible; and without you, I can resolve upon nothing. * * has just been with me, having been sent by * * to tell me that I must depart from Ravenna before next Tuesday, as my husband has had recourse to Rome, for the purpose of either forcing me to return to him, or else putting me in a convent; and the answer from thence is expected in a few days. I must not speak of this to any one, — I must escape by night; for, if my project should be discovered, it will be impeded, and my passport (which the goodness of Heaven has permitted me, I know not how, to obtain) will be taken from me. Byron! I am in despair! — If I must leave you here without knowing when I shall see you again, if it is your will that I should suffer so cruelly, I am resolved to remain. They may put me in a convent; I shall die, — but — but then you cannot aid me, and I cannot reproach you. I know not what they tell me, for my agitation overwhelms me; — and why? Not because I fear my present danger, but solely, I call Heaven to witness, solely because I must leave you."

Towards the latter end of July, the writer of this tender and truly feminine letter found herself forced to leave Ravenna, — the home of her youth, as it was, now, of her heart, — uncertain whither to go, or where she should again meet Lord Byron. After lingering for a short time at Bologna, under a faint expectation that the Court of Rome might yet, through some friendly mediation [1], be induced to rescind its order against her relatives, she at length gave up all hope, and joined her father and brother at Florence.

It has been already seen, from Lord Byron's letters, that he had himself become an object of strong suspicion to the Government, and it was, indeed, chiefly in their desire to rid themselves of his presence, that the steps taken against the Gamba family had originated; — the constant benevolence which he exercised towards the poor of Ravenna being likely, it was feared, to render him dangerously popular among a people unused to charity on so enlarged a scale. "One of the principal causes," says Madame Guiccioli, "of the exile of my relatives, was in reality the idea that Lord Byron would share the banishment of his friends. Already the Government were averse to Lord Byron's residence at Ravenna; knowing his opinions, fearing his influence, and also exaggerating the extent of his means for giving effect to them. They fancied that he provided money for the purchase of arms, &c., and that he contributed pecuniarily to the wants of the Society. The truth is, that, when called upon to exercise his beneficence, he made no enquiries as to the political and religious opinions of those who required his aid. Every unhappy and needy object had an equal share in his benevolence. The Anti-Liberals, however, insisted upon believing that he was the principal support of Liberalism in Romagna, and were desirous of his departure; but, not daring to exact it by any direct measure, they were in hopes of being able indirectly to force him into this step." [2]

After stating the particulars of her own hasty departure, the lady proceeds: — "Lord Byron, in the mean time, remained at Ravenna, in a town convulsed by party spirit, where he had certainly, on account of his opinions, many fanatical and perfidious enemies; and my imagination always painted him surrounded by a thousand dangers. It may be conceived, therefore, what that journey must have been to me, and what I suf-

[1] Among the persons applied to by Lord Byron for their interest on this occasion was the late Duchess of Devonshire, whose answer, dated from Spa, I found among his papers. With the utmost readiness her Grace undertakes to write to Rome on the subject; and adds, "Believe me also, my Lord, that there is a character of justice, goodness, and benevolence, in the present Government of Rome, which, if they are convinced of the just claims of the Conte de Gamba and his son, will make them grant their request."

[2] "Una delle principali ragioni per cui si erano esigliati i miei parenti era la speranza che Lord Byron pure lascierebbe la Romagna quando i suoi amici fossero partiti. Già da qualche tempo la permanenza di Lord Byron in Ravenna era mal gradita dal Governo conoscendosile sue opinione e temendosila sua influenza, ed essaggiandosi anche i suoi mezzi per esercitarla. Si credeva che egli somministrasse danaro per provvedere armi, e che provvedesse ai bisogni della Società. La verità era che nelle spargere le sue beneficenze egli non s'informava delle opinioni politiche e religiose di quello che aveva bisogno del suo soccorso; ogni misero ed ogni infelice aveva un eguale diviso alla sua generosità. Ma in ogni modo gli Anti-Liberali lo credevano il principale sostegno del Liberalismo della Romagna, e desideravano la sua partenza; ma non osando provocarla in nessun modo diretto speravano di ottenerla indirettamente."

fered at such a distance from him. His letters would have given me comfort; but two days always elapsed between his writing and my receiving them; and this idea embittered all the solace they would otherwise have afforded me, so that my heart was torn by the most cruel fears. Yet it was necessary for his own sake that he should remain some time longer at Ravenna, in order that it might not be said that he also was banished. Besides, he had conceived a very great affection for the place itself; and was desirous, before he left it, of exhausting every means and hope of procuring the recall of my relations from banishment."[1]

LETTER 440. TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, July 23. 1821.

"This country being in a state of proscription, and all my friends exiled or arrested — the whole family of Gamba obliged to go to Florence for the present — the father and son for politics — (and the Guiccioli, because menaced with a *convent*, as her father is *not* here,) I have determined to remove to Switzerland, and they also. Indeed, my life here is not supposed to be particularly safe — but that has been the case for this twelvemonth past, and is therefore not the primary consideration.

"I have written by this post to Mr. Hentsch, junior, the banker of Geneva, to provide (if possible) a house for me, and another for Gamba's family, (the father, son, and daughter,) on the *Jura* side of the lake of Geneva, furnished, and with stabling (for *me* at least) for eight horses. I shall bring Allegra with me. Could you assist me or Hentsch in his researches? The Gambas are at Florence, but have authorised me to treat for them. You know, or do not know, that they are great patriots — and both — but the son in particular — very fine fellows. *This* I know, for I have seen them lately in very awkward situations — *not* pecuniary, but personal — and they behaved like heroes, neither yielding nor retracting.

"You have no idea what a state of oppression this country is in — they arrested above a thousand of high and low throughout Romagna — banished some and confined others, without *trial*, *process*, or even *accusation!!* Every body says they would have done the same by me if they dared proceed openly. My motive, however, for remaining, is because *every one* of my acquaintance, to the amount of hundreds almost, have been exiled.

"Will you do what you can in looking out for a couple of houses *furnished*, and conferring with Hentsch for us? We care nothing about society, and are only anxious for a temporary and tranquil asylum and individual freedom.

"Believe me, &c.

"P. S. — Can you give me an idea of the comparative expenses of Switzerland and Italy? which I have forgotten. I speak merely of those of decent *living*, *horses*, &c. and not of luxuries or high living. Do *not*, however, decide any thing positively till I have your answer, as I can then know how to think upon these topics of transmigration, &c. &c. &c."

LETTER 441. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, July 30. 1821.

"Enclosed is the best account of the Doge Faliero, which was only sent to me from an old MS. the other day. Get it translated, and append it as a note to the next edition. You will perhaps be pleased to see that my conceptions of his character were correct, though I regret not having met with this extract before. You will perceive that he himself said exactly what he is made to say about the Bishop of Treviso. You will see also that 'he spoke very little, and those only words of rage and disdain,' *after* his arrest, which is the case in the play, except when he breaks out at the close of Act Fifth. But his speech to the conspirators is better in the MS. than in the play. I wish that I had met with it in time. Do not forget this note, with a translation.

"In a former note to the Juans, speaking of Voltaire, I have quoted his famous 'Zaire, tu pleures,' which is an error; it should be 'Zaire, *vous pleurez*.' Recollect this.

"I am so busy here about those poor proscribed exiles, who are scattered about, and with trying to get some of them recalled,

[1] "Lord Byron restava frattanto a Ravenna in un paese sconvolso dai partiti, e dove aveva certamente dei nemici di opinioni fanatici e perfidi, e la mia immaginazione me lo dipingeva circondato sempre da mille pericoli. Si può dunque pensare cosa dovesse essere qual viaggio per me e cosa io dovessi soffrire nella sua lontananza. Le sue lettere avrebbero potuto essermi di conforto; ma quando io le riceveva era già trascorso lo spazio di due giorni dal momento in cui furono scritte, e questo pensiero distruggeva tutto il bene che esse potevano farmi, e la mia anima era lacerata dai più crudeli timori. Frattanto era necessario per la di lui convenienza che egli restasse ancora qualche tempo in Ravenna affinchè non avesse a dirsi che egli pure ne era esigliato; ed oltreciò egli si era sommamente affezionato a qual soggiorno e voleva innanzi di partire vedere esausiti tutti i tentativi e tutte le speranze del ritorno dei miei parenti."

that I have hardly time or patience to write a short preface, which will be proper for the two plays. However, I will make it out on receiving the next proofs.

"Yours ever, &c.

"P. S. — Please to append the letter about *the Hellespont* as a note to your next opportunity of the verses on Leander, &c. &c. &c. in Childe Harold. Don't forget it amidst your multitudinous avocations, which I think of celebrating in a Dithyrambic Ode to Albemarle Street.

"Are you aware that Shelley has written an Elegy on Keats, and accuses the Quarterly of killing him?

"'Who kill'd John Keats?'
'I,' says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly;
'Twas one of my feats.'

"'Who shot the arrow?'
'The poet-priest Milman
(So ready to kill man),
Or Southey or Barrow.'

"You know very well that I did not approve of Keats's poetry, or principles of poetry, or of his abuse of Pope; but, as he is dead, omit *all* that is said *about him* in any MSS. of mine, or publication. His Hyperion is a fine monument, and will keep his name. I do not envy the man who wrote the article; — you Review people have no more right to kill than any other footpads. However, he who would die of an article[1] in a Review would probably have died of something else equally trivial. The same thing nearly happened to Kirke White, who died afterwards of a consumption."

LETTER 442. TO MR. MOORE.

'Ravenna, August 2. 1821.

"I had certainly answered your last letter, though but briefly, to the part to which you refer, merely saying, 'damn the controversy;' and quoting some verses of George Colman's, not as allusive to you, but to the disputants. Did you receive this letter? It imports me to know that our letters are not intercepted or mislaid.

"Your Berlin drama[2] is an honour, unknown since the days of Elkanah Settle, whose 'Empress of Morocco' was represented by the Court ladies, which was, as Johnson says, 'the last blast of inflammation' to poor Dryden, who could not bear it, and fell foul of Settle without mercy or moderation, on account of that and a frontispiece, which he dared to put before his play.[3]

"Was not your showing the Memoranda to * * somewhat perilous? Is there not a facetious allusion or two which might as well be reserved for posterity?

"I know Schlegel well — that is to say, I have met him occasionally at Copet. Is he not also touched lightly in the Memoranda? In a review of Childe Harold, Canto 4th, three years ago, in Blackwood's Magazine, they quote some stanzas of an elegy of Schlegel's on Rome, from which they say that I *might* have taken some ideas.[4] I give you my honour that I never saw it except in that criticism, which gives, I think, three or four stanzas, sent *them* (they say) for the nonce by a correspondent — perhaps himself. The fact is easily proved; for I don't understand German, and there was, I believe, no translation — at least, it was the first time that I

[1] ["John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article."
Don Juan, c. xi. st. 60.]

[2] There had been, a short time before, performed at the Court of Berlin a spectacle founded on the Poem of Lalla Rookh, in which the present Emperor of Russia personated Feramorz, and the Empress Lalla Rookh.

[3] ["Rochester had interest enough to have Settle's 'Empress of Morocco' first acted at Whitehall by the lords and ladies of the court; an honour which had never been paid to any of Dryden's compositions, however more justly entitled to it, both from intrinsic merit, and by the author's situation as poet laureat. Rochester contributed a prologue upon this brilliant occasion, to add still more grace to Settle's triumph."—SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 157.]

[4] [The following is the passage in Blackwood: — "We had lately sent to us a translation of an Elegy by William Augustus Schlegel, from which our correspondent supposes Lord Byron has borrowed not a little of the spirit, and even of the expressions, of the fourth canto. We cannot, we must confess, observe any thing more than such coincidences as might very well be expected from two great poets contemplating the same scene. The opening of the German poem appears to us to be very striking; but the whole is pitched in an elegiac key. Lord Byron handles the same topics with the *deeper* power of a tragedian: —

"Trust not the smiling welcome Rome can give,
With her green fields, and her unspotted sky;
Parthenope hath taught thee how to live,
Let Rome, imperial Rome, now teach to die.
'T is true, the land is fair as land may be;
One radiant canopy of azure lies
O'er the Seven Hills far downward to the sea,
And upward where yon Sabine heights arise;
Yet sorrowful and sad, I wend my way
Through this long ruined labyrinth, alone
Each echo whispers of the elder day,
I see a monument in every stone." — Vol. iii. p. 223.]

ever heard of, or saw, either translation or original.

"I remember having some talk with Schlegel about Alfieri, whose merit he denies. He was also wroth about the Edinburgh Review of Goethe, which was sharp enough, to be sure. He went about saying, too, of the French — 'I meditate a terrible vengeance against the French — I will prove that Molière is no poet.' [1]

"I don't see why you should talk of 'declining.' When I saw you, you looked thinner, and yet younger, than you did when we parted several years before. You may rely upon this as fact. If it were not, I should say *nothing*, for I would rather not say unpleasant *personal* things to any one — but, as it was the pleasant *truth*, I tell it you. If you had led my life, indeed, changing climates and connections — *thinning* yourself with fasting and purgatives — besides the wear and tear of the vulture passions, and a very bad temper besides, you might talk in this way — but *you!* I know no man who looks so well for his years, or who deserves to look better and to be better, in all respects. You are a * * *, and, what is perhaps better for your friends, a good fellow. So don't talk of decay, but put in for eighty, as you well may.

"I am, at present, occupied principally about these unhappy proscriptions and exiles, which have taken place here on account of politics. It has been a miserable sight to see the general desolation in families. I am doing what I can for them, high and low, by such interest and means as I possess or can bring to bear. There have been thousands of these proscriptions within the last month in the Exarchate, or (to speak modernly) the Legations. Yesterday, too, a man got his back broken, in extricating a dog of mine from under a mill-wheel. The dog was killed, and the man is in the greatest danger. I was not present — it happened before I was up, owing to a stupid boy taking the dog to bathe in a dangerous spot. I must, of course, provide for the poor fellow while he lives, and his family, if he dies. I would gladly have given a much greater sum than that will come to that he had never been hurt. Pray, let me hear from you, and excuse haste and hot weather. "Yours, &c.

"You may have probably seen all sorts of attacks upon me in some gazettes in England some months ago. I only saw them, by Murray's bounty, the other day. They call me 'Plagiary,' and what not. I think I now, in my time, have been accused of *every* thing.

"I have not given you details of little events here; but they have been trying to make me out to be the chief of a conspiracy, and nothing but their want of proofs for an *English* investigation has stopped them. Had it been a poor native, the suspicion were enough, as it has been for hundreds.

"Why don't you write on Napoleon? I have no spirits, nor 'estro' to do so. His overthrow, from the beginning, was a blow on the head to me. Since that period, we have been the slaves of fools. Excuse this long letter. *Ecco* a translation literal of a French epigram.

"Egle, beauty and poet, has too little crimes,
She makes her own face, and does *not* make her rhymes.

"I am going to ride, having been warned *not* to ride in a particular part of the forest on account of the ultra-politicians.

"Is there no chance of your return to England, and of *our* Journal? I would have published the two plays in it — two or three scenes per number — and indeed *all* of mine in it. If you went to England, I would do so still."

About this time Mr. Shelley, who had now fixed his residence at Pisa, received a letter from Lord Byron, earnestly requesting to see him, in consequence of which he immediately set out for Ravenna; and the following extracts from letters, written during his stay with his noble friend, will be read with that double feeling of interest which is always sure to be excited in hearing one man of genius express his opinions of another.

"Ravenna, August 7. 1821.

"I arrived last night at ten o'clock, and sat up talking with Lord Byron until five this morning: I then went to sleep, and now awake at eleven; and having despatched my breakfast as quick as possible, mean to devote the interval until twelve, when the post departs, to you.

"Lord Byron is very well, and was delighted to see me. He has in fact completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. He has a permanent sort of liaison with the Contessa Guiccioli, who is now at Florence, and seems from her letters to be a very amiable woman. She is waiting there until something shall be decided as to their emigration to Switzerland or stay in Italy, which is yet undetermined on either side. She was compelled to escape from the Papal territory in great haste, as measures had

[1] This threat has been since acted upon; — the critic in question having, to the great horror of the French literati, pronounced Molière to be a "farceur."

already been taken to place her in a convent, where she would have been unrelentingly confined for life. The oppression of the marriage contract as existing in the laws and opinions of Italy, though less frequently exercised, is far severer than that of England.

"Lord Byron had almost destroyed himself at Venice. His state of debility was such that he was unable to digest any food: he was consumed by hectic fever, and would speedily have perished but for this attachment, which reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself, from carelessness and pride, rather than taste. Poor fellow! he is now quite well, and immersed in politics and literature. He has given me a number of the most interesting details on the former subject; but we will not speak of them in a letter. Fletcher is here, and — as if, like a shadow, he waxed and waned with the substance of his master — has also revived his good looks, and from amidst the unseasonable grey hairs, a fresh harvest of flaxen locks has put forth.

"We talked a great deal of poetry and such matters last night; and, as usual, differed — and I think more than ever. He affects to patronise a system of criticism fit only for the production of mediocrity; and although all his finer poems and passages have been produced in defiance of this system, yet I recognise the pernicious effects of it in the Doge of Venice; and it will cramp and limit his future efforts, however great they may be, unless he gets rid of it. I have read only parts of it, or rather he himself read them to me, and gave me the plan of the whole.

"Ravenna, August 15. 1821.

"We ride out in the evening through the pine forests which divide the city from the sea. Our way of life is this, and I have accommodated myself to it without much difficulty: — Lord Byron gets up at two — breakfasts — we talk, read, &c. until six — then we ride at eight, and after dinner sit talking until four or five in the morning. I get up at twelve, and am now devoting the interval between my rising and his to you.

"Lord Byron is greatly improved in every respect — in genius, in temper, in moral views, in health and happiness. His connection with La Guiccioli has been an inestimable benefit to him. He lives in considerable splendour, but within his income, which is now about four thousand a year, one thousand of which he devotes to purposes of charity. He has had mischievous passions, but these he seems to have subdued; and he is becoming, what he should be, a virtuous man. The interest which he took in the politics of Italy, and the actions he performed in consequence of it, are subjects not fit to be written, but are such as will delight and surprise you.

"He is not yet decided to go to Switzerland, a place, indeed, little fitted for him: the gossip and the cabals of those Anglicised coteries would torment him as they did before, and might exasperate him into a relapse of libertinism, which, he says, he plunged into not from taste, but from despair. La Guiccioli and her brother (who is Lord Byron's friend and confidant, and acquiesces perfectly in her connection with him) wish to go to Switzerland, as Lord Byron says, merely from the novelty and pleasure of travelling. Lord Byron prefers Tuscany or Lucca, and is trying to persuade them to adopt his views. He has made *me* write a long letter to her to engage her to remain. An odd thing enough for an utter stranger to write on subjects of the utmost delicacy to his friend's mistress — but it seems destined that I am always to have some active part in every body's affairs whom I approach. I have set down, in tame Italian, the strongest reasons I can think of against the Swiss emigration. To tell you the truth, I should be very glad to accept as my fee his establishment in Tuscany. Ravenna is a miserable place: the people are barbarous and wild, and their language the most infernal *patois* that you can imagine. He would be in every respect better among the Tuscans.

"He has read to me one of the unpublished cantos of Don Juan, which is astonishingly fine. It sets him not only above, but far above all the poets of the day. Every word has the stamp of immortality. This canto is in a style (but totally free from indelicacy, and sustained with incredible ease and power) like the end of the second canto: there is not a word which the most rigid assertor of the dignity of human nature could desire to be cancelled: it fulfils, in a certain degree, what I have long preached, — of producing something wholly new, and relative to the age, and yet surpassingly beautiful.[1] It may be vanity, but I think I see the trace of my earnest exhortations to him, to create something wholly new. * * * *

"I am sure, if I asked, it would not be refused; yet there is something in me that makes it impossible. Lord Byron and I are excellent friends; and were I reduced to poverty, or were I a writer who had no claim to a higher station than I possess, or did I

[1] [The Canto thus warmly eulogised was the fifth; which was concluded at Ravenna in October 1820, but was not published till the close of the year 1821.]

s a higher than I deserve, we should in all things as such, and I would ask him any favour. Such is not now se: the demon of mistrust and of pride between two persons in our situation, ing the freedom of our intercourse. is a tax, and a heavy one, which we ay for being human. I think the fault on my side; nor is it likely, — I being aker. I hope that in the next world things will be better managed. What sing in the heart of another rarely s the observation of one who is a strict nist of his own. * * *

ord Byron here has splendid apart- in the palace of Count Guiccioli, who of the richest men in Italy. She is ed, with an allowance of twelve thou- rowns a year; — a miserable pittance man who has a hundred and twenty nd a year. There are two monkeys, ts, eight dogs, and ten horses, all of (except the horses) walk about the like the masters of it. Tita, the Ve- is here, and operates as my valet — a llow, with a prodigious black beard, as stabbed two or three people, and is st good-natured-looking fellow I ever

"Wednesday, Ravenna.

told you I had written, by Lord By- lesire, to La Guiccioli, to dissuade her er family from Switzerland. Her an- s this moment arrived, and my repre- on seems to have reconciled them to fitness of the step. At the conclusion tter, full of all the fine things she says s heard of me, is this request, which I ribe: — 'Signore, la vostra bontà mi ita di chiedervi un favore; me lo ac- ete voi? *Non partite da Ravenna senza* .' Of course, being now, by all the f knighthood, captive to a lady's re- I shall only be at liberty on *my parole* Lord Byron is settled at Pisa. I shall of course, that the boon is granted; at if Lord Byron is reluctant to quit na after I have made arrangements ceiving him at Pisa, I am bound to myself in the same situation as now, to him with importunities to rejoin her. s there is fortunately no need; and I not tell you that there is no fear that ivalric submission of mine to the great l laws of antique courtesy, against I never rebel, and which is my re- should interfere with my soon return- d long remaining with you, dear girl. *

"We ride out every evening as usual, and practise pistol-shooting at a pumpkin, and I am not sorry to observe that I approach towards my noble friend's exactness of aim. I have the greatest trouble to get away; and Lord Byron, as a reason for my stay, has urged, that without either me or the Guiccioli, he will certainly fall into his old habits. I then talk, and he listens to reason; and I earnestly hope that he is too well aware of the terrible and degrading consequences of his former mode of life, to be in danger from the short interval of temptation that will be left him."

LETTER 443. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 10. 1821.

"Your conduct to Mr. Moore is certainly very handsome; and I would not say so if I could help it, for you are not at present by any means in my good graces.

"With regard to additions, &c. there is a Journal which I kept in 1814 which you may ask him for; also a Journal which you must get from Mrs. Leigh, of my journey in the Alps, which contains all the germs of Manfred. I have also kept a small Diary here for a few months last winter, which I would send you, and any continuation. You would easy find access to all my papers and letters, and do *not neglect this* (in case of accidents) on account of the mass of confusion in which they are; for out of that chaos of papers you will find some curious ones of mine and others, if not lost or destroyed. If circumstances, however (which is almost impossible), made me ever consent to a publication in my lifetime, you would in that case, I suppose, make Moore some advance, in proportion to the likelihood or non-likelihood of success. You are both sure to survive me, however.

"You must also have from Mr. Moore the correspondence between me and Lady B., to whom I offered the sight of all which regards herself in these papers. This is important. He has *her* letter, and a copy of my answer. I would rather Moore edited me than another.

"I sent you Valpy's letter to decide for yourself, and Stockdale's to amuse you. *I* am always loyal with you, as I was in Galignani's affair, and *you* with me — now and then.

"I return you Moore's letter, which is very creditable to him, and you, and me.

"Yours ever."

LETTER 444. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 16. 1821.

"I regret that Holmes can't or won't come: it is rather shabby, as I was always very civil and punctual with him. But he is but one * * more. One meets with none else among the English.

"I wait the proofs of the MSS. with proper impatience.

"So you have published, or mean to publish, the new Juans? Ar'n't you afraid of the Constitutional Assassination of Bridge Street? When first I saw the name of *Murray*, I thought it had been yours; but was solaced by seeing that your synonyme is an attorneo, and that you are not one of that atrocious crew.

"I am in a great discomfort about the probable war, and with my trustees not getting me out of the funds. If the funds break, it is my intention to go upon the highway. All the other English professions are at present so ungentlemanly by the conduct of those who follow them, that open robbing is the only fair resource left to a man of any principles; it is even honest, in comparison, by being undisguised.

"I wrote to you by last post, to say that you had done the handsome thing by Moore and the Memoranda. You are very good as times go, and would probably be still better but for the 'march of events' (as Napoleon called it), which won't permit any body to be better than they should be.

"Love to Gifford. Believe me, &c.

"P. S. — I restore Smith's letter, whom thank for his good opinion. Is the bust by Thorwaldsen arrived?"

CHAPTER XLVI.

1821.

RAVENNA. — LETTERS TO MURRAY MOORE. — ALLEGED PLAGIARISMS.— VENTURES OF A YOUNG ANDALUSIA BLEMAN.—DRAMA OF CAIN COMPLET THE IRISH AVATAR.—PREPARATION LEAVING RAVENNA. — LETTERS TO RAY AND MOORE CONCERNING THE BIOGRAPHY. — LETTER TO LADY B — THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

LETTER 445. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 2

"ENCLOSED are the two acts corr With regard to the charges about the wreck, I think that I told both you an Hobhouse, years ago, that there was *single circumstance* of it *not* taken from not, indeed, from any *single* shipwreck all from actual facts of different wre Almost all Don Juan is *real* life, eithe own, or from people I knew. By the much of the description of the *furnitu* Canto third, is taken from *Tully's T* (pray *note this*), and the rest from my observation. Remember, I never mea conceal this at all, and have only not s it, because Don Juan had no preface name to it. If you think it worth whi make this statement, do so in your own *I* laugh at such charges, convinced tha writer ever borrowed less, or made his terials more his own. Much is coincide for instance, Lady Morgan (in a really

[1] One of the charges of plagiarism brought against him by some scribblers of the day was founded (as I have already observed in the early part of this work) on his having sought in the authentic records of real shipwrecks those materials out of which he has worked his own powerful description in the second canto of Don Juan. With as much justice might the Italian author, (Galeani, if I recollect right,) who wrote a Discourse on the Military Science displayed by Tasso in his Battles, have reproached that poet with the sources from which he drew his knowledge: — with as much justice might Puysegur and Segrais, who have pointed out the same merit in Homer and Virgil, have withheld their praise because the science on which this merit was founded must have been derived by the skill and industry of these poets from others.

So little was Tasso ashamed of those casual imitations of other poets which are so often branded as plagiarism, that, in his Commentary on his right he takes pains to point out and avow whatever coincidences of this kind occur in his own verses.

While on this subject, I may be allowed to mention one single instance, where a thought that had lain pe indistinctly in Byron's memory since his youth, c out so improved and brightened as to be, by every of genius, his own. In the Two Noble Kinsm Beaumont and Fletcher (a play to which the p of passionate friendship, delineated in the charact Palamon and Arcite, would be sure to draw the w tion of Byron in his boyhood,) we find the follo passage: —

"Oh never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Ours arms again, and *feel our fiery horses*
Like proud seas under us."

Out of this somewhat forced simile, by a jud transposition of the comparison, and by the substi of the more definite word "waves" for "seas," the noble thought in one of the cantos of Childe Harol been produced —

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me, as a steed
That knows his rider."

book, I assure you, on Italy) calls
e an *ocean Rome:* I have the very
expression in Foscari, and yet *you*
that the play was written months ago,
nt to England: the 'Italy' I received
n the 16th instant.
our friend, like the public, is not aware,
ny dramatic simplicity is *studiously*
, and must continue so: *no* reform
ucceeded at first.[1] I admire the old
h dramatists; but this is quite another
nd has nothing to do with theirs. I
to make a *regular* English drama, no
whether for the stage or not, which is
y object, — but a *mental theatre.*

"Yours.

S. — Can't accept your courteous

or Orford and for Waldegrave
ou give much more than me you gave;
hich is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

ecause if a live dog, 'tis said,
e worth a lion fairly sped,
live lord must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray.

nd if, as the opinion goes,
erse hath a better sale than prose —
ertes, I should have more than those,
My Murray.

ut now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
o, if *you will, I* sha'n't be shamm'd,
nd if you *won't, — you* may be damn'd,
My Murray.

hese matters must be arranged with
ouglas Kinnaird. He is my trustee,
man of honour. To him you can state
ur mercantile reasons, which you might
ke to state to me personally, such as
y season' — 'flat public' — 'don't go
' Lordship writes too much' — 'won't
dvice' — 'declining popularity' — 'de-
n for the trade' — 'make very little'
nerally lose by him' — 'pirated edition'
reign edition' — 'severe criticisms,'
ith other hints and howls for an oration,
I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to
r.
ou can also state them more freely to a
person, as between you and me they
only produce some smart postscripts,
would not adorn our mutual archives.
am sorry for the Queen, and that's
than you are.

"Yours ever, &c.

"BYRON."

o man ever rose," says Pope, "to any degree of
on in writing, but through obstinacy and an in-
resolution against the stream of mankind."

LETTER 446. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, August 24. 1821.

"Yours of the 5th only yesterday, while I had letters of the 8th from London. Doth the post dabble into our letters? Whatever agreement you make with Murray, if satisfactory to *you*, must be so to me. There need be no scruple, because, though I used sometimes to buffoon to myself, loving a quibble as well as the barbarian himself (Shakspeare, to wit) — 'that, like a Spartan, I would sell my *life* as *dearly* as possible' — it never was my intention to turn it to personal pecuniary account, but to bequeath it to a friend — yourself — in the event of survivorship. I anticipated that period, because we happened to meet, and I urged you to make what was possible *now* by it, for reasons which are obvious. It has been no possible *privation* to me, and therefore does not require the acknowledgments you mention. So, for God's sake, don't consider it like * * *

"By the way, when you write to Lady Morgan, will you thank her for her handsome speeches in her book about *my* books? I do not know her address. Her work is fearless and excellent on the subject of Italy — pray tell her so — and I know the country. I wish she had fallen in with *me*, I could have told her a thing or two that would have confirmed her positions.

"I am glad you are satisfied with Murray, who seems to value dead lords more than live ones. I have just sent him the following answer to a proposition of his,

"For Orford and for Waldegrave, &c.

"The argument of the above is, that he wanted to 'stint me of my sizings,' as Lear says, — that is to say, *not* to propose an extravagant price for an extravagant poem, as is becoming. Pray take his guineas, by all means — *I* taught him that. He made me a filthy offer of *pounds* once; but I told him that, like physicians, poets must be dealt with in guineas, as being the only advantage poets could have in the association with *them*, as votaries of Apollo. I write to you in hurry and bustle, which I will expound in my next.

"Yours ever, &c.

"P. S. — You mention something of an attorney on his way to me on legal business. I have had no warning of such an apparition. What can the fellow want? I have some lawsuits and business, but have not heard of any thing to put me to the expense of a *travelling* lawyer. They do enough, in that way, at home.

"Ah, poor Queen! But perhaps it is for

the best, if Herodotus's anecdote is to be believed.

"Remember me to any friendly Angles of our mutual acquaintance. What are you doing? Here I have had my hands full with tyrants and their victims. There never *was* such oppression, even in Ireland, scarcely!"

LETTER 447. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, August 31. 1821.

"I have received the Juans, which are printed so *carelessly*, especially the fifth canto, as to be disgraceful to me, and not creditable to you. It really must be *gone over again* with the *manuscript*, the errors are so gross; — words added — changed — so as to make cacophony and nonsense. You have been careless of this poem because some of your squad don't approve of it; but I tell you that it will be long before you see any thing half so good as poetry or writing. Upon what principle have you omitted the note on Bacon and Voltaire? and one of the concluding stanzas sent as an addition? because it ended, I suppose, with —

"And do not link two virtuous souls for life
Into that *moral centaur*, man and wife?

"Now, I must say, once for all, that I will not permit any human being to take such liberties with my writings because I am absent. I desire the omissions to be replaced (except the stanza on Semiramis) — particularly the stanza upon the Turkish marriages; and I request that the whole be carefully *gone over* with the MS.

"I never saw such stuff as is printed: — Gu*ll*eyaz instead of Gu*lb*eyaz, &c. Are you aware that Gulbeyaz is a real name, and the other nonsense? I copied the *Cantos* out carefully, so that there is *no* excuse, as the printer read, or at least *prints*, the MS. of the plays without error.

"If you have no feeling for your own reputation, pray have some little for mine. I have read over the poem carefully, and I tell you, *it is poetry*. Your little envious knot of parson-poets may say what they please: time will show that I am not in this instance mistaken.

"Desire my friend Hobhouse to correct the press, especially of the last canto, from the manuscript as it is. It is enough to drive one out of one's senses to see the infernal torture of words from the original. For instance the line —

"And *pair* their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves—

is printed —

"And *praise* their rhymes, &c.

Also '*precarious*' for *precocious*;' and this line, stanza 133. —

"*And this strong extreme effect to tire no longer.*

Now do turn to the manuscript and see if I ever wrote such a *line*: it is *not verse*.

"No wonder the poem should fail (which, however, it won't, you will see) with such things allowed to creep about it. Replace what is omitted, and correct what is so shamefully misprinted, and let the poem have fair play; and I fear nothing.

"I see in the last two numbers of the Quarterly a strong itching to assail me (see the review of 'The Etonian'[1]); let it, and see if they sha'n't have enough of it. I do not allude to Gifford, who has always been my friend, and whom I do not consider as responsible for the articles written by others.

"You will publish the plays when ready. I am in such a humour about this printing of Don Juan so inaccurately, that I must close this.

"Yours.

"P. S. — I presume that you have not lost the *stanza* to which I allude? It was sent afterwards: look over my letters and find it."

LETTER 448.[2] TO MR. MURRAY.

"The enclosed letter is written in bad humour, but not without provocation. However, let it (that is, the bad humour) go for little; but I must request your serious attention to the abuses of the printer, which ought never to have been permitted. You forget that all the fools in London (the chief purchasers of your publications) will condemn in me the stupidity of your printer. For instance, in the notes to Canto fifth, 'the *Adriatic* shore of the Bosphorus,' instead of the *Asiatic!!* All this may seem little to you — so fine a gentleman with your ministerial connections, — but it is serious to me, who am thousands of miles off, and have no opportunity of not proving myself the fool your

[1] ["'Godiva,' say the reviewers, "is a successful imitation of the new Whistlecraft style; we think, however, that with much of the instinctive delicacy and native gentility of the poet of 'Gyges,' the author has not succeeded in handling his subject with the same dexterity and decorum; and if our literature is to be disgraced (as is threatened) by the publication of an English Pucelle, we do not wish to see, in a work like The Etonian, any thing which may, in the most distant degree, remind us of such compositions."— Vol. xxv. p. 106.]

[2] Written in the envelope of the preceding Letter.

printer makes me, except your pleasure and leisure, forsooth.

"The gods prosper you, and forgive you, for I can't."

LETTER 449. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, September 3. 1821.

"By Mr. Mawman (a paymaster in the corps, in which you and I are privates) I yesterday expedited to your address, under cover one, two paper books, containing the *Giaour*-nal, and a thing or two. It won't *all* do — even for the posthumous public — but extracts from it may. It is a brief and faithful chronicle of a month or so — parts of it not very discreet, but sufficiently sincere. Mr. Mawman saith that he will, in person or per friend, have it delivered to you in your Elysian fields.

"If you have got the new Juans, recollect that there are some very gross printer's blunders, particularly in the fifth canto, — such as 'praise' for 'pair' — 'precarious' for 'precocious' — 'Adriatic' for 'Asiatic' — 'case' for 'chase' — besides gifts of additional words and syllables, which make but a cacophonous rhythmus. Put the pen through the said, as I would mine through Murray's ears, if I were alongside him. As it is, I have sent him a rattling letter, as abusive as possible. Though he is publisher to the 'Board of *Longitude*,' he is in no danger of discovering it.

"I am packing for Pisa — but direct your letters *here*, till further notice.

"Yours ever, &c."

One of the "paper-books" mentioned in this letter as intrusted to Mr. Mawman for me, contained a portion, to the amount of nearly a hundred pages, of a prose story, relating the adventures of a young Andalusian nobleman, which had been begun by him, at Venice, in 1817. The following passage is all I shall extract from this amusing Fragment: —

"A few hours afterwards we were very good friends, and a few days after she set out for Arragon, with my son, on a visit to her father and mother. I did not accompany her immediately, having been in Arragon before, but was to join the family in their Moorish château within a few weeks.

"During her journey I received a very affectionate letter from Donna Josepha, apprising me of the welfare of herself and my son. On her arrival at the château, I received another still more affectionate, pressing me, in very fond, and rather foolish, terms, to join her immediately. As I was preparing to set out from Seville, I received a third — this was from her father, Don Jose di Cardozo, who requested me, in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage. I answered him with equal politeness, that I would do no such thing. A fourth letter arrived — it was from Donna Josepha, in which she informed me that her father's letter was written by her particular desire. I requested the reason by return of post — she replied, by express, that as reason had nothing to do with the matter, it was unnecessary to give any — but that she was an injured and excellent woman. I then enquired why she had written to me the two preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come to Arragon. She answered, that was because she believed me out of my senses — that, being unfit to take care of myself, I had only to set out on this journey alone, and making my way without difficulty to Don Jose di Cardozo's, I should there have found the tenderest of wives and — a strait waistcoat.

"I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection but a reiteration of my request for some lights upon the subject. I was answered, that they would only be related to the Inquisition. In the mean time, our domestic discrepancy had become a public topic of discussion; and the world, which always decides justly, not only in Arragon but in Andalusia, determined that I was not only to blame, but that all Spain could produce nobody so blameable. My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed, and little less than an auto-da-fé was anticipated as the result. But let no man say that we are abandoned by our friends in adversity — it was just the reverse. Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and console me with their disapprobation. — They told me all that was, would, or could be said on the subject. They shook their heads — they exhorted me — deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and — went to dinner."

LETTER 450. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 4. 1821.

"By Saturday's post, I sent you a fierce and furibund letter upon the subject of the printer's blunders in Don Juan. I must solicit your attention to the topic, though my wrath hath subsided into sullenness.

"Yesterday I received Mr. Mawman, a friend of yours, and because he is a friend of *yours*; and that's more than I would do in an *English* case, except for those whom I honour. I was as civil as I could be among packages, even to the very chairs and tables; for I am

going to *Pisa* in a few weeks, and have sent and am sending off my chattels. It regretted me[1] that, my books and every thing being packed, I could not send you a few things I meant for you; but they were all sealed and baggaged, so as to have made it a month's work to get at them again. I gave him an envelope, with the Italian scrap in it[2], alluded to in my Gilchrist defence. Hobhouse will make it out for you, and it will make you laugh, and him too, the *spelling* particularly. The '*Mericani*,' of whom they call me the 'Capo' (or Chief), mean 'Americans,' which is the name given in *Romagna* to a part of the Carbonari; that is to say, to the *popular* part, the *troops* of the Carbonari. They were originally a society of hunters in the forest, who took the name of Americans, but at present comprise some thousands, &c.; but I sha'n't let you further into the secret, which may be participated with the postmasters. Why they thought me their Chief, I know not: their Chiefs are like 'Legion, being many.' However, it is a post of more honour than profit, for, now that they are persecuted, it is fit that I should aid them; and so I have done, as far as my means would permit. They will rise again some day, for these fools of the government are blundering: they actually seem to know *nothing*; for they have arrested and banished many of their *own* party, and let others escape who are not their friends.

"What think'st thou of Greece?

"Address to me here as usual, till you hear further from me.

"By Mawman I have sent a Journal to Moore; but it won't do for the public, — at least a great deal of it won't; — *parts* may.

"I read over the Juans, which are excellent. Your synod are quite wrong; and so you will find by and by. I regret that I do not go on with it, for I had all the plan for several cantos, and different countries and climes. You say nothing of the *note* I enclosed to you[3], which will explain why I agreed to discontinue it (at Madame Guiccioli's request); but you are so grand, and sublime, and occupied, that one would think, instead of publishing for 'the Board of *Longitude*,' that you were trying to discover it.

"Let me hear that Gifford is *better*. He can't be spared either by you or me.

LETTER 451. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 12, 1821.

"By Tuesday's post, I forwarded, in three packets, the drama of Cain, in three acts, of which I request the acknowledgment when arrived. To the last speech of *Eve*, in the last act (*i. e.* where she curses Cain), add these three lines to the concluding one —

> "May the grass wither from thy foot! the woods
> Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
> A grave! the sun his light! and Heaven her God!

"There's as pretty a piece of imprecation for you, when joined to the lines already sent, as you may wish to meet with in the course of your business. But don't forget the addition of the above three lines, which are clinchers to Eve's speech.

"Let me know what Gifford thinks (if the play arrives in safety); for I have a good opinion of the piece, as poetry; it is in my gay metaphysical style, and in the Manfred line.

"You must at least commend my facility and variety, when you consider what I have done within the last fifteen months, with my head, too, full of other and of mundane matters. But no doubt you will avoid saying any good of it, for fear I should raise the price upon you: that's right: stick to business. Let me know what your other ragamuffins are writing, for I suppose you don't like starting too many of your vagabonds at once. You may give them the start, for any thing I care.

"Why don't you publish my *Pulci* — the best thing I ever wrote, — with the Italian to it? I wish I was alongside of you; nothing is ever done in a man's absence; every body runs counter, because they *can*. If ever I *do* return to England, (which I sha'n't

[1] It will be observed, from this and a few other instances, that notwithstanding the wonderful purity of English he was able to preserve in his writings, while living constantly with persons speaking a different language, he had already begun so far to feel the influence of this habit as to fall occasionally into Italianisms in his familiar letters. "I am in the case to know" — "I have caused write" — "It regrets me," &c.

[2] An anonymous letter which he had received, threatening him with assassination.

[3] In this note, so highly honourable to the fair writer, she says, "Remember, my Byron, the promise you have made me. Never shall I be able to tell you the satisfaction I feel from it, so great are the sentiments of pleasure and confidence with which the sacrifice you have made has inspired me." In a postscript to the note she adds, "I am only sorry that Don Juan was not left in the infernal regions." — "Ricordati, mio Byron, della promessa che mi hai fatta. Non potrei mai dirti la satisfazione ch' io ne provo! — sono tanti i sentimenti di piacere e di confidenza che il tuo sacrificio m'inspira." — "Mi reveresce solo che Don Giovanni non resti all' Inferno."

In enclosing the lady's note to Mr. Murray, July 4th, Lord B. says, "This is the note of acknowledgment for the promise *not* to continue Don Juan. She says, in the postscript, that she is only sorry that D. J. does not *remain* in Hell (or *go* there)."

though,) I will write a poem to which 'English Bards,' &c. shall be new milk, in comparison. Your present literary world of mountebanks stands in need of such an Avatar. But I am not yet quite bilious enough: a season or two more, and a provocation or two, will wind me up to the point, and then have at the whole set!

"I have no patience with the sort of trash you send me out by way of books; except Scott's novels, and three or four other things, I never saw such work or works. Campbell is lecturing — Moore idling — Southey twaddling — Wordsworth drivelling — Coleridge muddling — Joanna Baillie piddling — Bowles quibbling, squabbling, and snivelling. Milman will *do*, if he don't cant too much, nor imitate Southey; the fellow has poesy in him; but he is envious, and unhappy, as all the envious are. Still he is among the best of the day. Barry Cornwall will do better by-and-by, I dare say, if he don't get spoiled by green tea, and the praises of Pentonville and Paradise Row. The pity of these men is, that they never lived in *high life*, nor in *solitude:* there is no medium for the knowledge of the *busy* or the *still* world. If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as spectators — they form no part of the mechanism thereof. Now Moore and I, the one by circumstances, and the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, *quarum partes fuimus*. Both of us have learnt by this much which nothing else could have taught us,

"Yours.

"P. S. — I saw one of your brethren, another of the allied sovereigns of Grub Street, the other day, Mawman the Great, by whom I sent due homage to your imperial self. To-morrow's post may perhaps bring a letter from you, but you are the most ungrateful and ungracious of correspondents. But there is some excuse for you, with your perpetual levee of politicians, parsons, scribblers, and loungers. Some day I will give you a poetical catalogue of them."

LETTER 452. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, September 17. 1821.

"The enclosed lines [1], as you will directly perceive, are written by the Rev. W. L. B * *. Of course it is for *him* to deny them if they are not.

"Believe me yours ever and most affectionately,

"B.

"P. S. — Can you forgive this? It is only a reply to your lines against my Italians. Of course I will *stand* by my lines against all men; but it is heartbreaking to see such things in a people as the reception of that unredeemed * * * * * * in an oppressed country. *Your* apotheosis is now reduced to a level with his welcome, and their gratitude to Grattan is cancelled by their atrocious adulation of this, &c. &c. &c."

LETTER 453. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, September 19. 1821.

"I am in all the sweat, dust, and blasphemy of an universal packing of all my things, furniture, &c. for Pisa, whither I go for the winter. The cause has been the exile of all my fellow Carbonics, and, amongst them, of the whole family of Madame G.; who, you know, was divorced from her husband last week, 'on account of P. P. clerk of this parish,' and who is obliged to join her father and relatives, now in exile there, to avoid being shut up in a monastery, because the Pope's decree of separation required her to reside in *casa paterna*, or else, for decorum's sake, in a convent. As I could not say with Hamlet, 'Get thee to a nunnery,' I am preparing to follow them.

"It is awful work, this love, and prevents all a man's projects of good or glory. I wanted to go to Greece lately (as every thing seems up here) with her brother, who is a very fine, brave fellow (I have seen him put to the proof), and wild about liberty. But the tears of a woman who has left her husband for a man, and the weakness of one's own heart, are paramount to these projects, and I can hardly indulge them.

"We were divided in choice between Switzerland and Tuscany, and I gave my vote for Pisa, as nearer the Mediterranean, which I love for the sake of the shores which it washes, and for my young recollections of 1809. Switzerland is a curst selfish, swinish country of brutes, placed in the most romantic region of the world. I never could bear the inhabitants, and still less their English visitors; for which reason, after writing

[1] "The Irish Avatar." In this copy the following sentence (taken from a letter of Curran, in the able Life of that true Irishman, by his son) is prefixed as a motto to the Poem, — "And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider." — *Letter of Curran, Life*, vol. ii. p. 336. At the end of the verses are these words: — "(Signed) W. L. B * *, M.A., and written with a view to a Bishopric."

for some information about houses, upon hearing that there was a colony of English all over the cantons of Geneva, &c., I immediately gave up the thought, and persuaded the Gambas to do the same.

"By the last post I sent you 'The Irish Avatar,' — what think you? The last line — 'a name never spoke but with curses or jeers' — must run either 'a name only uttered with curses or jeers,' or, 'a wretch never named but with curses or jeers.' Because as *how*, 'spoke' is not grammar, except in the House of Commons; and I doubt whether we can say 'a name *spoken*,' for *mentioned*. I have some doubts, too, about 'repay,' — 'and for murder repay with a shout and a smile.' Should it not be, 'and for murder repay him with shouts and a smile,' or '*reward* him with shouts and a smile?'

"So, pray put your poetical pen through the MS. and take the least bad of the emendations. Also, if there be any further breaking of Priscian's head, will you apply a plaster? I wrote in the greatest hurry and fury, and sent it to you the day after; so, doubtless, there will be some awful constructions, and a rather lawless conscription of rhythmus.

"With respect to what Anna Seward calls 'the liberty of transcript,' — when complaining of Miss Matilda Muggleton, the accomplished daughter of a choral vicar of Worcester Cathedral, who had abused the said 'liberty of transcript,' by inserting in the Malvern Mercury Miss Seward's 'Elegy on the South Pole,' as her *own* production, with her *own* signature, two years after having taken a copy, by permission of the authoress — with regard, I say, to the 'liberty of transcript,' I by no means oppose an occasional copy to the benevolent few, provided it does not degenerate into such licentiousness of Verb and Noun as may tend to 'disparage my parts of speech' by the carelessness of the transcribblers.

"I do not think that there is much danger of the 'King's Press being abused' upon the occasion, if the publishers of journals have any regard for their remaining liberty of person. It is as a pretty piece of invective as ever put publisher in the way to 'Botany.' Therefore, if *they* meddle with it, it is at *their* peril. As for myself, I will answer any jontleman — though I by no means recognise a 'right of search' into an unpublished production and unavowed poem. The same applies to things published *sans* consent. I hope you like, at least, the concluding lines of the *Pome?*

"What are you doing, and where are you? in England? Nail Murray — nail him to his own counter, till he shells out the thirteens. Since I wrote to you, I have sent him another tragedy — 'Cain' by name — making three in MS. now in his hands, or in the printer's. It is in the Manfred metaphysical style, and full of some Titanic declamation; — Lucifer being one of the dram. pers., who takes Cain a voyage among the stars, and afterwards to 'Hades,' where he shows him the phantoms of a former world, and its inhabitants. I have gone upon the notion of Cuvier, that the world has been destroyed three or four times, and was inhabited by mammoths, behemoths, and what not; but *not* by man till the Mosaic period, as, indeed, is proved by the strata of bones found; — those of all unknown animals, and known, being dug out, but none of mankind. I have, therefore, supposed Cain to be shown, in the *rational* Preadamites, beings endowed with a higher intelligence than man, but totally unlike him in form, and with much greater strength of mind and person. You may suppose the small talk which takes place between him and Lucifer upon these matters is not quite canonical.

"The consequence is, that Cain comes back and kills Abel in a fit of dissatisfaction, partly with the politics of Paradise, which had driven them all out of it, and partly because (as it is written in Genesis) Abel's sacrifice was the more acceptable to the Deity. I trust that the Rhapsody has arrived — it is in three acts, and entitled 'A Mystery,' according to the former Christian custom, and in honour of what it probably will remain to the reader.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 454. TO MR. MOORE.

"September 29. 1821.

"After the stanza on Grattan, concluding with 'His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied,' will it please you to cause insert the following 'Addenda,' which I dreamed of during to-day's Siesta: —

"Ever glorious Grattan! &c. &c. &c.

I will tell you what to do. Get me twenty copies of the whole carefully and privately printed off, as *your* lines were on the Naples affair. Send me *six*, and distribute the rest according to your own pleasure.

"I am in a fine vein, 'so full of pastime and prodigality!' — So here's to your health in a glass of grog. Pray write, that I may know by return of post — address to me at Pisa. The Gods give you joy!

"Where are you? in Paris? Let us hear. You will take care that there be no printer's

name, nor author's, as in the Naples stanza, at least for the present."

Letter 455. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 20. 1821.

"You need not send 'The Blues,' which is a mere buffoonery, never meant for publication.[1]

"The papers to which I allude, in case of survivorship, are collections of letters, &c. since I was sixteen years old, contained in the trunks in the care of Mr. Hobhouse. This collection is at least doubled by those I have now here, all received since my last ostracism. To these I should wish the editor to have access, *not* for the purpose of *abusing confidences*, nor of *hurting* the feelings of correspondents living, nor the memories of the dead; but there are things which would do neither, that I have left unnoticed or unexplained, and which (like all such things) time only can permit to be noticed or explained, though some are to my credit. The task will, of course, require delicacy; but that will not be wanting, if Moore and Hobhouse survive me, and, I may add, yourself; and that you may all three do so, is, I assure you, my very sincere wish. I am not sure that long life is desirable for one of my temper and constitutional depression of spirits, which of course I suppress in society; but which breaks out when alone, and in my writings, in spite of myself. It has been deepened, perhaps, by some long-past events (I do not allude to my marriage, &c. — on the contrary, *that* raised them by the persecution giving a fillip to my spirits); but I call it constitutional, as I have reason to think it. You know, or you do *not* know, that my maternal grandfather (a very clever man, and amiable, I am told) was strongly suspected of suicide (he was found drowned in the Avon at Bath), and that another very near relative of the same branch took poison, and was merely saved by antidotes. For the first of these events there was no apparent cause, as he was rich, respected, and of considerable intellectual resources, hardly forty years of age, and not at all addicted to any unhinging vice. It was, however, but a strong suspicion, owing to the manner of his death and his melancholy temper. The *second had* a cause, but it does not become me to touch upon it; it happened when I was far too young to be aware of it, and I never heard of it till after the death of that relative, many years afterwards. I think, then, that I may call this dejection *constitutional*. I had always been told that I resembled more my maternal grandfather than any of my *father*'s family — that is, in the gloomier part of his temper, for he was what you call a good-natured man, and I am not.

"The Journal here I sent to Moore the other day; but as it is a mere diary, only *parts* of it would ever do for publication. The other Journal, of the Tour in 1816, I should think Augusta might let you have a copy of.

"I am much mortified that Gifford don't take to my new dramas. To be sure, they are as opposite to the English drama as one thing can be to another; but I have a notion that, if understood, they will in time find favour (though *not* on the stage) with the reader. The simplicity of plot is intentional, and the avoidance of *rant* also, as also the compression of the speeches in the more severe situations. What I seek to show in 'The Foscaris' is the *suppressed* passions, rather than the rant of the present day. For that matter —

"Nay, if thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou —

would not be difficult, as I think I have shown in my younger productions — *not dramatic* ones, to be sure. But, as I said before, I am mortified that Gifford don't like them; but I see no remedy, our notions on that subject being so different. How is he? — well, I hope? let me know. I regret his demur the more that he has been always my grand patron, and I know no praise which would compensate me in my own mind for his censure. I do not mind *Reviews*, as I can work them at their own weapons.

"Yours, &c.

"Address to me at *Pisa*, whither I am going. The reason is, that all my Italian friends here have been exiled, and are met there for the present, and I go to join them, as agreed upon, for the winter."

Letter 456. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 24. 1821.

"I have been thinking over our late correspondence, and wish to propose to you the following articles for our future: —

"1stly. That you shall write to me of yourself, of the health, wealth, and welfare of all friends; but of *me* (*quoad me*) little or nothing.

"2dly. That you shall send me soda-powders, tooth-powder, tooth-brushes, or any

[1] This short satire, which is wholly unworthy of his pen, appeared afterwards in the Liberal. [See *Works*, p. 507.]

such anti-odontalgic or chemical articles, as heretofore, 'ad libitum,' upon being reimbursed for the same.

"3dly. That you shall not send me any modern, or (as they are called) *new* publications, in *English whatsoever*, save and excepting any writing, prose or verse, of (or reasonably presumed to be of) Walter Scott, Crabbe, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Gifford, Joanna Baillie, *Irving* (the American), Hogg, Wilson (Isle of Palms man), or *any* especial *single* work of fancy which is thought to be of considerable merit; *Voyages* and *Travels*, provided that they are *neither in Greece, Spain, Asia Minor, Albania, nor Italy*, will be welcome. Having travelled the countries mentioned, I know that what is said of them can convey nothing farther which I desire to know about them. — No other English works whatsoever.

"4thly. That you send me no periodical works whatsoever — *no* Edinburgh, Quarterly, Monthly, nor any review, magazine, or newspaper, English or foreign, of any description.

"5thly. That you send me no opinions whatsoever, either *good, bad*, or *indifferent*, of yourself, or your friends, or others, concerning any work, or works, of mine, past, present, or to come.

"6thly. That all negotiations in matters of business between you and me pass through the medium of the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, my friend and trustee, or Mr. Hobhouse, as 'alter ego,' and tantamount to myself during my absence — or presence.

"Some of these propositions may at first seem strange, but they are founded. The quantity of trash I have received as books is incalculable, and neither amused nor instructed. Reviews and magazines are at the best but ephemeral and superficial reading: *who thinks* of the *grand article* of *last year* in any *given Review?* In the next place, if they regard myself, they tend to increase *egotism*. If favourable, I do not deny that the praise *elates*, and if unfavourable, that the abuse *irritates*. The latter may conduct me to inflict a species of satire which would neither do good to you nor to your friends: *they* may smile *now*, and so may *you;* but if I took you all in hand, it would not be difficult to cut you up like gourds. I did as much by as powerful people at nineteen years old, and I know little as yet, in three-and-thirty, which should prevent me from making all your ribs gridirons for your hearts, if such were my propensity: but it is *not;* therefore let me hear none of your provocations. If any thing occurs so very gross as to require my notice, I shall hear of it from my legal friends. For the rest, I merely request to be left in ignorance.

"The same applies to opinions, *good, bad*, or *indifferent*, of persons in conversation or correspondence. These do not *interrupt*, but they *soil* the *current* of my *mind*. I am sensitive enough, but *not* till I am *troubled;* and here I am beyond the touch of the short arms of literary England, except the few feelers of the polypus that crawl over the channels in the way of extract.

"All these precautions *in* England would be useless; the libeller or the flatterer would there reach me in spite of all; but in Italy we know little of literary England, and think less, except what reaches us through some garbled and brief extract in some miserable gazette. For *two years* (excepting two or three articles cut out and sent to *you* by the post) I never read a newspaper which was not forced upon me by some accident, and know, upon the whole, as little of England as you do of Italy, and God knows *that* is little enough, with all your travels, &c. &c. &c. The English travellers *know Italy as you* know Guernsey: how much is *that?*

"If any thing occurs so violently gross or personal as requires notice, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird will let me *know;* but of *praise* I desire to hear *nothing*.

"You will say, 'to what tends all this?' I will answer THAT; — to keep my mind *free and unbiassed* by all paltry and personal irritabilities of praise or censure — to let my genius take its natural direction, while my feelings are like the dead, who know nothing and feel nothing of all or aught that is said or done in their regard.

"If you can observe these conditions, you will spare yourself and others some pain: let me not be worked upon to rise up; for if I do, it will not be for a little. If you cannot observe these conditions, we shall cease to be correspondents, — but not *friends*, for I shall always be yours ever and truly,

"BYRON.

"P. S. — I have taken these resolutions not from any irritation against you or *yours*, but simply upon reflection that all reading, either praise or censure, of myself has done me harm. When I was in Switzerland and Greece, I was out of the way of hearing either, and *how I wrote there!* — In Italy I am out of the way of it too; but latterly, partly through my fault, and partly through your kindness in wishing to send me the *newest* and most periodical publications, I have had a crowd of Reviews, &c. thrust upon me, which have bored me with their jargon, of one kind or another, and taken off my attention from greater objects. You have also

e a parcel of trash of poetry, for no that I can conceive, unless to provoke write a new 'English Bards.' Now ish to avoid; for if ever I *do*, it will rong production; and I desire peace, as the fools will keep their nonsense my way."[1]

LETTER 457. TO MR. MOORE.

"September 27. 1821.

was not Murray's fault. I did not he MS. *overture*, but I send it now[2], may be restored;—or, at any rate, ay keep the original, and give any you please. I send it, as written, and *ad* it to you—I have no other copy. last week's *two* posts, in two packets, I your address, at *Paris*, a longish poem he late Irishism of your countrymen reception of the King. Pray, have you received it? It is in 'the high Roman fashion,' and full of ferocious phantasy. As *you* could not well take up the matter with Paddy (being of the same nest), I have;—but I hope still that I have done justice to his great men and his good heart. As for Castlereagh you will find it laid on with a trowel. I delight in your 'fact historical'—*is* it a fact? "Yours, &c.

"P. S.—You have not answered me about Schlegel—why not? Address to me at Pisa, whither I am going, to join the exiles—a pretty numerous body at present. Let me hear how you are, and what you mean to do. Is there no chance of your recrossing the Alps? If the G. Rex marries again, let him not want an Epithalamium—suppose a joint concern of you and me, like Sternhold and Hopkins!"

LETTER 458. TO MR. MURRAY.

"September 28. 1821.

"I add another cover to request you to ask Moore to obtain (if possible) my letters to the late Lady Melbourne from Lady Cowper. They are very numerous, and ought to have been restored long ago, as I was ready to give back Lady Melbourne's in exchange. These latter are in Mr. Hobhouse's custody with my other papers, and shall be punctually restored if required. I did not choose before to apply to Lady Cowper, as her mother's death naturally kept me from intruding upon her feelings at the time of its occurrence. Some years have now elapsed, and it is essential that I should have my own epistles. They are essential as confirming that part of the 'Memoranda' which refers to the two periods (1812 and 1814) when my marriage with her niece was in contemplation, and will tend to show what my real views and feelings were upon that subject.

"You need not be alarmed; the 'fourteen years'[3] will hardly elapse without some mortality amongst us; it is a long lease of life to speculate upon. So your calculation will not be in so much peril, as the 'argosie' will sink before that time, and 'the pound of flesh' be withered previously to your being so long out of a return.

"I also wish to give you a hint or two (as you have really behaved very handsomely to Moore in the business, and are a fine fellow in your line) for your advantage. *If* by your own management you can extract any of my epistles from Lady Caroline Lamb they might be of use in your collection (sinking of course the *names* and *all such circumstances* as might hurt *living* feelings, or *those* of *survivors*); they treat of more topics than love occasionally.

"I will tell you who may *happen* to have some letters of mine in their possession: Lord Powerscourt, some to his late brother; Mr. Long of—(I forget his place)—but the father of Edward Long of the Guards, who was drowned in going to Lisbon early in 1809; Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, Notts (she may be *Mistress* by this time, for she had a year or two more than I): *they* were *not* love-letters, so that you might have them without scruple. There are, or might be, some to the late Rev. J. C. Tattersall, in the hands of his brother (half-brother) Mr. Wheatley, who resides near Canterbury, I

[1] It would be difficult to describe more strongly or more convincingly than Lord Byron has done in this letter the sort of petty, but thwarting obstructions and distractions, which are at present thrown across the path of men of real talent by that swarm of minor critics and pretenders, with whom the want of a vent in other professions has crowded all the walks of literature. Nor is it only the writers of the day that suffer from this multifarious rush into the mart;—the readers also, from having (as Lord Byron expresses it in another letter) "the superficies of too many things presented to them at once," come to lose by degrees their powers of discrimination; and, in the same manner as the palate becomes confused in trying various wines, so the public taste declines in proportion as the impressions to which it is exposed multiply.

[2] The lines "Oh Wellington," which I had missed in their original place at the opening of the third canto, and took for granted that they had been suppressed by his publisher.

[3] He here adverts to a passing remark, in one of Mr. Murray's letters, that, as his Lordship's "Memoranda" were not to be published in his lifetime, the sum now paid for the work, 2100*l.*, would most probably, upon a reasonable calculation of survivorship, amount ultimately to no less than 8000*l.*

think. There are some of Charles Gordon, now of Dulwich; and some few to Mrs. Chaworth; but these latter are probably destroyed or inaccessible. * *

"I mention these people and particulars merely as *chances*. Most of them have probably destroyed the letters, which in fact are of little import, many of them written when very young, and several at school and college.

"Peel (the *second* brother of the Secretary) was a correspondent of mine, and also Porter, the son of the Bishop of Clogher; Lord Clare a very voluminous one; William Harness (a friend of Milman's) another; Charles Drummond (son of the banker); William Bankes (the voyager); your friend R. C. Dallas, Esq.; Hodgson; Henry Drury; Hobhouse you were already aware of.

"I have gone through this long list[1] of

"'The cold, the faithless, and the dead,'

because I know that, like 'the curious in fish-sauce,' you are a researcher of such things.

"Besides these, there are other occasional ones to literary men and so forth, complimentary, &c. &c. &c. not worth much more than the rest. There are some hundreds, too, of Italian notes of mine, scribbled with a noble contempt of the grammar and dictionary, in very English Etruscan; for I *speak* Italian very fluently, but write it carelessly and incorrectly to a degree."

LETTER 459. TO MR. MOORE.

"September 29. 1821.

"I send you two rough things, prose and verse, not much in themselves, but which will show, one of them, the state of the country, and the other, of your friend's mind, when they were written. Neither of them were sent to the person concerned, but you will see, by the style of them, that they were sincere, as I am in signing myself

"Yours ever and truly,

"B."

Of the two enclosures, mentioned in the foregoing note, one was a letter intended to be sent to Lady Byron relative to his money invested in the funds, of which the following are extracts: —

"Ravenna, Marzo 1mo, 1821.

"I have received your message, through my sister's letter, about English security, &c. &c. It is considerate, (and true, even,) that *such* is to be found — but not that I shall find it. Mr. * *, for his own views and purposes, will thwart all such attempts till he has accomplished his own, viz. to make me lend my fortune to some client of his choosing.

"At this distance — after this absence, and with my utter ignorance of affairs and business — with my temper and impatience, I have neither the means nor the mind to resist. Thinking of the funds as I do, and wishing to secure a reversion to my sister and her children, I should jump at most expedients.

"What I told you is come to pass — the Neapolitan war is declared. Your funds will fall, and I shall be in consequence ruined. That's nothing — but my blood relations will be so. You and your child are provided for. Live and prosper — I wish so much to both. Live and prosper — you have the means. I think but of my real kin and kindred, who may be the victims of this accursed bubble.

"You neither know nor dream of the consequences of this war. It is a war of *men* with monarchs, and will spread like a spark on the dry, rank grass of the vegetable desert. What it is with you and your English, you do not know, for ye sleep. What it is with us here, I know, for it is before, and around, and within us.

"Judge of my detestation of England and of all that it inherits, when I avoid returning to your country at a time when not only my pecuniary interests, but, it may be, even my personal security, require it. I can say no more, for all letters are opened. A short time will decide upon what is to be done here, and then you will learn it without being more troubled with me or my correspondence.

[1] To all the persons upon this list who were accessible, application has, of course, been made,—with what success it is in the reader's power to judge from the communications that have been laid before him. Among the companions of the poet's boyhood there are (as I have already had occasion to mention and regret) but few traces of his youthful correspondence to be found; and of all those who knew him at that period, his fair Southwell correspondent alone seems to have been sufficiently endowed with the gift of second-sight to anticipate the Byron of a future day, and foresee the compound interest that Time and Fame would accumulate on every precious scrap of the young bard which she hoarded. On the whole, however, it is not unsatisfactory to be able to state that, with the exception of a very small minority (only one of whom is possessed of any papers of much importance), every distinguished associate and intimate of the noble poet, from the very outset to the close of his extraordinary career, have come forward cordially to communicate whatever memorials they possessed of him, — trusting, as I am willing to flatter myself, that they confided these treasures to one, who, if not able to do full justice to the memory of their common friend, would, at least, not willingly suffer it to be dishonoured in his hands.

Whatever happens, an individual is little, so the cause is forwarded.

"I have no more to say to you on the score of affairs, or on any other subject."

The second enclosure in the note consisted of some verses, written by him, December 10th, 1820, on seeing the following paragraph in a newspaper: — "Lady Byron is this year the lady patroness at the annual Charity Ball given at the Town Hall at Hinckley, Leicestershire, and Sir G. Crewe, Bart., the principal steward." These verses are full of strong and indignant feeling, — every stanza concluding pointedly with the words "Charity Ball," — and the thought that predominates through the whole may be collected from a few of the opening lines: —

"What matter the pangs of a husband and father,
If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
And the Saint patronises her 'Charity Ball.'

"What matters — a heart, which though faulty was feeling,
Be driven to excesses which once could appal —
That the Sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
As the Saint keeps her charity back for 'the Ball,'"
&c. &c.

LETTER 460. TO MR. MOORE.

"September — no — October 1, 1821.

"I have written to you lately, both in prose and verse, at great length, to Paris and London. I presume that Mrs. Moore, or whoever is your Paris deputy, will forward my packets to you in London.

"I am setting off for Pisa, if a slight incipient intermittent fever do not prevent me. I fear it is not strong enough to give Murray much chance of realising his thirteens again. I hardly should regret it, I think, provided you raised your price upon him — as what Lady Holderness (my sister's grandmother, a Dutchwoman) used to call Augusta, her *Residee Legatoo* — so as to provide for us all: *my* bones with a splendid and larmoyante edition, and you with double what is extractable during my lifetime.

"I have a strong presentiment that (bating some out of the way accident) you will survive me. The difference of eight years, or whatever it is, between our ages, is nothing. I do not feel (nor am, indeed, anxious to feel) the principle of life in me tend to longevity. My father and mother died, the one at thirty-five or six, and the other at forty-five; and Dr. Rush, or somebody else, says that nobody lives long, without having *one parent*, at least, an old stager.

"I *should*, to be sure, like to see out my eternal mother-in-law, not so much for her heritage, but from my natural antipathy. But the indulgence of this natural desire is too much to expect from the Providence who presides over old women. I bore you with all this about lives, because it has been put in my way by a calculation of insurances which Murray has sent me. I *really think* you should have more, if I evaporate within a reasonable time.

"I wonder if my 'Cain' has got safe to England. I have written since about sixty stanzas of a poem, in octave stanzas, (in the Pulci style, which the fools in England think was invented by Whistlecraft — it is as old as the hills in Italy,) called 'The Vision of Judgment, by Quevedo Redivivus,' with this motto —

"'A Daniel come to *judgment*, yea, a Daniel:
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'

"In this it is my intent to put the said George's Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting the Poet Laureate for his preface and his other demerits.

"I am just got to the pass where Saint Peter, hearing that the royal defunct had opposed Catholic Emancipation, rises up, and, interrupting Satan's oration, declares *he* will change places with Cerberus sooner than let him into heaven, while *he* has the keys thereof.

"I must go and ride, though rather feverish and chilly. It is the ague season; but the agues do me rather good than harm. The feel after the *fit* is as if one had got rid of one's body for good and all.

"The gods go with you! — Address to Pisa. Ever yours.

"P. S. — Since I came back, I feel better, though I stayed out too late for this malaria season, under the thin crescent of a very young moon, and got off my horse to walk in an avenue with a Signora for an hour. I thought of you and

'When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest.'

But it was not in a romantic mood, as I should have been once; and yet it was a *new* woman, (that is, new to me,) and, of course, expected to be made love to. But I merely made a few common-place speeches. I feel, as your poor friend Curran said, before his death, 'a mountain of lead upon my heart,'[1] which I believe to be constitutional, and that nothing will remove it but the same remedy."

[1] [See his Life, written by his son. Curran died in October 1817.]

LETTER 461. TO MR. MOORE.

"October 6. 1821.

"By this post I have sent my nightmare to balance the incubus of Southey's impudent anticipation of the Apotheosis of George the Third.[1] I should like you to take a look over it, as I think there are two or three things in it which might please 'our puir hill folk.'

"By the last two or three posts I have written to you at length. My *ague* bows to me every two or three days, but we are not as yet upon intimate speaking terms. I have an intermittent generally every two years, when the climate is favourable (as it is here), but it does me no harm. What I find worse, and cannot get rid of, is the growing depression of my spirits, without sufficient cause. I ride — I am not intemperate in eating or drinking — and my general health is as usual, except a slight ague, which rather does good than not. It must be constitutional; for I know nothing more than usual to depress me to that degree.

"How do *you* manage? I think you told me, at Venice, that your spirits did not keep up without a little claret. I *can* drink, and bear a good deal of wine (as you may recollect in England); but it don't exhilarate — it makes me savage and suspicious, and even quarrelsome. Laudanum has a similar effect; but I can take much of *it* without any effect at all. The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of *salts* — I mean in the afternoon, after their effect.[2] But one can't take *them* like champagne.

"Excuse this old woman's letter; but my *lemancholy* don't depend upon health, for it is just the same, well or ill, or here or there.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 462. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, October 9. 1821.

"You will please to present or convey the enclosed poem to Mr. Moore. I sent him another copy to Paris, but he has probably left that city.

"Don't forget to send me my first act of 'Werner' (if Hobhouse can find it amongst my papers) — send it by the post (to Pisa); and also cut out Harriet Lee's German's Tale,' from the 'Canterbury Tales,' and send it in a letter also. I began that tragedy in 1815.

"By the way, you have a good deal of my prose tracts in MS.? Let me have proofs of them *all* again — I mean the controversial ones, including the last two or three years of time. Another question! — The Epistle of St. Paul, which I translated from the Armenian, for what reason have you kept it back, though you published that stuff which gave rise to the 'Vampire?' Is it because you are afraid to print any thing in opposition to the cant of the Quarterly about Manicheism? Let me have a proof of that Epistle directly. I am a better Christian than those parsons of yours, though not paid for being so.

"Send — Faber's Treatise on the Cabiri.

"Sainte Croix's Mystères du Paganisme (scarce, perhaps, but to be found, as Mitford refers to his work frequently).

"A common Bible, of a good legible print (bound in russia). I *have* one; but as it was the last gift of my sister (whom I shall probably never see again), I can only use it carefully, and less frequently, because I like to keep it in good order. Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old, — that is to say, the *Old* Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a *boy*, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen in 1796.

"Any novels of Scott, or poetry of the same. Ditto of Crabbe, Moore, and the Elect; but none of your curst commonplace trash, — unless something starts up of actual merit, which may very well be, for 'tis time it should."

LETTER 463. TO MR. MURRAY.

"October 20. 1821.

"*If* the errors *are* in the *MS.*, write me down an ass: they are *not*, and I am content to undergo any penalty if they be. Besides, the *omitted* stanza (last but one or two), sent *afterwards*, was that in the MS. too?

"As to 'honour,' I will trust no man's honour in affairs of barter. I will tell you why: a state of bargain is Hobbes's 'state of nature — a state of war.' It is so with

[1] [Mr. Southey's Vision of Judgment appeared in the year 1821. See Works, p. 512.]

[2] It was, no doubt, from a similar experience of its effects that Dryden always took physic when about to write anything of importance. His caricature, Bayes, is accordingly made to say, "When I have a grand design, I ever take physic and let blood; for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; — in short," &c. &c. On this subject of the effects of medicine upon the mind and spirits, some curious facts and illustrations have been with his usual research, collected by Mr. D'Israeli, in his amusing "Curiosities of Literature."

all men. If I come to a friend, and say, 'Friend, lend me five hundred pounds,' — he either does it, or says that he can't or won't; but if I come to Ditto, and say, 'Ditto, I have an excellent house, or horse, or carriage, or MSS., or books, or pictures, or, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. honestly worth a thousand pounds, you shall have them for five hundred,' what does Ditto say? why, he looks at them, he *hums*, he *ha's*, — he *humbugs*, if he can, to get a bargain as cheaply as he can, because *it is* a bargain. This is in the blood and bone of mankind; and the same man who would lend another a thousand pounds without interest, would not buy a horse of him for half its value if he could help it. It is so: there's no denying it; and therefore I will have as much as I can, and you will give as little; and there's an end. All men are intrinsical rascals, and I am only sorry that, not being a dog, I can't bite them.

"I am filling another book for you with little anecdotes, to my own knowledge, or well authenticated, of Sheridan, Curran, &c. and such other public men as I recollect to have been acquainted with, for I knew most of them more or less. I will do what I can to prevent your losing by my obsequies.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

LETTER 464. TO MR. ROGERS.

"Ravenna, October 21. 1821.

"I shall be (the gods willing) in Bologna on Saturday next. This is a curious answer to your letter; but I have taken a house in Pisa for the winter, to which all my chattels, furniture, horses, carriages, and live stock are already removed, and I am preparing to follow.

"The cause of this removal is, shortly, the exile or proscription of all my friends' relations and connections here into Tuscany, on account of our late politics; and where they go, I accompany them. I merely remained till now to settle some arrangements about my daughter, and to give time for my furniture, &c. to precede me. I have not here a seat or a bed hardly, except some jury chairs, and tables, and a mattress for the week to come.

"If you will go on with me to Pisa, I can lodge you for as long as you like; (they write that the house, the Palazzo Lanfranchi, is spacious: it is on the Arno;) and I have four carriages, and as many saddle-horses (such as they are in these parts), with all other conveniences, at your command, as also their owner. If you could do this, we may, at least, cross the Apennines together; or if you are going by another road, we shall meet at Bologna, I hope. I address this to the post-office (as you desire), and you will probably find me at the Albergo di *San Marco*. If you arrive first, wait till I come up, which will be (barring accidents) on Saturday or Sunday at farthest.

"I presume you are alone in your voyages. Moore is in London *incog.* according to my latest advices from those climes.

"It is better than a lustre (five years and six months and some days, more or less) since we met; and, like the man from Tadcaster in the farce ('Love laughs at Locksmiths'), whose acquaintances, including the cat and the terrier, who 'caught a halfpenny in his mouth,' were all 'gone dead,' but too many of our acquaintances have taken the same path. Lady Melbourne, Grattan, Sheridan, Curran, &c. &c., almost every body of much name of the old school. But 'so am not I, said the foolish fat scullion,' therefore let us make the most of our remainder.

"Let me find two lines from you at 'the hostel or inn.'

"Yours ever, &c.

"B."

LETTER 465. TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, Oct. 28. 1821.

"''Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,' and in three hours more I have to set out on my way to Pisa — sitting up all night to be sure of rising. I have just made them take off my bed-clothes — blankets inclusive — in case of temptation from the apparel of sheets to my eyelids.

"Samuel Rogers is — or is to be — at Bologna, as he writes from Venice.

"I thought our Magnifico would 'pound you,' if possible. He is trying to 'pound' me, too; but I'll specie the rogue — or at least, I'll have the odd shillings out of him in keen iambics.

"Your approbation of 'Sardanapalus' is agreeable, for more reasons than one. Hobhouse is pleased to think as you do of it, and so do some others — but the 'Arimaspian,' whom, like 'a Gryphon in the wilderness,' I will 'follow for his gold' (as I exhorted you to do before), did or doth disparage it — 'stinting me in my sizings.' His notable opinions on the 'Foscari' and 'Cain' he hath not as yet forwarded; or, at least, I have not yet received them, nor the proofs thereof, though promised by last post.

"I see the way that he and his Quarterly people are tending — they want a *row* with me, and they shall have it. I only regret that I am not in England for the *nonce;* as,

here, it is hardly fair ground for me, isolated and out of the way of prompt rejoinder and information as I am. But, though backed by all the corruption, and infamy, and patronage of their master rogues and slave renegadoes, if they do once rouse me up,

"'They had better gall the devil, Salisbury.'

"I have that for two or three of them, which they had better not move me to put in motion; — and yet, after all, what a fool I am to disquiet myself about such fellows! It was all very well ten or twelve years ago, when I was a 'curled darling,' and *minded* such things. At present, I *rate* them at their true value; but, from natural temper and bile, am not able to keep quiet.

"Let me hear from you on your return from Ireland, which ought to be ashamed to see you, after her Brunswick blarney. I am of Longman's opinion, that you should allow your friends to liquidate the Bermuda claim. Why should you throw away the two thousand *pounds* (of the *non*-guinea Murray) upon that cursed piece of treacherous inveiglement? I think you carry the matter a little too far and scrupulously. When we see patriots begging publicly, and know that Grattan received a fortune from his country, I really do not see why a man, in no whit inferior to any or all of them, should shrink from accepting that assistance from his private friends which every tradesman receives from his connections upon much less occasions. For, after all, it was not *your debt* — it was a piece of swindling *against* you. As to * * * *, and the 'what noble creatures!'[1] &c. &c.' it is all very fine and very well, but, till you can persuade me that there is *no credit*, and no *self-applause* to be obtained by being of use to a celebrated man, I must retain the same opinion of the human spe*cies*, which I do of our friend M[r]. Spe*cie*.

"Yours ever, &c.

"BYRON."

[1] I had mentioned to him, with all the praise and gratitude such friendship deserved, some generous offers of aid which, from more than one quarter, I had received at this period, and which, though declined, have been not the less warmly treasured in my recollection.

CHAPTER XLVII.

1821.

DEPARTURE FROM RAVENNA. — MODE OF LIFE THERE SKETCHED BY MADAME GUICCIOLI. — ROGERS'S POETICAL RECORD OF HIS MEETING WITH LORD BYRON AT BOLOGNA. — INTERVIEW WITH LORD CLARE. — LORD BYRON CROSSES THE APENNINES WITH ROGERS. — VISIT TO THE FLORENCE GALLERY. — TITIAN'S VENUS. — THE PITTI PALACE. — ARRIVAL AT PISA. — LETTERS TO MURRAY AND MOORE. — OUTCRY AGAINST CAIN. — FIRST PART OF HEAVEN AND EARTH, A MYSTERY, COMPLETED. — MR. TAAFFE AND HIS COMMENTARY ON DANTE. — COMMUNICATION FROM MR. SHEPHERD. — LORD BYRON'S ANSWER. — THE LANFRANCHI PALACE. — ORIGIN OF THE GIAOUR STORY.

In the month of August, Madame Guiccioli had joined her father at Pisa, and was now superintending the preparations at the Casa Lanfranchi, — one of the most ancient and spacious palaces of that city, — for the reception of her noble friend. "He left Ravenna," says this lady[2], "with great regret, and with a presentiment that his departure would be the forerunner of a thousand evils to us. In every letter he then wrote to me, he expressed his displeasure at this step. 'If your father should be recalled,' he said, '*I immediately return* to Ravenna; and if he is recalled *previous* to my departure, *I remain*.' In this hope he delayed his journey for several months; but, at last, no longer having any expectation of our immediate return, he wrote to me, saying — 'I set out most unwillingly, foreseeing the most evil results for all of you, and principally for yourself. I say no more, but you will see.' And in another letter he says, 'I leave Ravenna so unwillingly, and with such a persuasion on my mind that my departure will lead from one misery to another, each greater than the for-

[2] "Egli era partico con molto riverescimento da Ravenna, e col pressentimento che la sua partenza da Ravenna ci sarebbe cagione di molti mali. In ogni lettera che egli mi scriveva allora egli mi esprimeva il suo dispiacere di lasciare Ravenna. 'Se papà è richiamato (mi scriveva egli) io torno in quel istante a Ravenna, e se è richiamato *prima* della mia partenza, *io non parto*.' In questa speranza egli differì varii mesi a partire. Ma, finalmente, non potendo più sperare il nostro ritorno prossimo, egli mi scriveva — 'Io parto molto mal volontieri prevedendo dei mali assai grandi per voi altri e massime per voi; altro non dico, — lo vedrete.' E in un altra lettera, 'Io lascio Ravenna così mal volontieri, e così persuaso che la mia partenza non può che condurre da un male ad un altro più grande che non ho cuore di scrivere altro in questo punto.' Egli mi scriveva allora sempre in Italiano e trascrivo le sue precise parole — ma come quei suoi pressentimenti si verificarono poi in appresso!

have not the heart to utter ano-
on the subject. He always wrote
at time in Italian, and I transcribe
words. How entirely were these
its verified by the event!"
scribing his mode of life while at
he lady thus proceeds: —
ort of simple life he led until the
his departure for Greece, and the
ons he made from it may be said
isen solely from the greater or
uber of occasions which were of-
f doing good, and from the gene-
s he was continually performing.
ies (in Ravenna principally) owed
few prosperous days they ever
His arrival in that town was spo-
piece of public good fortune, and
re as a public calamity; and this
which many attempted to asperse
libertine. But the world must
how, with so good and generous
ord Byron, susceptible, it is true,
t energetic passions, yet, at the
of the sublimest and most pure,
ing homage in his *acts* to every
w he, I say, could afford such
alice and to calumny. Circum-
l also, probably, an eccentricity of
(which, nevertheless, had its ori-
tuous feeling, an excessive abhor-
ypocrisy and affectation,) contri-
aps, to cloud the splendour of
nature in the opinion of many.
ll well know how to analyse these
ons in a manner worthy of your
l and of yourself, and you will
the goodness of his heart was not
he grandeur of his genius."[1]
na, according to the appointment
een them, Lord Byron and Mr.
; and the record which this lat-
an has, in his Poem on Italy, pre-
heir meeting, conveys so vivid a
the poet at this period, with, at
me, so just and feeling a tribute
ory, that, narrowed as my limits
ecoming, I cannot refrain from
ketch entire.

"BOLOGNA.

; the noise and bustle of the day
The mountebank no longer wrought
tures — he and his stage were gone;
when the crisis of his tale
Came, and all stood breathless with hope and fear,
Sent round his cap; and he who thrumm'd his wire
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive strain
Melting the passenger. Thy thousand cries,[2]
So well portray'd and by a son of thine,
Whose voice had swell'd the hubbub in his youth,
Were hush'd, BOLOGNA — silence in the streets,
The squares; when hark, the clattering of fleet hoofs;
And soon a courier, posting as from far,
Housing and holster, boot and belted coat
And doublet, stain'd with many a various soil,
Stopt and alighted. 'Twas where hangs aloft
That ancient sign, the Pilgrim, welcoming
All who arrive there, all perhaps save those
Clad like himself, with staff and scallop-shell,
Those on a pilgrimage. And now approach'd
Wheels, through the lofty porticoes resounding,
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes. To the gate they came;
And, ere the man had half his story done,
Mine host received the Master — one long used
To sojourn among strangers, every where
(Go where he would, along the wildest track)
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of Genius; one who saw,
Observed, nor shunn'd the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not; and mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate Spirit.

"Much had pass'd
Since last we parted; and those five short years —
Much had they told! His clustering locks were turn'd
Grey; nor did aught recall the youth that swam
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
Still it was sweet; still from his eye the thought
Flash'd lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,
Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
We sat, conversing — no unwelcome hour,
The hour we met; and, when Aurora rose,
Rising, we climb'd the rugged Apennine.

"Well I remember how the golden sun
Fill'd with its beams the unfathomable gulfs
As on we travell'd, and along the ridge,
'Mid groves of cork, and cistus, and wild fig,
His motley household came. — Not last nor least,
Battista, who upon the moonlight-sea
Of Venice had so ably, zealously
Served, and at parting thrown his oar away
To follow through the world; who without stain
Had worn so long that honourable badge,[3]
The gondolier's, in a Patrician House
Arguing unlimited trust. — Not last nor least,
Thou, though declining in thy beauty and strength,
Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
The silent, sullen strand of MISSOLONGHI
Howling in grief.

"He had just left that Place
Of old renown, once in the ADRIAN sea,[4]
RAVENNA; where from DANTE's sacred tomb
He had so oft, as many a verse declares,[5]
Drawn inspiration; where, at twilight-time,
Through the pine-forest wandering with loose rein,
Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld,[6]

at contains the original of this extract I
mislaid.

Cries of Bologna, as drawn by Annibal Ca-
s of very humble origin; and, to correct
anity, once sent him a portrait of their
or, threading his needle."

[3] "The principal gondolier, il fante di poppa, was almost always in the confidence of his master, and employed on occasions that required judgment and address."

[4] "Adrianum mare. — CICERO."

[5] "See the Prophecy of Dante."

[6] "See the tale as told by Boccaccio and Dryden."

(What is not visible to a poet's eye ?)
The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds, and their prey,
The chase, the slaughter, and the festal mirth
Suddenly blasted. 'T was a theme he loved,
But others claim'd their turn ; and many a tower,
Shatter'd, uprooted from its native rock,
Its strength the pride of some heroic age,
Appear'd and vanish'd (many a sturdy steer [1]
Yoked and unyoked), while, as in happier days,
He pour'd his spirit forth. The past forgot,
All was enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured
Present or future.

" He is now at rest ;
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, BYRON, thou art gone,—
Gone like a star that through the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble —noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little ; nothing there
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
None more than I, thy gratitude would build
On slight foundations ; and, if in thy life
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
Thy wish accomplish'd ; dying in the land
Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,—
Dying in GREECE, and in a cause so glorious !

" They in thy train — ah, little did they think,
As round we went, that they so soon should sit
Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourn'd,
Changing her festal for her funeral song ;
That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
As morning gleam'd on what remain'd of thee,
Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
Thy years of joy and sorrow.

" Thou art gone ;
And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
Oh, let him pause ! For who among us all,
Tried as thou wert — even from thine earliest years,
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a highland boy —
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame ;
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,
Her charmed cup — ah, who among us all
Could say he had not err'd as much, and more ? "

On the road to Bologna he had met with his early and dearest friend, Lord Clare, and the following description of their short interview is given in his " Detached Thoughts."

" Pisa, November 5. 1821.

" ' There is a strange coincidence sometimes in the little things of this world, Sancho,' says Sterne in a letter (if I mistake not), and so I have often found it.

" Page 128. article 91. of this collection of scattered things, I had alluded to my friend Lord Clare in terms such as my feelings suggested. About a week or two afterwards I met him on the road between Imola and Bologna, after not having met for seven or eight years. He was abroad in 181 came home just as I set out in 1816.

" This meeting annihilated for a m all the years between the present tim the days of *Harrow*. It was a new and plicable feeling, like rising from the gra me. Clare, too, was much agitated— in *appearance* than even myself ; for I feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, indeed, it was the pulse of my own made me think so. He told me that I sh find a note from him left at Bologna. We were obliged to part for our diff journeys, he for Rome, I for Pisa, but the promise to meet again in spring. were but five minutes together, and on public road ; but I hardly recollect an hou my existence which could be weighed agai them. He had heard that I was coming and had left his letter for me at Bolog because the people with whom he was t velling could not wait longer.

" Of all I have ever known, he has alw been the least altered in every thing from excellent qualities and kind affections wh attached me to him so strongly at sch I should hardly have thought it possible society (or the world, as it is called) to le a being with so little of the leaven of passions.

" I do not speak from personal experie only, but from all I have ever heard of from others, during absence and distanc

After remaining a day at Bologna, L Byron crossed the Apennines with Mr. gers ; and I find the following note of t visit together to the Gallery at Florence

" I revisited the Florence Gallery, My former impressions were confirmed ; there were too many visitors there to al one to *feel* any thing properly. When were (about thirty or forty) all stuffed the cabinet of gems and knick-knackerie a corner of one of the galleries, I told B that it ' felt like being in the watchhous left him to make his obeisances to som his acquaintances, and strolled on alon the only four minutes I could snatch of feeling for the works around me. I d mean to apply this to a *tête-à-tête* scr with Rogers, who has an excellent t and deep feeling for the arts, (indeed more of both than I can possess, for o FORMER I have not much,) but to the c of jostling starers and travelling talkers a me.

" I heard one bold Briton declare t woman on his arm, looking at the Ven Titian, ' Well, now, this is really ver indeed,' — an observation which, like

[1] " They wait for the traveller's carriage at the foot of every hill."

of the landlord in Joseph Andrews on 'the certainty of death,' was (as the landlord's wife observed) 'extremely true.'

"In the Pitti Palace, I did not omit Goldsmith's prescription for a connoisseur, viz. 'that the pictures would have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.'" [1]

LETTER 466. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, November 3. 1821.

"The two passages cannot be altered without making Lucifer talk like the Bishop of Lincoln, which would not be in the character of the former. The notion is from Cuvier (that of the *old worlds*), as I have explained in an additional note to the preface. The other passage is also in character: if *nonsense*, so much the better, because then it can do no harm, and the sillier Satan is made, the safer for every body. As to 'alarms,' &c. do you really think such things ever led any body astray? Are these people more impious than Milton's Satan? or the Prometheus of Æschylus? or even than the Sadducees of * *, the 'Fall of Jerusalem' * *? Are not Adam, Eve, Adah, and Abel, as pious as the catechism?

"Gifford is too wise a man to think that such things can have any *serious* effect: *who* was ever altered by a poem? I beg leave to observe, that there is no creed nor personal hypothesis of mine in all this: but I was obliged to make Cain and Lucifer talk consistently, and surely this has always been permitted to poesy. Cain is a proud man: if Lucifer promised him kingdom, &c. it would *elate* him: the object of the Demon is to *depress* him still further in his own estimation than he was before, by showing him infinite things and his own abasement, till he falls into the frame of mind that leads to the catastrophe, from mere *internal* irritation, *not* premeditation, or envy of *Abel* (which would have made him contemptible), but from the rage and fury against the inadequacy of his state to his conceptions, and which discharges itself rather against life, and the Author of life, than the mere living.

"His subsequent remorse is the natural effect of looking on his sudden deed. Had the *deed* been *premeditated*, his repentance would have been tardier.

"Either dedicate it to Walter Scott, or, if you think he would like the dedication of 'The Foscaris' better, put the dedication to 'The Foscaris.' Ask him which.

"Your first note was queer enough; but your two other letters, with Moore's and Gifford's opinions, set all right again. I told you before that I can never *recast* any thing. I am like the tiger: if I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again; but if I *do hit*, it is crushing. * * * You disparaged the last three cantos to me, and kept them back above a year; but I have heard from England that (notwithstanding the errors of the press) they are well thought of; for instance, by American Irving, which last is a feather in my (fool's) cap.

"You have received my letter (open) through Mr. Kinnaird, and, so, pray, send me no more reviews of any kind. I will read no more of evil or good in that line. Walter Scott has not read a review of *himself* for *thirteen years*.

"The bust is not *my* property, but *Hobhouse*'s. I addressed it to you as an Admiralty man, great at the Custom-house. Pray deduct the expenses of the same, and all others.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 467. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, Nov. 9. 1821.

"I *never read* the Memoirs at all, not even since they were written; and I never will: the pain of writing them was enough; you may spare me that of a perusal. Mr. Moore has (or may have) a discretionary power to omit any repetition, or expressions which do not seem *good* to *him*, who is a better judge than you or I.

"Enclosed is a lyrical drama, (entitled 'A Mystery [2],' from its subject,) which, perhaps may arrive in time for the volume. You will find *it pious* enough, I trust, — at least some of the Chorus might have been written by Sternhold and Hopkins themselves for that, and perhaps for melody. As it is longer, and more lyrical and Greek, than I intended at first, I have not divided it into *acts*, but called what I have sent *Part First*, as there is a suspension of the action, which may either close there without impropriety, or be continued in a way that I have in view. I wish the first part to be published before the second, because, if it don't succeed, it is better to stop there than to go on in a fruitless experiment.

"I desire you to acknowledge the arrival of this packet by return of post, if you can conveniently, with a proof.

"Your obedient, &c.

"B."

[1] [See Vicar of Wakefield, ch. xx. vol. iii. p. 113. ed. 1837.]

[2] ["Heaven and Earth." Though revised by Mr. Gifford, and printed, it was not published till the following year.]

"P. S. — My wish is to have it published at the same time, and, if possible, in the same volume, with the others, because, whatever the merits or demerits of these pieces may be, it will perhaps be allowed that each is of a different kind, and in a different style; so that, including the prose and the Don Juans, &c., I have at least sent you *variety* during the last year or two."

LETTER 468. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, November 16. 1821.

"There is here Mr. Taaffe, an Irish genius, with whom we are acquainted. He hath written a really *excellent* Commentary on Dante [1], full of new and true information, and much ingenuity. But his verse is such as it hath pleased God to endue him withal. Nevertheless, he is so firmly persuaded of its equal excellence, that he won't divorce the Commentary from the traduction, as I ventured delicately to hint, — not having the fear of Ireland before my eyes, and upon the presumption of having shotten very well in his presence (with common pistols too, not with my Manton's) the day before.

"But he is eager to publish all, and must be gratified, though the Reviewers will make him suffer more tortures than there are in his original. Indeed, the *Notes* are well worth publication; but he insists upon the translation for company, so that they will come out together, like Lady C * * t chaperoning Miss * *. I read a letter of yours to him yesterday, and he begs me to write to you about his Poeshie. He is really a good fellow, apparently, and I dare say that his verse is very good Irish.

"Now, what shall we do for him? He says that he will risk part of the expense with the publisher. He will never rest till he is published and abused — for he has a high opinion of himself — and I see nothing left but to gratify him, so as to have him abused as little as possible; for I think it would kill him. You must write, then, to Jeffrey to beg him *not* to review him, and I will do the same to Gifford, through Murray. Perhaps they might notice the Comment without touching the text. But I doubt the dogs — the text is too tempting.

"I have to thank you again, as I believe I did before, for your opinion of 'Cain,' &c.

"You are right to allow —— to settle the claim; but I do not see why you should repay him out of your *legacy* — at least, not yet. [2] If you *feel* about it (as you are ticklish on such points), pay him the interest now, and the principal when you are strong in cash; or pay him by instalments; or pay him as I do my creditors — that is, not till they make me.

"I address this to you at Paris, as you desire. Reply soon, and believe me ever, &c.

P. S. — What I wrote to you about low spirits is, however, very true. At present, owing to the climate, &c. (I can walk down into my garden, and pluck my own oranges, — and, by the way, have got a diarrhœa in consequence of indulging in this meridian luxury of proprietorship,) my spirits are much better. You seem to think that I could not have written the 'Vision,' &c. under the influence of low spirits; but I think there you err. [3] A man's poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the Inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod."

The correspondence which I am now about to insert, though long since published by the gentleman with whom it originated [4], will, I have no doubt, even by those already acquainted with all the circumstances, be re-perused with pleasure; as, among the many strange and affecting incidents with which these pages abound, there is not one, perhaps, so touching and singular as that to which the following letters refer.

"TO LORD BYRON.

"Frome, Somerset, November 11. 1821.

"My Lord,

"More than two years since, a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease, after a very short union. She

[1] [Mr. Taaffe's "Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," Vol. I., was published by Mr. Murray in 1823.]

[2] Having discovered that, while I was abroad, a kind friend had, without any communication with myself, placed at the disposal of the person who acted for me a large sum for the discharge of this claim, I thought it right to allow the money thus generously destined, to be employed as was intended, and then immediately repaid my friend out of the sum given by Mr. Murray for the manuscript. It may seem obstrusive, I fear, to enter into this sort of personal details; but, without some few words of explanation, such passages as the above would be unintelligible.

[3] My remark had been hasty and inconsiderate, and Lord Byron's is the view borne out by all experience. Almost all the tragic and gloomy writers have been, in social life, mirthful persons. The author of the Night Thoughts was a "fellow of infinite jest;" and of the pathetic Rowe, Pope says — "He! why, he would laugh all day long — he would do nothing else but laugh."

[4] See "Thoughts on Private Devotion," by Mr. Sheppard.

possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential as to produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately born and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection, her last whispers were 'God's happiness! God's happiness!' Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers which no one had seen during her life, and which contain her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your Lordship a passage from these papers, which, there is no doubt, refers to yourself; as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

"'Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talents thou hast bestowed on him) be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world's enjoyments unable to procure! Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the Sun of righteousness, which, we trust, will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised around him, and the balm which it bestows, healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the great Author of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious! — Cheer me in the path of duty; — but, let me not forget, that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good, (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ's death for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really wish to serve him), would soon dry up, and leave us barren of every virtue as before.

"'July 31. 1814. — Hastings.'

"There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can *at all* interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homage of M. Delamartine; but here is the *sublime*, my Lord; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the supreme *Source* of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet; and from a charity which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing.

"It would add *nothing*, my Lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace,' and 'joy,' may enter such a mind.

"John Sheppard."

However romantic, in the eyes of the cold and worldly, the piety of this young person may appear, it were to be wished that the truly Christian feeling which dictated her prayer were more common among all who profess the same creed; and that those indications of a better nature, so visible even through the clouds of his character, which induced this innocent young woman to pray for Byron, while living, could have the effect of inspiring others with more charity towards his memory, now that he is dead.

The following is Lord Byron's answer to this affecting communication.

Letter 469. TO MR. SHEPPARD.

"Pisa, December 8. 1821.

"Sir,

"I have received your letter. I need not say, that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite *sure* that it was intended by the writer for *me*, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances that you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure* — because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom I trust you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last mo-

ments were particularly striking; and I do not know that, in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others,—for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope, through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself: who* can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other? and least of all, that which he least can comprehend. I have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with extreme faith, have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke (who ended as an Arian), Bayle, and Gibbon (once a Catholic), and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertuis, and Henry Kirke White.

"But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more than obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose, that

"'Video meliora proboque,'

however the 'deteriora sequor'[1] may have been applied to my conduct.

"I have the honour to be

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"BYRON.

"P. S.—I do not know that I am addressing a clergyman; but I presume that you will not be affronted by the mistake (if it is one) on the address of this letter. One who has so well explained, and deeply felt, the doctrines of religion, will excuse the error which led me to believe him its minister."

LETTER 470. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, December 4, 1821.

"By extracts in the English papers,—in your holy ally, Galignani's 'Messenger,'—I perceive that 'the two greatest examples of human vanity in the present age' are, firstly, 'the ex-Emperor Napoleon,' and secondly, 'his Lordship, &c. the noble poet,' meaning your humble servant, 'poor guiltless I.'

"Poor Napoleon! he little dreamed to what vile comparisons the turn of the wheel would reduce him!

"I have got here into a famous old feudal palazzo, on the Arno, large enough for a garrison, with dungeons below and cells in the walls, and so full of *ghosts*, that the learned Fletcher (my valet) has begged leave to change his room, and then refused to occupy his *new* room, because there were more ghosts there than in the other. It is quite true that there are most extraordinary noises (as in all old buildings), which have terrified the servants so as to incommode me extremely. There is one place where people were evidently *walled up;* for there is but one possible passage, broken through the wall, and then meant to be closed again upon the inmate. The house belonged to the Lanfranchi family, (the same mentioned by Ugolino in his dream, as his persecutor with Simonide,) and has had a fierce owner or two in its time.[2] The staircase, &c. is said to have been built by Michel Agnolo. It is not yet cold enough for a fire. What a climate!

"I am, however, bothered about these spectres, (as they say the last occupants were too,) of whom I have as yet seen nothing, nor, indeed, heard (*myself*); but all the other ears have been regaled by all kinds of supernatural sounds. The first night I thought I heard an odd noise, but it has not been repeated. I have now been here more than a month.

"Yours, &c.

"BYRON."

[1] ["I know the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."]

[2] ["It is one of those marble piles that seem built for eternity, whilst the family whose name it bears no longer exists," said Shelley, as we entered a hall that seemed built for giants. "I remember the lines in the 'Inferno,'" said I: "a Lanfranchi was one of the persecutors of Ugolino." "The same," answered Shelley; "you will see a picture of Ugolino and his sons in his room. Fletcher, his valet, is as superstitious as his master, and says the house is haunted, so that he cannot sleep for rumbling noises overhead, which he compares to the rolling of bowls. No wonder; old Lanfranchi's ghost is unquiet, and walks at night."—MEDWIN.]

Letter 471. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, December 10. 1821.

"This day and this hour, (one, on the clock,) my daughter is six years old. I wonder when I shall see her again, or if ever I shall see her at all.[1]

"I have remarked a curious coincidence, which almost looks like a fatality.

"My *mother*, my *wife*, my *daughter*, my *half-sister*, my *sister's mother*, my *natural daughter* (as far at least as *I* am concerned), and *myself*, are all *only children*.

"My father, by his first marriage with Lady Conyers (an only child), had only my sister; and by his second marriage with an only child, an only child again. Lady Byron, as you know, was one also, and so is my daughter, &c.

"Is not this rather odd — such a complication of only children? By the way, send me my daughter Ada's miniature. I have only the print, which gives little or no idea of her complexion.

"Yours, &c. B."

Letter 472. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, December 12. 1821.

"What you say about Galignani's two biographies is very amusing; and, if I were not lazy, I would certainly do what you desire. But I doubt my present stock of facetiousness — that is, of good *serious* humour, so as not to let the cat out of the bag.[2] I wish *you* would undertake it. I will forgive and *indulge* you (like a Pope) beforehand, for any thing ludicrous, that might keep those fools in their own dear belief that a man is a *loup garou*.

"I suppose I told you that the Giaour story had actually some foundation on facts; or, if I did not, you will one day find it in a letter of Lord Sligo's, written to me *after* the publication of the poem. I should not like marvels to rest upon any account of my own, and shall say nothing about it. However, the *real* incident is still remote enough from the poetical one, being just such as, happening to a man of any imagination, might suggest such a composition. The worst of any *real* adventures is that they involve living people — else Mrs. ——'s, ——'s &c. are as 'german to the matter' as Mr. Maturin could desire for his novels. * * * *.

"The consummation you mentioned for poor Taaffe was near taking place yesterday. Riding pretty sharply after Mr. Medwin and myself, in turning the corner of a lane between Pisa and the hills, he was spilt, — and, besides losing some claret on the spot, bruised himself a good deal, but is in no danger. He was bled, and keeps his room. As I was ahead of him some hundred yards, I did not see the accident; but my servant, who was behind, did, and says the *horse* did not fall — the usual excuse of floored equestrians. As Taaffe piques himself upon his horsemanship, and his horse is really a pretty horse enough, I long for his personal narrative, — as I never yet met the man who would *fairly claim a tumble* as his own property.

"Could not you send me a printed copy of the 'Irish Avatar?' — I do not know what has become of Rogers since we parted at Florence.

"Don't let the Angles keep you from writing. Sam told me that you were somewhat dissipated in Paris, which I can easily believe. Let me hear from you at your best leisure.

"Ever and truly, &c.

"P. S. — December 13.

"I enclose you some lines written not long ago, which you may do what you like with, as they are very harmless.[3] Only, if copied, or printed, or set, I could wish it more correctly than in the usual way, in which one's 'nothings are monstered,' as Coriolanus says.

"You must really get Taaffe published—he

[1] ["During our drive this evening, Lord Byron hardly spoke a word. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said, 'This is Ada's birth-day, and might have been the happiest day of my life: as it is——!' He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. All at once our silence was interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a cottage. We pulled up to enquire of a *contadino*. He told us, that a widow had just lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wailings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much affected. 'I shall not be happy,' said he, 'till I hear that my daughter is well. I have a great horror of anniversaries."—Medwin.]

[2] Mr. Galignani having expressed a wish to be furnished with a short Memoir of Lord Byron, for the purpose of prefixing it to the French edition of his works, I had said jestingly in a preceding letter to his Lordship, that it would be but a fair satire on the disposition of the world to "bemonster his features," if he would write for the public, English as well as French, a sort of mock-heroic account of himself, outdoing, in horrors and wonders, all that had yet been related or believed of him, and leaving even Goethe's story of the double murder at Florence far behind.

[3] The following are the lines enclosed in this letter. In one of his Journals, where they are also given, he has subjoined to them the following note: — "I composed these stanzas (except the fourth, added now), a few days ago on the road from Florence to Pisa.

"Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory," &c.
[See *Works*, p. 576.]

never will rest till he is so. He is just gone with his broken head to Lucca, at my desire, to try to save a *man* from being *burnt*. The Spanish * * *, that has her petticoats over Lucca, had actually condemned a poor devil to the stake, for stealing the wafer box out of a church. Shelley and I, of course, were up in arms against this piece of piety, and have been disturbing every body to get the sentence changed. Taaffe is gone to see what can be done.

"B."

LETTER 473. TO MR. SHELLEY.

"December 12. 1821.

"My dear Shelley,

"Enclosed is a note for you from ——. His reasons are all very true, I dare say, and it might and may be of personal inconvenience to us. But that does not appear to me to be a reason to allow a being to be burnt without trying to save him. To save him by any means but *remonstrance* is of course out of the question; but I do not see why a *temperate* remonstrance should hurt any one. Lord Guilford is the man, if he would undertake it. He knows the Grand Duke personally, and might, perhaps, prevail upon him to interfere. But, as he goes to-morrow, you must be quick, or it will be useless. Make any use of *my* name that you please.

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER 474. TO MR. MOORE.

"I send you the two notes, which will tell you the story I allude to of the Auto da Fè. Shelley's allusion to his 'fellow-serpent,' is a buffoonery of mine. Goethe's Mephistofilus calls the serpent who tempted Eve 'my aunt, the renowned snake;' and I always insist that Shelley is nothing but one of her nephews, walking about on the tip of his tail."

"TO LORD BYRON.

"Two o'clock, Tuesday Morning.

"My dear Lord,

"Although strongly persuaded that the story must be either an entire fabrication, or so gross an exaggeration as to be nearly so; yet, in order to be able to discover the truth beyond all doubt, and to set your mind quite at rest, I have taken the determination to go myself to Lucca this morning. Should it prove less false than I am convinced it is, I shall not fail to exert myself *in every way* that I can imagine may have any success. Be assured of this.

"Your Lordship's most truly,

"* * *.

"P. S.—To prevent *bavardage*, I prefer going in person to sending my servant with a letter. It is better for you to mention nothing (except, of course, to Shelley) of my excursion. The person I visit there is one on whom I can have every dependence in every way, both as to authority and truth."

"TO LORD BYRON.

"Thursday Morning.

"My dear Lord Byron,

"I hear this morning that the design, which certainly had been in contemplation, of burning my fellow-serpent, has been abandoned, and that he has been condemned to the galleys. Lord Guilford is at Leghorn; and as your courier applied to me to know whether he ought to leave your letter for him or not, I have thought it best since this information to tell him to take it back.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

1822.

PISA.—LETTERS TO SIR WALTER SCOTT ON HIS REVIEW OF CHILDE HAROLD, AND ACCEPTANCE OF THE DEDICATION OF CAIN—TO KINNAIRD, MURRAY, AND MOORE, ON THE OUTCRY AGAINST THE MYSTERY.—DEATH OF LADY NOEL.—THE TRAGEDY OF WERNER CONCLUDED.—PIRACIES OF CAIN.—DECISION OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR.—PROPOSED MEETING WITH SOUTHEY.—DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER ALLEGRA.—AFFRAY AT PISA.—LETTER TO MURRAY CONCERNING ALLEGRA'S FUNERAL.—INVITED ON BOARD THE AMERICAN SQUADRON.—TRANSLATIONS OF CHILDE HAROLD.—PARTIALITY OF GOETHE AND THE GERMANS TO DON JUAN.

LETTER 475. TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"Pisa, January 12. 1822.

"My dear Sir Walter,

"I NEED not say how grateful I am for your letter[1], but I must own my ingratitude in not having written to you again long ago.

[1] ["I have just got a letter," said Lord Byron, "and an admirable one; it is from Sir Walter Scott, to whom I dedicated 'Cain.' The sight of one of his letters always does me good."—MEDWIN.]

Since I left England (and it is not for all the usual term of transportation) I have scribbled to five hundred blockheads on business, &c. without difficulty, though with no great pleasure; and yet, with the notion of addressing you a hundred times in my head, and always in my heart, I have not done what I ought to have done. I can only account for it on the same principle of tremulous anxiety with which one sometimes makes love to a beautiful woman of our own degree, with whom one is enamoured in good earnest; whereas, we attack a fresh-coloured housemaid without (I speak, of course, of earlier times) any sentimental remorse or mitigation of our virtuous purpose.

"I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship; for you went out of your way in 1817 to do me a service, when it required not merely kindness, but courage to do so: to have been recorded by you in such a manner, would have been a proud memorial at any time, but at such a time, when 'all the world and his wife,' as the proverb goes, were trying to trample upon me, was something still higher to my self-esteem, — I allude to the Quarterly Review of the Third Canto of Childe Harold, which Murray told me was written by you, — and, indeed, I should have known it without his information, as there could not be *two* who *could* and *would* have done this at the time. Had it been a common criticism, however eloquent or panegyrical, I should have felt pleased, undoubtedly, and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such sensations. The very *tardiness* of this acknowledgment will, at least, show that I have not forgotten the obligation; and I can assure you that my sense of it has been out at compound interest during the delay. I shall only add one word upon the subject, which is, that I think that you, and Jeffrey, and Leigh Hunt, were the only literary men, of numbers whom I know (and some of whom I had served), who dared venture even an anonymous word in my favour just then: and that, of those three, I had never seen *one* at all — of the second much less than I desired — and that the third was under no kind of obligation to me, whatever; while the other *two* had been actually attacked by me on a former occasion; *one*, indeed, with some provocation, but the other wantonly enough. So you see you have been heaping 'coals of fire,' &c. in the true gospel manner, and I can assure you that they have burnt down to my very heart.

"I am glad that you accepted the Inscription.[1] I meant to have inscribed 'The Foscarini' to you instead; but, first, I heard that 'Cain' was thought the least bad of the two as a composition; and, 2dly, I have abused Southey like a pickpocket, in a note to the Foscarini, and I recollected that he is a friend of yours (though not of mine), and that it would not be the handsome thing to dedicate to one friend any thing containing such matters about another. However, I'll work the Laureate before I have done with him, as soon as I can muster Billingsgate therefor. I like a row, and always did from a boy, in the course of which propensity, I must needs say, that I have found it the most easy of all to be gratified, personally and poetically. You disclaim 'jealousies;' but I would ask, as Boswell did of Johnson, 'of *whom could* you be *jealous?* — of none of the living certainly, and (taking all and all into consideration) of which of the dead? I don't like to bore you about the Scotch novels, (as they call them, though two of them are wholly English, and the rest half so), but nothing can or could ever persuade me, since I was the first ten minutes in your company, that you are *not* the man. To me

[1] [Sir Walter Scott announced his acceptance of the Dedication in the following letter to Mr. Murray: —

"Edinburgh, 4th December, 1821.

"My dear Sir, — I accept, with feelings of great obligation, the flattering proposal of Lord Byron to prefix my name to the very grand and tremendous drama of 'Cain.' I may be partial to it, and you will allow I have cause; but I do not know that his Muse has ever taken so lofty a flight amid her former soarings. He has certainly matched Milton on his own ground. Some part of the language is bold, and may shock one class of readers, whose line will be adopted by others out of affectation or envy. But then they must condemn the 'Paradise Lost,' if they have a mind to be consistent. The fiend-like reasoning and bold blasphemy of the fiend and of his pupil lead exactly to the point which was to be expected, — the commission of the first murder, and the ruin and despair of the perpetrator.

"I do not see how any one can accuse the author himself of Manicheism. The Devil talks the language of that sect, doubtless; because, not being able to deny the existence of the Good Principle, he endeavours to exalt himself — the Evil Principle — to a seeming equality with the Good; but such arguments, in the mouth of such a being, can only be used to deceive and to betray. Lord Byron might have made this more evident, by placing in the mouth of Adam, or some good and protecting spirit, the reasons which render the existence of moral evil consistent with the general benevolence of the Deity. The great key to the mystery is, perhaps, the imperfection of our own faculties which see and feel strongly the partial evils which press upon us, but know too little of the general system of the universe to be aware how the existence of these is to be reconciled with the benevolence of the great Creator.

"Yours, my dear Sir, very truly,

"To John Murray, Esq. Walter Scott."]

those novels have so much of 'Auld lang syne'[1] (I was bred a canny Scot till ten years old), that I never move without them; and when I removed from Ravenna to Pisa the other day, and sent on my library before, they were the only books that I kept by me, although I already have them by heart.

"January 27, 1822.

"I delayed till now concluding, in the hope that I should have got 'The Pirate,' who is under way for me, but has not yet hove in sight. I hear that your daughter is married, and I suppose by this time you are half a grandfather — a young one, by the way. I have heard great things of Mrs. Lockhart's personal and mental charms, and much good of her lord: that you may live to see as many novel Scotts as there are Scott's novels, is the very bad pun, but sincere wish of

"Yours ever most affectionately, &c.

"P. S. — Why don't you take a turn in Italy? You would find yourself as well known and as welcome as in the Highlands among the natives. As for the English, you would be with them as in London; and I need not add, that I should be delighted to see you again, which is far more than I shall ever feel or say for England, or (with a few exceptions 'of kith, kin, and allies') any thing that it contains. But my 'heart warms to the tartan,' or to any thing of Scotland, which reminds me of Aberdeen and other parts, not so far from the Highlands as that town, about Invercauld and Braemar, where I was sent to drink goat's *fey* in 1795-6, in consequence of a threatened decline after the scarlet fever. But I am gossiping, so, good night — and the gods be with your dreams!

"Pray, present my respects to Lady Scott, who may, perhaps, recollect having seen me in town in 1815.

"I see that one of your supporters (for, like Sir Hildebrand, I am fond of Guillim,) is a *mermaid*; it is my *crest* too, and with precisely the same curl of tail. There's concatenation for you: — I am building a little cutter at Genoa, to go a cruising in the summer. I know *you* like the sea too."

LETTER 476. TO MR. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.[2]

"Pisa, February 6, 1822.

"'Try back the deep lane,' till we find a publisher for the 'Vision;' and if none such is to be found, print fifty copies at my expense, distribute them amongst my acquaintance, and you will soon see that the booksellers *will* publish them, even if we opposed them. That they are now afraid is natural; but I do not see that I ought to give way on that account. I know nothing of Rivington's 'Remonstrance' by the 'eminent Churchman[3];' but I suppose he wants a living. I once heard of a preacher at Kentish Town against 'Cain.'[4] The same outcry was raised against Priestley, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who dared to put tithes to the question.

"I have got Southey's pretended reply[5], to which I am surprised that you do not allude. What remains to be done is to call him out. The question is, would he come? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose.

"You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you.

"I apply to you, as one well versed in the duello, or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor)

[1] ["But somehow, — it may seem a schoolboy's whine,
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head, —
"As 'Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring; — floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine:
I care not — 'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"
Don Juan, c. x. st. 18.]

[2] This letter has been already published, with a few others, in a periodical work. [See BYRONIANA.]

[3] ["A Remonstrance addressed to Mr. Murray respecting a recent Publication: by Oxoniensis;" of which the foll is a sample: — "Your noble employer has deceived you, Mr. Murray: he has profited by the celebrity of his name to palm upon you obsolete trash: but I tell you that this poem, this 'Mystery,' with which you have insulted us, is nothing more than a canto from Voltaire's novels, and the most objectionable articles in Bayle's Dictionary, served up in clumsy cuttings of ten syllables for the purpose of giving it the guise of poetry," &c. &c.]

[4] [Lord Byron alludes to a publication entitled, "Lord Byron's Works, viewed in connection with Christianity and the Obligations of Social Life; a Sermon, preached in Holland Chapel, Kennington, by the Rev. John Styles, D.D.," and in which the poet is described as "a denaturalised being, who, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification, and drained the cup of sin to its bitterest dregs, is resolved to show that he is no longer human, even in his frailties, but a cool, unconcerned fiend."]

[5] [A Letter which appeared in the London Courier of the 5th of January, 1822, in answer to some strictures made by Lord Byron on the Laureat's Preface to his Vision of Judgment. See Works, p. 513.]

in the same manner; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.

"By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon some Rochdale toll business, from which there are moneys in prospect. My agent says *two* thousand pounds; but supposing it to be only *one*, or even *one hundred*, still they may be moneys; and I have lived long enough to have an exceeding respect for the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I.

"They say that 'Knowledge is Power:' — I used to think so; but I now know that they meant '*money*:' and when Socrates declared, 'that all he knew was, that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world.

"The *circulars* are arrived, and circulating like the vortices (or vortexes) of Descartes. Still I have a due care of the needful, and keep a look-out ahead, as my notions upon the score of moneys coincide with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's stone, or at least his *touch*-stone. You will doubt me the less, when I pronounce my firm belief, that *Cash* is *Virtue*.

"I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure: my only extra expense (and it is more than I have spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds to Hunt; and fifty pounds' worth of furniture, which I have bought for him; and a boat which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will cost about a hundred pounds more.

"But to return. I am determined to have all the moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succession, or lawsuit, or MSS., or any lawful means whatever.

"I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance) my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by instalments from the award of the arbitrators.

"I recommend to you the notice in Mr. Hanson's letter, on the demands of moneys for the Rochdale tolls.

"Above all, I recommend my interests to your honourable worship.

"Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the various MSS. (no matter what); and, in short, 'Rem *quocunque modo*, Rem!' — the noble feeling of cupidity grows upon us with our years.

"Yours ever, &c.

"N. B."

Letter 477. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, February 8. 1822.

"Attacks upon me were to be expected; but I perceive one upon *you* in the papers, which I confess that I did not expect. How, or in what manner, *you* can be considered responsible for what *I* publish, I am at a loss to conceive.

"If 'Cain' be 'blasphemous,' Paradise Lost is blasphemous; and the very words of the Oxford gentleman, 'Evil, be thou my good,' are from that very poem, from the mouth of Satan; and is there any thing more in that of Lucifer in the Mystery? Cain is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first murderer and the first rebel may be supposed to speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters — and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama.

"I have even avoided introducing the Deity as in Scripture, (though Milton does, and not very wisely either,) but have adopted his angel as sent to Cain instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short in, viz. giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old Mysteries introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the new one.

"The attempt to *bully you*, because they think it won't succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What! when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drummond's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are you to be singled out for a work of *fiction*, not of history or argument? There must be something at the bottom of this — some private enemy of your own: it is otherwise incredible.

"I can only say, 'Me, me; en adsum qui feci;' — that any proceedings directed against you, I beg, may be transferred to me, who am willing, and *ought*, to endure them all; — that if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any or all of the copyright; — that I desire you will say that both *you* and *Mr. Gifford* remonstrated against the publication, as also Mr. Hobhouse; — that *I* alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who, either legally or otherwise, should bear the burden. If they prosecute, I will come to England — that is, if, by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours. Let me know. You sha'n't suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this letter you please. Yours ever, &c.

"P. S. — I write to you about all this row of bad passions and absurdities with the *summer* moon (for here our winter is clearer than your dog-days) lighting the winding Arno, with all her buildings and bridges, — so quiet and still! — What nothings are we before the least of these stars!"

LETTER 478. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, February 19. 1822.

"I am rather surprised not to have had an answer to my letter and packets. Lady Noel is dead, and it is not impossible that I may have to go to England to settle the division of the Wentworth property, and what portion Lady B. is to have out of it; all which was left undecided by the articles of separation. But I hope not, if it can be done without, — and I have written to Sir Francis Burdett to be my referee, as he knows the property.[1]

"Continue to address here, as I shall not go if I can avoid it — at least, not on that account. But I may on another; for I wrote to Douglas Kinnaird to convey a message of invitation to Mr. Southey to meet me, either in England, or (as less liable to interruption) on the coast of France. This was about a fortnight ago, and I have not yet had time to have the answer. However, you shall have due notice; therefore continue to address to Pisa.

"My agents and trustees have written to me to desire that I would take the name directly, so that I am yours very truly and affectionately,

"NOEL BYRON.

"P. S. — I have had no news from England, except on business; and merely know, from some abuse in that faithful *ex* and *detractor* Galignani, that the clergy are up against 'Cain.' There is (if I am not mistaken) some good church preferment on the Wentworth estates; and I will show them what a good Christian I am, by patronising and preferring the most pious of their order, should opportunity occur.

"M. and I are but little in correspondence, and I know nothing of literary matters at present. I have been writing on business only lately. What are *you* about? Be assured that there is no such coalition as you apprehend."

LETTER 479. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, February 20. 1822.[1]

"Your letter arrived since I wrote the enclosed. It is not likely, as I have appointed agents and arbitrators for the Noel estates, that I should proceed to England on that account, — though I may upon another, within stated. At any rate, *continue* you to address here till you hear further from me. I could wish *you* still to arrange for me, either with a London or Paris publisher, for the things, &c. I shall not quarrel with any arrangement you may please to make.

"I have appointed Sir Francis Burdett my arbitrator to decide on Lady Byron's allowance out of the Noel estates, which are estimated at seven thousand a year, and rents very well paid, — a rare thing at this time. It is, however, owing to their *consisting* chiefly in pasture lands, and therefore less affected by corn bills, &c. than properties in tillage.

"Believe me yours ever most affectionately,

"NOEL BYRON.

"Between my own property in the funds, and my wife's in land, I do not know which *side* to cry out on in politics.

"There is nothing against the immortality of the soul in 'Cain' that I recollect. I hold no such opinions; — but, in a drama, the first rebel and the first murderer must be made to talk according to their characters. However, the parsons are all preaching at it, from Kentish Town and Oxford to Pisa[3]; — the scoundrels of priests, who do more harm to religion than all the infidels that ever forgot their catechisms!

"I have not seen Lady Noel's death announced in Galignani. — How is that?"

LETTER 480. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, February 28. 1822.

"I begin to think that the packet (a heavy one) of five acts of 'Werner,' &c. can hardly have reached you, for your letter of last week (which I answered) did not allude to it, and yet I insured it at the post-office here.

"I have no direct news from England, except on the Noel business, which is proceeding quietly, as I have appointed a gentleman (Sir F. Burdett) for my arbitrator. They, too, have said that they will recall

[1] ["I have just heard," said Lord Byron, "of Lady Noel's death. I am distressed for poor Lady Byron! She must be in great affliction, for she adored her mother. The world will think I am pleased at this event, but they are much mistaken. I have written a letter of condolence to Lady Byron — you may suppose in the kindest terms. If we are not reconciled, it is not my fault. I have agreed to leave the division of the property to Lord Dacre and Sir Francis Burdett. I shall not interfere, nor make any objection, if they award Lady Byron the whole." — MEDWIN.]

[2] The preceding letter came enclosed in this.

[3] [See BYRONIANA, 1822.]

the *lawyer* whom *they* had chosen, and will name a gentleman too. This is better, as the arrangement of the estates and of Lady B.'s allowance will thus be settled without quibbling. My lawyers are taking out a licence for the name and arms, which it seems I am to endue.

"By another, and indirect, quarter, I hear that 'Cain' has been pirated, and that the Chancellor has refused to give Murray any redress. Also, that G. R. (*your* friend 'Ben') has expressed great personal indignation at the said poem. All this is curious enough, I think, — after allowing Priestley, Hume, and Gibbon, and Bolingbroke, and Voltaire to be published, without depriving the booksellers of their rights. I heard from Rome a day or two ago, and, with what truth I know not, that * * *.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 481. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, March 1. 1822.

"As I still have no news of my 'Werner,' &c. packet, sent to you on the 29th of January, I continue to bore you (for the fifth time, I believe) to know whether it has *not* miscarried. As it was fairly copied out, it will be vexatious if it be lost. Indeed, I insured it at the post-office to make them take more care, and directed it regularly to you at Paris.

"In the impartial Galignani I perceive an extract from Blackwood's Magazine, in which it is said that there are people who have discovered that you and I are no poets. With regard to one of us, I know that this north-west passage to my magnetic pole had been long discovered by some sages, and I leave them the full benefit of their penetration. I think, as Gibbon says of his History, 'that, perhaps, a hundred years hence it may still continue to be abused.'[1] However, I am far from pretending to compete or compare with that illustrious literary character.

"But, with regard to *you*, I thought that you had always been allowed to be *a poet*, even by the stupid as well as the envious — a bad one, to be sure—immoral, florid, Asiatic, and diabolically popular, — but still always a poet, *nem. con.* This discovery, therefore, has to me all the grace of novelty, as well as of consolation (according to Rochefoucault), to find myself *no*-poetised in such good company. I am content to 'err with Plato;' and can assure you very sincerely, that I would rather be received a *non*-poet with you, than be crowned with all the bays of (the *yet*-uncrowned) Lakers in their society. I believe you think better of those worthies than I do. I know them * * * * * * *.

"As for Southey, the answer to my proposition of a meeting is not yet come. I sent the message, with a short note, to him through Douglas Kinnaird, and Douglas's response is not arrived. If he accepts, I shall have to go to England; but if not, I do not think the Noel affairs will take me there, as the arbitrators can settle them without my presence, and there do not seem to be any difficulties. The licence for the new name and armorial bearings will be taken out by the regular application, in such cases, to the Crown, and sent to me.

"Is there a hope of seeing you in Italy again ever? What are you doing? — *bored* by me, I know; but I have explained *why* before. I have no correspondence now with London, except through relations and lawyers and one or two friends. My greatest friend, Lord Clare, is at Rome: we met on the road, and our meeting was quite sentimental — *really* pathetic on both sides. I have always loved him better than any *male* thing in the world."

The preceding was enclosed in that which follows.

LETTER 482. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, March 4. 1822.

"Since I wrote the enclosed, I have waited another post, and now have your answer acknowledging the arrival of the packet — a troublesome one, I fear, to you in more ways than one, both from weight external and internal.

"The unpublished things in your hands, in Douglas K.'s, and Mr. John Murray's, are, 'Heaven and Earth, a lyrical kind of Drama upon the Deluge, &c.;' — 'Werner,' *now with you;* — a translation of the First Canto of the Morgante Maggiore; — *ditto* of an Episode in Dante; — some stanzas to the Po, June 1st, 1819; — Hints from Horace, written in 1811, but a good deal, *since*, to be omitted; several prose things, which may, perhaps, as well remain unpublished; — 'The Vision, &c. of Quevedo Redivivus,' in verse.

"Here you see is 'more matter for a May morning;' but how much of this can

[1] ["I never could understand the clamour that had been raised against the indecency of my three last volumes. Yet, upon the whole, the History of the Decline and Fall seems to have struck root, both at home and abroad, and may, perhaps, a hundred years hence still continue to be abused."— *Misc. Works*, vol. i. p. 176.]

be published is for consideration. The Queroli (one of my best in that line) has appalled the Row already, and must take its chance at Paris, if at all. The new Mystery is less speculative than 'Cain,' and very pious; besides, it is chiefly lyrical. The Morgante is the best translation that ever was or will be made; and the rest are — whatever you please to think them.

"I am sorry you think Werner even approaching to any fitness for the stage, which, with my notions upon it, is very far from my opinion upon it. With regard to the publication, I have already explained that I have no exclusive expectations of either fame or profit in the present instances; but wish them published because they are written, which is the common feeling of all scribblers.

"With respect to 'Religion,' can I never persuade you that I have no such opinions as the character in the drama, which seems to have frightened every body? Yet they are nothing to the expressions in Goethe's Faust, which are far more heterodox, and [illegible] than those of Milton's Satan. My idea of a character may run [illegible] an imaginative man, I, I suppose, naturally agreed with the character which I have, but was a moment after the [illegible] of the opposite.

"I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary, as a good, I am educating my nieces, daughters, and Catholic in a convent [illegible] I think people can never be [illegible] religious if they are to have been made so by reason, very much to the [illegible] of reason, but if one is to write a [illegible] characters speak as [illegible] they do speak.

"[illegible] Shelley, who is another [illegible] the world, he is, to my [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] who has made more sacrifices [illegible] for others [illegible] Well, he speculates [illegible] nothing is [illegible]

"[illegible] Shelley, you live [illegible]

atmosphere? One thing *only* might lead me back to it, and that is, to try once more if I could do any good in *politics*; but not in the petty politics I see now preying upon our miserable country.

"Do not let me be misunderstood, however. If you speak your own opinions, they ever had, and will have, the greatest weight with *me*. But if you merely *echo* the 'monde,' (and it is difficult not to do so, being in its favour and its ferment,) I can only regret that you should ever repeat any thing to which I cannot pay attention.

"But I am prosing. The gods go with you, and as much immortality of all kinds as may suit your present and all other existence.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 483. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, March 6, 1822.

"The enclosed letter from Murray hath melted me; though I think it is against his own interest to wish that I should continue his connection. You may, therefore, send him the packet of 'Werner,' which will save you all further trouble. And pray, can *you* forgive me for the bore and expense I have already put upon you? At least, any so — for I feel ashamed of having given you so much for such nonsense.

"The fact is, I cannot *keep* my resentments, though violent enough in their onset. Besides, now that all the world are at Murray on my account, I neither can nor ought to leave him; unless, as I really thought, it were better for *him* that I should.

"I have had no other news from England, except a letter from Barry Cornwall, the bard, and my old school-fellow. Though I have sickened you with letters lately, believe me

"Yours, &c."

"P.S. — In your last letter you say, speaking of Shelley, that you would almost prefer the 'damning bigot' to the 'annihilating infidel.' Shelley believes in immortality, however — but this by the way. Do you remember Frederick the Great's answer to the remonstrance of the villagers whose curate preached against the eternity of hell's torments? It was thus — 'If my faithful subjects of Schwedenbussen prefer being eternally damned, let them.'

"Of the two, I should think the long-day better than the agonized night. But we, miserable as they are, cling so to any thing

like life, that they probably would prefer damnation to quiet. Besides, they think themselves so *important* in the creation, that nothing less can satisfy their pride — the insects!"

It is Dr. Clarke, I think, who gives, in his Travels, rather a striking account of a Tartar whom he once saw exercising a young, fiery horse, upon a spot of ground almost surrounded by a steep precipice, and describes the wantonness of courage with which the rider, as if delighting in his own peril, would, at times, dash, with loose rein, towards the giddy verge. Something of the same breathless apprehension with which the traveller viewed that scene, did the unchecked daring of Byron's genius inspire in all who watched its course, — causing them, at the same moment, to admire and tremble, and, in those more especially who loved him, awakening a sort of instinctive impulse to rush forward and save him from his own headlong strength. But, however natural it was in friends to give way to this feeling, a little reflection upon his now altered character might have forewarned them that such interference would prove as little useful to him as safe for themselves; and it is not without some surprise I look back upon my own temerity and presumption in supposing that, let loose as he was now, in the full pride and consciousness of strength, with the wide regions of thought outstretching before him, any representations that even friendship could make would have the power — or *ought* to have — of checking him. As the motives, however, by which I was actuated in my remonstrances to him may be left to speak for themselves, I shall, without dwelling any further upon the subject, content myself with laying before the reader a few such extracts from my own letters at this period[1] as may serve to explain some allusions in those just given.

In writing to me under the date January 24th, it will be recollected that he says — "be assured that there is no such coalition as you apprehend." The following extracts from my previous communication to him will explain what this means: — "I heard some days ago that Leigh Hunt was on his way to you with all his family; and the idea seems to be, that you and Shelley and he are to *conspire* together in the Examiner. I cannot believe this, — and deprecate such a plan with all my might. *Alone* you may do any thing; but partnerships in fame, like those in trade, make the strongest party answerable for the deficiencies or delinquencies of the rest, and I tremble even for *you* with such a bankrupt *Co.* — * * * *.[2] They are both clever fellows, and Shelley I look upon as a man of real genius; but I must again say, that you could not give your enemies (the * * *'s, 'et hoc genus omne') a greater triumph than by forming such an unequal and unholy alliance. You are, single-handed, a match for the world, — which is saying a good deal, the world being, like Briareus, a very many-handed gentleman, — but, to be so, *you must stand alone*. Recollect that the scurvy buildings about St. Peter's almost seem to overtop itself."

The notices of Cain, in my letters to him, were, according to their respective dates, as follow: —

"September 30. 1821.

"Since writing the above, I have read Foscari and Cain. The former does not please me so highly as Sardanapalus. It has the fault of all those violent Venetian stories, being unnatural and improbable, and therefore, in spite of all your fine management of them, appealing but remotely to one's sympathies. But Cain is wonderful — terrible — never to be forgotten. If I am not mistaken, it will sink deep into the world's heart; and while many will shudder at its blasphemy, all must fall prostrate before its grandeur. Talk of Æschylus and his Prometheus! — here is the true spirit both of the Poet — and the Devil."

"February 9. 1822.

"Do *not* take it into your head, my dear B., that the tide is at all turning against you in England. Till I see some symptoms of people *forgetting* you a little, I will not believe that you lose ground. As it is, 'te veniente die, te, decedente,' — nothing is hardly talked of but you; and though good people sometimes bless themselves when they mention you, it is plain that even *they* think much more about you than, for the good of their souls, they ought. Cain, to be sure, *has* made a sensation; and, grand as it is, I regret, for many reasons, you ever wrote it. * * For myself, I would not give up the *poetry* of religion for all the wisest results that *philo-*

[1] It should have been mentioned before, that to the courtesy of Lord Byron's executor, Mr. Hobhouse, who had the kindness to restore to me such letters of mine as came into his hands, I am indebted for the power of producing these and other extracts.

[2] ["I was strongly advised by Tom Moore, long ago," said Lord Byron, "not to have any connection with such a company as Hunt, Shelley, and Co.; but I have pledged myself, and besides could not now, if I had ever so great a disinclination for the scheme, disappoint all Hunt's hopes." — MEDWIN.]

sophy will ever arrive at. Particular sects and creeds are fair game enough for those who are anxious enough about their neighbours to meddle with them; but our faith in the Future is a treasure not so lightly to be parted with; and the dream of immortality (if philosophers *will* have it a dream) is one that, let us hope, we shall carry into our last sleep with us." [1]

"February 19. 1822.

"I have written to the Longmans to try the ground, for I do *not* think Galignani the man for you. The only thing he can do is what we can do, ourselves, without him,—and that is, employ an English bookseller. Paris, indeed, might be convenient for such refugee works as are set down in the *Index Expurgatorius* of London; and if you have any political catamarans to explode, this is your place. But, *pray*, let them be only political ones. Boldness, and even licence, in politics, does good, — actual, present good; but, in religion, it profits neither here nor hereafter; and, for myself, such a horror have I of both extremes on this subject, that I know not *which* I hate most, the bold, damning bigot, or the bold, annihilating infidel. 'Furiosa res est in tenebris impetus;'—and much as we are in the dark, even the wisest of us, upon these matters, a little modesty, in unbelief as well as belief, best becomes us. You will easily guess that, in all this, I am thinking not so much of you, as of a friend, and, at present, companion of yours, whose influence over your mind (knowing you as I do, and knowing what Lady B. *ought* to have found out, that you are a person the most tractable to those who live with you that, perhaps, ever existed) I own I dread and deprecate most earnestly." [2]

"March 16. 1822.

"With respect to our Religious Polemics, I must try to set you right upon one or two points. In the first place, I do *not* identify you with the blasphemies of Cain no more than I do myself with the impieties of my Mokanna,—all I wish and implore is that you, who are such a powerful manufacturer of these thunderbolts, would not *choose* subjects that make it necessary to launch them. In the next place, were you even a decided atheist, I could not (except, perhaps, for the *decision* which is always unwise) blame you. I could only pity,—knowing, from experience, how dreary are the doubts with which even the bright, poetic view I am myself inclined to take of mankind and their destiny is now and then clouded. I look upon Cuvier's book to be a most desolating one in the conclusions to which it may lead some minds. But the young, the simple,—all those whose hearts one would like to keep unwithered, trouble their heads but little about Cuvier. *You*, however, have embodied him in poetry which every one reads; and, like the wind, blowing 'where you list,' carry this deadly chill, mixed up with your own fragrance, into hearts that should be visited only by the latter. This is what I regret, and what, with all my influence, I would deprecate a repetition of. *Now*, do you understand me?

"As to your solemn peroration, 'the truth is, my dear Moore, &c. &c.,' meaning neither more nor less than that I give into the cant of the world, it only proves, alas! the melancholy fact, that you and I are hundreds of miles asunder. Could you hear me speak

[1] It is to this sentence Lord Byron refers at the conclusion of his letter, March 4.

[2] This passage having been shown by Lord Byron to Mr. Shelley, the latter wrote, in consequence, a letter to a gentleman with whom I was then in habits of intimacy, of which the following is an extract. The zeal and openness with which Shelley always professed his unbelief render any scruple that might otherwise be felt in giving publicity to such avowals unnecessary; besides which, the testimony of so near and clear an observer to the state of Lord Byron's mind upon religious subjects is of far too much importance to my object to be, from any over-fastidiousness, suppressed. We have here, too strikingly exemplified, — and in strong contrast, I must say, to the line taken by Mr. Hunt in similar circumstances, — the good breeding, gentle temper, and modesty for which Shelley was so remarkable, and of the latter of which qualities in particular the undeserved compliment to myself affords a strong illustration, as showing how little this true poet had yet learned to know his own place.

"Lord Byron has read me one or two letters of Moore to him, in which Moore speaks with great kindness of me; and of course I cannot but feel flattered by the approbation of a man, my inferiority to whom I am proud to acknowledge. Amongst other things, however, Moore, after giving Lord B. much good advice about public opinion, &c. seems to deprecate *my* influence on his mind on the subject of religion, and to attribute the tone assumed in Cain to my suggestions. Moore cautions him against any influence on this particular with the most friendly zeal, and it is plain that his motive springs from a desire of benefiting Lord B. without degrading me. I think you know Moore. Pray assure him that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron in this particular; if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and distress. Cain was *conceived* many years ago, and begun before I saw him last year at Ravenna. How happy should I not be to attribute to myself, however indirectly, any participation in that immortal work!"

my opinions instead of coldly reading them, I flatter myself there is still enough of honesty and fun in this face to remind you that your friend Tom Moore—whatever else he may be—is no Canter."

LETTER 484. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, March 6. 1822.

"You will long ago have received a letter from me (or should), declaring my opinion of the treatment *you* have met with about the recent publication. I think it disgraceful to those who have persecuted you. I make peace with you, though our war was for other reasons than this same controversy. I have written to Moore by this post to forward to you the tragedy of 'Werner.' I shall not make or propose any present bargain about it or the new Mystery till we see if they succeed. If they don't sell (which is not unlikely), you sha'n't pay; and I suppose this is fair play, if you choose to risk it.

"Bartolini, the celebrated sculptor, wrote to me to desire to take my bust: I consented, on condition that he also took that of the Countess Guiccioli. He has taken both, and I think it will be allowed that *hers* is beautiful. I shall make you a present of them both, to show that I don't bear malice, and as a compensation for the trouble and squabble you had about Thorwaldsen's. Of my own I can hardly speak, except that it is thought very like what I *now am*, which is different from what I was, of course, since you saw me. The sculptor is a famous one[1]; and as it was done by *his own* particular request, will be done well, probably.

"What is to be done about Taaffe and his Commentary? He will die if he is *not* published; he will be damned, if he *is*; but that *he* don't mind. We must publish him.

"All the *row* about *me* has no otherwise affected me than by the attack upon yourself, which is ungenerous in Church and State: but as all violence must in time have its proportionate re-action, you will do better by and by. Yours very truly,

"NOEL BYRON."

LETTER 485. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, March 8. 1822.

"You will have had enough of my letters by this time—yet one word in answer to your present missive. You are quite wrong in thinking that your '*advice*' had offended me; but I have already replied (if not answered) on that point.

"With regard to Murray, as I really am the meekest and mildest of men since Moses (though the public and mine 'excellent wife' cannot find it out), I had already pacified myself and subsided back to Albemarle Street, as my yesterday's *ye*pistle will have informed you. But I thought that I had explained my causes of bile—at least to you. Some instances of vacillation, occasional neglect, and troublesome sincerity, real or imagined, are sufficient to put your truly great author and man into a passion. But reflection, with some aid from hellebore, hath already cured me 'pro tempore;' and, if it had not, a request from you and Hobhouse would have come upon me like two out of the 'tribus Anticyris,'—with which, however, Horace despairs of purging a poet. I really feel ashamed of having bored you so frequently and fully of late. But what could I do? You are a friend—an absent one, alas!—and as I trust no one more, I trouble you in proportion.

"This war of 'Church and State' has astonished me more than it disturbs; for I really thought 'Cain' a speculative and hardy, but still a harmless, production. As I said before, I am really a great admirer of tangible religion; and am breeding one of my daughters a Catholic, that she may have her hands full. It is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the real presence, confession, absolution,—there is something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves no possibility of doubt; for those who swallow their Deity, really and truly, in transubstantiation, can hardly find any thing else otherwise than easy of digestion.

"I am afraid that this sounds flippant, but I don't mean it to be so; only my turn of mind is so given to taking things in the absurd point of view, that it breaks out in spite of me every now and then. Still, I do assure you that I am a very good Christian. Whether you will believe me in this, I do not know; but I trust you will take my word for being

"Very truly and affectionately yours, &c.

"P. S.—Do tell Murray that one of the conditions of peace is, that he publisheth (or

[1] ["Bartolini is an excellent workman, and takes admirable likenesses. It is now the fashion among the English to sit to him. The cheapness of sculpture at Florence must injure our English artists. Casts have been imported from London of the busts of Fox, Pitt, Nelson, and many others. These Bartolini reproduces in marble, and sends back to London, all expenses of carriage included, for twenty-two pounds each."—MATTHEWS: *Diary of an Invalid*, p. 56.]

obtaineth a publisher for) Taaffe's Commentary on Dante, against which there appears in the trade an unaccountable repugnance. It will make the man so exuberantly happy. He dines with me and half-a-dozen English to-day; and I have not the heart to tell him how the bibliopolar world shrink from his Commentary; — and yet it is full of the most orthodox religion and morality. In short, I make it a point that he shall be in print. He is such a good-natured, heavy * * Christian, that we must give him a shove[1] through the press. He naturally thirsts to be an author, and has been the happiest of men for these two months, printing, correcting, collating, dating, anticipating, and adding to his treasures of learning. Besides, he has had another fall from his horse into a ditch the other day, while riding out with me into the country."

LETTER 486. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, March 15. 1822.

"I am glad that you and your friends approve of my letter of the 8th ultimo. You may give it what publicity you think proper in the circumstances. I have since written to you twice or thrice.

"As to 'a Poem in the old way, to interest the women,' I shall attempt of that kind nothing further. I follow the bias of my own mind, without considering whether women or men are or are not to be pleased; but this is nothing to my publisher, who must judge and act according to popularity.

"Therefore let the things take their chance; if *they pay*, you will pay me in proportion; and if they don't, I must.

"The Noel affairs, I hope, will not take me to England. I have no desire to revisit that country, unless it be to keep you out of a prison (if this can be effected by my taking your place), or perhaps to get myself into one, by exacting satisfaction from one or two persons who take advantage of my absence to abuse me. Further than this, I have no business nor connection with England, nor desire to have, *out* of my own family and friends, to whom I wish all prosperity. Indeed, I have lived upon the whole so little in England (about five years since I was one-and-twenty), that my habits are too continental, and your climate would please me as little as the society.

"I saw the Chancellor's Report in a French paper. Pray, why don't they prosecute the translation of *Lucretius?* or the original with its

"'Primus in orbe Deos fecit Timor,'

or

"'Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum?'

"You must really get something done for Mr. Taaffe's Commentary: what can I say to him?

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 487. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 13. 1822.

"Mr Kinnaird writes that there has been an 'excellent Defence' of 'Cain,' against 'Oxoniensis;' you have sent me nothing but a not very excellent *of*-fence of the same poem. If there be such a 'Defender of the Faith,' you may send me his thirty-nine articles, as a counterbalance to some of your late communications.'

"Are you to publish, or not, what Moore and Mr. Kinnaird have in hand, and the 'Vision of Judgment?' If you publish the latter in a very cheap edition, so as to baffle the pirates by a low price, you will find that it will do. The 'Mystery' I look upon as good, and 'Werner' too, and I expect that you will publish them speedily. You need not put your name to *Quevedo*, but publish it as a foreign edition, and let it make its way. Douglas Kinnaird has it still, with the preface, I believe.

"I refer you to him for documents on the late row here. I sent them a week ago.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 488. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 18. 1822.

"I have received the Defence of 'Cain.' Who is *my* Warburton? — for he has done for me what the bishop did for the poet against Crousaz. His reply seems to me conclusive; and if you understood your own interest, you would print it together with the poem.

"It is very odd that I do not hear from you. I have forwarded to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird the documents on a squabble here, which occurred about a month ago. The affair is still going on; but they make nothing of it hitherto. I think, what with home and abroad, there has been hot water enough for one while. Mr. Dawkins, the English minister, has behaved in the handsomest and most gentlemanly manner throughout the whole business.

"Yours ever, &c.

"P. S. — I have got Lord Glenbervie's book[2], which is very amusing and able upon

[1] [An allusion to Richard Baxter's "Shove for a heavy * * * Christian." See *Works*, p. 444.]

[2] [A translation of the first canto of Forteguerri's "Ricciardetto."]

the topics which he touches upon, and part of the preface pathetic. Write soon."

LETTER 489. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, April 22. 1822.

"You will regret to hear that I have received intelligence of the death of my daughter Allegra of a fever in the convent of Bagna Cavallo, where she was placed for the last year, to commence her education. It is a heavy blow for many reasons, but must be borne, with time.

"It is my present intention to send her remains to England for sepulture in Harrow church (where I once hoped to have laid my own), and this is my reason for troubling you with this notice. I wish the funeral to be very private. The body is embalmed, and in lead. It will be embarked from Leghorn. Would you have any objection to give the proper directions on its arrival?

"I am yours, &c. N. B.

"P. S. — You are aware that Protestants are not allowed holy ground in Catholic countries."

LETTER 490. TO MR. SHELLEY.

"April 23. 1822.

"The blow was stunning and unexpected; for I thought the danger over, by the long interval between her stated amelioration and the arrival of the express. But I have borne up against it as I best can, and so far successfully, that I can go about the usual business of life with the same appearance of composure, and even greater. There is nothing to prevent your coming to-morrow; but, perhaps, to-day, and yester-evening, it was better not to have met. I do not know that I have any thing to reproach in my conduct, and certainly nothing in my feelings and intentions towards the dead. But it is a moment when we are apt to think that, if this or that had been done, such event might have been prevented, — though every day and hour shows us that they are the most natural and inevitable. I suppose that Time will do his usual work — Death has done his.

"Yours ever, N. B."

LETTER 491. TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Pisa, May 4. 1822.

"My dear Sir Walter,

"Your account of your family is very pleasing: would that I 'could answer this comfort with the like!' but I have just lost my natural daughter, Allegra, by a fever. The only consolation, save time, is the reflection that she is either at rest or happy; for her few years (only five) prevented her from having incurred any sin, except what we inherit from Adam.

"'Whom the gods love die young.'

"I need not say that your letters are particularly welcome, when they do not tax your time and patience; and now that our correspondence is resumed, I trust it will continue.

"I have lately had some anxiety, rather than trouble, about an awkward affair here, which you may perhaps have heard of; but our minister has behaved very handsomely, and the Tuscan Government as well as it is possible for such a government to behave, which is not saying much for the latter. Some other English, and Scots, and myself, had a brawl with a dragoon, who insulted one of the party, and whom we mistook for an officer, as he was medalled and well mounted, &c.; but he turned out to be a serjeant-major. He called out the guard at the gates to arrest us (we being unarmed); upon which I and another (an Italian) rode through the said guard; but they succeeded in detaining others of the party. I rode to my house, and sent my secretary to give an account of the attempted and illegal arrest to the authorities, and then, without dismounting, rode back towards the gates, which are near my present mansion. Half-way I met my man vapouring away and threatening to draw upon me (who had a cane in my hand, and no other arms). I, still believing him an officer, demanded his name and address, and gave him my hand and glove thereupon. A servant of mine thrust in between us (totally without orders), but let him go on my command. He then rode off at full speed; but about forty paces further was stabbed, and very dangerously (so as to be in peril), by some *Callum Beg* or other of my people (for I have some rough-handed folks about me), I need hardly say without my direction or approval. The said dragoon had been sabring our unarmed countrymen, however, at the *gate, after they were in arrest*, and held by the guards, and wounded one, Captain Hay, very severely. However, he got his paiks — having acted like an assassin, and being treated like one. *Who* wounded him, though it was done before thousands of people, they have never been able to ascertain, or prove, nor even the *weapon;* some said a *pistol*, an *air-gun*, a stiletto, a sword, a lance, a pitchfork, and what not. They have arrested and examined servants and people of all descriptions, but can make out

nothing. Mr. Dawkins, our minister, assures me that no suspicion is entertained of the man who wounded him having been instigated by me, or any of the party. I enclose you copies of the depositions of those with us, and Dr. Craufurd, a canny Scot (*not* an acquaintance), who saw the latter part of the affair. They are in Italian.

"These are the only literary matters in which I have been engaged since the publication and row about 'Cain;'—but Mr. Murray has several things of mine in his obstetrical hands. Another Mystery—a Vision—a Drama—and the like. But *you won't* tell me what *you* are doing—however, I shall find you out, write what you will. You say that I should like your son-in-law—it would be very difficult for me to dislike any one connected with you; but I have no doubt that his own qualities are all that you describe.

"I am sorry you don't like Lord Orford's new work.[1] My aristocracy, which is very fierce, makes him a favourite of mine. Recollect that those 'little factions' comprised Lord Chatham and Fox, the father; and that *we* live in gigantic and exaggerated times, which make all under Gog and Magog appear pigmean. After having seen Napoleon begin like Tamerlane and end like Bajazet in our own time, we have not the same interest in what would otherwise have appeared important history. But I must conclude.

"Believe me ever and most truly yours,

"NOEL BYRON."

LETTER 492. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, May 17. 1822.

"I hear that the Edinburgh has attacked the three dramas, which is a bad business for *you;* and I don't wonder that it discourages you. However, *that* volume may be trusted to *time*,—depend upon it. I read it over with some attention since it was published, and I think the time will come when it will be preferred to my other writings, though not immediately. I say this without irritation against the critics or criticism, whatever they may be (for I have not seen them); and nothing that has or may appear in Jeffrey's Review can make me forget that he stood by me for ten good years, without any motive to do so but his own good-will.

"I hear Moore is in town; remember me to him, and believe me

"Yours truly, N. B.

"P. S.—If you think it necessary, you may send me the Edinburgh. Should there be any thing that requires an answer, I will reply, but *temperately* and *technically;* that is to say, merely with respect to the *principle* of the criticism, and not personally or offensively as to its literary merits."

LETTER 493. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, May 17. 1822.

"I hear you are in London. You will have heard from Douglas Kinnaird (who tells me you have dined with him) as much as you desire to know of my affairs at home and abroad. I have lately lost my little girl Allegra by a fever, which has been a serious blow to me.

"I did not write to you lately (except one letter to Murray's), not knowing exactly your 'whereabouts.' Douglas K. refused to forward my message to Mr. Southey—why, he himself can explain.

"You will have seen the statement of a squabble, &c. &c.[2] What are you about? Let me hear from you at your leisure, and believe me ever yours,

"N. B."

LETTER 494. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Montenero[3], May 26. 1822.
Near Leghorn.

"The body is embarked, in what ship I know not, neither could I enter into the details; but the Countess G. G. has had the goodness to give the necessary orders to Mr. Dunn, who superintends the embarkation, and will write to you. I wish it to be buried in Harrow church.

"There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree, (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey,) where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot[4]; but, as I wish to erect a tablet to her

[1] [His "Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II."]

[2] Here follows a repetition of the details given on this subject to Sir Walter Scott and others.

[3] A hill, three or four miles from Leghorn, much resorted to as a place of residence during the summer months.

[4] ["Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
* * * *
"Oft have I thought 'twould soothe my dying hour—
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power—
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it lov'd to dwell," &c.

See Lines written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow, *Works*, p. 418.]

memory, the body had better be deposited in the church. Near the door, on the left hand as you enter, there is a monument with a tablet containing these words: —

"'When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred dust,
Our tears become us, and our grief is just:
Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
This last sad tribute of her love and praise.'

I recollect them (after seventeen years), not from any thing remarkable in them, but because from my seat in the gallery I had generally my eyes turned towards that monument. As near it as convenient I could wish Allegra to be buried, and on the wall a marble tablet placed, with these words: —

"In Memory of
Allegra,
Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
who died at Bagna Cavallo,
in Italy, April 20th, 1822,
aged five years and three months.

'I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.'
2d Samuel, xii. 23.

"The funeral I wish to be as private as is consistent with decency; and I could hope that Henry Drury will, perhaps, read the service over her. If he should decline it, it can be done by the usual minister for the time being. I do not know that I need add more just now.

"Since I came here, I have been invited by the Americans on board their squadron, where I was received with all the kindness which I could wish, and with *more ceremony* than I am fond of. I found them finer ships than your own of the same class, well manned and officered. A number of American gentlemen also were on board at the time, and some ladies. As I was taking leave, an American lady asked me for a *rose* which I wore, for the purpose, she said, of sending to America something which I had about me, as a memorial. I need not add, that I felt the compliment properly. Captain Chauncey showed me an American and very pretty edition of my poems, and offered me a passage to the United States, if I would go there. Commodore Jones was also not less kind and attentive. I have since received the enclosed letter, desiring me to sit for my picture for some Americans. It is singular that, in the same year that Lady Noel leaves by will an interdiction for my daughter to see her father's portrait for many years[1], the individuals of a nation, not remarkable for their liking to the English in particular, nor for flattering men in general, request me to sit for my 'pourtraicture,' as Baron Bradwardine calls it. I am also told of considerable literary honours in Germany. Goethe, I am told, is my professed patron and protector. At Leipsic, this year, the highest prize was proposed for a translation of two cantos of Childe Harold. I am not sure that this was at *Leipsic*, but Mr. Rowcroft was my authority — a good German scholar (a young American), and an acquaintance of Goethe's.

"Goethe and the Germans are particularly fond of Don Juan, which they judge of as a work of art. I had heard something of this before through Baron Lutzerode. The translations have been very frequent of several of the works, and Goethe made a comparison between Faust and Manfred.[2]

"All this is some compensation for your English native brutality, so fully displayed this year to its highest extent.

"I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different kind. I went over the Constitution (the Commodore's flag-ship), and saw, among other things worthy of remark, a little boy *born* on board of her by a sailor's wife. They had christened him 'Constitution Jones.' I, of course, approved the name; and the woman added, 'Ah, sir, if he turns out but half as good as his name!'

"Yours ever, &c."

CHAPTER XLIX.

1822.

LETTERS TO MURRAY CONCERNING WERNER AND THE VISION OF QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS. — VISIT OF LORD CLARE. — EDINBURGH REVIEW ON CAIN. — TRANSATLANTIC PROJECT OF SETTLEMENT. — LETTER TO MR. EDWARD ELLICE. — SITTING TO MR. WEST. — HIS ANECDOTES OF LORD BYRON. — ARRIVAL OF LEIGH HUNT AND HIS FAMILY. — DEATH OF SHELLEY. — FOUR NEW CANTOS OF DON JUAN. — HABITS OF LIFE AT PISA SKETCHED BY MADAME GUICCIOLI. — ANECDOTES. — FAILURE OF THE LIBERAL. — REMOVAL TO GENOA. — EDINBURGH REVIEW ON DON JUAN.

LETTER 495. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Montenero, near Leghorn, May 29. 1822.

"I RETURN you the proofs revised. Your printer has made one odd mistake: — 'poor

[1] [By the will of Lady Noel, proved in Doctors' Commons by Dr. Lushington and Nicholas Ridley Colbourne, Esq., the executors, a portrait of Lord Byron, described to be in a case at the house of Krkby Malory, is left to the trustees, with directions to keep it safely inclosed and shut up till Ada Augusta attains the age of twenty-one, when it is to be delivered to her; but should Lady Byron be then living, it is not to be so delivered until after her decease, unless with her Ladyship's assent.]

[2] [See *antè*, p. 448.]

as a *mouse*,' instead of 'poor as a *miser*.'[1] The expression may seem strange, but it is only a translation of 'semper avarus eget.' You will add the Mystery, and publish as soon as you can. I care nothing for your 'season,' nor the *blue* approbations or disapprobations. All that is to be considered by you on the subject is as a matter of *business;* and if I square that to your notions (even to the running the risk entirely myself), you may permit me to choose my own time and mode of publication. With regard to the late volume, the present run against *it* or *me* may impede it for a time, but it has the vital principle of permanency within it, as you may perhaps one day discover. I wrote to you on another subject a few days ago.

"Yours, N. B.

"P. S. — Please to send me the Dedication of Sardanapalus to Goethe. I shall prefix it to Werner, unless you prefer my putting another, stating that the former had been omitted by the publisher.

"On the title-page of the present volume, put 'Published for the Author, by J. M.'"

LETTER 496. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Montenero, Leghorn, June 6. 1822.

"I return you the revise of Werner, and expect the rest. With regard to the Lines to the Po, perhaps you had better put them quietly in a second edition (if you reach one, that is to say) than in the first; because, though they have been reckoned fine, and I wish them to be preserved, I do not wish them to attract IMMEDIATE observation, on account of the relationship of the lady to whom they are addressed with the first families in Romagna and the Marches.

"The defender of 'Cain' may or may not be, as you term him, 'a tyro in literature:' however, I think both you and I are under great obligation to him. I have read the Edinburgh review in Galignani's Magazine, and have not yet decided whether to answer them or not; for, if I do, it will be difficult for me not 'to make sport for the Philistines' by pulling down a house or two; since, when I once take pen in hand, I *must* say what comes uppermost, or fling it away. I have not the hypocrisy to pretend impartiality, nor the temper (as it is called) to keep always from saying what may not be pleasing to the hearer or reader. What do they mean by '*elaborate?*'[2] Why, *you* know that they were written as fast as I could put pen to paper, and printed from the *original* MSS., and never revised but in the proofs: *look* at the dates and the MSS. themselves. Whatever faults they have must spring from carelessness, and not from labour. They said the same of 'Lara,' which I wrote while undressing after coming home from balls and masquerades, in the year of revelry 1814. Yours,

"June 8. 1822.

"You give me no explanation of your intention as to the 'Vision of Quevedo Redivivus,' one of my best things: indeed, you are altogether so abstruse and undecided lately, that I suppose you mean me to write 'John Murray, Esq., a *Mystery*,' — a composition which would not displease the clergy nor the trade. I by no means wish you to do what you don't like, but merely to say what you will do. The Vision *must* be published by some one. As to 'clamours,' the die is cast: and 'come one, come all,' we will fight it out — at least one of us."

LETTER 497. TO MR. MOORE.

"Montenero, Villa Dupoy, near Leghorn. June 8. 1822.

"I have written to you twice through the medium of Murray, and on one subject, true enough, — the loss of poor little Allegra by a fever; on which topic I shall say no more — there is nothing but time.

"A few days ago, my earliest and dearest friend, Lord Clare, came over from Genoa on purpose to see me before he returned to England. As I have always loved him (since I was thirteen, at Harrow) better than any (*male*) thing in the world, I need hardly say what a melancholy pleasure it was to see him for a *day* only; for he was obliged to resume his journey immediately. * * * Do you recollect, in the year of revelry 1814, the pleasantest parties and balls all over London? and not the least so at * *'s. Do you recollect your singing duets with Lady * *, and my flirtation with Lady * *, and all the other fooleries of the time? while * * was

[1] ["*Fritz.* The man call'd Werner 's poor!
Iden. Poor as a miser."
Werner, act ii. sc. 1.]

[2] ["It is nothing less than absurd to observe, that Lucifer cannot well be expected to talk like an orthodox divine, and that the conversation of the first rebel and the first murderer was not likely to be very unexceptionable; or to plead the authority of Milton, or the authors of the old mysteries, for such offensive colloquies. The fact is, that here the whole argument — and a very *elaborate* and specious argument it is — is directed against the goodness or the power of the Deity, and against the reasonableness of religion in general; and there is no answer so much as attempted to the offensive doctrines that are so strenuously inculcated. The Devil and his pupil have the field entirely to themselves, and are encountered with nothing but feeble obtestations and unreasoning horrors." — *Edinb. Rev.* vol. xxxvi. p. 437.]

sighing, and Lady * * ogling him with her clear hazel eyes. *But* eight years have passed, and, since that time, * * has * * * * * * *; —— has run away with * * * * *; and *mysen* (as my Nottinghamshire friends call themselves) might as well have thrown myself out of the window while you were singing, as intermarried where I did. You and * * * * have come off the best of us. I speak merely of my marriage, and its consequences, distresses, and calumnies; for I have been much more happy, on the whole, *since*, than I ever could have been with * *.

"I have read the recent article of Jeffrey in a faithful transcription of the impartial Galignani. I suppose the long and short of it is, that he wishes to provoke me to reply. But I won't, for I owe him a good turn still for his kindness by-gone. Indeed, I presume that the present opportunity of attacking me again was irresistible; and I can't blame him, knowing what human nature is. I shall make but one remark: — what does he mean by elaborate? The whole volume was written with the greatest rapidity, in the midst of evolutions, and revolutions, and persecutions, and proscriptions of all who interested me in Italy. They said the same of 'Lara,' which, *you* know, was written amidst balls and fooleries, and after coming home from masquerades and routs, in the summer of the sovereigns. Of all I have ever written, they are perhaps the most carelessly composed; and their faults, whatever they may be, are those of negligence, and not of labour. I do not think this a merit, but it is a fact.

"Yours ever and truly, N. B.

"P. S. — You see the great advantage of my new signature; — it may either stand for 'Nota Bene' or 'Noel Byron,' and, as such, will save much repetition, in writing either books or letters. Since I came here, I have been invited on board of the American squadron, and treated with all possible honour and ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture; and, as I was going away, an American lady took a rose from me (which had been given to me by a very pretty Italian lady that very morning), because, she said, 'She was determined to send or take something which I had about me to America.' *There* is a kind of Lalla Rookh incident for you! However, all these American honours arise, perhaps, not so much from their enthusiasm for my 'Poeshie,' as their belief in my dislike to the English, — in which I have the satisfaction to coincide with them. I would rather, however, have a nod from an American, than a snuff-box from an emperor."

LETTER 498. TO MR. ELLICE.

"Montenero, Leghorn, June 12. 1822.

"My dear Ellice,

"It is a long time since I have written to you, but I have not forgotten your kindness, and I am now going to tax it — I hope not too highly — but *don't* be alarmed; it is *not* a loan, but *information*, which I am about to solicit. By your extensive connections, no one can have better opportunities of hearing the real state of *South* America — I mean Bolivar's country. I have many years had transatlantic projects of settlement, and what I could wish from you would be some information of the best course to pursue, and some letters of recommendation in case I should sail for Angostura. I am told that land is very cheap there; but though I have no great disposable funds to vest in such purchases, yet my income, such as it is, would be sufficient in any country (except England) for all the comforts of life, and for most of its luxuries. The war there is now over; and as I do not go there to *speculate*, but to settle, without any views but those of independence and the enjoyment of the common civil rights, I should presume such an arrival would not be unwelcome.

"All I request of you is, not to *dis*courage nor *en*courage, but to give me such a statement as you think prudent and proper. I do not address my other friends upon this subject, who would only throw obstacles in my way, and bore me to return to England; which I never will do, unless compelled by some insuperable cause. I have a quantity of furniture, books, &c. &c. &c. which I could easily ship from Leghorn; but I wish to 'look before I leap' over the Atlantic. Is it true that for a few thousand dollars a large tract of land may be obtained? I speak of *South* America, recollect. I have read some publications on the subject, but they seemed violent and vulgar party productions. Please to address your answer[1] to me at

[1] The answer which Mr. Ellice returned was, as might be expected, strongly dissuasive of this design. The wholly disorganised state of the country and its institutions, which it would take ages, perhaps, to restore even to the degree of industry and prosperity which it had enjoyed under the Spaniards, rendered Columbia, in his opinion, one of the last places in the world to which a man desirous of peace and quiet, or of security for his person and property, should resort to as an asylum. As long as Bolivar lived and maintained his authority, every reliance, Mr. Ellice added, might be placed on his integrity and firmness; but with his death a new æra of struggle and confusion would be sure to arise.

this place, and believe me ever and truly yours, &c."

About this time he sat for his picture to Mr. West, an American artist, who has himself given, in one of our periodical publications, the following account of his noble sitter: —

"On the day appointed, I arrived at two o'clock, and began the picture. I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and asked a multitude of questions about America — how I liked Italy, what I thought of the Italians, &c. When he was silent, he was a better sitter than before; for he assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as though he were thinking of a frontispiece for Childe Harold. In about an hour our first sitting terminated, and I returned to Leghorn, scarcely able to persuade myself that this was the haughty misanthrope whose character had always appeared so enveloped in gloom and mystery; for I do not remember ever to have met with manners more gentle and attractive.

"The next day I returned and had another sitting of an hour, during which he seemed anxious to know what I should make of my undertaking. Whilst I was painting, the window from which I received my light became suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice exclaim 'è troppo bello!' I turned, and discovered a beautiful female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being on a level with the bottom of the window. Her long golden hair hung down about her face and shoulders; her complexion was exquisite, and her smile completed one of the most romantic-looking heads, set off as it was by the bright sun behind it, which I had ever beheld. Lord Byron invited her to come in, and introduced her to me as the Countess Guiccioli. He seemed very fond of her, and I was glad of her presence, for the playful manner which he assumed towards her made him a much better sitter.

"The next day, I was pleased to find that the progress which I had made in his likeness had given satisfaction, for, when we were alone, he said that he had a particular favour to request of me — would I grant it? I said I should be happy to oblige him; and he enjoined me to the flattering task of painting the Countess Guiccioli's portrait for him. On the following morning I began it, and, after, they sat alternately. He gave me the whole history of his connection with her, and said that he hoped it would last for ever; at any rate, it should not be his fault if it did not. His other attachments had been broken off by no fault of his.

"I was by this time sufficiently intimate with him to answer his question as to what I thought of him before I had seen him. He laughed much at the idea which I had formed of him, and said, 'Well, you find me like other people, do you not?' He often afterwards repeated, 'And so you thought me a finer fellow, did you?' I remember once telling him, that notwithstanding his vivacity, I thought myself correct in at least one estimate which I had made of him, for I still conceived that he was not a happy man. He enquired earnestly what reason I had for thinking so; and I asked him if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Wherever I had observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him, and that he would make use of it.

"Lord Byron, and all the party, left Villa Rossa (the name of their house) in a few days, to pack up their things in their house at Pisa. He told me that he should remain a few days there, and desired me, if I could do any thing more to the pictures, to come and stay with him. He seemed at a loss where to go, and was, I thought, on the point of embarking for America. I was with him at Pisa for a few days; but he was so annoyed by the police, and the weather was so hot, that I thought it doubtful whether I could improve the pictures, and, taking my departure one morning before he was up, I wrote him an excuse from Leghorn. Upon the whole, I left him with an impression that he possessed an excellent heart, which had been misconstrued on all hands from little else than a reckless levity of manners, which he took a whimsical pride in opposing to those of other people."

LETTER 499. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, July 5. 1822.

"I return you the revise. I have softened the part to which Gifford objected, and changed the name of Michael to Raphael, who was an angel of gentler sympathies. By the way, recollect to alter Michael to *Raphael* in the *scene* itself throughout, for I have only had time to do so in the list of the dramatis personæ, and scratch out all the pencil-marks, to avoid puzzling the printers. I have given the 'Vision of Quevedo Redivivus' to John Hunt, which will relieve you from a dilemma. He must publish it at his *own* risk, as it is at his own desire. Give him

rrected copy which Mr. Kinnaird had, as nitigated partly, and also the preface.

"Yours, &c."

TER 500. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, July 8. 1822.

ast week I returned you the packet oofs. You had, perhaps, better not sh in the same volume the *Po* and *Ri*-ranslation.

have consigned a letter to Mr. John for the 'Vision of Judgment,' which ill hand over to him. Also the 'Pulci,' al and Italian, and any *prose* tracts of ; for Mr. Leigh Hunt is arrived here, inks of commencing a periodical work, ich I shall contribute. I do not pro- to you to be the publisher, because I that you are unfriends; but all things ur care, except the volume now in the and the manuscript purchased of Mr. e, can be given for this purpose, accord- they are wanted.

Vith regard to what you say about your t of memory,' I can only remark, that inserted the note to Marino Faliero st my positive revocation, and that you ed the Dedication of Sardanapalus to e (place it before the volume now in ress), both of which were things not greeable to me, and which I could wish avoided in future, as they might be a very little care, or a simple memo- m in your pocket-book.

t is not impossible that I may have or four cantos of Don Juan ready by m, or a little later, as I obtained a per- on from my dictatress to continue it,— *ed always* it was to be more guarded lecorous and sentimental in the conti- on than in the commencement. How ese conditions have been fulfilled may n, perhaps, by-and-by; but the embargo nly taken off upon these stipulations. can answer at your leisure.

"Yours, &c."

ER 501. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, July 12. 1822.

have written to you lately, but not in r to your last letter of about a fort- ago. I wish to know (and request an r to *that* point) what became of the s to Wellington (intended to open a of Don Juan with) which I sent you l months ago. If they have fallen into y's hands, he and the Tories will sup- them, as those lines rate that hero at al value. Pray be explicit on this, as I have no other copy, having sent you the original; and if you have them, let me have *that* again, or a *copy* correct.

"I subscribed at Leghorn two hundred Tuscan crowns to your Irishism committee; it is about a thousand francs, more or less. As Sir C. S., who receives thirteen thousand a year of the public money, could not afford more than a thousand livres out of his enormous salary, it would have appeared ostentatious in a private individual to pretend to surpass him; and therefore I have sent but the above sum, as you will see by the enclosed receipt.[1]

"Leigh Hunt is here, after a voyage of eight months, during which he has, I presume, made the Periplus of Hanno the Carthaginian, and with much the same speed. He is setting up a Journal, to which I have promised to contribute; and in the first number the 'Vision of Judgment, by Quevedo Redivivus,' will probably appear, with other articles.

"Can you give us any thing? He seems sanguine about the matter, but (entre nous) I am not. I do not, however, like to put him out of spirits by saying so; for he is bilious and unwell. Do, pray, answer *this* letter immediately.

"Do send Hunt any thing in prose or verse of yours, to start him handsomely — any lyrical, *iri*cal, or what you please.

"Has not your Potatoe Committee been blundering? Your advertisement says, that Mr. L. Callaghan (a queer name for a banker) hath been disposing of money in Ireland 'sans authority of the Committee.' I suppose it will end in Callaghan's calling out the Committee, the chairman of which carries pistols in his pocket, of course.

"When you can spare time from *duetting*, *coquetting*, and claretting with your Hibernians of both sexes, let me have a line from you. I doubt whether Paris is a good place for the composition of your new poesy."

LETTER 502. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, August 8. 1822.

"You will have heard by this time that Shelley and another gentleman (Captain Williams) were drowned about a month ago (a *month* yesterday), in a squall off the Gulf of Spezia. There is thus another man gone, about whom the world was ill-naturedly, and

[1] "Received from Mr. Henry Dunn the sum of two hundred Tuscan crowns (for account of the Right Honourable Lord Noel Byron), for the purpose of assisting the Irish Poor. THOMAS HALL.

"Leghorn, 9th July, 1822. Tuscan crowns, 200."

ignorantly, and brutally mistaken. It will, perhaps, do him justice *now*, when he can be no better for it.[1]

"I have not seen the thing you mention[2], and only heard of it casually, nor have I any desire. The price is, as I saw in some advertisements, fourteen shillings, which is too much to pay for a libel on oneself. Some one said in a letter, that it was a Dr. Watkins, who deals in the life and libel line. It must have diminished your natural pleasure, as a friend (vide Rochefoucault), to see yourself in it.

"With regard to the Blackwood fellows, I never published any thing against them; nor, indeed, have seen their magazine (except in Galignani's extracts) for these three years past. I once wrote, a good while ago, some remarks[3] on their review of Don Juan, but saying very little about themselves, and these were *not* published. If you think that I ought to follow your example[4] (and I like to be in your company when I can) in contradicting their impudence, you may shape this declaration of mine into a similar paragraph for me. It is possible that you may have seen the little I *did* write (and never published) at Murray's: — it contained much more about Southey than about the Blacks.

"If you think that I ought to do any thing about Watkins's book, I should not care much about publishing *my Memoir now*, should it be necessary to counteract the fellow. But, in *that* case, I should like to look over the *press* myself. Let me know what you think, or whether I had better *not*; — at least, not the second part, which touches on the actual confines of still existing matters.

"I have written three more cantos of Don Juan, and am hovering on the brink of another (the ninth). The reason I want the stanzas again which I sent you is, that as these cantos contain a full detail (like the storm in Canto Second) of the siege and assault of Ismael, with much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiery, it is a good opportunity of gracing the poem with * * *. With these things and these fellows, it is necessary, in the present clash of philosophy and tyranny, to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds; but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself.

"What do you think of your Irish bishop? Do you remember Swift's line, 'Let me have a *barrack* — a fig for the *elergy*?' This seems to have been his reverence's motto.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 503. TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, August 27. 1822.

"It is boring to trouble you with 'such small gear;' but it must be owned that I should be glad if you would enquire whether my Irish subscription ever reached the committee in Paris from Leghorn. My reasons, like Vellum's, 'are threefold:' — First, I doubt the accuracy of all almoners, or remitters of benevolent cash; second, I do suspect that the said Committee, having in part served its time to time-serving, may have kept back the acknowledgment of an obnoxious politician's name in their lists; and third, I feel pretty sure that I shall one day be twitted by the government scribes for having been a professor of love for Ireland, and not coming forward with the others in her distresses.

"It is not, as you may opine, that I am ambitious of having my name in the papers, as I can have that any day in the week gratis. All I want is to know if the Reverend Thomas Hall did or did not remit my subscription (200 scudi of Tuscany, or about a thousand francs, more or less,) to the Committee at Paris.

"The other day at Viareggio, I thought proper to swim off to my schooner (the Bolivar) in the offing, and thence to shore again — about three miles, or better, in all. As it was at mid-day, under a broiling sun, the consequence has been a feverish attack, and my whole skin's coming off, after going through the process of one large continuous blister, raised by the sun and sea together. I have suffered much pain; not being able to lie on my back, or even side; for my shoulders and arms were equally St. Bartholomewed. But it is over, — and I have got a new skin, and am as glossy as a snake in its new suit.

[1] In a letter to Mr. Murray, of an earlier date, which has been omitted to avoid repetitions, he says on the same subject, "You were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew." There is also another passage in the same letter which, for its perfect truth, I must quote: —"I have received your scrap, with Henry Drury's letter enclosed. It is just like him — always kind and ready to oblige his old friends."

[2] A book which had just appeared, entitled "Memoirs of the Right Hon. Lord Byron."

[3] The remarkable pamphlet from which extracts have been already given. [See *Works*, p. 800.]

[4] It had been asserted in a late Number of Blackwood, that both Lord Byron and myself were employed in writing satire against that Magazine.

"We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back-ground and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame.[1] All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine.

"Your old acquaintance Londonderry has quietly died at North Cray! and the virtuous De Witt was torn in pieces by the populace! What a lucky * * the Irishman has been in his life and end.[2] In him your Irish Franklin est mort!

"Leigh Hunt is sweating articles for his new Journal; and both he and I think it somewhat shabby in *you* not to contribute. Will you become one of the *properrioters?* 'Do, and we go snacks.'[3] I recommend you to think twice before you respond in the negative.

"I have nearly (*quite three*) four new cantos of Don Juan ready. I obtained permission from the female Censor Morum of *my* morals to continue it, provided it were immaculate; so I have been as decent as need be. There is a deal of war — a siege, and all that, in the style, graphical and technical, of the shipwreck in Canto Second, which 'took,' as they say in the Row.

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — That * * * Galignani has about ten lies in one paragraph. It was not a Bible that was found in Shelley's pocket, but John Keats's poems. However, it would not have been strange, for he was a great admirer of Scripture as a composition. *I* did not send my bust to the academy of New York; but I sat for my picture to young West, an American artist, at the request of some members of that Academy to *him* that he would take my portrait, — for the Academy, I believe.[4]

I had, and still have, thoughts of South America, but am fluctuating between it and Greece. I should have gone, long ago, to one of them, but for my liaison with the Countess G[i]. ; for love, in these days, is little compatible with glory. *She* would be delighted to go too; but I do not choose to expose her to a long voyage, and a residence in an unsettled country, where I shall probably take a part of some sort."

Soon after the above letters were written, Lord Byron removed to Genoa, having taken a house, called the Villa Saluzzo, at Albaro, one of the suburbs of that city. From the time of the unlucky squabble with the serjeant-major at Pisa, his tranquillity had been considerably broken in upon, as well by the judicial enquiries consequent upon that event, as by the many sinister rumours and suspicions to which it gave rise. Though the wounded man had recovered, his friends all vowed vengeance with the dagger: and the sensation which the affair and its various consequences had produced was, — to Madame Guiccioli more particularly, from the situation in which her family stood, in regard to politics, — distressing and alarming. While the impression, too, of this event was still recent, another circumstance occurred which, though comparatively unimportant, had the unlucky effect of again drawing the attention of the Tuscans to their new visitors. During Lord Byron's short visit to Leghorn, a Swiss servant in his employ having quarrelled on some occasion, with the brother of Madame Guiccioli, drew his knife upon the young Count, and wounded him slightly on the cheek. This affray, happening so soon after the other was productive also of so much notice and conversation, that the Tuscan government, in its horror of every thing like disturbance,

[1] ["The situation," says Medwin, "was well calculated for a poet's grave. In front was a magnificent extent of the blue and windless Mediterranean, with the Isles of Elba and Gorgona — Lord Byron's yacht at anchor in the offing: on the other side, an almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness, uncultivated and uninhabited, here and there interspersed in tufts with underwood curved by the sea breeze, and stunted by the barren and dry nature of the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along the coast stood high square towers, for the double purpose of guarding the coast from smuggling, and enforcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the Italian Alps, which are here particularly picturesque from their volcanic and manifold appearances, and which, being composed of white marble, exhibit on their summits the resemblance of snow. Lord Byron and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers of the guard; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage. Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, when Lord Byron, agitated by the spectacle he had witnessed, tried to dissipate, in some degree, the impression of it by his favourite recreation. He took off his clothes, therefore, and swam off to his yacht, which was riding at some distance."]

[2] The particulars of this event had, it is evident, not yet reached him.

[3] ["All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, 'Do; and we go snacks.'"
POPE.]

[4] This portrait, though destined for America, was, it appears, never sent thither. A few copies of it have since been painted by Mr. West; but the original picture was purchased by Mr. Joy, of Hartham Park, Wilts, who is also the possessor of the original portrait of Madame Guiccioli, by the same artist.

thought itself called upon to interfere; and orders were accordingly issued, that, within four days, the two Counts Gamba, father and son, should depart from Tuscany. To Lord Byron this decision was, in the highest degree, provoking and disconcerting; it being one of the conditions of the Guiccioli's separation from her husband, that she could thenceforward reside under the same roof with her father. After balancing in his mind between various projects, — sometimes thinking of Geneva, and sometimes, as we have seen, of South America, — he at length decided, for the present, to transfer his residence to Genoa.

His habits of life, while at Pisa, had but very little differed, except in the new line of society into which his introduction to Shelley's friends led him, — from the usual monotonous routine in which, so singularly for one of his desultory disposition, the daily course of his existence had now, for some years, flowed. At two he usually breakfasted, and at three, or, as the year advanced, four o'clock, those persons who were in the habit of accompanying him in his rides, called upon him. After, occasionally, a game of billiards, he proceeded, — and, in order to avoid starers, in his carriage, — as far as the gates of the town, where his horses met him. At first the route he chose for these rides was in the direction of the Cascine and of the pine-forest that reaches towards the sea; but having found a spot more convenient for his pistol exercise on the road leading from the Porta alla Spiaggia to the east of the city, he took daily this course during the remainder of his stay. When arrived at the podere or farm, in the garden of which they were allowed to erect their target, his friends and he dismounted, and, after devoting about half an hour to a trial of skill at the pistol, returned, a little before sunset, into the city.

"Lord Byron," says a friend who was sometimes present at their practising, "was the best marksman. Shelley, and Williams, and Trelawney, often made as good shots as he — but they were not so certain; and he, though his hand trembled violently, never missed, for he calculated on this vibration, and depended entirely on his eye. Once, after demolishing his mark, he set up a slender cane, whose colour, nearly the same as the gravel in which it was fixed, might well have deceived him, and at twenty paces he divided it with his bullet. His joy at a good shot, and his vexation at a failure, was great — and when we met him on his return, his cold salutation, or joyous laugh, told the tale of the day's success."

For the first time since his arrival in Italy, he now found himself tempted to give dinner parties; his guests being, besides Count Gamba and Shelley, Mr. Williams, Captain Medwin, Mr. Taafe, and Mr. Trelawney; — and "never," as his friend Shelley used to say, "did he display himself to more advantage than on these occasions; being at once polite and cordial, full of social hilarity and the most perfect good humour; never diverging into ungraceful merriment, and yet keeping up the spirit of liveliness throughout the evening." About midnight his guests generally left him, with the exception of Captain Medwin, who used to remain, as I understand, talking and drinking with his noble host till far into the morning; and to the careless, half mystifying confidences of these nocturnal sittings, implicitly listened to and confusedly recollected, we owe the volume with which Captain Medwin, soon after the death of the noble poet, favoured the world.[1]

On the subject of this and other such intimacies formed by Lord Byron, not only at the period of which we are speaking, but throughout his whole life, it would be difficult to advance any thing more judicious, or more demonstrative of a true knowledge of his character, than is to be found in the following remarks of one who had studied him with her whole heart, — who had learned to regard him with the eyes of good sense, as well as of affection; and whose strong love, in short, was founded upon a basis the most creditable both to him and herself, — the being able to understand him.[2]

"We continued in Pisa even more rigorously to absent ourselves from society. However, as there were a good many English in Pisa, he could not avoid becoming acquainted with various friends of Shelley, among which number was Mr. Medwin. They followed him in his rides, dined with him, and felt themselves happy, of course, in the apparent intimacy in which they lived with so renowned a man; but not one of them was admitted to any part of his friendship, which, indeed, he did not easily accord. He had a great affection for Shelley, and a great esteem for his character and talents; but he was not his friend in the most extensive sense of that word. Sometimes, when speaking of

[1] [See BYRONIANA.]

[2] "My poor Zimmerman, who now will understand thee?" — such was the touching speech addressed to Zimmerman by his wife, on her death-bed; and there is implied in these few words all that a man of morbid sensibility must be dependant for upon the tender and self-forgetting tolerance of the woman with whom he is united.

his friends and of friendship, as also of love, and of every other noble emotion of the soul, his expressions might inspire doubts concerning his sentiments and the goodness of his heart. The feeling of the moment regulated his speech, and, besides, he liked to play the part of singularity, — and sometimes worse, —— more especially with those whom he suspected of endeavouring to make discoveries as to his real character: but it was only mean minds and superficial observers that could be deceived in him. It was necessary to consider his actions to perceive the contradiction they bore to his words: it was necessary to be witness of certain moments, during which unforeseen and involuntary emotion forced him to give himself entirely up to his feelings; and whoever beheld him then, became aware of the stores of sensibility and goodness of which his noble heart was full.

"Among the many occasions I had of seeing him thus overpowered, I shall mention one relative to his feelings of friendship. A few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. A soft melancholy was spread over his countenance; he recalled to mind the events of his life; compared them with his present situation, and with that which it might have been if his affection for me had not caused him to remain in Italy, saying things which would have made earth a paradise for me, but that even then a presentiment that I should lose all this happiness tormented me. At this moment a servant announced Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy, but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend. His emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down.

"Lord Clare's visit also occasioned him extreme delight. He had a great affection for Lord Clare, and was very happy during the short visit that he paid him at Leghorn. The day on which they separated was a melancholy one for Lord Byron. 'I have a presentiment that I shall never see him more,' he said, and his eyes filled with tears. The same melancholy came over him during the first weeks that succeeded to Lord Clare's departure, whenever his conversation happened to fall upon this friend."[1]

Of his feelings on the death of his daughter Allegra, this lady gives the following account: — "On the occasion also of the death of his natural daughter, I saw in his grief the excess of paternal kindness. His conduct towards this child was always that of a fond father; but no one would have guessed from his expressions that he felt this affection for her. He was dreadfully agitated by the first intelligence of her illness; and when afterwards that of her death arrived, I was obliged to fulfil the melancholy task of communi-

[1] "In Pisa abbiamo continuato anche più rigorosamente a vivere lontano dalla società. Essendosi però in Pisa molti Inglesi egli non potè escusarsi dal fare la conoscenza di varii amici di Shelley, fra i quali uno fu Mr. Medwin. Essi lo seguitavano al passeggio, pranzavono con lui e certamente si tenevano felici della apparente intimità che loro accordava un uomo così superiore. Ma nessuno di loro fu ammesso mai a porta della sua amicizia, che egli non era facile a accordare. Per Shelley egli aveva dell' affezione, e molta stima pel suo carattere e pel suo talento, ma non era suo amico nel estensione del senso che si deva dare alla parola amicizia. Talvolta parlando egli de' suoi amici, e dell' amicizia, come pure dell' amore, e di ogni altro nobile sentimento dell' anima, potevano i suoi discorsi far nascere dei dubbii sui veri suoi sentimenti, e sulla bontà del suo cuore. Una impressione momentanea regolava i suoi discorsi; e di più egli amava anche a rappresentare un personaggio bizzaro, e qualche volta anche peggio, — specialmente con quelli che egli pensava volessero studiare e fare delle scoperte sul suo carattere. Ma nell' inganno non poteva cadere che una piccola mente, e un osservatore superficiale. Bisognava esaminare le sue azioni per sentire tutta le contraddizione che era fra di esse e i suoi discorsi; bisognava verderlo in certi momenti in cui per una emozione improvisa e più forte della sua volontà la sua anima si abbandonava interamente a se stessa; — bisognava vederlo allora per scoprire i tesori di sensibilità e di bontà che erano in quella nobile anima.

"Fra le tante volte che io l'ho veduto in simili circostanze ne ricorderò una che risguarda i suoi sentimenti di amicizia. Pochi giorni prima di lasciare Pisa eravamo verso sera insieme seduti nel giardino del Palazzo Lanfranchi. Una dolce malinconia era sparsa sul suo viso. Egli riandava col pensiero gli avvenimenti della sua vita e faceva il confronto colle attuale sua situazione e quella che avrebbe potuta essere se la sua affezione per me non lo avesse fatto restare in Italia; e diceva cose che avrebbero resa per me la terra un paradiso, se già sino d'allora il pressentimento di perdere tanta felicità non mi avesse tormentata. In questo mentre un domestico annunciò Mr. Hobhouse. La leggiera tinta di malinconia sparsa sul viso di Byron fece luogo subitamente alla più viva gioia; ma essa fu così forte che gli tolse quasi le forze. Un pallore commovente ricoperse il suo volto, e nell' abbracciare il suo amico i suoi occhi erano pieni di lacrime di contento. E l'emozione fu così forte che egli fu obbligato di sedersi, sentendosi mancare le forze.

"La venuta pure di Lord Clare fu per lui un epoca di grande felicità. Egli amava sommament Lord Clare — egli era così felice in quel breve tempo che passò presso di lui a Livorno, e il giorno in cui si separarono fu un giorno di grande tristezza per Lord Byron. 'Io ho il pressentimento che non lo vedrò più,' diceva egli; e i suoi occhi si riempirano di lacrime; e in questo stato l'ho veduto per varii settimainie depo la partenza di Lord Clare, ogni qual volta il discorso cadeva sopra di codesto il suo amico."

cating it to him. The memory of that frightful moment is stamped indelibly on my mind. For several evenings he had not left his house; I therefore went to him. His first question was relative to the courier he had despatched for tidings of his daughter, and whose delay disquieted him. After a short interval of suspense, with every caution which my own sorrow suggested, I deprived him of all hope of the child's recovery. 'I understand,' said he,—'it is enough, say no more.' A mortal paleness spread itself over his face, his strength failed him, and he sunk into a seat. His look was fixed, and the expression such that I began to fear for his reason; he did not shed a tear; and his countenance manifested so hopeless, so profound, so sublime a sorrow, that at the moment he appeared a being of a nature superior to humanity. He remained immoveable in the same attitude for an hour, and no consolation which I endeavoured to afford him seemed to reach his ears, far less his heart. But enough of this sad episode, on which I cannot linger, even after the elapse of so many years, without renewing in my own heart the awful wretchedness of that day. He desired to be left alone, and I was obliged to leave him. I found him on the following morning tranquillised, and with an expression of religious resignation on his features. 'She is more fortunate than we are,' he said; 'besides, her position in the world would scarcely have allowed her to be happy. It is God's will—let us mention it no more.' And from that day he would never pronounce her name; but became more anxious when he spoke of Ada,—so much so as to disquiet himself when the usual accounts sent him were for a post or two delayed."[1]

The melancholy death of poor Shelley, which happened, as we have seen, also during this period, seems to have affected Lord Byron's mind, less with grief for the actual loss of his friend, than with bitter indignation against those who had, through life, so grossly misrepresented him; and never certainly was there an instance where the supposed absence of all religion in an individual was assumed so eagerly as an excuse for the absence of all charity in judging him. Though never personally acquainted with Mr. Shelley, I can join freely with those who most loved him in admiring the various excellences of his heart and genius, and lamenting the too early doom that robbed us of the mature fruits of both. His short life had been, like his poetry, a sort of bright erroneous dream,—false in the general principles on which it proceeded, though beautiful and attaching in most of the details. Had full time been allowed for the "over-light" of his imagination to have been tempered down by the judgment which, in him, was still in reserve, the world at large would have been taught to pay that high homage to his genius which those only who saw what he was capable of can now be expected to accord to it.

It was about this time that Mr. Cowell, paying a visit to Lord Byron at Genoa, was told by him that some friends of Mr. Shelley, sitting together one evening, had seen that gentleman, distinctly, as they thought, walk into a little wood at Lerici, when at the same moment, as they afterwards discovered, he was far away in quite a different direction. "This," added Lord Byron, in a low, awe-struck tone of voice, "was but ten days before poor Shelley died."

LETTER 504. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Genoa, October 9, 1822.

"I have received your letter, and as you explain it, I have no objection, on your account, to omit those passages in the new Mystery (which were marked in the half-

[1] "Nell' occasione pure della morire della sua figlia naturale io ho veduto nel suo dolore tuttociò che vi è di più profondo nella tenerezza paterna. La sua condotta verso di codesta fanciulla era stata sempre quella del padre il più amoroso; ma dalle di lui parole non si sarebbe giudicato che avesse tanta affezione per lei. Alla prima notizia della di lei malattia egli fu sommamente agitato; giunse poi la notizia della morte, ed io dovessi esercitare il tristo uficio di participarla a Lord Byron. Quel sensibile momento sarà indelebile nella mia memoria. Egli non usciva da varii giorni la sera: io andai dunque da lui. La prima domanda che egli mi fece fu relativa al Corriere che egli aveva spedito per avere notizie della sua figlia, e di cui il retardo lo inquietava. Dopo qualche momento di sospensione con tutta l'arte che sapeva suggerirmi il mio proprio dolore gli tolsi ogni speranza della guarizione della fanciulla. 'Ho inteso,' disse egli—'basta così—non dite di più'—e un pallore mortale si sparse sul suo volto; le forze gli mancarono, e cadde sopra una sedia d'appoggio. Il suo sguardo era fisso e tale che mi fece temere per la sua ragione. Egli rimase in quello stato d'immobilità un' ora; e nessuna parola di consolazione che io potessi indirezzargli pareva penetrare le sue orecchie non che il suo core. Ma basta così di questa trista detenzione nella quale non posso fermarmi dopo tanti anni senza risvegliare di nuovo nel mio animo le terribile sofferenze di quel giorno. La mattinà lo trovai tranquillo, e con una espressione di religiosa rassegnazione nel suo volto. 'Ella è più felice di noi,' disse' egli—'d'altronde la sua situazione nel mondo non le avrebbe data forse felicità. Dio ha voluto così—non ne parliamo più.' E da quel giorno in poi non ha più voluto proferire il nome di quella fanciulla. Ma è divenuto più pensieroso parlando di Adda, al punto di tormentarsi quando gli ritardavano di qualche ordinario le di lei notizie."

sheet sent the other day to Pisa), or the passage in *Cain*; — but why not be open and say so at *first*? You should be more straightforward on every account.

"I have been very unwell — four days confined to my bed in 'the worst inn's worst room,' at Lerici, with a violent rheumatic and bilious attack, constipation, and the devil knows what: no physician, except a young fellow, who, however, was kind and cautious, and that's enough.

"At last I seized Thompson's book of prescriptions (a donation of yours), and physicked myself with the first dose I found in it; and after undergoing the ravages of all kinds of decoctions, sallied from bed on the fifth day to cross the Gulf to Sestri. The sea revived me instantly; and I ate the sailor's cold fish, and drank a gallon of country wine, and got to Genoa the same night after landing at Sestri, and have ever since been keeping well, but thinner, and with an occasional cough towards evening.

"I am afraid the Journal *is a bad* business, and won't do; but in it I am sacrificing *myself* for others — *I* can have no advantage in it. I believe the *brothers Hunts* to be honest men; I am sure that they are poor ones; they have not a Nap. They pressed me to engage in this work, and in an evil hour I consented. Still I shall not repent, if I can do them the least service. I have done all I can for Leigh Hunt since he came here; but it is almost useless: — his wife is ill, his six children not very tractable, and in the affairs of this world he himself is a child. The death of Shelley left them totally aground; and I could not see them in such a state without using the common feelings of humanity, and what means were in my power, to set them afloat again.

"So Douglas Kinnaird is out of the way? He was so the last time I sent him a parcel, and he gives no previous notice. When is he expected again?

"Yours, &c.

"P. S. — Will you say at once — do you publish Werner and the Mystery or not? You never once allude to them.

"That curst advertisement of Mr. J. Hunt is out of the limits. I did not lend him my name to be hawked about in this way.

"However, I believe — at least, hope — that after all you may be a good fellow at bottom, and it is on this presumption that I now write to you on the subject of a poor woman of the name of *Yossy*, who is, or was, an author of yours, as she says, and published a book on Switzerland in 1816, patronised by the 'Court and Colonel M'Mahon.' But it seems that neither the Court nor the Colonel could get over the portentous price of 'three pounds, thirteen, and sixpence,' which alarmed the too susceptible public; and, in short, 'the book died away,' and, what is worse, the poor soul's husband died too, and she writes with the man a corpse before her; but instead of addressing the bishop or Mr. Wilberforce, she hath recourse to that proscribed, atheistical, syllogistical, phlogistical person, *mysen*, as they say in Notts. It is strange enough, but the rascaille English, who calumniate me in every direction and on every score, whenever they are in great distress recur to me for assistance. If I have had one example of this, I have had letters from a thousand, and as far as is in my power have tried to repay good for evil, and purchase a shilling's worth of salvation as long as my pocket can hold out.

"Now, I am willing to do what I can for this unfortunate person; but her situation and her wishes (not unreasonable, however,) require more than can be advanced by one individual like myself; for I have many claims of the same kind just at present, and also some remnants of *debt* to pay in England — God, he knows, the *latter* how reluctantly! Can the Literary Fund do nothing for her? By your interest, which is great among the pious, I dare say that something might be collected. Can you get any of her books published? Suppose you took her as author in my place, now vacant among your ragamuffins; she is a moral and pious person, and will shine upon your shelves. But seriously, do what you can for her."

LETTER 505. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Genoa, 9bre 23. 1822.

"I have to thank you for a parcel of books, which are very welcome, especially Sir Walter's gift of 'Halidon Hill.' You have sent me a copy of 'Werner,' but *without* the preface. If you have published it *without*, you will have plunged me into a very disagreeable dilemma, because I shall be accused of plagiarism from Miss Lee's German's Tale, whereas I have fully and freely acknowledged that the drama is entirely taken from the story.

"I return you the Quarterly Review, uncut and unopened, not from disrespect or disregard or pique; but it is a kind of reading which I have some time disused, as I think the periodical style of writing hurtful to the habits of the mind, by presenting the superficies of too many things at once. I do not know that it contains any thing disagreeable to me — it may or it may not; nor do I return it on account that there *may* be

an article which you hinted at in one of your late letters, but because I have left off reading these kind of works, and should equally have returned you any other number.

"I am obliged to take in one or two abroad, because solicited to do so. The Edinburgh came before me by mere chance in Galignani's picnic sort of gazette, where he had inserted a part of it.

"You will have received various letters from me lately, in a style which I used with reluctance; but you left me no other choice by your obstinate refusal to communicate with a man you did not like, upon the mere simple matter of transfer of a few papers of little consequence (except to their author), and which could be of no moment to yourself.

"I hope that Mr. Kinnaird is better. It is strange that you never alluded to his accident, if it be true, as stated in the papers.

"I am yours, &c. &c.

"I hope that you have a milder winter than we have had here. We have had inundations worthy of the Trent or Po, and the conductor (Franklin's) of my house was struck (or supposed to be stricken) by a thunderbolt. I was so near the window that I was dazzled and my eyes hurt for several minutes, and every body in the house felt an electric shock at the moment. Madame Guiccioli was frightened, as you may suppose.

"I have thought since that your bigots would have 'saddled me with a judgment' (as Thwackum did Square when he bit his tongue in talking metaphysics), if any thing had happened of consequence. These fellows always forget Christ in their Christianity, and what he said when 'the tower of Siloam fell.'

"To-day is the 9th, and the 10th is my surviving daughter's birth-day. I have ordered, as a regale, a mutton chop and a bottle of ale. She is seven years old, I believe. Did I ever tell you that the day I came of age I dined on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale? For once in a way they are my favourite dish and drinkable; but as neither of them agree with me, I never use them but on great jubilees—once in four or five years or so.

"I see somebody represents the Hunts and Mrs. Shelley as living in my house: it is a falsehood. They reside at some distance, and I do not see them twice in a month. I have not met Mr. Hunt a dozen times since I came to Genoa, or near it.

"Yours ever, &c."

LETTER 506. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Genoa, 10bre 25th, 1822.

"I had sent you back the Quarterly, without perusal, having resolved to read no more reviews, good, bad, or indifferent; but 'who can control his fate?' Galignani, to whom my English studies are confined, has forwarded a copy of at least one half of it, in his indefatigable catch-penny weekly compilation; and as, 'like honour, it came unlooked for,' I have looked through it. I must say that, upon the *whole*, that is, the whole of the *half* which I have read (for the other half is to be the segment of Galignani's next week's circular), it is extremely handsome, and any thing but unkind or unfair.[1] As I take the good in good part, I must not, nor will not, quarrel with the bad. What the writer says of Don Juan is harsh, but it is inevitable.[2] He must follow, or at least not directly oppose, the opinion of a prevailing, and yet not very firmly seated, party. A Review may and will direct and 'turn awry' the currents of opinion, but it must not directly oppose them. Don Juan will be known by and by, for what it is intended,—a *Satire* on abuses of the present states of society, and not an eulogy of vice. It may be now and then voluptuous: I can't help that. Ariosto is worse; Smollett (see Lord Strutwell in the second volume of Roderick Random) ten times worse; and Fielding no better. No girl will ever be seduced by reading Don Juan:—no, no; she will go to Little's poems and Rousseau's *romans* for that, or even to the immaculate De Stael. They will encourage her, and not the Don, who laughs at that, and—and—most other things. But never mind—*ça ira!*

"Now, do you see what you and your friends do by your injudicious rudeness?—actually cement a sort of connection which you strove to prevent, and which, had the

[1] [The article alluded to is a review of Lord Byron's Dramas, written by Bishop Heber.]

[2] ["Even the Mystery of Cain, wicked as it may be, is the work of a nobler and more daring wickedness than that which delights in insulting the miseries, and stimulating the evil passions, and casting a cold-blooded ridicule over all the lofty and generous feelings of our nature; and it is better that Lord Byron should be a manichee, or a deist,—nay, we would almost say, if the thing were possible, it is better that he should be a moral and argumentative atheist, than the professed and systematic poet of seduction, adultery, and incest: the contemner of patriotism, the insulter of piety, the raker into every sink of vice and wretchedness to disgust and degrade and harden the hearts of his fellow-creatures."—Vol. xxvii. p. 477.]

Hunts *prospered*, would not in all probability have continued. As it is, I will not quit them in their adversity, though it should cost me character, fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*.

"My original motives I already explained (in the letter which you thought proper to show): they are the *true* ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, and I told Leigh Hunt when he questioned me on the subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, and never will forgive me at bottom; but I can't help that. I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he chose to question me, I could only answer the plain truth: and I confess I did not see any thing in the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was 'a *bore*,' which I don't remember. Had their Journal gone on well, and I could have aided to make it better for them, I should then have left them, after my safe pilotage off a lee shore, to make a prosperous voyage by themselves. As it is, I can't, and would not, if I could, leave them among the breakers.

"As to any community of feeling, thought, or opinion, between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think him a good-principled and able man, and must do as I would be done by. I do not know what world he has lived in, but I have lived in three or four; but none of them like his Keats and kangaroo terra incognita. Alas! poor Shelley! how he would have laughed had he lived, and how we used to laugh now and then, at various things, which are grave in the suburbs!

"You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in society; and as perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room, when he liked, and where he liked.

"I have some thoughts of taking a run down to Naples (*solus*, or, at most, *cum solâ*) this spring, and writing, when I have studied the country, a fifth and sixth canto of Childe Harold: but this is merely an idea for the present, and I have other excursions and voyages in my mind. The busts[1] are finished; are you worthy of them?

"Yours, &c. N. B.

"P. S. — Mrs. Shelley is residing with the Hunts at some distance from me. I see them very seldom, and generally on account of their business. Mrs. Shelley, I believe, will go to England in the spring.

"Count Gamba's family, the father and son and daughter, are residing with me by Mr. Hill (the minister's) recommendation, as a safer asylum from the political persecutions than they could have in another residence; but they occupy one part of a large house, and I the other, and our establishments are quite separate.

"Since I have read the Quarterly, I shall erase two or three passages in the latter six or seven cantos, in which I had lightly stroked over two or three of your authors; but I will not return evil for good. I liked what I read of the article much.

"Mr. J. Hunt is most likely the publisher of the new cantos; with what prospects of success I know not, nor does it very much matter, as far as I am concerned; but I hope that it may be of use to him; he is a stiff, sturdy, conscientious man, and I like him; he is such a one as Prynne or Pym might be. I bear you no ill-will for declining the Don Juans.

"Have you aided Madame de Yossy, as I requested? I sent her three hundred francs. Recommend her, will you, to the Literary Fund, or to some benevolence within your circles."

Letter 507. TO LADY ———.

"Albaro, November 10. 1822.

"The Chevalier persisted in declaring himself an ill-used gentleman, and describing you as a kind of cold Calypso, who lead astray people of an amatory disposition without giving them any sort of compensation, contenting yourself, it seems, with only making *one* fool instead of two, which is the more approved method of proceeding on such occasions. For my part, I think you are quite right; and be assured from me that a woman (as society is constituted in England) who gives any advantage to a man may expect a lover, but will sooner or later find a tyrant; and this is not the man's fault either, perhaps, but is the necessary and natural result of the circumstances of society, which, in fact, tyrannise over the man equally with the woman; that is to say, if either of them have any feeling or honour.

"You can write to me at your leisure and inclination. I have always laid it down as a maxim, and found it justified by experience, that a man and a woman make far better friendships than can exist between two of the same sex; but *these* with this condition, that they never have made, or are to make, love with each other. Lovers may, and, in-

[1] Of the bust of himself by Bartollini he says, in one of the omitted letters to Mr. Murray — "The bust does not turn out a good one, — though it may be like for aught I know, as it exactly resembles a superannuated Jesuit." Again: "I assure you Bartollini's is dreadful, though my mind misgives me that it is hideously like. If it is, I cannot be long for this world, for it overlooks seventy."

deed, generally *are* enemies, but they never can be friends; because there must always be a spice of jealousy and a something of self in all their speculations.

"Indeed, I rather look upon love altogether as a sort of hostile transaction, very necessary to make or to break matches, and keep the world going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned.

"Now, as my love perils are, I believe, pretty well over, and yours, by all accounts, are never to begin, we shall be the best friends imaginable, as far as both are concerned; and with this advantage, that we may both fall to loving right and left through all our acquaintance, without either sullenness or sorrow from that amiable passion, which are its inseparable attendants.

"Believe me, &c.

"N. B."

CHAPTER L.

1823.

GENOA. — LETTER TO MOORE CONCERNING HIS LITERARY CONNECTION WITH LEIGH HUNT AND THE LIBERAL. — HUNT'S POSTHUMOUS ATTACK ON LORD BYRON. — FRIENDSHIP. — SHELLEY. — HENRY FOX. — THE BLESSINGTONS. — COUNT D'ORSAY AND HIS JOURNAL. — PICTURE OF HIGH LIFE IN ENGLAND. — DR. PARR. — LADY BYRON'S MINIATURE. — CAUSES OF THE SEPARATION. — ADA'S BIRTH-DAY. — LETTER TO LADY BYRON.

LETTER 508. TO MR. MOORE.

"Genoa, February 20. 1823.

"My Dear Tom,

"I MUST again refer you to those two letters addressed to you at Passy before I read your speech in Galignani, &c., and which you do not seem to have received.[1]

"Of Hunt I see little — once a month or so, and then on his own business, generally. You may easily suppose that I know too little of Hampstead and his satellities to have much communion or community with him. My whole present relation to him arose from Shelley's unexpected wreck. You would not have had me leave him in the street with his family, would you? and as to t plan you mention, you forget how *humiliate* him — that his writings s supposed to be dead weight![2] Thi ment — he is perhaps the vainest earth, at least his own friends say loudly; and if he were in other circu I might be tempted to take him dov but not now, — it would be cruel. cursed business; but neither the m the means rest upon my conscienc happens that he and his brother *hav* far benefited by the publication in niary point of view. His brother is bold fellow, such as *Prynne*, for and full of moral, and, I hear, physi rage.

"And *you* are *really* recanting, o ing to the clergy! It will do little you — it is *you*, not the poem, they They will say they frightened you — it, Ireland! Believe me

"Yours ever,

"N.

Lord Byron had now, for some ti may be collected from his letters, be fancy that his reputation in Englan on the wane. The same thirst afte with the same sensitiveness to every p change of popular favour, which led at last to look upon himself as the mo spised of writers[3], had more than onc posed Lord Byron, in the midst of triumphs, if not to doubt their reali least to distrust their continuance; and times even, with that painful skill whic sibility supplies, to extract out of the b est tributes of success some omen of failure, or symptom of decline. New cesses, however, still came to dissipate bodings of diffidence; nor was it till his unlucky coalition with Mr. Hunt Liberal, that any grounds for such a cion of his having declined in public showed themselves.

The chief inducements, on the p Lord Byron, to this unworthy alliance in the first place, a wish to second the views of his friend Shelley in invitin Hunt to join him in Italy; and, in the a desire to avail himself of the aid of experienced, as an editor, in the fav

[1] I was never lucky enough to recover these two letters, though frequent enquiries were made about them at the French post-office.

[2] The passage in one of my letters to which he here refers shall be given presently.

[3] In one of his letters this poet says: — "Non posso negare che io mi doglio oltramisura di esser stat disprezzato dal mondo quanto non è altro scrit questo secolo." In another letter, however, alte plaining of being "perseguitato da molti più che convenevole," he adds, with a proud prescienc future fame, "Laondè stimo di potermene ragi mente richiamare alla posterità."

project he had now so long comtemplated, of a periodical work, in which all the various offspring of his genius might be received fast as they sprung to light. With such opinions, however, as he had long entertained of Mr. Hunt's character and talents[1], the facility with which he now admitted him — *not* certainly to any degree of confidence or intimacy, but to a declared fellowship of fame and interest in the eyes of the world, is, I own, an inconsistency not easily to be accounted for, and argued, at all events, a strong confidence in the antidotal power of his own name to resist the ridicule of such an association.

As long as Shelley lived, the regard which Lord Byron entertained for him extended its influence also over his relations with his friend; the suavity and good-breeding of Shelley interposing a sort of softening medium in the way of those unpleasant collisions which afterwards took place, and which, from what is known of both parties, may be easily conceived to have been alike trying to the patience of the patron and the vanity of the dependent. That even, however, during the lifetime of their common friend, there had occurred some of those humiliating misunderstandings which money engenders, — humiliating on both sides, as if from the very nature of the dross that gives rise to them, — will appear from the following letter of Shelley's which I find among the papers in my hands.

"TO LORD BYRON.

"February 15. 1823.

"My dear Lord Byron.

"I enclose you a letter from Hunt, which annoys me on more than one account. You will observe the postscript, and you know me well enough to feel how painful a task is set me in commenting upon it. Hunt had urged me more than once to ask you to lend him this money. My answer consisted in sending him all I could spare, which I have now literally done. Your kindness in fitting up a part of your own house for his accommodation I sensibly felt, and willingly accepted from you on his part; but, believe me, without the slightest intention of imposing, or, if I could help it, allowing to be imposed, any heavier task on your purse. As it has come to this in spite of my exertions, I will not conceal from you the low ebb of my own money affairs in the present moment, — that is, my absolute incapacity of assisting Hunt farther.

"I do not think poor Hunt's promise to pay in a given time is worth very much; but mine is less subject to uncertainty, and I should be happy to be responsible for any engagement he may have proposed to you. I am so much annoyed by this subject that I hardly know what to write, and much less what to say; and I have need of all your indulgence in judging both my feelings and expressions.

"I shall see you by and by. Believe me

"Yours most faithfully and sincerely,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

Of the book in which Mr. Hunt has thought it decent to revenge upon the dead the pain of those obligations he had, in his hour of need, accepted from the living, I am luckily saved from the distaste of speaking at any length, by the utter and most deserved oblivion into which his volume has fallen. Never, indeed, was the right feeling of the world upon such subjects more creditably displayed than in the reception given universally to that ungenerous book[2] — even those the least disposed to think approvingly of Lord Byron having shrunk back from such a

[1] See Letter 317. *antè*, p. 379.

[2] [Entitled "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries: by Leigh Hunt." "This," says the Quarterly Review, "is the miserable book of a miserable man: the little airy fopperies of its manner are like the fantastic trip and convulsive simpers of some poor worn-out wanton, struggling between famine and remorse, leering through her tears. 'I must confess,' says this unhappy man in his preface, 'that such is my dislike of these personal histories, that had I been rich enough, my first impulse would have been to put it into the fire.' With such a feeling running cold all the while at the bottom of his heart, does this unfortunate proceed to fill page after page, through a long quarto volume, with the meanest details of private gossip — dirty gabble about men's wives, and men's mistresses, — and men's lackeys, and even the mistresses of the lackeys — and with anecdotes of the personal habits of an illustrious poet, such as could never have come to the knowledge of any man who was not treated by Lord Byron either as a friend or as a menial. It is really too bad that Lord Byron, in addition to the grave condemnation of men able to appreciate both his merits and his demerits, and well disposed to think more in sorrow than in anger of the worst errors that existed along with so much that was excellent and noble — it is by much too bad that this great man's glorious, though melancholy, memory —

'Must also bear the vile attacks
Of ragged curs and vulgar hacks,'

whom he fed; — that his bones must be scraped up from their bed of repose to be at once grinned and howled over by creatures, who, even in the least hyena-like of their moods, can touch nothing that mankind would wish to respect without polluting it. We hope and trust the public reception of this filthy gossip will be such as to discourage any more of these base assaults upon Lord Byron's memory."—Vol. xxxvii. p. 403. See BYRONIANA.]

corroboration of their own opinion as could be afforded by one who did not blush to derive his authority, as an accuser, from those facilities of observation which he had enjoyed by having been sheltered and fed under the very roof of the man whom he maligned.

With respect to the hostile feeling manifested in Mr. Hunt's work towards myself, the sole revenge I shall take is, to lay before my readers the passage in one of my letters which provoked it; and which may claim, at least, the merit of not being a covert attack, as throughout the whole of my remonstrances to Lord Byron on the subject of his new literary allies, not a line did I ever write respecting either Mr. Shelley or Mr. Hunt, which I was not fully prepared, from long knowledge of my correspondent, to find that he had instantly, and as a matter of course, communicated to them. That this want of retention was a fault in my noble friend, I am not inclined to deny; but, being undisguised, it was easily guarded against, and, when guarded against, harmless. Besides, such is the penalty generally to be paid for frankness of character; and they who could have flattered themselves that one so open about his own affairs as Lord Byron would be much more discreet where the confidences of others were concerned, would have had their own imprudence, not his, to blame for any injury that their dependence upon his secrecy had brought on them.

The following is the passage, which Lord Byron, as I take for granted, showed to Mr. Hunt, and to which one of his letters to myself (February 20.) refers: —

"I am most anxious to know that you mean to emerge out of the Liberal. It grieves me to urge any thing so much against Hunt's interest; but I should not hesitate to use the same language to himself, were I near him. I would, if I were you, serve him in every possible way but this — I would give him (if he would accept of it) the profits of the same works, published separately — but I would *not* mix myself up in this way with others. I would *not* become a partner in this sort of miscellaneous '*pot au feu*,' where the bad flavour of one ingredient is sure to taint all the rest. I would be, if I were *you*, alone, single-handed, and, as such, invincible."

While on the subject of Mr. Hunt, I shall avail myself of the opportunity it affords me of introducing some portions of a letter addressed to a friend of that gentleman by Lord Byron, in consequence of an appeal made to the feelings of the latter on the score of his professed "friendship" for Mr. Hunt. The avowals he here makes are, I own, startling, and must be taken with more than the usual allowance, not only for the particular mood of temper or spirits in which the letter was written, but for the influence also of such slight casual piques and resentments as might have been, just then, in their darkening transit through his mind, — indisposing him, for the moment, to those among his friends whom, in a sunnier mood, he would have proclaimed as his most chosen and dearest.

LETTER 509. TO MRS. ———.

"I presume that you, at least, know enough of me to be sure that I could have no intention to insult Hunt's poverty. On the contrary, I honour him for it; for I know what it is, having been as much embarrassed as ever he was, without perceiving aught in it to diminish an honourable man's self-respect. If you mean to say that, had he been a wealthy man, I would have joined in this Journal, I answer in the negative. * * * I engaged in the Journal from good-will towards him, added to respect for his character, literary and personal; and no less for his political courage, as well as regret for his present circumstances: I did this in the hope that he might, with the same aid from literary friends of literary contributions (which is requisite for all journals of a mixed nature), render himself independent.

"I have always treated him, in our personal intercourse, with such scrupulous delicacy, that I have forborne intruding advice which I thought might be disagreeable, lest he should impute it to what is called 'taking advantge of a man's situation.'

"As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being, except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel any thing that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highest of my talents, — and, perhaps, of my disposition.

"I will do my duty by my intimates, upon the principle of doing as you would be done by. I have done so, I trust, in most instances. I may be pleased with their conversation — rejoice in their success — be glad to do them service, or to receive their counsel and assistance in return. But as for friends and friendship, I have (as I already said) named the only remaining male for whom I feel any thing of the kind, except-

ing, perhaps, Thomas Moore. I have had, and may have still, a thousand friends, as they are called, in *life*, who are like one's partners in the waltz of this world — not much remembered when the ball is over, though very pleasant for the time. Habit, business, and companionship in pleasure or in pain, are links of a similar kind, and the same faith in politics is another." * * *

LETTER 510. TO LADY * * *.

" Genoa, March 28. 1823.

" Mr. Hill is here: I dined with him on Saturday before last; and on leaving his house at S. P. d' Arena, my carriage broke down. I walked home, about three miles, — no very great feat of pedestrianism; but either the coming out of hot rooms into a bleak wind chilled me, or the walking up-hill to Albaro heated me, or something or other set me wrong, and next day I had an inflammatory attack in the face, to which I have been subject this winter for the first time, and I suffered a good deal of pain, but no peril. My health is now much as usual. Mr. Hill is, I believe, occupied with his diplomacy. I shall give him your message when I see him again.

" My name, I see in the papers, has been dragged into the unhappy Portsmouth business, of which all that I know is very succinct. Mr. Hanson is my solicitor. I found him so when I was ten years old — at my uncle's death — and he was continued in the management of my legal business. He asked me, by a civil epistle, as an old acquaintance of his family, to be present at the marriage of Miss Hanson. I went very reluctantly, one misty morning (for I had been up at two balls all night), to witness the ceremony [1], which I could not very well refuse without affronting a man who had never offended me. I saw nothing particular in the marriage. Of course I could not know the preliminaries, except from what he said, not having been present at the wooing, nor after it; for I walked home, and they went into the country as soon as they had promised and vowed. Out of this simple fact I hear the Débats de Paris has quoted Miss H. as 'autrefois très liée avec le célèbre,' &c. &c. I am obliged to him for the celebrity, but beg leave to decline the liaison, which is quite untrue; my liaison was with the father, in the unsentimental shape of long lawyers' bills, through the medium of which I have had to pay him ten or twelve thousand pounds within these few years. She was not pretty, and I suspect that the indefatigable Mr. A—— was (like all her people) more attracted by her title than her charms. I regret very much that I was present at the prologue to the happy state of horse-whipping and black jobs, &c. &c.; but I could not foresee that a man was to turn out mad, who had gone about the world for fifty years, as competent to vote, and walk at large; nor did he seem to me more insane than any other person going to be married.

" I have no objection to be acquainted with the Marquis Palavicini, if he wishes it. Lately I have gone little into society, English or foreign, for I had seen all that was worth seeing in the former before I left England, and at the time of life when I was more disposed to like it; and of the latter I had a sufficiency in the first few years of my residence in Switzerland, chiefly at Madame de Stael's, where I went sometimes, till I grew tired of conversazioni and carnivals, with their appendages; and the bore is, that if you go once, you are expected to be there daily, or rather nightly. I went the round of the most noted soirées at Venice or elsewhere (where I remained not any time) to the Benzona, and the Albrizzi, and the Michelli, &c. &c. and to the Cardinals and the various potentates of the Legation in Romagna, (that is, Ravenna,) and only receded for the sake of quiet, when I came into Tuscany. Besides, if I go into society, I generally get, in the long run, into some scrape of some kind or other, which don't occur in my solitude. However, I am pretty well settled now, by time and temper, which is so far lucky, as it prevents restlessness; but, as I said before, as an acquaintance of yours, I will be ready and willing to know your friends. He may be a sort of connection for aught I know; for a Palavicini, of *Bologna*, I believe, married a distant relative of mine half a century ago. I happen to know the fact, as he and his spouse had an annuity of five hundred pounds on my uncle's property, which ceased at his demise; though I recollect hearing they attempted, naturally enough, to make it survive him. If I can do any thing for you here or elsewhere, pray order, and be obeyed."

LETTER 511. TO MR. MOORE.

" Genoa, April 2. 1823.

" I have just seen some friends of yours, who paid me a visit yesterday, which, in honour of them and of you, I returned to-day; — as I reserve my bear-skin and teeth, and paws and claws, for our enemies.

[1] [See *antè*, p. 230.]

As to Hunt, I prefer *not* having m to starve in the streets to any honour which might have accrued genuine philanthropy. I really principle in this matter, for we have much in common; and I cannot o you the despairing sensation of do something for a man who seems or unwilling to do any thing furimself, — at least, to the purpose. pulling a man out of a river who rows himself in again. For the or four years Shelley assisted, and actually extricated him. I have demise, — and even before, — done uld: but it is not in my power to permanent. I want Hunt to rengland, for which I would furnish the means in comfort; and his situ-, on the whole, is bettered, by the of a portion of his debts, &c.; and be on the spot to continue his or Journals, with his brother, who ensible, plain, sturdy, and enduring

* *

w intimacy of which he here anthe commencement, and which it fying to me, as the common friend find that he had formed, was a much pleasure to him during the is noble acquaintances at Genoa. indeed, had he persuaded himself ountrymen abroad all regarded him er light than as an outlaw or a at every new instance he met of eception from them was as much as pleasure to him; and it was hat to his mind the revival of associations and habitudes always vith it a sense of refreshment, like haling his native air.

he view of inducing these friends to heir stay at Genoa, he suggested ing a pretty villa called "Il Parahe neighbourhood of his own, and ied them to look at it. Upon that it was that, on the lady expressing entions of residing there, he pro-e following impromptu, which — e purpose of showing that he was hary of his fame" as to fear failing ifles — I should have thought hardly nscribing.

"Beneath Blessington's eyes
The reclaim'd Paradise
Should be free as the former from evil;
But, if the new Eve
For an apple should grieve,
What mortal would not play the devil?"[1]

Another copy of verses addressed by him to the same lady, whose beauty and talent might well have claimed a warmer tribute from such a pen, is yet too interesting, as descriptive of the premature feeling of age now stealing upon him, to be omitted in these pages.

"TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

1.
"You have asked for a verse — the request
In a rhymer 't were strange to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

2.
"Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

3.
"I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I *now* merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head.

4.
"My life is not dated by years —
There are *moments* which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

5.
"Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

"B."

The following letters written during the stay of this party at Genoa will be found, — some of them at least, — not a little curious.

LETTER 512. TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

"April 5. 1823.

"My dear Lord,

"How is your gout? or rather, how are you? I return the Count D'Orsay's Journal, which is a very extraordinary production[2], and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes; and after read-

noese wits had already applied this threadbare elf. Taking it into their heads that this villa also, I believe, a Casa Saluzzo) had been the for his own residence, they said "Il Diavolo trato in Paradiso."

er letter to Lord Blessington he says of this gentleman, "he seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law's ancestor's Memoirs." [The Mémoires du Comte de Grammont, par Antoine Comte Hamilton."—"A classic work," says Gibbon, "the delight of every man and woman of taste, to whom the French language is familiar."]

ing his remarks, have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. I would however plead in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will mention by and by. The most singular thing is, *how* he should have penetrated *not* the *fact*, but the *mystery* of the English *ennui*[1], at two-and-twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles, — (for there is scarcely a person mentioned whom I did not see nightly or daily, and was acquainted more or less intimately with most of them,) — but I never could have described it so well. *Il faut être Français*, to effect this.

"But he ought also to have been in the country during the hunting season, with 'a select party of distinguished guests,' as the papers term it. He ought to have seen the gentlemen after dinner (on the hunting days), and the soirée ensuing thereupon, — and the women looking as if they had hunted, or rather been hunted; and I could have wished that he had been at a dinner in town, which I recollect at Lord Cowper's[2] — small, but select, and composed of the most amusing people. The dessert was hardly on the table, when, out of twelve, I counted *five asleep;* of that five, there were *Tierney*[3], Lord * *, and Lord Darnley[4] — I forget the other two, but they were either wits or orators — perhaps poets.

"My residence in the East and in Italy has made me somewhat indulgent of the siesta; — but then they set regularly about it in warm countries, and perform it in solitude (or at most in a tête-à-tête with a proper companion), and retire quietly to their rooms to get out of the sun's way for an hour or two.

"Altogether, your friend's Journal is a very formidable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired, and not that they are tiresome; and I suspect that the communication of the latter unpleasant verity will not be better received than truths usually are. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction. I am too good a patriot to say *pleasure* — at least I won't say so, whatever I may think. I showed it (I hope no breach of confidence) to a young Italian lady of rank, *très instruite* also; and who passes, or passed, for being one of the three most celebrated belles in the district of Italy, where her family and connections resided in less troublesome times as to politics, (which is not Genoa, by the way,) and she was delighted with it, and says that she has derived a better notion of English society from it than from all Madame de Stael's metaphysical disputations on the same subject, in her work on the Revolution. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady B. and her sister.

"Believe me your very obliged and faithful

"N. B.

"P. S. — There is a rumour in letters of some disturbance or complot in the French Pyrenean army—generals suspected or dismissed, and ministers of war travelling to see what's the matter. 'Marry (as David says), this hath an angry favour.'

"Tell Count D'Orsay that some of the names are not quite intelligible, especially of the clubs; he speaks of *Watts* — perhaps he is right, but in my time *Watier's* was the Dandy Club, of which (though no dandy) I was a member, at the time too of its greatest glory, when Brummel and Mildmay, Alvanley and Pierrepoint, gave the Dandy Balls; and we (the club, that is,) got up the famous masquerade at Burlington House and Garden, for Wellington. He does not speak of the *Alfred*, which was the most *recherché* and most tiresome of any, as I know, by being a member of that too."

LETTER 513. TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

"April 6, 1823.

"It *would* be worse than idle, knowing, as I do, the utter worthlessness of words on such occasions, in me to attempt to express what I ought to feel, and do feel for the loss you have sustained[5]; and I must thus dismiss the subject, for I dare not trust myself further with it *for your* sake, or for my own. I shall *endeavour* to see you as soon as it may not appear intrusive. Pray excuse the levity of my yesterday's scrawl — I little thought under what circumstances it would find you.

"I have received a very handsome and

[1] ["For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language: — we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep can not abate." —
Don Juan, c. xiii. st. 101.]

[2] [Peter-Leopold-Louis-Francis, fifth earl Cowper. His lordship married, in 1805, Amelia, daughter of the first Viscount Melbourne, and died June 1837.]

[3] [The Right Hon. George Tierney: he died January 1830.]

[4] [John, fourth Earl of Darnley: he died on the 17th of March 1831.]

[5] [The death of Lord Blessington's son, which had been long expected, but of which the account had just then arrived. [Luke-Wellington-Gardiner, Viscount Mountjoy, died March 1823, in his tenth year.]

flattering note from Count D'Orsay. He must excuse my apparent rudeness and real ignorance in replying to it in English, through the medium of your kind interpretation. I would not on any account deprive him of a production, of which I really think more than I have even *said*, though you are good enough not to be dissatisfied even with that; but whenever it is completed, it would give me the greatest pleasure to have a *copy* — but *how* to keep it secret? literary secrets are like others. By changing the names, or at least omitting several, and altering the circumstances indicative of the writer's real station or situation, the author would render it a most amusing publication. His countrymen have not been treated, either in a literary or personal point of view, with such deference in English recent works as to lay him under any very great national obligation of forbearance; and really the remarks are so true and piquante, that I cannot bring myself to wish their suppression; though, as Dangle says, 'He is *my* friend,' many of these personages 'were *my friends*,' but much such friends as Dangle and his allies.

"I return you Dr. Parr's letter — I have met him at Payne Knight's and elsewhere, and he did me the honour once to be a patron of mine, although a great friend of the other branch of the House of Atreus, and the Greek teacher (I believe) of my *moral* Clytemnestra — I say *moral*, because it is true, and is so useful to the virtuous, that it enables them to do any thing without the aid of an Ægisthus.

"I beg my compliments to Lady B., Miss P., and your *Alfred*. I think, since his Majesty of the same name, there has not been such a learned surveyor of our Saxon society.

"Ever yours most truly, N. B."

"April 9. 1823.

"P. S. — I salute Miledi, Mademoiselle Mama, and the illustrious Chevalier Count D'Orsay; who, I hope, will continue his history of 'his own times.' There are some strange coincidences between a part of his remarks and a certain work of mine, now in MS. in England, (I do not mean the hermetically sealed Memoirs, but a continuation of certain cantos of a certain poem,) especially in *what* a *man* may do in London with impunity while he is 'à la mode'[1]; which I think it well to state, that he may not suspect me of taking advantage of his confidence. The observations are very general."

[1] [See Don Juan, canto xii.: —

"—— O my gentle Juan!
Thou art in London — in that pleasant place,
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing
Which can await warm youth in its wild race," &c.]

Letter 514. TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

"April 14. 1823.

"I am truly sorry that I cannot accompany you in your ride this morning, owing to a violent pain in my face, arising from a wart to which I by medical advice applied a caustic. Whether I put too much, I do not know; but the consequence is, that not only I have been put to some pain, but the peccant part and its immediate environ are as black as if the printer's devil had marked me for an author. As I do not wish to frighten your horses, or their riders, I shall postpone waiting upon you until six o'clock, when I hope to have subsided into a more christian-like resemblance to my fellow-creatures. My infliction has partially extended even to my fingers; for on trying to get the black from off my upper lip at least, I have only transfused a portion thereof to my right hand, and neither lemon-juice nor eau de Cologne, nor any other eau, have been able as yet to redeem it also from a more inky appearance than is either proper or pleasant. But 'out, damn'd spot' — you may have perceived something of the kind yesterday; for on my return, I saw that during my visit it had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished; and I could not help laughing at the figure I must have cut before you. At any rate, I shall be with you at six, with the advantage of twilight.

"Ever most truly, &c."

"Eleven o'clock.

"P. S. — I wrote the above at three this morning. I regret to say that the whole of the skin of about an *inch* square above my upper lip has come off, so that I cannot even shave or masticate, and I am equally unfit to appear at your table, and to partake of its hospitality. Will you therefore pardon me, and not mistake this rueful excuse for a '*make-believe*,' as you will soon recognise whenever I have the pleasure of meeting you again, and I will call the moment I am, in the nursery phrase, 'fit to be seen.' Tell Lady B., with my compliments, that I am rummaging my papers for a MS. worthy of her acceptation. I have just seen the younger Count Gamba; and as I cannot prevail on his infinite modesty to take the field without me, I must take this piece of diffidence on myself also, and beg your indulgence for both."

tion, as of his own entire unconsciousness of the immediate causes that provoked it, was, I find, exactly such as, upon every occasion when the subject presented itself, he, with an air of sincerity in which it was impossible not to confide, promulgated. "Of what really led to the separation (said he, in the course of one of these conversations,) I declare to you that, even at this moment, I am wholly ignorant; as Lady Byron would never assign her motives, and has refused to answer my letters.[1] I have written to her repeatedly, and am still in the habit of doing so. Some of these letters I have sent, and others I did not, simply because I despaired of their doing any good. You may, however, see some of them if you like; — they may serve to throw some light upon my feelings."

In a day or two after, accordingly, one of these withheld letters was sent by him, enclosed in the following, to Lady Blessington.

LETTER 517.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"Albaro, May 6. 1823.

"My dear Lady * * *,

"I send you the letter which I had forgotten, and the book[2], which I ought to have remembered. It contains (the book, I mean,) some melancholy truths; though I believe that it is too triste a work ever to have been popular. The first time I ever read it (not the edition I send you, — for I got it since,) was at the desire of Madame de Stael, who was supposed by the good-natured world to be the heroine; — which she was not, however, and was furious at the supposition. This occurred in Switzerland, in the summer of 1816, and the last season in which I ever saw that celebrated person.

"I have a request to make to my friend Alfred (since he has not disdained the title), viz. that he would condescend to add a *cap* to the gentleman in the jacket, — it would complete his costume, — and smooth his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original, God help me!

"I did well to avoid the water-party, — *why*, is a mystery, which is not less to be wondered at than all my other mysteries. Tell Milor that I am deep in his MS., and will do him justice by a diligent perusal.

"The letter which I enclose I was prevented from sending by my despair of its doing any good. I was perfectly sincere when I wrote it, and am so still. But it is difficult for me to withstand the thousand provocations on that subject, which both friends and foes have for seven years been throwing in the way of a man whose feelings were once quick, and whose temper was never patient. But 'returning were as tedious as go o'er.' I feel this as much as ever Macbeth did; and it is a dreary sensation, which at least avenges the real or imaginary wrongs of one of the two unfortunate persons whom it concerns.

"But I am going to be gloomy; — so 'to bed, to bed.' Good night, — or rather morning. One of the reasons why I wish to avoid society is, that I can never sleep after it, and the pleasanter it has been the less I rest.

"Ever most truly, &c. &c."

I shall now produce the enclosure contained in the above; and there are few, I should think, of my readers who will not agree with me in pronouncing, that if the author of the following letter had not *right* on his side, he had at least most of those good feelings which are found in general to accompany it.

LETTER 518. TO LADY BYRON.

(TO THE CARE OF THE HON. MRS. LEIGH, LONDON.)

"Pisa, November 17. 1821.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of 'Ada's hair,' which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl, — perhaps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why; — I believe that they are the only two or three words of your hand-writing in my possession. For your letters I returned; and except the two words, or rather the one word, 'Household,' written twice in an old account book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons; — firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable;

[1] ["When Lord Byron was praising the mental and personal qualifications of Lady Byron, I asked him how all that he now said agreed with certain sarcasms supposed to bear a reference to her in his works. He smiled, shook his head, and said they were meant to spite and vex her, when he was wounded and irritated at her refusing to receive or answer his letters; that he was not sincere in his implied censures, and was sorry he had written them; but notwithstanding this regret, he might, on renewed provocation, recur to the same vengeance, though he allowed it was petty and unworthy of him." — LADY BLESSINGTON: *Conversations*.]

[2] Adolphe, by M. Benjamin Constant.

and, secondly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday — the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her; — perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness; — every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

"I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I considered our re-union as not impossible for more than a year after the separation; — but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of re-union seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connections. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

"Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things, — viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

"Yours ever,

"NOEL BYRON."

CHAPTER LI.

1823.

GENOA. — RETROSPECT. — CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES. — LORD BYRON TURNS HIS VIEWS TOWARDS GREECE. — VISIT FROM MR. BLAQUIERE. — COMMUNICATION WITH THE GREEK COMMITTEE IN LONDON. — HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. — PROFFERS OF SERVICES, PERSONAL AND PECUNIARY. — ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE. — PREPARATIONS FOR HIS EXPEDITION TO GREECE. — LETTERS TO BOWRING AND BLAQUIERE. — MADAME GUICCIOLI'S PICTURE OF THE STATE OF HIS MIND AT THIS CRISIS. — DEPARTURE FROM GENOA. — ARRIVAL AT LEGHORN. — GOETHE'S VERSES TO HIM. — LETTER TO GOETHE THEREON.

IT has been my plan, as must have been observed, wherever my materials have furnished me with the means, to leave the subject of my Memoir to relate his own story; and this object, during the two or three years of his life just elapsed, I have been enabled by the rich resources in my hands, with but few interruptions, to attain. Having now, however, reached that point of his career from which a new start was about to be taken by his excursive spirit, and a course, glorious as it was brief and fatal, entered upon, — a moment of pause may be permitted while we look back through the last few years, and for a while dwell upon the spectacle, at once grand and painful, which his life during that most unbridled period of his powers exhibited.

In a state of unceasing excitement, both of heart and brain, — for ever warring with the world's will, yet living but in the world's breath, — with a genius taking upon itself all shapes, from Jove down to Scapin, and a disposition veering with equal facility to all points of the moral compass, — not even the ancient fancy of the existence of two souls within one bosom would seem at all adequately to account for the varieties, both of power and character, which the course of his conduct and writings during these few feverish years displayed. Without going back so far as the fourth canto of Childe Harold, which one of his bitterest and ablest

assailants has pronounced to be, "in point of execution, the sublimest poetical achievement of mortal pen," we have, in a similar strain of strength and splendour, the Prophecy of Dante, Cain, the Mystery of Heaven and Earth, Sardanapalus, — all produced during this wonderful period of his genius. To these also are to be added four other dramatic pieces, which, though the least successful of his compositions, have yet, as Poems, few equals in our literature; while, in a more especial degree, they illustrate the versatility of taste and power so remarkable in him, as being founded, and to this very circumstance, perhaps, owing their failure, on a severe classic model, the most uncongenial to his own habits and temperament, and the most remote from that bold, unshackled licence which it had been the great mission of his genius, throughout the whole realms of Mind, to assert.

In contrast to all these high-toned strains, and struck off during the same fertile period, we find his Don Juan — in itself an epitome of all the marvellous contrarieties of his character — the Vision of Judgment, the Translation from Pulci, the Pamphlets on Pope, on the British Review, on Blackwood, — together with a swarm of other light, humorous trifles, — all flashing forth carelessly from the same mind that was, almost at the same moment, personating, with a port worthy of such a presence, the mighty spirit of Dante, or following the dark footsteps of Scepticism over the ruins of past worlds, with Cain.

All this time, too, while occupied with these ideal creations, the demands upon his active sympathies, in real life, were such as almost any mind but his own would have found sufficient to engross its every thought and feeling. An amour, not of that light, transient kind which "goes without a burden," but, on the contrary, deep-rooted enough to endure to the close of his days, employed as restlessly with its first hopes and fears a portion of this period as with the entanglements to which it led, political and domestic, it embarrassed the remainder. Scarcely, indeed, had this disturbing passion begun to calm, when a new source of excitement presented itself in that conspiracy into which he flung himself so fearlessly, and which ended, as we have seen, but in multiplying the objects of his sympathy and protection, and driving him to a new change of home and scene.

When we consider all these distractions that beset him, taking into account also the frequent derangement of his health, and the time and temper he must have thrown away on the minute drudgery of watching over every item of his household expenditure, the mind is lost in almost incredulous astonishment at the wonders he was able to achieve under such circumstances — at the variety and prodigality of power with which, in the midst of such interruptions and hinderances, his "bright soul broke out on every side," and not only held on its course, unclogged, through all these difficulties, but even extracted out of the very struggles and annoyances it encountered new nerve for its strength, and new fuel for its fire.

While thus at this period, more remarkably than at any other during his life, the unparalleled versatility of his genius was unfolding itself, those quick, cameleon-like changes of which his character, too, was capable, were, during the same time, most vividly, and in strongest contrast, drawn out. To the world, and more especially to England, — the scene at once of his glories and his wrongs, — he presented himself in no other aspect than that of a stern, haughty, misanthrope, self-banished from the fellowship of men, and, most of all, from that of Englishmen. The more genial and beautiful inspirations of his muse were, in this point of view, looked upon but as lucid intervals between the paroxysms of an inherent malignancy of nature; and even the laughing effusions of his wit and humour got credit for no other aim than that which Swift boasted of, as the end of all his own labours, "to vex the world rather than divert it."

How totally all this differed from the Byron of the social hour, they who lived in familiar intercourse with him may be safely left to tell. The sort of ferine reputation which he had acquired for himself abroad prevented numbers, of course, of his countrymen, whom he would have most cordially welcomed, from seeking his acquaintance. But, as it was, no English gentleman ever approached him, with the common forms of introduction, that did not come away at once surprised and charmed by the kind courtesy and facility of his manners, the unpretending play of his conversation, and, on a nearer intercourse, the frank, youthful spirits, to the flow of which he gave way with such a zest, as even to deceive some of those who best knew him into the impression, that gaiety was after all the true bent of his disposition.

To these contrasts which he presented, as viewed publicly and privately, is to be added also the fact, that, while braving the world's ban so boldly, and asserting man's right to think for himself with a freedom and even daringness unequalled, the original shy-

ness of his nature never ceased to hang about him; and while at a distance he was regarded as a sort of autocrat in intellect, revelling in all the confidence of his own great powers, a somewhat nearer observation enabled a common acquaintance at Venice [1] to detect, under all this, traces of that self-distrust and bashfulness which had marked him as a boy, and which never entirely forsook him through the whole of his career.

Still more singular, however, than this contradiction between the public and private man, — a contradiction not unfrequent, and, in some cases, more apparent than real, as depending upon the relative position of the observer, — were those contrarieties and changes not less startling, which his character so often exhibited, as compared with itself. He who, at one moment, was seen intrenched in the most absolute self-will, would, at the very next, be found all that was docile and amenable. To-day, storming the world in its strong-holds, as a misanthrope and satirist — to-morrow, learning, with implicit obedience, to fold a shawl as a Cavaliere — the same man who had so obstinately refused to surrender, either to friendly remonstrance or public outcry, a single line of Don Juan, at the mere request of a gentle Donna agreed to cease it altogether; nor would venture to resume this task (though the chief darling of his muse) till, with some difficulty, he had obtained leave from the same ascendant quarter. Who, indeed, is there that, without some previous clue to his transformations, could have been at all prepared to recognise the coarse libertine of Venice in that romantic and passionate lover who, but a few months after, stood weeping before the fountain in the garden at Bologna? or, who could have expected to find in the close calculator of sequins and baiocchi, that generous champion of Liberty, whose whole fortune, whose very life itself, were considered by him but as trifling sacrifices for the advancement, but by a day, of her cause?

And here naturally our attention is drawn to the consideration of another feature of his character, connected more intimately with the bright epoch of his life now before us. Notwithstanding his strongly marked prejudices in favour of rank and high birth, we have seen with what ardour, — not only in fancy and theory, but practically, as in the case of the Italian Carbonari, — he embarked his sympathies unreservedly on the current of every popular movement towards freedom. Though of the sincerity of this zeal for liberty the seal set upon it so solemnly by his death leaves us no room to doubt, a question may fairly arise whether that general love of excitement, let it flow from whatever source it might, by which, more or less, every pursuit of his whole life was actuated, was not predominant among the impulses that governed him in this; and, again, whether it is not probable that, like Alfieri and other aristocratic lovers of freedom, he would not ultimately have shrunk from the result of his own equalising doctrines; and, though zealous enough in lowering those *above* his own level, rather recoil from the task of raising up those who were *below* it.

With regard to the first, point, it may be conceded, without deducting much from his sincere zeal in the cause, that the gratification of his thirst of fame, and, above all, perhaps, that supply of excitement so necessary to him, to whet, as it were, the edge of his self-wearing spirit, were not the least of the attractions and incitements which a struggle under the banners of Freedom presented to him. It is also but too certain that, destined as he was to endless disenchantment, from that singular and painful union which existed in his nature of the creative imagination that calls up illusions, and the cool, searching sagacity that, at once, detects their hollowness, he could not long have gone on, even in a path so welcome to him, without finding the hopes with which his fancy had strewed it withering away beneath him at every step.

In politics, as in every other pursuit, his ambition was to be among the first; nor would it have been from the want of a due appreciation of all that is noblest and most disinterested in patriotism, that he would ever have stooped his flight to any less worthy aim. The following passage in one of his Journals will be remembered by the reader: — "To be the first man (*not* the Dictator), not the Sylla, but the Washington, or Aristides, the leader in talent and truth, is to be next to the Divinity." [2] With such high and pure notions of political eminence, he could not be otherwise than fastidious as to the means of attaining it; nor can it be doubted that with the sort of vulgar and sometimes sullied instruments which all popular leaders must stoop to employ, his love of truth, his sense of honour, his impatience of injustice, would have led him constantly into such collisions as must have ended in repulsion and disgust, while the companionship of those beneath him, a tax all demagogues

[1] The Countess Albrizzi — see her Sketch of his character. [See *antè*, p. 413.]

[2] [See *antè*, p. 234.]

must pay, would, as soon as it had ceased to amuse his fancy for the new and the ridiculous, have shocked his taste and mortified his pride. The distaste with which, as appears from more than one of his letters, he was disposed to view the personal, if not the political, attributes of what is commonly called the Radical party in England, shows how unsuited he was naturally to mix in that kind of popular fellowship which, even to those far less aristocratic in their notions and feelings, must be sufficiently trying.

But, even granting that all these consequences might safely be predicted as almost certain to result from his engaging in such a career, it by no means the more necessarily follows that, *once* engaged, he would not have persevered in it consistently and devotedly to the last; nor that, even if reduced to say, with Cicero, "nil boni præter causam," he could not have so far abstracted the principle of the cause from its unworthy supporters as, at the same time, to uphold the one and despise the others. Looking back, indeed, from the advanced point where we are now arrived through the whole of his past career, we cannot fail to observe, pervading all its apparent changes and inconsistencies, an adherence to the original bias of his nature, a general consistency in the main, however shifting and contradictory the details, which had the effect of preserving, from first to last, all his views and principles, upon the great subjects that interested him through life, essentially unchanged.[1]

At the worst, therefore, though allowing that, from disappointment or disgust, he might have been led to withdraw all personal participation in such a cause, in no case would he have shown himself a recreant to its principles; and though too proud to have ever descended, like Egalité, into the ranks of the people, he would have been far too consistent to pass, like Alfieri, into those of their enemies.

After the failure of those hopes with which he had so sanguinely looked forward to the issue of the late struggle between Italy and her rulers, it may be well conceived what a relief it was to him to turn his eyes to Greece, where a spirit was now rising such as he had himself imaged forth in dreams of song, but hardly could have even dreamed that he should live to see it realised. His early travels in that country had left a lasting impression on his mind; and whenever, as I have before remarked, his fancy for a roving life returned, it was to the regions about the "blue Olympus" he always fondly looked back. Since his adoption of Italy as a home, this propensity had in a great degree subsided. In addition to the sedatory effects of his new domestic tie, there had, at this time, grown upon him a degree of inertness, or indisposition to change of residence, which, in the instance of his departure from Ravenna, was with some difficulty surmounted.

The unsettled state of life he was from thenceforward thrown into, by the precarious fortunes of those with whom he had connected himself, conspired with one or two other causes to revive within him all his former love of change and adventure; nor is it wonderful that to Greece, as offering *both* in their most exciting form, he should turn eagerly his eyes, and at once kindle with a desire not only to witness, but perhaps share in, the present triumphs of Liberty on those very fields where he had already gathered for immortality such memorials of her day long past.

Among the causes that concurred with this sentiment to determine him to the enterprise he now meditated, not the least powerful, undoubtedly, was the supposition in his own mind that the high tide of his poetical popularity had been for some time on the ebb. The utter failure of the Liberal,—in which, splendid as were some of his own contributions to it, there were yet others from his pen hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding dross,—confirmed him fully in the notion that he had at last wearied out his welcome with the world; and, as the voice or fame had become almost as necessary to him as the air he breathed, it was with a proud consciousness of the yet untouched reserves of power within him he now saw that, if arrived at the end of *one* path of fame, there were yet others for him to strike into, still more glorious.

That some such vent for the resources of his mind had long been contemplated by him appears from a letter of his to myself, in which it will be recollected he says,—"If I live ten years longer, you will see that it is not over with me. I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and—it may seem odd enough to say—I do not think it was my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something,—the times and Fortune permitting,—that 'like the cosmogony of the world will puzzle the philosophers of all

[1] Colonel Stanhope, who saw clearly this leading character of Byron's mind, has thus justly described it:—"Lord Byron's was a versatile and still a stubborn mind; it wavered, but always returned to certain fixed principles."

ages.'" He then adds this but too true and sad prognostic — "But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out."

His zeal in the cause of Italy, whose past history and literature seemed to call aloud for redress of her present vassalage and wrongs, would have, no doubt, led him to the same chivalrous self-devotion in her service, as he displayed afterwards in that of Greece. The disappointing issue, however, of that brief struggle is but too well known; and this sudden wreck of a cause so promising pained him the more deeply from his knowledge of some of the brave and true hearts embarked in it. The disgust, indeed, which that abortive effort left behind, coupled with the opinion he had early formed of the "hereditary bondsmen" of Greece, had kept him for some time in a state of considerable doubt and misgiving as to their chances of ever working out their own enfranchisement; nor was it till the spring of this year, when, rather by the continuance of the struggle than by its actual success, some confidence had begun to be inspired in the trust-worthiness of the cause, that he had nearly made up his mind to devote himself to its aid. The only difficulty that still remained to retard or embarrass this resolution was the necessity it imposed of a temporary separation from Madame Guiccioli, who was herself, as might be expected, anxious to participate his perils, but whom it was impossible he could think of exposing to the chances of a life, even for men, so rude.

At the beginning of the month of April he received a visit from Mr. Blaquiere, who was then proceeding on a special mission to Greece, for the purpose of procuring for the Committee lately formed in London correct information as to the state and prospects of that country. It was among the instructions of this gentleman that he should touch at Genoa and communicate with Lord Byron; and the following note will show how cordially the noble poet was disposed to enter into all the objects of the Committee.

LETTER 519. TO MR. BLAQUIERE.

"Albaro, April 5. 1823.

"Dear Sir,

"I shall be delighted to see you and your Greek friend, and the sooner the better. I have been expecting your for some time,— you will find me at home. I cannot express to you how much I feel interested in the cause, and nothing but the hopes I entertained of witnessing the liberation of Italy itself prevented me long ago from returning to do what little I could, as an individual, in that land which it is an honour even to have visited.

"Ever yours truly, NOEL BYRON."

Soon after this interview with their agent, a more direct communication on the subject was opened between his Lordship and the Committee itself.

LETTER 520. TO MR. BOWRING.

"Genoa, May 12. 1823.

"Sir,

"I have great pleasure in acknowledging your letter, and the honour which the Committee have done me: — I shall endeavour to deserve their confidence by every means in my power. My first wish is to go up into the Levant in person, where I might be enabled to advance, if not the cause, at least the means of obtaining information which the Committee might be desirous of acting upon; and my former residence in the country, my familiarity with the Italian language, (which is there universally spoken, or at least to the same extent as French in the more polished parts of the Continent,) and my *not* total ignorance of the Romaic, would afford me some advantages of experience. To this project the only objection is of a domestic nature, and I shall try to get over it; — if I fail in this, I must do what I can where I am; but it will be always a source of regret to me, to think that I might perhaps have done more for the cause on the spot.

"Our last information of Captain Blaquiere is from Ancona, where he embarked with a fair wind for Corfu, on the 15th ult.; he is now probably at his destination. My last letter *from* him personally was dated Rome; he had been refused a passport through the Neapolitan territory, and returned to strike up through Romagna for Ancona: — little time, however, appears to have been lost by the delay.

"The principal material wanted by the Greeks appears to be, first, a park of field artillery — light, and fit for mountain-service; secondly, gunpowder; thirdly, hospital or medical stores. The readiest mode of transmission is, I hear, by Idra, addressed to Mr. Negri, the minister. I meant to send up a certain quantity of the two latter — no great deal — but enough for an individual to show his good wishes for the Greek success, — but am pausing, because, in case I should go myself, I can take them with me. I do not want to limit my own contribution to this merely, but more especially, if I can get to Greece myself, I should devote whatever resources I can muster of my own, to ad-

vancing the great object. I am in correspondence with Signor Nicolas Karrellas (well known to Mr. Hobhouse), who is now at Pisa; but his latest advice merely stated, that the Greeks are at present employed in organising their *internal* government, and the details of its administration: this would seem to indicate *security*, but the war is however far from being terminated.

"The Turks are an obstinate race, as all former wars have proved them, and will return to the charge for years to come, even if beaten, as it is to be hoped they will be. But in no case can the labours of the Committee be said to be in vain; for in the event even of the Greeks being subdued, and dispersed, the funds which could be employed in succouring and gathering together the remnant, so as to alleviate in part their distresses, and enable them to find or make a country (as so many emigrants of other nations have been compelled to do), would 'bless both those who gave and those who took,' as the bounty both of justice and of mercy.

"With regard to the formation of a brigade, (which Mr. Hobhouse hints at in his short letter of this day's receipt, enclosing the one to which I have the honour to reply,) I would presume to suggest — but merely as an opinion, resulting rather from the melancholy experience of the brigades embarked in the Columbian service than from any experiment yet fairly tried in GREECE, — that the attention of the Committee had better perhaps be directed to the employment of *officers* of experience than the enrolment of *raw British* soldiers, which latter are apt to be unruly, and not very serviceable, in irregular warfare, by the side of foreigners. A small body of good officers, especially artillery; an engineer, with quantity (such as the Committee might deem requisite) of stores of the nature which Captain Blaquiere indicated as most wanted, would, I should conceive, be a highly useful accession. Officers, also, who had previously served in the Mediterranean would be preferable, as some knowledge of Italian is nearly indispensable.

"It would also be as well that they should be aware, that they are not going 'to rough it on a beef-steak and bottle of port,' — but that Greece — never, of late years, very plentifully stocked for a *mess* — is at present the country of all kinds of *privations*. This remark may seem superfluous; but I have been led to it, by observing that many *foreign* officers, Italian, French, and even Germans (but *fewer* of the *latter*), have returned in disgust, imagining either that they were going up to make a party of pleasure, or to enjoy full pay, speedy promotion, and a very moderate degree of duty. They complain, too, of having been ill received by the Government or inhabitants; but numbers of these complainants were mere adventurers, attracted by a hope of command and plunder, and disappointed of both. Those Greeks I have seen strenuously deny the charge of inhospitality, and declare that they shared their pittance to the last crum with their foreign volunteers.

"I need not suggest to the Committee the very great advantage which must accrue to Great Britain from the success of the Greeks, and their probable commercial relations with England in consequence; because I feel persuaded that the first object of the Committee is their EMANCIPATION, without any interested views. But the consideration might weigh with the English people in general, in their present passion for every kind of speculation, — they need not cross the American seas for one much better worth their while, and nearer home. The resources even for an emigrant population, in the Greek islands alone, are rarely to be paralleled; and the cheapness of every kind of, not *only necessary*, but *luxury*, (that is to say, *luxury* of *nature*,) fruits, wine, oil, &c. in a state of peace, are far beyond those of the Cape, and Van Dieman's Land, and the other places of refuge, which the English people are searching for over the waters.

"I beg that the Committee will command me in any and every way. If I am favoured with any instructions, I shall endeavour to obey them to the letter, whether conformable to my own private opinion or not. I beg leave to add, personally, my respect for the gentleman whom I have the honour of addressing,

"And am, Sir, your obliged, &c.

"P. S. — The best refutation of Gell[1]

[1] [Lord Byron here alludes to Sir William Gell's "Narrative of a Journey in the Morea," performed in the year 1804, which had recently been published under the title of "The Present State of Greece," and in which Sir William had stated, that he knew of no lot which could be so desirable to any Mainote of common sense, if such existed, as that of being suddenly placed under the dominion of Russia. "We are willing," says the Quarterly Review, "to do justice to this gentleman for the accuracy of his measurements, the correctness of his sketches, the penetration of his views, when the question regards a ruined temple or a defaced column; but the knowledge of the face of a country is a totally different thing from the comprehension of the heart and soul of a nation. An adept in the science of palæo-castrametation may be, and generally is, a very indifferent political philosopher, and a worse political prophet."—Vol. xxviii. p. 490.]

the Greeks have arms and powder in plenty, but want victuals, hospital stores, and lint and linen, &c., and money, very much. Altogether, it would be difficult to show more practical philosophy than this remnant of our 'puir hill folk' have done; they do not seem the least cast down, and their way of presenting themselves was as simple and natural as could be. They said, a Dane here had told them that an Englishman, friendly to the Greek cause, was here; and that, as they were reduced to beg their way home, they thought they might as well begin with me. I write in haste to snatch the post.

"Believe me, and truly,

"Your obliged, &c.

"P. S. — I have, since I wrote this, seen them again. Count P. Gamba asked them to breakfast. One of them means to publish his Journal of the campaign. The Bavarian wonders a little that the Greeks are not quite the same with them of the time of Themistocles, (they were not then very tractable, by the by,) and at the difficulty of disciplining them; but he is a 'bon homme' and a tactician, and a little like Dugald Dalgetty, who would insist upon the erection of 'a sconce on the hill of Drumsnab,' or whatever it was; — the other seems to wonder at nothing."

LETTER 522. TO LADY ———.

"May 17. 1823.

"My voyage to Greece will depend upon the Greek Committee (in England) partly, and partly on the instructions which some persons now in Greece on a private mission may be pleased to send me. I am a member, lately elected, of the said Committee; and my object in going up would be to do any little good in my power; — but as there are some *pros* and *cons* on the subject, with regard to how far the intervention of strangers may be advisable, I know no more than I tell you; but we shall probably hear something soon from England and Greece, which may be more decisive.

"With regard to the late person (Lord Londonderry), whom you hear that I have attacked, I can only say that a bad minister's memory is as much an object of investigation as his conduct while alive, — for his measures do not die with him like a private individual's notions. He is a matter of *history;* and, wherever I find a tyrant or a villain, *I will mark him.* I attacked him no more than I had been wont to do. As to the Liberal, — it was a publication set up for the advantage of a persecuted author and a very worthy man. But it was foolish in me to engage in it; and so it has turned out — for I have hurt myself without doing much good to those for whose benefit it was intended.

"Do *not defend* me — it will never do — you will only make *yourself* enemies.

"Mine are neither to be diminished nor softened, but they may be overthrown; and there are events which may occur, less improbable than those which have happened in our time, that may reverse the present state of things — *nous verrons.*

"I send you this gossip that you may laugh at it, which is all it is good for, if it is even good for so much. I shall be delighted to see you again; but it will be melancholy, should it be only for a moment.

"Ever yours, N. B."

It being now decided that Lord Byron should proceed forthwith to Greece, all the necessary preparations for his departure were hastened. One of his first steps was to write to Mr. Trelawney, who was then at Rome, to request that he would accompany him. "You must have heard," he says, "that I am going to Greece — why do you not come to me? I can do nothing without you, and am exceedingly anxious to see you. Pray, come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece: — it is the only place I was ever contented in. I am serious; and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing. They all say I can be of use to Greece; I do not know how — nor do they; but, at all events, let us go."

A physician, acquainted with surgery, being considered a necessary part of his suite, he requested of his own medical attendant at Genoa, Dr. Alexander, to provide him with such a person; and on the recommendation of this gentleman, Dr. Bruno, a young man who had just left the university with considerable reputation, was engaged. Among other preparations for his expedition, he ordered three splendid helmets to be made, — with his never forgotten crest engraved upon them, — for himself and the two friends who were to accompany him. In this little circumstance, which in England (where the ridiculous is so much better understood than the heroic) excited some sneers at the time, we have one of the many instances that occur amusingly through his life, to confirm the quaint, but, as applied to him, true observation, that "the child is father to the man;" — the characteristics of these two periods of life being in him so anomalously transposed, that while the passions and ripened views of the man developed themselves in his boyhood, so the easily pleased fancies and vani-

ties of the boy were for ever breaking out among the most serious moments of his manhood. The same schoolboy whom we found, at the beginning of this volume, boasting of his intention to raise, at some future time, a troop of horse in black armour, to be called Byron's Blacks, was now seen trying on with delight his fine crested helmet, and anticipating the deeds of glory he was to achieve under its plumes.

At the end of May a letter arrived from Mr. Blaquiere communicating to him very favourable intelligence, and requesting that he would as much as possible hasten his departure, as he was now anxiously looked for, and would be of the greatest service. However encouraging this summons, and though Lord Byron, thus called upon from all sides, had now determined to give freely the aid which all deemed so essential, it is plain from his letters that, in the cool, sagacious view which he himself took of the whole subject, so far from agreeing with these enthusiasts in their high estimate of his personal services, he had not yet even been able to perceive any definite way in which those services could, with any prospect of permanent utility, be applied.

For an insight into the true state of his mind at this crisis, the following observations of one who watched him with eyes quickened by anxiety will be found, perhaps, to afford the clearest and most certain clue. "At this time," says the Contessa Guiccioli, "Lord Byron again turned his thoughts to Greece; and, excited on every side by a thousand combining circumstances, found himself, almost before he had time to form a decision, or well know what he was doing, obliged to set out for that country. But, notwithstanding his affection for those regions, — notwithstanding the consciousness of his own moral energies, which made him say always that 'a man ought to do something more for society than write verses,' — notwithstanding the attraction which the object of this voyage must necessarily have for his noble mind, and that, moreover, he was resolved to return to Italy within a few months, — notwithstanding all this, every person who was near him at the time can bear witness to the struggle which his mind underwent, (however much he endeavoured to hide it), as the period fixed for his departure approached."[1]

In addition to the vagueness which this want of any defined object so unsatisfactorily threw round the enterprise before him, he had also a sort of ominous presentiment — natural, perhaps, to one of his temperament under such circumstances — that he was but fulfilling his own doom in this expedition, and should die in Greece. On the evening before the departure of his friends, Lord and Lady Blessington, from Genoa, he called upon them for the purpose of taking leave, and sat conversing for some time. He was evidently in low spirits, and after expressing his regret that they should leave Genoa before his own time of sailing, proceeded to speak of his intended voyage in a tone full of despondence. "Here," said he, "we are all now together — but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece." Having continued a little longer in this melancholy strain, he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and, bursting into tears, wept for some minutes with uncontrollable feeling. Though he had been talking only with Lady Blessington, all who were present in the room observed, and were affected by his emotion, while he himself, apparently ashamed of his weakness, endeavoured to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical laugh, upon the effects of nervousness."

He had, previous to this conversation, presented to each of the party some little farewell gift — a book to one, a print from his bust by Bartolini to another, and to Lady Blessington a copy of his Armenian Grammar, which had some manuscript remarks of his own on the leaves. In now parting with her, having begged, as a memorial, some trifle which she had worn, the lady gave him one of her rings; in return for which he took a pin from his breast, containing a small cameo of Napoleon, which he said had long been his companion, and presented it to her Ladyship.

The next day Lady Blessington received from him the following note.

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[1] "Fu allora che Lord Byron rivolse i suoi pensieri alla Grecia; e stimolato poi da ogni parte per mille combinazioni egli si trovò quasi senza averlo deciso, e senza saperlo, obbligato di partire per la Grecia. Ma, non ostante il suo affetto per quelle contrade, — non ostante il sentimento delle sue forze morali che gli faceva dire sempre 'che un uomo è obbligato a fare per la società qualche cosa di più che dei versi,—non ostante le attrative che doveva avere pel nobile suo animo l'oggetto di quel viaggio, — e non ostante che egli fosse determinato a ritornare in Italia fra non molti mesi, — pure in quel combattimento si trovasse il suo cuore mentre si avvicinava l'epoca della sua partenza (sebbene cercasse occultarlo) ognuno che lo ha avvicinato allora può dirlo."

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"Albaro, June 2. 1823.

"My dear Lady Blessington,

'I am *superstitious*, and have recollected that memorials with a *point* are of less fortunate augury; I will, therefore, request you to accept, instead of the *pin*, the enclosed chain, which is of so slight a value that you need not hesitate. As you wished for something *worn*, I can only say, that it has been worn oftener and longer than the other. It is of Venetian manufacture; and the only peculiarity about it is, that it could only be obtained at or from Venice. At Genoa they have none of the same kind. I also enclose a ring, which I would wish *Alfred* to keep; it is too large to *wear*; but is formed of *lava*, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character. You will perhaps have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this note, and send back the pin (for good luck's sake), which I shall value much more for having been a night in your custody.

"Ever and faithfully your obliged, &c.

"P. S. — I hope your *nerves* are well today, and will continue to flourish."

In the mean time the preparations for his romantic expedition were in progress. With the aid of his banker and very sincere friend, Mr. Barry, of Genoa, he was enabled to raise the large sums of money necessary for his supply;—10,000 crowns in specie, and 40,000 crowns in bills of exchange, being the amount of what he took with him, and a portion of this having been raised upon his furniture and books, on which Mr. Barry, as I understand, advanced a sum far beyond their worth. An English brig, the Hercules, had been freighted to convey himself and his suite, which consisted, at this time, of Count Gamba, Mr. Trelawney, Dr. Bruno, and eight domestics. There were also aboard five horses, sufficient arms and ammunition for the use of his own party, two one-pounders belonging to his schooner, the Bolivar, which he had left at Genoa, and medicine enough for the supply of a thousand men for a year.

The following letter to the Secretary of the Greek Committee announces his approaching departure.

Letter 523. TO MR. BOWRING.

"July 7. 1823.

"We sail on the 12th for Greece. — I have had a letter from Mr. Blaquiere, too long for present transcription, but very satisfactory. The Greek Government expects me without delay.

"In conformity to the desires of Mr. B. and other correspondents in Greece, I have to suggest, with all deference to the Committee, that a remittance of even '*ten thousand pounds only*' (Mr. B.'s expression) would be of the greatest service to the Greek Government at present. I have also to recommend strongly the attempt of a loan, for which there will be offered a sufficient security by deputies now on their way to England. In the mean time, I hope that the Committee will be enabled to do something effectual.

"For my own part, I mean to carry up, in cash or credits, above eight, and nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, which I am enabled to do by funds I have in Italy, and credits in England. Of this sum I must necessarily reserve a portion for the subsistence of myself and suite; the rest I am willing to apply in the manner which seems most likely to be useful to the cause — having of course some guarantee or assurance, that it will not be misapplied to any individual speculation.

"If I remain in Greece, which will mainly depend upon the presumed probable utility of my presence there, and of the opinion of the Greeks themselves as to its propriety — in short, if I am welcome to them, I shall continue, during my residence at least, to apply such portions of my income, present and future, as may forward the object — that is to say, what I can spare for that purpose. Privations I can, or at least could once, bear — abstinence I am accustomed to — and as to fatigue, I was once a tolerable traveller. What I may be now, I cannot tell — but I will try.

"I await the commands of the Committee. — Address to Genoa — the letters will be forwarded me, wherever I may be, by my bankers, Messrs. Webb and Barry. It would have given me pleasure to have had some more *defined* instructions before I went; but these, of course, rest at the option of the Committee. I have the honour to be,

"Yours obediently, &c.

"P. S. — Great anxiety is expressed for a printing press and types, &c. I have not the time to provide them, but recommend this to the notice of the Committee. I presume the types must, partly at least, be *Greek*: they wish to publish papers, and perhaps a Journal, probably in Romaic, with Italian translations."

All was now ready; and on the 13th of July himself and his whole party slept on board the Hercules. About sunrise the next morning they succeeded in clearing the port; but there was little wind, and they remained in

sight of Genoa the whole day. The night was a bright moonlight, but the wind had become stormy and adverse, and they were, for a short time, in serious danger. Lord Byron, who remained on deck during the storm, was employed anxiously, with the aid of such of his suite as were not disabled by sea-sickness from helping him, in preventing further mischief to the horses, which, having been badly secured, had broken loose and injured each other. After making head against the wind for three or four hours, the captain was at last obliged to steer back to Genoa, and re-entered the port at six in the morning. On landing again, after this unpromising commencement of his voyage, Lord Byron (says Count Gamba) "appeared thoughtful, and remarked that he considered a bad beginning a favourable omen."

It has been already, I believe, mentioned that, among the superstitions in which he chose to indulge, the supposed unluckiness of Friday, as a day for the commencement of any work, was one by which he, almost always, allowed himself to be influenced. Soon after his arrival at Pisa, a lady of his acquaintance happening to meet him on the road from her house as she was herself returning thither, and supposing that he had been to make her a visit, requested that he would go back with her. "I have not been to your house," he answered; "for, just before I got to the door, I remembered that it was Friday; and, not liking to make my first visit on a Friday, I turned back." It is even related of him that he once sent away a Genoese tailor who brought him home a new coat on the same ominous day.

With all this, strange to say, he set sail for Greece on a Friday:—and though, by those who have any leaning to this superstitious fancy, the result may be thought but too sadly confirmatory of the omen, it is plain that either the influence of the superstition over his own mind was slight, or, in the excitement of self-devotion under which he now acted, was forgotten. In truth, notwithstanding his encouraging speech to Count Gamba, the forewarning he now felt of his approaching doom seems to have been far too deep and serious to need the aid of any such accessory. Having expressed a wish, on relanding, to visit his own palace, which he had left to the care of Mr. Barry during his absence, and from which Madame Guiccioli had early that morning departed, he now proceeded thither, accompanied by Count Gamba alone. "His conversation," says this gentleman, "was somewhat melancholy on our way to Albaro: he spoke much of his past life, and of the uncertainty of the future. 'Where,' said he, 'shall we be in a year?' —It looked (adds his friend) like a melancholy foreboding; for, on the same day, of the same month, in the next year, he was carried to the tomb of his ancestors."

It took nearly the whole of the day to repair the damages of their vessel; and the greater part of this interval was passed by Lord Byron, in company with Mr. Barry, in some gardens near the city. Here his conversation, as this gentleman informs me, took the same gloomy turn. That he had not fixed to go to England, in preference, seemed one of his deep regrets; and so hopeless were the views he expressed of the whole enterprise before him, that, as it appeared to Mr. Barry, nothing but a devoted sense of duty and honour could have determined him to persist in it.

In the evening of that day they set sail;—and now, fairly launched in the cause, and disengaged, as it were, from his former state of existence, the natural power of his spirit to shake off pressure, whether from within or without, began instantly to display itself. According to the report of one of his fellow-voyagers, though so clouded while on shore, no sooner did he find himself, once more, bounding over the waters, than all the light and life of his better nature shone forth. In the breeze that now bore him towards his beloved Greece, the voice of his youth seemed again to speak. Before the titles of hero, of benefactor, to which he now aspired, that of poet, however pre-eminent, faded into nothing. His love of freedom, his generosity, his thirst for the new and adventurous,—all were re-awakened; and even the bodings that still lingered at the bottom of his heart but made the course before him more precious from his consciousness of its brevity, and from the high and self-ennobling resolution he had now taken to turn what yet remained of it gloriously to account.

"Parte, e porta un desio d'eterna ed alma
Gloria, che a nobil cuor, è sferza e sprone;
A magnanime imprese intenta ha l'alma,
Ed *insolite cose oprar* dispone:
Gir fra' nemici—*fed o cipresso o palma*
Acquistar."[1]

After a passage of five days, they reached Leghorn, at which place it was thought necessary to touch, for the purpose of taking

[1] "He goes: and as he takes his road to part,
Desires of bright and endless glory start,
And lash and animate his rising heart.
His soul immense achievements ponders o'er,
And dreams on exploits never known before;
To traverse lands amidst the hostile train,—
There, or the cypress or the palm to gain."
Broadhead's Tasso, 1857.]

on board a supply of gunpowder, and other English goods, not to be had elsewhere.

It would have been the wish of Lord Byron, in the new path he had now marked out for himself, to disconnect from his name, if possible, all those poetical associations, which, by throwing a character of romance over the step he was now taking, might have a tendency, as he feared, to impair its practical utility; and it is, perhaps, hardly saying too much for his sincere zeal in the cause to assert, that he would willingly at this moment have sacrificed his whole fame, as poet, for even the prospect of an equivalent renown, as philanthropist and liberator. How vain, however, was the thought that he could thus supersede his own glory, or cause the fame of the lyre to be forgotten in that of the sword, was made manifest to him by a mark of homage which reached him, while at Leghorn, from the hands of one of the only two men of the age who could contend with him in the universality of his literary fame.

Already, as has been seen, an exchange of courtesies, founded upon mutual admiration, had taken place between Lord Byron and the great poet of Germany, Goethe. Of this intercourse between two such men, — the former as brief a light in the world's eyes, as the latter has been long and steadily luminous, — an account has been by the venerable survivor put on record, which, as a fit preliminary to the letter I am about to give, I shall here insert in as faithful a translation as it has been in my power to procure.

"GOETHE AND BYRON.

"The German poet, who, down to the latest period of his long life, had been always anxious to acknowledge the merits of his literary predecessors and contemporaries, because he has always considered this to be the surest means of cultivating his own powers, could not but have his attention attracted to the great talent of the noble Lord almost from his earliest appearance, and uninterruptedly watched the progress of his mind throughout the great works which he unceasingly produced. It was immediately perceived by him that the public appreciation of his poetical merits kept pace with the rapid succession of his writings. The joyful sympathy of others would have been perfect, had not the poet, by a life marked by self-dissatisfaction, and the indulgence of strong passions, disturbed the enjoyment which his infinite genius produced. But his German admirer was not led astray by this, or prevented from following with close attention both his works and his life in all their eccentricity. These astonished him the more, as he found in the experience of past ages no element for the calculation of so eccentric an orbit.

"These endeavours of the German did not remain unknown to the Englishman, of which his poems contain unambiguous proofs; and he also availed himself of the means afforded by various travellers to forward some friendly salutation to his unknown admirer. At length a manuscript Dedication of *Sardanapalus*, in the most complimentary terms, was forwarded to him, with an obliging enquiry whether it might be prefixed to the tragedy. The German, who, at his advanced age, was conscious of his own powers and of their effects, could only gratefully and modestly consider this Dedication as the expression of an inexhaustible intellect, deeply feeling and creating its own object. He was by no means dissatisfied when, after a long delay, Sardanapalus appeared without the Dedication; and was made happy by the possession of a fac-simile of it, engraved on stone, which he considered a precious memorial.

"The noble Lord, however, did not abandon his purpose of proclaiming to the world his valued kindness towards his German contemporary and brother poet, a precious evidence of which was placed in front of the tragedy of Werner. It will be readily believed, when so unhoped for an honour was conferred upon the German poet, — one seldom experienced in life, and that too from one himself so highly distinguished, — he was by no means reluctant to express the high esteem and sympathising sentiment with which his unsurpassed contemporary had inspired him. The task was difficult, and was found the more so, the more it was contemplated; — for what can be said of one whose unfathomable qualities are not to be reached by words? But when a young gentleman, Mr. Sterling, of pleasing person and excellent character, in the spring of 1823, on a journey from Genoa to Weimar, delivered a few lines under the hand of the great man as an introduction, and when the report was soon after spread that the noble Peer was about to direct his great mind and various power to deeds of sublime daring beyond the ocean, there appeared to be no time left for further delay, and the following lines were hastily written[1]: —

[1] I insert the verses in the original language, as an English version gives but a very imperfect notion of their meaning.

"Ein freundlich Wort kommt eines nach dem andern
Von Süden her und bringt uns frohe Stunden;
Es ruft uns auf zum Edelsten zu wandern,
Nie ist der Geist, doch ist der Fuss gebunden.

"Wie soll ich dem, den ich so lang begleitet,
Nun etwas Traulich's in die Ferne sagen?
Ihm der sich selbst im Innersten bestreitet,
Stark angewohnt das tiefste Weh zu tragen.

"Wohl sey ihm doch, wenn er sich selbst empfindet!
Er wage selbst sich hoch beglückt zu nennen,
Wenn Musenkraft die Schmerzen überwindet,
Und wie ich ihn erkannt mog' er sich kennen.

"The verses reached Genoa; but the excellent friend to whom they were addressed was already gone, and to a distance, as it appeared, inaccessible. Driven back, however, by storms, he landed at Leghorn, where these cordial lines reached him just as he was about to embark, on the 24th of July, 1823. He had barely time to answer by a well-filled page, which the possessor has preserved among his most precious papers, as the worthiest evidence of the connection that had been formed. Affecting and delightful as was such a document, and justifying the most lively hopes, it has acquired now the greatest, though most painful value, from the untimely death of the lofty writer, which adds a peculiar edge to the grief felt generally throughout the whole moral and poetical world at his loss: for we were warranted in hoping, that when his great deeds should have been achieved, we might personally have greeted in him the pre-eminent intellect, the happily acquired friend, and the most humane of conquerors.

"At present we can only console ourselves with the conviction that his country will at last recover from that violence of invective and reproach which has been so long raised against him, and will learn to understand that the dross and lees of the age and the individual, out of which even the best have to elevate themselves, are but perishable and transient, while the wonderful glory to which he in the present and through all future ages has elevated his country, will be as boundless in its splendour as it is incalculable in its consequences. Nor can there be any doubt that the nation, which can boast of so many great names, will class BYRON among the first of those through whom she has acquired such glory."

The following is Lord Byron's answer to the communication above mentioned from Goethe:—

LETTER 524. TO GOETHE.

"Leghorn, July 24. 1823.

"Illustrious Sir,

"I cannot thank you as you ought to be thanked for the lines which my young friend, Mr. Sterling, sent me of yours; and it would but ill become me to pretend to exchange verses with him who, for fifty years, has been the undisputed sovereign of European literature. You must therefore accept my most sincere acknowledgments in prose—and in hasty prose too; for I am at present on my voyage to Greece once more, and surrounded by hurry and bustle, which hardly allow a moment even to gratitude and admiration to express themselves.

"I sailed from Genoa some days ago, was driven back by a gale of wind, and have since sailed again and arrived here, 'Leghorn,' this morning, to receive on board some Greek passengers for their struggling country.

"Here also I found your lines and Mr. Sterling's letter; and I could not have had a more favourable omen, a more agreeable surprise, than a word of Goethe, written by his own hand.

"I am returning to Greece, to see if I can be of any little use there: if ever I come back, I will pay a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers. I have the honour to be, ever and most,

"Your obliged,

"NOEL BYRON."

From Leghorn, where his Lordship was joined by Mr. Hamilton Browne, he set sail on the 24th of July, and, after about ten days of most favourable weather, cast anchor at Argostoli, the chief port of Cephalonia.

CHAPTER LII.

1823.

ARRIVAL AT CEPHALONIA.—ARGOSTOLI.—DINNER WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON.—COLONEL NAPIER.—JOURNEY TO ITHACA.—VATHI.—FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.—SCHOOL OF HOMER.—BATHS OF PENELOPE.—ACTS OF GENEROSITY AND HUMANITY.—LETTER FROM MARCO BOTZARI.—HIS DEATH.—STATE OF PARTIES IN GREECE.—DIFFICULTIES OF LORD BYRON'S POSITION.—RESIDENCE AT MATAXATA.—MODE OF LIFE.—CONVERSATIONS ON RELIGION WITH KENNEDY.—LETTERS TO MADAME GUICCIOLI, BOWRING, THE GREEK GOVERNMENT, PRINCE MAVROCORDATO, AND DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

IT had been thought expedient that Lord Byron should, with the view of informing

himself correctly respecting Greece, direct his course, in the first instance, to one of the Ionian islands, from whence, as from a post of observation, he might be able to ascertain the exact position of affairs before he landed on the continent. For this purpose it had been recommended that either Zante or Cephalonia should be selected; and his choice was chiefly determined towards the latter island by his knowledge of the talents and liberal feelings of the Resident, Colonel Napier. Aware, however, that, in the yet doubtful aspect of the foreign policy of England, his arrival thus on an expedition so declaredly in aid of insurrection might have the effect of embarrassing the existing authorities, he resolved to adopt such a line of conduct as would be the least calculated either to compromise or offend them. It was with this view he now thought it prudent not to land at Argostoli, but to await on board his vessel such information from the Government of Greece as should enable him to decide upon his further movements.

The arrival of a person so celebrated at Argostoli excited naturally a lively sensation, as well among the Greeks as the English of that place; and the first approaches towards intercourse between the latter and their noble visitor were followed instantly, on both sides, by that sort of agreeable surprise which, from the false notions they had preconceived of each other, was to be expected. His countrymen, who, from the exaggerated stories they had so often heard of his misanthropy and especial horror of the English, expected their courtesies to be received with a haughty, if not insulting coldness, found, on the contrary, in all his demeanour, a degree of open and cheerful affability which, calculated, as it was, to charm under any circumstances, was to them, expecting so much the reverse, peculiarly fascinating; — while he, on his side, even still more sensitively prepared, by a long course of brooding over his own fancies, for a cold and reluctant reception from his countrymen, found himself greeted at once with a welcome so cordial and respectful as not only surprised and flattered, but, it was evident, sensibly touched him. Among other hospitalities accepted by him was a dinner with the officers of the garrison, at which, on his health being drunk, he is reported to have said, in returning thanks, that "he was doubtful whether he could express his sense of the obligation as he ought, having been so long in the practice of speaking a foreign language that it was with some difficulty he could convey the whole force of what he felt in his own."[1]

Having despatched messengers to Corfu and Missolonghi in quest of information, he resolved, while waiting their return, to employ his time in a journey to Ithaca, which island is separated from that of Cephalonia but by a narrow strait. On his way to Vathi, the chief city of the island, to which place he had been invited, and his journey hospitably facilitated, by the Resident, Captain Knox, he paid a visit to the mountain-cave in which, according to tradition, Ulysses deposited the presents of the Phæacians. "Lord Byron (says Count Gamba) ascended to the grotto, but the steepness and height prevented him from reaching the remains of the castle. I myself experienced considerable difficulty in gaining it. Lord Byron sat reading in the grotto, but fell asleep. I awoke him on my return, and he said that I had interrupted dreams more pleasant than ever he had before in his life."

Though unchanged, since he first visited these regions, in his preference of the wild charms of Nature to all the classic associations of Art and History, he yet joined with much interest in any pilgrimage to those places which tradition had sanctified. At the Fountain of Arethusa, one of the spots of this kind which he visited, a repast had been prepared for himself and his party by the Resident; and at the School of Homer, — as some remains beyond Chioni are called, — he met with an old refugee bishop, whom he had known thirteen years before in Livadia[2], and with whom he now conversed of those times, with a rapidity and freshness of recollection with which the memory of the old bishop could but ill keep pace. Neither did the traditional Baths of Penelope escape his research; and "however sceptical (says a lady, who, soon after, followed his footsteps) he might have been as to these supposed localities, he never offended the natives by any objection to the reality of their fancies. On the contrary, his politeness and kindness won the respect and admiration of all those Greek gentlemen who saw him; and to me they spoke of him with enthusiasm."

Those benevolent views by which, even more, perhaps, than by any ambition of re-

[1] ["He was much pleased," says Mr. Kennedy, "when he had made his short speech, and repeatedly asked Colonel D. if he had acquitted himself properly, as he was so little in the practice of public speaking."]

[2] ["We found at Livadia an *esprit fort* in a Greek bishop, of all freethinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a coglioneria. It was impossible to think better of him for this; but, for a Bœotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity." — Note to Childe Harold, canto i. See *Works*, p. 764.]

nown, he proved himself to be actuated in his present course, had, during his short stay at Ithaca, opportunities of disclosing themselves. On learning that a number of poor families had fled thither from Scio, Patras, and other parts of Greece, he not only presented to the Commandant three thousand piastres for their relief, but by his generosity to one family in particular, which had once been in a state of affluence at Patras, enabled them to repair their circumstances and again live in comfort. "The eldest girl (says the lady whom I have already quoted) became afterwards the mistress of the school formed at Ithaca; and neither she, her sister, nor mother, could ever speak of Lord Byron without the deepest feeling of gratitude, and of regret for his too premature death."

After occupying in this excursion about eight days, he had again established himself on board the Hercules, when one of the messengers whom he had despatched returned, bringing a letter to him from the brave Marco Botzari, whom he had left among the mountains of Agrafa, preparing for that attack in which he so gloriously fell. The following are the terms in which this heroic chief wrote to Lord Byron: —

"Your letter, and that of the venerable Ignazio, have filled me with joy. Your Excellency is exactly the person of whom we stand in need. Let nothing prevent you from coming into this part of Greece. The enemy threatens us in great number; but, by the help of God and your Excellency, they shall meet a suitable resistance. I shall have something to do to-night against a corps of six or seven thousand Albanians, encamped close to this place. The day after to-morrow I will set out with a few chosen companions, to meet your Excellency. Do not delay. I thank you for the good opinion you have of my fellow-citizens, which God grant you will not find ill-founded; and I thank you still more for the care you have so kindly taken of them.

"Believe me, &c."

In the expectation that Lord Byron would proceed forthwith to Missolonghi, it had been the intention of Botzari, as the above letter announces, to leave the army, and hasten, with a few of his brother warriors, to receive their noble ally on his landing in a manner worthy of the generous mission on which he came. The above letter, however, preceded but by a few hours his death. That very night he penetrated, with but a handful of followers, into the midst of the enemy's camp, whose force was eight thousand strong, and after leading his heroic band over heaps of dead, fell, at last, close to the tent of the Pasha himself.

The mention made in this brave Suliote's letter of Lord Byron's care of his fellow-citizens refers to a popular act done recently by the noble poet at Cephalonia, in taking into his pay, as a body-guard, forty of this now homeless tribe. On finding, however, that for want of employment they were becoming restless and turbulent, he despatched them off soon after, armed and provisioned, to join in the defence of Missolonghi, which was at that time besieged on one side by a considerable force, and blockaded on the other by a Turkish squadron. Already had he, with a view to the succour of this place, made a generous offer to the Government, which he thus states himself in one of his letters: — "I offered to advance a thousand dollars a month for the succour of Missolonghi, and the Suliotes under Botzari (since killed); but the Government have answered me, that they wish to confer with me previously, which is in fact saying they wish me to expend my money in some other direction. I will take care that it is for the public cause, otherwise I will not advance a para. The opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me, so between the two I have a difficult part to play; however, I will have nothing to do with the factions unless to reconcile them if possible."

In these last few sentences is described briefly the position in which Lord Byron was now placed, and in which the coolness, foresight, and self-possession he displayed sufficiently refute the notion that even the highest powers of imagination, whatever effect they may sometimes produce on the moral temperament, are at all incompatible with the sound practical good sense, the steadily balanced views, which the business of active life requires.

The great difficulty, to an observer of the state of Greece at this crisis, was to be able clearly to distinguish between what was real and what was merely apparent in those tests by which the probability of her future success or failure was to be judged. With a government little more than nominal, having neither authority nor resources, its executive and legislative branches being openly at variance, and the supplies that ought to fill its exchequer being intercepted by the military chiefs, who, as they were, in most places, collectors of the revenue, were able to rob by authority; — with that curse of all popular enterprises, a multiplicity of leaders, each selfishly pursuing his own objects, and ready

to make the sword the umpire of their claims; — with a fleet furnished by private adventure, and therefore precarious; and an army belonging rather to its Chiefs than to the Government, and, accordingly, trusting more to plunder than to pay; — with all these principles of mischief, and, as it would seem, ruin at the very heart of the struggle, it had yet persevered, which was in itself victory, through three trying campaigns; and at this moment presented, in the midst of all its apparent weakness and distraction, some elements of success which both accounted for what had hitherto been effected, and gave a hope, with more favouring circumstances, of something nobler yet to come.

Besides the never-failing encouragement which the incapacity of their enemies afforded them, the Greeks derived also from the geographical conformation of their country those same advantages with which nature had blessed their great ancestors, and which had contributed mainly perhaps to the formation, as well as maintenance, of their high national character. Islanders and mountaineers, they were, by their very position, heirs to the blessings of freedom and commerce; nor had the spirit of either, through all their long slavery and sufferings, ever wholly died away. They had also, luckily, in a political as well as religious point of view, preserved that sacred line of distinction between themselves and their conquerors, which a fond fidelity to an ancient church could alone have maintained for them; — keeping thus holily in reserve, against the hour of struggle, that most stirring of all the excitements to which Freedom can appeal when she points to her flame rising out of the censer of Religion. In addition to these, and all the other moral advantages included in them, for which the Greeks were indebted to their own nature and position, is to be taken also into account the aid and sympathy they had every right to expect from others, as soon as their exertions in their own cause should justify the confidence that it would be something more than the mere chivalry of generosity to assist them.[1]

Such seem to have been the chief features of hope which the state of Greece, at this moment, presented. But though giving promise, perhaps, of a lengthened continuance of the struggle, they, in that very promise, postponed indefinitely the period of its success; and checked and counteracted as were these auspicious appearances by the manifold and inherent evils above enumerated, — by a consideration, too, of the resources and obstinacy of the still powerful Turk, and of the little favour with which it was at all probable that the Courts of Europe would ever regard the attempt of any people, under any circumstances, to be their own emancipators, — none, assuredly, but a most sanguine spirit could indulge in the dream that Greece would be able to work out her own liberation, or that aught, indeed, but a fortuitous concurrence of political circumstances could ever accomplish it. Like many other such contests between right and might, it was a cause destined, all felt, to be successful, but at its own ripe hour; — a cause which individuals might keep alive, but which events, wholly independent of them, alone could accomplish, and which, after the hearts, and hopes, and lives of all its bravest defenders had been wasted upon it, would at last to other hands, and even to other means than those contemplated by its first champions, owe its completion.

That Lord Byron, on a nearer view of the state of Greece, saw it much in the light I have here regarded it in, his letters leave no room to doubt. Neither was the impression he had early received of the Greeks themselves at all improved by the present renewal of his acquaintance with them. Though making full allowance for the causes that had produced their degeneracy, he still saw that they were grossly degenerate, and must be dealt with and counted upon accordingly. "I am of St. Paul's opinion," said he, "that there is no difference between Jews and Greeks, —the character of both being equally vile." With such means and materials, the work of regeneration, he knew, must be slow; and the hopelessness he therefore felt as to the chances of ever connecting his name with any essential or permanent benefit to Greece, gives to the sacrifice he now made of himself a far more touching interest than had the consciousness of dying for some great object been at once his incitement and reward. He but looked upon himself, — to use a favourite illustration of his own, — as one of the many waves that must break and die upon the shore, before the tide they help to advance can reach its full mark. "What signifies Self," was his generous thought, "if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchedly to the future?"[2] Such was the devoted feeling with which he embarked in the cause of Italy,

[1] For a clear and concise sketch of the state of Greece at this crisis, executed with all that command of the subject which a long residence in the country alone could give, see Colonel Leake's "Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution."

[2] *Diary of* 1821. — The same distrustful and, as it

and these words, which, had they remained *only* words, the unjust world would have pronounced but an idle boast, have now received from his whole course in Greece a practical comment, which gives them all the right of truth to be engraved solemnly on his tomb.

Though with so little hope of being able to serve signally the cause, the task of at least lightening, by his interposition, some of the manifold mischiefs that pressed upon it, might yet, he thought, be within his reach. To convince the Government and the Chiefs of the paralysing effect of their dissensions; — to inculcate that spirit of union among themselves which alone could give strength against their enemies; — to endeavour to humanise the feelings of the belligerents on both sides, so as to take from the war that character of barbarism which deterred the more civilised friends of freedom through Europe from joining in it; — such were, in addition to the now essential aid of his money, the great objects which he proposed to effect by his interference; and to these he accordingly, with all the candour, clear-sightedness, and courage which so pre-eminently distinguished his great mind, applied himself.

Aware that, to judge deliberately of the state of parties, he must keep out of their vortex, and warned, by the very impatience and rivalry with which the different chiefs courted his presence, of the risk he should run by connecting himself with any, he resolved to remain, for some time longer, in his station at Cephalonia, and there avail himself of the facilities afforded by the position for collecting information as to the real state of affairs, and ascertaining in what quarter his own presence and money would be most available. During the six weeks that had elapsed since his arrival at Cephalonia, he had been living in the most comfortless manner, pent up with pigs and poultry, on board the vessel which brought him. Having now come, however, to the determination of prolonging his stay, he decided also upon fixing his abode on shore; and, for the sake of privacy, retired to a small village, called Metaxata, about seven miles from Argostoli, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his stay on the island.

Before this change of residence, he had despatched Mr. Hamilton Browne and Mr. Trelawney with a letter to the existing Government of Greece, explanatory of his own views and those of the Committee whom he represented; and it was not till a month after his removal to Metaxata that intelligence from these gentlemen reached him. The picture they gave of the state of the country was, in most respects, confirmatory of what has already been described as his own view of it; — incapacity and selfishness at the head of affairs, disorganisation throughout the whole body politic, but still, with all this, the heart of the nation sound, and bent on resistance. Nor could he have failed to be struck with the close family resemblance to the ancient race of the country which this picture exhibited; — that great people, in the very midst of their own endless dissensions, having been ever ready to face round in concert against the foe.

His Lordship's agents had been received with all due welcome by the Government, who were most desirous that he should set out for the Morea without delay; and pressing letters to the same purport, both from the Legislative and Executive bodies, accompanied those which reached him from Messrs. Browne and Trelawney. He was, however, determined not to move till his own selected time, having seen reason, the farther insight he obtained into their intrigues, to congratulate himself but the more on his prudence in not plunging into the maze without being first furnished with those guards against deception which the information he was now acquiring supplied him.

To give an idea, as briefly as possible, of the sort of conflicting calls that were from various scenes of action reaching him in his retirement, it may be sufficient to mention that, while by Metaxa, the present governor of Missolonghi, he was entreated earnestly to hasten to the relief of that place, which the Turks were now blockading both by land and by sea, the head of the military chiefs, Colocotroni, was no less earnestly urging that he should present himself at the approaching congress of Salamis, where, under the dictation of these rude warriors, the affairs of the country were to be settled, — while at the same time, from another quarter, the great opponent of these chieftains, Mavrocordato, was, with more urgency, as well as more ability than any, endeavouring to impress upon him his own views, and imploring his presence at Hydra, whither he himself had just been forced to retire.

The mere knowledge, indeed, that a noble Englishman had arrived in those regions, so unprepossessed by any party as to inspire a hope of his alliance in all, and with money, by common rumour, as abundant as the ima-

turned out, just view of the chances of success, were taken by him also on that occasion: — "I shall not," he says, "fall back; — though I don't think them in force or heart sufficient to make much of it."

ginations of the needy chose to make it, was, in itself, fully sufficient, without any of the more elevated claims of his name, to attract towards him all thoughts. "It is easier to conceive," says Count Gamba, "than to relate the various means employed to engage him in one faction or the other: letters, messengers, intrigues, and recriminations, — nay, each faction had its agents exerting every art to degrade its opponent." He then adds a circumstance strongly illustrative of a peculiar feature in the noble poet's character: — "He occupied himself in discovering the truth, hidden as it was under these intrigues, and *amused himself in confronting the agents of the different factions.*"

During all these occupations he went on pursuing his usual simple and uniform course of life, — rising, however, for the despatch of business, at an early hour, which showed how capable he was of conquering even long habit when necessary. Though so much occupied, too, he was, at all hours, accessible to visitors; and the facility with which he allowed even the dullest people to break in upon him was exemplified, I am told, strongly in the case of one of the officers of the garrison, who, without being able to understand any thing of the poet but his good-nature, used to say, whenever he found his time hang heavily on his hands, — "I think I shall ride out and have a little talk with Lord Byron."

The person, however, whose visits appeared to give him most pleasure, as well from the interest he took in the subject on which they chiefly conversed, as from the opportunities, sometimes, of pleasantry which the peculiarities of his visitor afforded him, was a medical gentleman named Kennedy, who, from a strong sense of the value of religion to himself, had taken up the benevolent task of communicating his own light to others. The first origin of their intercourse was an undertaking, on the part of this gentleman, to convert to a firm belief in Christianity some rather sceptical friends of his, then at Argostoli. Happening to hear of the meeting appointed for this purpose, Lord Byron begged that he might be allowed to attend, saying to the person through whom he conveyed his request, "You know I am reckoned a black sheep, — yet, after all, not so black as the world believes me." He had promised to convince Dr. Kennedy that, "though wanting, perhaps, in faith, he at least had patience:" but the process of so many hours of lecture, — no less than twelve, without interruption, being stipulated for, — was a trial beyond his strength; and, very early in the operation, as the Doctor informs us, he began to show evident signs of a wish to exchange the part of hearer for that of speaker. Notwithstanding this, however, there was in all his deportment, both as listener and talker, such a degree of courtesy, candour, and sincere readiness to be taught, as excited interest, if not hope, for his future welfare in the good Doctor; and though he never after attended the more numerous meetings, his conferences, on the same subject, with Dr. Kennedy alone, were not infrequent during the remainder of his stay at Cephalonia.

These curious Conversations are now published; and to the value which they possess as a simple and popular exposition of the chief evidences of Christianity, is added the charm that must ever dwell round the character of one of the interlocutors, and the almost fearful interest attached to every word that, on such a subject, he utters. In the course of the first conversation, it will be seen that Lord Byron expressly disclaimed being one of those infidels "who deny the Scriptures, and wish to remain in unbelief." On the contrary, he professed himself "desirous to believe; as he experienced no happiness in having his religious opinions so unfixed." He was unable, however, he added, "to understand the Scriptures. Those who conscientiously believed them he could always respect, and was always disposed to trust in them more than in others; but he had met with so many whose conduct differed from the principles which they professed, and who seemed to profess those principles either because they were paid to do so, or from some other motive which an intimate acquaintance with their character would enable one to detect, that altogether he had seen few, if any, whom he could rely upon as truly and conscientiously believing the Scriptures."

We may take for granted that these Conversations, — more especially the first, from the number of persons present who would report the proceedings, — excited considerable interest among the society of Argostoli. It was said that Lord Byron had displayed such a profound knowledge of the Scriptures as astonished, and even puzzled, the polemic Doctor; while in all the eminent writers on theological subjects he had shown himself far better versed than his more pretending opponent. All this Dr. Kennedy strongly denies; and the truth seems to be, that on neither side were there much stores of theological learning. The confession of the lecturer himself, that he had not read the works of Stillingfleet or Barrow, shows that in his researches after orthodoxy, he had

not allowed himself any very extensive range: while the alleged familiarity of Lord Byron with the same authorities must be taken with a similar abatement of credence and wonder to that which his own account of his youthful studies, already given, requires; — a rapid eye and retentive memory having enabled him, on this as on most other subjects, to catch, as it were, the salient points on the surface of knowledge, and the recollections he thus gathered being, perhaps, the livelier from his not having encumbered himself with more.] To any regular train of reasoning, even on this his most favourite topic, it was not possible to lead him. He would start objections to the arguments of others, and detect their fallacies; but of any consecutive ratiocination on his own side he seemed, if not incapable, impatient. In this, indeed, as in many other peculiarities belonging to him, — his caprices, fits of weeping, sudden affections and dislikes, — may be observed striking traces of a feminine cast of character; — it being observable that the discursive faculty is rarely exercised by women; but that nevertheless, by the mere instinct of truth (as was the case with Lord Byron), they are often enabled at once to light upon the very conclusion to which man, through all the forms of reasoning, is, in the mean time, puzzling, and, perhaps, losing his way: —

> "And strikes each point with native force of mind,
> While puzzled logic blunders far behind."

Of the Scriptures, it is certain that Lord Byron was a frequent and almost daily reader, — the small pocket Bible which, on his leaving England, had been given him by his sister, being always near him. How much, in addition to his natural solicitude on the subject of religion, the taste of the poet influenced him in this line of study, may be seen in his frequently expressed admiration of "the ghost-scene," as he called it, in Samuel, and his comparison of this supernatural appearance with the Mephistopheles of Goethe. In the same manner, his imagination appears to have been much struck by the notion of his lecturer, that the circumstance mentioned in Job of the Almighty summoning Satan into his presence was to be interpreted, not, as he thought, allegorically and poetically, but literally. More than once we find him expressing to Dr. Kennedy "how much this belief of the real appearance of Satan to hear and obey the commands of God added to his views of the grandeur and majesty of the Creator."

On the whole, the interest of these Conversations, as far as regards Lord Byron, arises not so much from any new or certain lights they supply us with on the subject of his religious opinions, as from the evidence they afford of his amiable facility of intercourse, the total absence of bigotry or prejudice from even his most favourite notions, and — what may be accounted, perhaps, the next step in conversion to belief itself — his disposition to believe. As far, indeed, as a frank submission to the charge of being wrong may be supposed to imply an advance on the road to being right, few persons, it must be acknowledged, under a process of proselytism, ever showed more of this desired symptom of change than Lord Byron. "I own," says a witness to one of these conversations [1], "I felt astonished to hear Lord Byron submit to lectures on his life, his vanity, and the uselessness of his talents, which made me stare."

As most persons will be tempted to refer to the work itself, there are but one or two other opinions of his Lordship recorded in it which I shall think necessary to notice here. A frequent question of his to Dr. Kennedy was, — "What, then, you think me in a very bad way?" — the usual answer to which being in the affirmative, he, on one occasion, replied, — "I am now, however, in a fairer way. I already believe in predestination, which I know you believe, and in the depravity of the human heart in general, and of my own in particular: — thus you see there are two points in which we agree. I shall get at the others by and by; but you cannot expect me to become a perfect Christian at once." On the subject of Dr. Southwood's amiable and, it is to be hoped for the sake of Christianity and the human race, *orthodox* work on "The Divine Government," he thus spoke: — I cannot decide the point; but to my present apprehension it would be a most desirable thing, could it be proved, that ultimately all created beings were to be happy. This would appear to be most consistent with God, whose power is omnipotent, and whose chief attribute is Love. I cannot yield to your doctrine of the eternal duration of punishment. This author's opinion is more humane, and I think he supports it very strongly from Scripture."

I shall now insert, with such explanatory remarks as they may seem to require, some of the letters, official as well as private, which his Lordship wrote while at Cephalonia; and from which the reader may collect, in a manner far more interesting than through the medium of any narrative, a knowledge both of the events now passing in Greece,

[1] Mr. Finlay. [See BYRONIANA.]

and of the views and feelings with which they were regarded by Lord Byron.

To Madame Guiccioli he wrote frequently, but briefly, and, for the first time, in English; adding always a few lines in her brother Pietro's letters to her. The following are extracts.

"October 7.

"Pietro has told you all the gossip of the island, — our earthquakes, our politics, and present abode in a pretty village. As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar, I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here; but, being here, I must see what is to be done."

"October —.

"We are still in Cephalonia, waiting for news of a more accurate description; for all is contradiction and division in the reports of the state of the Greeks. I shall fulfil the object of my mission from the Committee, and then return into Italy; for it does not seem likely that, as an individual, I can be of use to them; — at least no other foreigner has yet appeared to be so, nor does it seem likely that any will be at present.

"Pray be as cheerful and tranquil as you can; and be assured that there is nothing here that can excite any thing but a wish to be with you again, — though we are very kindly treated by the English here of all descriptions. Of the Greeks, I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another."

"October 29.

"You may be sure that the moment I can join you again, will be as welcome to me as at any period of our recollection. There is nothing very attractive here to divide my attention; but I must attend to the Greek cause, both from honour and inclination. Messrs. B. and T. are both in the Morea, where they have been very well received, and both of them write in good spirits and hopes. I am anxious to hear how the Spanish cause will be arranged, as I think it may have an influence on the Greek contest. I wish that both were fairly and favourably settled, that I might return to Italy, and talk over with you *our*, or rather Pietro's adventures, some of which are rather amusing, as also some of the incidents of our voyages and travels. But I reserve them, in the hope that we may laugh over them together at no very distant period."

LETTER 525. TO MR. BOWRING,

"9bre 29. 1823.

"This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Hamilton Browne, who precedes or accompanies the Greek deputies. He is both capable and desirous of rendering any service to the cause, and information to the Committee. He has already been of considerable advantage to both, of my own knowledge. Lord Archibald Hamilton, to whom he is related, will add a weightier recommendation than mine.

"Corinth is taken, and a Turkish squadron said to be beaten in the Archipelago. The public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them — though neither is an easy task. I have remained here till now, partly in expectation of the squadron in relief of Missolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry's detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four thousand pounds sterling, which I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negotiating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they would have been immediately in any other mart; but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money, and no great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this occasion; for although I had letters of Messrs. Webb (one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean), and also of Messrs. Ransom, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through English merchants. These, however, have proved both able and willing, — and upright as usual.[1]

"Colonel Stanhope has arrived, and will proceed immediately; he shall have my co-operation in all his endeavours: but, from every thing that I can learn, the formation of a brigade at present will be extremely difficult, to say the least of it. With regard to the reception of foreigners, — at least of foreign officers, — I refer you to a passage in Prince Mavrocordato's recent letter, a copy of which is enclosed in my packet sent to the Deputies. It is my intention to proceed by sea to Napoli di Romania as soon as I have arranged this business for the Greeks themselves — I mean the advance of two hundred thousand piastres for their fleet.

[1] The English merchants whom he thus so justly describes, are Messrs. Barff and Hancock, of Zante, whose conduct, not only in the instance of Lord Byron, but throughout the whole Greek struggle, has been uniformly most zealous and disinterested.

her liberty, to become a dependence of the sovereigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province. She has the choice only of these three alternatives. Civil war is but a road which leads to the two latter. If she is desirous of the fate of Walachia and the Crimea, she may obtain it to-morrow; if of that of Italy, the day after; but if she wishes to become truly Greece, free and independent, she must resolve to-day, or she will never again have the opportunity.

"I am, with all respect,

"Your Highness's obedient servant,

"N. B.

"P. S.—Your Highness will already have known that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek Government, as much as it lay in my power to do so: but I should wish that the fleet so long and so vainly expected were arrived, or, at least, that it were on the way; and especially that your Highness should approach these parts, either on board the fleet, with a public mission, or in some other manner."

LETTER 528. TO MR. BOWRING.

"10bre 7. 1823.

"I confirm the above [1]: it is certainly my opinion that Mr. Millingen is entitled to the same salary with Mr. Tindall, and his service is likely to be harder.

"I have written to you (as to Mr. Hobhouse *for* your perusal) by various opportunities, mostly private; also by the Deputies, and by Mr. Hamilton Browne.

"The public success of the Greeks has been considerable,—Corinth taken, Missolonghi nearly safe, and some ships in the Archipelago taken from the Turks; but there is not only dissension in the Morea, but *civil war*, by the latest accounts [2]; to what extent we do not yet know, but hope trifling.

"For six weeks I have been expecting the fleet, *which has not arrived*, though, I have at the request of the Greek Government, advanced—that is, prepared, and have in hand two hundred thousand piastres (deducting the commission and bankers' charges) of my own monies to forward their projects. The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious that I should take them under my directions, and go over and put things to rights in the Morea, which without a force seems impracticable; and, really, though very reluctant (as my letters will have shown you) to take such a measure, there seems hardly any milder remedy. However, I will not do any thing rashly, and have only continued here so long in the hope of seeing things reconciled, and have done all in my power thereto. Had *I gone sooner, they would have forced me into one party or other*, and I doubt as much now; but we will do our best.

"Yours, &c."

LETTER 529. TO MR. BOWRING.

"October 10. 1823.

"Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous to speak: of his personal, I can say, from my own knowledge, as well as from all public rumour or private report, that it is as excellent as his military: in short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. *He* is our man to lead a regular force, or to organise a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army—ask any one. He is besides a personal friend of both Prince Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself, and in such concord with all three that we should all pull together—an indispensable, as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present.

"To enable a regular force to be properly organised, it will be requisite for the loanholders to set apart at least 500,000*l.* sterling for that particular purpose—perhaps more; but by so doing they will guarantee their own monies, 'and make assurance doubly sure.' They can appoint commissioners to see that part properly expended—and I recommend a similar precaution for the whole.

"I hope that the deputies have arrived, as well as some of my various despatches

[1] He here alludes to to a letter, forwarded with his own, from Mr. Millingen, who was about to join, in his medical capacity, the Suliotes, near Patras, and requested of the Committee an increase of pay. This gentleman, having mentioned in his letter "that the retreat of the Turks from before Missolonghi had rendered unnecessary the appearance of the Greek fleet," Lord Byron, in a note on this passage, says, "By the special providence of the Deity, the Mussulmans were seized with a panic, and fled; but no thanks to the fleet, which ought to have been here months ago, and has no excuse to the contrary, lately—at least since I had the money ready to pay."

On another passage, in which Mr. Millingen complains that his hope of any renumeration from the Greeks has "turned out perfectly chimerical," Lord Byron remarks, in a note, "and *will* do so, till they obtain a loan. They have not a rap, nor credit (in the islands) to raise one. A medical man may succeed better than others; but all these penniless officers had better have stayed at home. Much money may not be required, but some must."

[2] The Legislative and Executive bodies having been for some time at variance, the latter had at length resorted to violence, and some skirmishes had already taken place between the factions.

(chiefly addressed to Mr. Hobhouse) for the Committee. Colonel Napier will tell you the recent special interposition of the gods, in behalf of the Greeks — who seem to have no enemies in heaven or on earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord amongst themselves. But these, too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated, and then we can take the field on the offensive, instead of being reduced to the *petite guerre* of defending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the *Spartans* — (though not one tenth of what is told) — but have not yet inherited *their* style.

"Believe me yours, &c."

LETTER 530. TO MR. BOWRING.

"October 13. 1823.

"Since I wrote to you on the 10th instant, the long-desired squadron has arrived in the waters of Missolonghi and intercepted two Turkish corvettes — ditto transports — destroying or taking all four — except some of the crews escaped on shore in Ithaca — and an unarmed vessel, with passengers, chased into a port on the opposite side of Cephalonia. The Greeks had fourteen sail, the Turks *four* — but the odds don't matter — the victory will make a very good *puff*, and be of some advantage besides. I expect momentarily advices from Prince Mavrocordato, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the Legislative for me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron, (for which I have prepared, and am preparing,) I shall probably join him at sea or on shore.

"I add the above communication to my letter by Col. Napier, who will inform the Committee of every thing in detail much better than I can do.

"The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the Committee have arrived, and in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in landing — (I ought not to have omitted the press — but forgot it a moment — excuse the same) — they are excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer and a trumpeter (we have chirurgeons already) mere 'pearls to swine,' as the Greeks are quite ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music. The maps, &c. I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the Committee — but I refer you to Colonel Napier, who will tell you, that much of your really valuable supplies should be removed till proper persons arrive to adapt them to actual service.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, to be, &c.

"P. S. *Private.* — I have written to our friend Douglas Kinnaird on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits I can command, — and I have a year's income, and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me, — for till the Greeks get *their* Loan, it is probable that I shall have to stand partly paymaster — as far as I am 'good upon *Change*,' that is to say. I pray you to repeat as much to *him*, and say that I must in the interim draw on Messrs. Ransom most formidably. To say the truth, I do not grudge it now the fellows have begun to fight *again* — and still more welcome shall they be if they will go on. But they have had, or are to have, some four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions,) of mine at one 'swoop;' and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more. And how can I refuse it if they *will* fight? — and especially if I should happen ever to be in their company? I therefore request and require that you should apprise my trusty and trust-worthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet-anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the Honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase money of Rochdale manor and mine income for the year ensuing, A. D. 1824, to answer, or anticipate, any orders or drafts of mine for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. May you live a thousand years! which is nine hundred and ninety-nine longer than the Spanish Cortes' Constitution."

LETTER 531. TO THE HON. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

"Cephalonia, December 23. 1823.

"I shall be as saving of my purse and person as you recommend; but you know that it as well to be in readiness with one or both in the event of either being required.

"I presume that some agreement has been concluded with Mr. Murray about 'Werner.' Although the copyright should only be worth two or three hundred pounds, I will tell you what can be done with them. For three hundred pounds I can maintain in Greece, at more than the *fullest pay* of the Provisional Government, rations included, one hundred armed men for *three months*. You may

judge of this when I tell you, that the four thousand pounds advanced by me to the Greeks is likely to set a fleet and an army in motion for some months.

"A Greek vessel has arrived from the squadron to convey me to Missolonghi, where Mavrocordato now is, and has assumed the command, so that I expect to embark immediately. Still address, however, to Cephalonia, through Messrs. Welch and Barry of Genoa, as usual; and get together all the means and credit of mine you can, to face the war establishment, for it is 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' and I must do all that I can for the ancients.

"I have been labouring to reconcile these parties, and there is *now* some hope of succeeding. Their public affairs go on well. The Turks have retreated from Acarnania without a battle, after a few fruitless attempts on Anatoliko. Corinth is taken, and the Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipelago. The squadron here, too, has taken a Turkish corvette with some money and a cargo. In short, if they can obtain a Loan, I am of opinion that matters will assume and preserve a steady and favourable aspect for their independence.

"In the mean time I stand paymaster, and what not; and lucky it is that, from the nature of the warfare and of the country, the resources even of an individual can be of a partial and temporary service.

"Colonel Stanhope is at Missolonghi. Probably we shall attempt Patras next. The Suliotes, who are friends of mine, seem anxious to have me with them, and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but succeed in reconciling the two parties (and I have left no stone unturned), it will be something; and if not, we must go over to the Morea with the Western Greeks — who are the bravest, and at present the strongest, having beaten back the Turks — and try the effect of a little *physical* advice, should they persist in rejecting *moral* persuasion.

"Once more recommending to you the reinforcement of my strong box and credit from all lawful sources and resources of mine to their practicable extent — for, after all, it is better playing at nations than gaming at Almack's or Newmarket — and requesting you to write to me as often as you can,

"I remain ever, &c.

"N. Byron."

CHAPTER LIII.

1823—1824.

CEPHALONIA. — LETTERS TO BOWRING AND MOORE.—CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.— ACTS OF GENEROSITY AND HUMANITY. — EMBARKATION FOR GREECE. — THE VOYAGE. — ZANTE. — SEPARATION OF THE SQUADRON. — ONE OF THE FRIGATES CAPTURED BY THE TURKS, AND TAKEN INTO PATRAS. — ARRIVAL OF LORD BYRON AT THE ROCKS OF THE SCROFES. — REACHES DRAGOMESTRI. — LETTERS TO STANHOPE AND MUIR. — ARRIVAL AT MISSOLONGHI. — ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.—STATE OF AFFAIRS. — LETTERS TO HANCOCK.

The squadron, so long looked for, having made its appearance at last in the waters of Missolonghi, and Mavrocordato, the only leader of the cause worthy the name of statesman, having been appointed, with full powers, to organise Western Greece, the fit moment for Lord Byron's presence on the scene of action seemed to have arrived. The anxiety, indeed, with which he was expected at Missolonghi was intense, and can be best judged from the impatient language of the letters written to hasten him. "I need not tell you, my Lord," says Mavrocordato, "how much I long for your arrival, to what a pitch your presence is desired by every body, or what a prosperous direction it will give to all our affairs. Your counsels will be listened to like oracles." Colonel Stanhope, with the same urgency, writes from Missolonghi, — "The Greek ship sent for your Lordship has returned; your arrival was anticipated, and the disappointment has been great indeed. The prince is in a state of anxiety, the admiral looks gloomy, and the sailors grumble aloud." He adds at the end, "I walked along the streets this evening, and the people asked me after Lord Byron!!!" In a letter to the London Committee of the same date, Colonel Stanhope says, "All are looking forward to Lord Byron's arrival, as they would to the coming of the Messiah."

Of this anxiety, no inconsiderable part is doubtless to be attributed to their great impatience for the possession of the loan which he had promised them, and on which they wholly depended for the payment of the fleet. — "Prince Mavrocordato and the Admiral (says the same gentleman) are in a state of extreme perplexity: they, it seems, relied on your loan for the payment of the fleet; that loan not having been received, the sailors

will depart immediately. This will be a fatal event indeed, as it will place Missolonghi in a state of blockade; and will prevent the Greek troops from acting against the fortresses of Nepacto and Patras."

In the mean time Lord Byron was preparing busily for his departure, the postponement of which latterly had been, in a great measure, owing to that repugnance to any new change of place which had lately so much grown upon him, and which neither love, as we have seen, nor ambition, could entirely conquer. There had been also considerable pains taken by some of his friends at Argostoli to prevent his fixing upon a place of residence so unhealthy as Missolonghi; and Mr Muir, a very able medical officer, on whose talents he had much dependence, endeavoured most earnestly to dissuade him from such an imprudent step. His mind, however, was made up, — the proximity of that port, in some degree, tempting him, — and having hired, for himself and suite, a light, fast-sailing vessel, called the Mistico, with a boat for part of his baggage, and a larger vessel for the remainder, the horses, &c., he was, on the 20th of December, ready to sail. The wind, however, being contrary, he was detained two days longer, and in this interval the following letters were written.

LETTER 532. TO MR. BOWRING.

"10bre 26. 1823.

"Little need be added to the enclosed, which arrived this day, except that I embark to-morrow for Missolonghi. The intended operations are detailed in the annexed documents. I have only to request that the Committee will use every exertion to forward our views by all its influence and credit.

"I have also to request you *personally* from myself to urge my friend and trustee, Douglas Kinnaird (from whom I have not heard these four months nearly), to forward to me all the resources of my *own* we can muster for the ensuing year; since it is no time to ménager *purse*, or, perhaps, *person*. I have advanced, and am advancing, all that I have in hand, but I shall require all that can be got together; — and (if Douglas has completed the sale of Rochdale, *that* and my year's income for next year ought to form a good round sum,) — as you may perceive that there will be little cash of their own amongst the Greeks (unless they get the Loan), it is the more necessary that those of their friends who have any should risk it.

"The supplies of the Committee are, some, useful, and all excellent in their kind; but occasionally hardly *practical* enough, in the present state of Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away — none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker — we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho, for the Helenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send us somebody to listen to them.

"We will do our best — and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more *general* exertion; for my part, I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be *honourably* clung to. If I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct, and not the Holy Allies or holier Mussulmans — but let us hope better things.

"Ever yours, N. B.

"P. S. — I am happy to say that Colonel Leicester Stanhope and myself are acting in perfect harmony together — he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee, and is publicly as well as personally a very valuable acquisition to our party on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the sixth form at Harrow or Eton, &c.; but Col. Napier and I set him to rights on those points, which is absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return; but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the wheel, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally.

"I can assure you that Col. Napier and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of them all; but like men who have seen the country and human life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth, with its defects as well as beauties, — more especially as success will remove the former *gradually*. N. B.

"P. S. — As much of this letter as you please is for the Committee, the rest may be 'entre nous.'"

LETTER 533. TO MR. MOORE.

"Cephalonia, December 27. 1823.

"I received a letter from you some time ago. I have been too much employed latterly to write as I could wish, and even now must write in haste.

"I embark for Missolonghi to join Mavrocordato in four-and-twenty hours. The state of parties (but it were a long story) has kept me here till *now*; but now that Mavrocordato (their Washington, or their Kosciusko) is employed again, I can act with a *safe con-*

science. I carry money to pay the squadron, &c., and I have influence with the Suliotes, *supposed* sufficient to keep them in harmony with some of the dissentients; — for there are plenty of differences, but trifling.

"It is imagined that we shall attempt either Patras or the castles on the Straits; and it seems, by most accounts, that the Greeks, at any rate the Suliotes, who are in affinity with me of 'bread and salt,' — expect that I should march with them, and — be it even so! If any thing in the way of fever, fatigue, famine, or otherwise, should cut short the middle age of a brother warbler, — like Garcilasso de la Vega [1], Kleist [2], Korner [3], Joukoffsky [4] (a Russian nightingale — see Bowring's Anthology), or Thersander, or, — or somebody else— but never mind — I pray you to remember me in your 'smiles and wine.'

"I have hopes that the cause will triumph; but whether it does or no, still 'honour must be minded as strictly as milk diet.' I trust to observe both.

"Ever, &c."

It is hardly necessary to direct the attention of the reader to the sad, and but too true anticipation expressed in this letter — the last but one I was ever to receive from my friend. Before we accompany him to the closing scene of all his toils, I shall here, as briefly as possible, give a selection from the many characteristic anecdotes told of him while at Cephalonia, where (to use the words of Colonel Stanhope, in a letter from thence to the Greek committee,) he was "beloved by Cephalonians, by English, and by Greeks; and where, approached as he was familiarly by persons of all classes and countries, not an action, not a word is recorded of him that does not bear honourable testimony to the benevolence and soundness of his views, his ever ready but discriminating generosity, and the clear insight, at once minute and comprehensive, which he had acquired into the character and wants of the people and the cause he came to serve. "Of all those who came to help the Greeks," says Colonel Napier, (a person himself the most qualified to judge, as well from long local knowledge, as from the acute, straightforward cast of his own mind,) "I never knew one, except Lord Byron and Mr. Gordon, that seemed to have justly estimated their character. All came expecting to find the Peloponnesus filled with Plutarch's men, and all returned thinking the inhabitants of Newgate more moral. Lord Byron judged them fairly: he knew that half-civilised men are full of vices, and that great allowance must be made for emancipated slaves. He, therefore, proceeded, bridle in hand, not thinking them good, but hoping to make them better." [5]

In speaking of the foolish charge of avarice brought against Lord Byron by some who resented thus his not suffering them to impose on his generosity, Colonel Napier says, "I never knew a single instance of it while he was here. I saw only a judicious generosity in all that he did. He would not allow himself to be *robbed*, but he gave profusely where he thought he was doing good. It was, indeed, because he would not allow himself to be *fleeced*, that he was called stingy by those who are always bent upon giving money from any purses but their own. Lord Byron had no idea of this; and would turn sharply and unexpectedly on those who thought their game sure. He gave a vast deal of money to the Greeks in various ways."

Among the objects of his bounty in this way were many poor refugee Greeks from the Continent and the Isles. He not only relieved their present distresses, but allotted a certain sum monthly to the most destitute. "A list of these poor pensioners," says Dr.

[1] [Garcilasso de la Vega, the "prince of Spanish poets," was born of a noble family at Toledo in 1503. After serving with distinction in Germany, Africa, and Provence, he was killed, in 1536, by a stone thrown from a tower, which fell upon his head as he was leading on his battalion. He died at the early age of thirty-three.]

[2] [Kleist lost his leg in fighting against the Russians at the battle of Kunnersdorff, and died in August 1759. He composed several popular war songs.]

[3] [Korner, celebrated for the spirited poems which he composed during the campaign against Napoleon in 1813, was born in 1791, and fell in the field of battle, August 26. 1813. An hour before his death he had finished his famous Address to his Sword, and read it to his comrades. Thirty-two of his war songs have been published by his father; and some of them have been set to music by Weber.]

[4] One of the most celebrated of the living poets of Russia, who fought at Borodino, and has commemorated that battle in a poem of much celebrity among his countrymen. [He wrote his "Minstrel in the Russian Camp," just before the battle on the Tarulina. Kutaissow, his companion in arms, and a young Russian poet of considerable talents, was killed at the battle of Borodino.]

[5] A similar tribute was paid to him by Count Delladecima, a gentleman of some literary acquirements, of whom he saw a good deal at Cephalonia, and to whom he was attracted by that sympathy which never failed to incline him towards those who laboured, like himself, under any personal defects. "Of all the men," said this gentleman, "whom I have had an opportunity of conversing with, on the means of establishing the independence of Greece, and regenerating the character of the natives, Lord Byron appears to entertain the most enlightened and correct views."

Kennedy, "was given me by the nephew of Professor Bambas."

One of the instances mentioned of his humanity while at Cephalonia will show how prompt he was at the call of that feeling, and how unworthy, sometimes, were the objects of it. A party of workmen employed upon one of those fine roads projected by Colonel Napier having imprudently excavated a high bank, the earth fell in, and overwhelmed nearly a dozen persons; the news of which accident instantly reaching Metaxata, Lord Byron despatched his physician Bruno to the spot, and followed with Count Gamba, as soon as their horses could be saddled. They found a crowd of women and children wailing round the ruins; while the workmen, who had just dug out three or four of their maimed companions, stood resting themselves unconcernedly, as if nothing more was required of them; and to Lord Byron's enquiry whether there were not still some other persons below the earth, answered coolly that "they did not know, but believed that there were." Enraged at this brutal indifference, he sprang from his horse, and seizing a spade himself, began to dig with all his strength; but it was not till after being threatened with the horsewhip that any of the peasants could be brought to follow his example. "I was not present at this scene myself," says Colonel Napier, in the Notices with which he has favoured me, "but was told that Lord Byron's attention seemed quite absorbed in the study of the faces and gesticulations of those whose friends were missing. The sorrow of the Greeks is, in appearance, very frantic, and they shriek and howl, as in Ireland.

It was in alluding to the above incident that the noble poet is stated to have said that he had come out to the Islands prejudiced against Sir T. Maitland's government of the Greeks: "but," he added, "I have now changed my opinion. They are such barbarians, that if I had the government of them, I would pave these very roads with them."

While residing at Metaxata, he received an account of the illness of his daughter Ada, which "made him anxious and melancholy (says Count Gamba) for several days." Her indisposition he understood to have been caused by a determination of blood to the head; and on his remarking to Dr. Kennedy, as curious, that it was a complaint to which he himself was subject, the physician replied, that he should have been inclined to infer so, not only from his habits of intense and irregular study, but from the present state of his eyes, — the right eye appearing to be inflamed. I have mentioned this latter circumstance as perhaps justifying the inference that there was in Lord Byron's state of health at this moment a predisposition to the complaint of which he afterwards died. To Dr. Kennedy he spoke frequently of his wife and daughter, expressing the strongest affection for the latter, and respect towards the former; and while declaring as usual his perfect ignorance of the causes of the separation, professing himself fully disposed to welcome any prospect of reconcilement.

The anxiety with which, at all periods of his life, but particularly at the present, he sought to repel the notion that, except when under the actual inspiration of writing, he was at all influenced by poetical associations, very frequently displayed itself. "You must have been highly gratified (said a gentleman to him) by the classical remains and recollections which you met with in your visit to Ithaca." — "You quite mistake me," answered Lord Byron — "I have no poetical humbug about me; I am too old for that. Ideas of that sort are confined to rhyme."

For the two days during which he was delayed by contrary winds, he took up his abode at the house of Mr. Hancock, his banker, and passed the greater part of the time in company with the English authorities of the Island. At length the wind becoming fair, he prepared to embark. "I called upon him to take leave," says Dr. Kennedy, "and found him alone, reading Quentin Durward. He was, as usual, in good spirits." In a few hours after the party set sail, — Lord Byron himself on board the Mistico, and Count Gamba, with the horses and heavy baggage, in the larger vessel, or Bombarda. After touching at Zante, for the purpose of some pecuniary arrangements with Mr. Barff, and taking on board a considerable sum of money in specie, they, on the evening of the 29th, proceeded towards Missolonghi. Their last accounts from that place having represented the Turkish fleet as still in the Gulf of Lepanto, there appeared not the slightest grounds for apprehending any interruption in their passage. Besides, knowing that the Greek squadron was now at anchorage near the entrance of the Gulf, they had little doubt of soon falling in with some friendly vessel, either in search, or waiting for them.

"We sailed together," says Count Gamba, in a highly picturesque and affecting passage, "till after ten at night; the wind favourable — a clear sky, the air fresh but not sharp. Our sailors sang alternately patriotic songs, monotonous indeed, but to persons in our situation extremely touching, and we took part in them. We were all, but Lord Byron

particularly, in excellent spirits. The Mistico sailed the fastest. When the waves divided us, and our voices could no longer reach each other, we made signals by firing pistols and carbines — 'To-morrow we meet at Missolonghi — to-morrow.' Thus, full of confidence and spirits, we sailed along. At twelve we were out of sight of each other."

In waiting for the other vessel, having more than once shortened sail for that purpose, the party on board the Mistico were upon the point of being surprised into an encounter which might, in a moment, have changed the future fortunes of Lord Byron. Two or three hours before daybreak, while steering towards Missolonghi, they found themselves close under the stern of a large vessel, which they at first took to be Greek, but which, when within pistol shot, they discovered to be a Turkish frigate. By good fortune, they were themselves, as it appears, mistaken for a Greek brûlot by the Turks, who therefore feared to fire, but with loud shouts frequently hailed them, while those on board Lord Byron's vessel maintained the most profound silence; and even the dogs (as I have heard his Lordship's valet mention), though they had never ceased to bark during the whole of the night, did not utter, while within reach of the Turkish frigate, a sound; — a no less lucky than a curious accident, as, from the information the Turks had received of all the particulars of his Lordship's departure from Zante, the barking of the dogs, at that moment, would have been almost certain to betray him. Under the favour of these circumstances, and the darkness, they were enabled to bear away without further molestation, and took shelter among the Scrofes, a cluster of rocks but a few hours' sail from Missolonghi. From this place the following letter, remarkable, considering his situation at the moment, for the light, careless tone that pervades it, was despatched to Colonel Stanhope.

LETTER 534.

TO THE HONOURABLE COLONEL STANHOPE.

"Scrofer (or some such name), on board a Cephaloniote Mistico, Dec. 31. 1823.

"My dear Stanhope,

"We are just arrived here, that is, part of my people and I, with some things, &c., and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted, perhaps); — but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the Committee things, also some eight thousand dollars of mine, (but never mind, we have more left, do you understand?) are taken by the Turkish frigates, and my party and myself, in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night, (being close under their stern and hailed, but we would not answer, and bore away,) as well as this morning. Here we are, with the sun and clearing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols, and, I suspect, not more than four fighting people on board,) is another question, especially if we remain long here, since we are blocked out of Missolonghi by the direct entrance.

"You had better send my friend George Drake (Draco), and a body of Suliotes, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and our Bombard are taken into Patras, I suppose; and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them out: but where the devil is the fleet gone? — the Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again.

"Make my respects to Mavrocordato, and say that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here: not so much on my own account as on that of a Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces, and myself too, than have him taken out by those barbarians. We are all very well.

"N. B.

"The Bombard was twelve miles out when taken; at least, so it appeared to us (if taken she actually be, for it is not certain); and we had to escape from another vessel that stood right between us and the port."

Finding that his position among the rocks of the Scrofes would be untenable in the event of an attack by armed boats, he thought it right to venture out again, and making all sail, got safe to Dragomestri, a small seaport town on the coast of Acarnania; from whence the annexed letters to two of the most valued of his Cephalonian friends were written.

LETTER 535. TO MR. MUIR.

"Dragomestri, January 2. 1824.

"My dear Muir,

"I wish you many returns of the season, and happiness therewithal. Gamba and the Bombard (there is a strong reason to believe) are carried into Patras by a Turkish frigate, which we saw chase them at dawn on the 31st: we had been close under the stern in the night, believing her

a Greek till within pistol shot, and only escaped by a miracle of all the Saints (our captain says), and truly I am of his opinion, for we should never have got away of ourselves. They were signalising their consort with lights, and had illuminated the ship between decks, and were shouting like a mob; — but then why did they not fire? Perhaps they took us for a Greek brûlot, and were afraid of kindling us — they had no colours flying even at dawn nor after.

"At daybreak my boat was on the coast, but the wind unfavourable for *the port;* — a large vessel with the wind in her favour standing between us and the Gulf, and another in chase of the Bombard about twelve miles off, or so. Soon after they stood (*i. e.* the Bombard and frigate) apparently towards Patras, and a Zantiote boat making signals to us from the shore to get away. Away we went before the wind, and ran into a creek called Scrofes, I believe, where I landed Luke[1] and another (as Luke's life was in most danger), with some money for themselves, and a letter for Stanhope, and sent them up the country to Missolonghi, where they would be in safety, as the place where we were could be assailed by armed boats in a moment, and Gamba had all our arms except two carbines, a fowling-piece, and some pistols.

"In less than an hour the vessel in chase neared us, and we dashed out again, and showing our stern (our boat sails very well), got in before night to Dragomestri, where we now are. But where is the Greek fleet? I don't know — do you? I told our master of the boat that I was inclined to think the two large vessels (there were none else in sight) Greeks. But he answered, 'They are too large — why don't they show their colours?' and his account was confirmed, be it true or false, by several boats which we met or passed, as we could not at any rate have got in with that wind without beating about for a long time; and as there was much property, and some lives to risk (the boy's especially) without any means of defence, it was necessary to let our boatmen have their own way.

"I despatched yesterday another messenger to Missolonghi for an escort, but we have yet no answer. We are here (those of my boat) for the fifth day without taking our clothes off, and sleeping on deck in all weathers, but are all very well, and in good spirits. It is to be supposed that the Government will send, for their own sakes, an escort, as I have 16,000 dollars on board, the greater part for their service. I had (besides personal property to the amount of about 500 more) 8000 dollars in specie of my own, without reckoning the Committee's stores; so that the Turks will have a good thing of it, if the prize be good.

"I regret the detention of Gamba, &c., but the rest we can make up again; so tell Hancock to set my bills into cash as soon as possible, and Corgialegno to prepare the remainder of my credit with Messrs. Webb to be turned into monies. I shall remain here, unless something extraordinary occurs, till Mavrocordato sends, and then go on, and act according to circumstances. My respects to the two colonels, and remembrances to all friends. Tell '*Ultima Analise*'[2] that his friend Raidi did not make his appearance with the brig, though I think that he might as well have spoken with us *in* or *off* Zante, to give us a gentle hint of what we had to expect.

"Yours ever affectionately, N. B.

"P. S. — Excuse my scrawl on account of the pen and the frosty morning at daybreak. I write in haste, a boat starting for Kalamo. I do not know whether the detention of the Bombard (if she be detained, for I cannot swear to it, and I can only judge from appearances, and what all these fellows say,) be an affair of the Government, and neutrality, and &c. — but *she was stopped at least* twelve miles distant from any port, and had all her papers regular from *Zante* for *Kalamo* and *we also*. I did not land at Zante, being anxious to lose as little time as possible; but Sir F. S. came off to invite me, &c., and every body was as kind as could be, even in Cephalonia."

LETTER 536. TO MR. C. HANCOCK.

"Dragomestri, January 2, 1824.

"Dear Sir 'Ancock,'[3]

"Remember me to Mr. Muir and every body else. I have still the 16,000 dollars with me, the rest were on board the Bombarda. Here we are — the Bombarda taken, or at least missing, with all the Committee stores, my friend Gamba, the horses, negro, bulldog, steward, and domestics, with all our implements of peace and war, also 8000

[1] A Greek youth whom he had brought with him, in his suite, from Cephalonia.

Count Delladecima, to whom he gives this name, in consequence of a habit which that gentleman had of using the phrase "in ultima analise," frequently in conversation.

[2] This letter is, more properly, a postscript to one which Dr. Bruno had, by his orders, written to Mr. Hancock, with some particulars of their voyage; and the Doctor having begun his letter, "Pregiatmo, Sgr. Ancock," Lord Byron thus parodies his mode of address.

dollars; but whether she will be lawful prize or no, is for the decision of the Governor of the Seven Islands. I have written to Dr. Muir, by way of Kalamo, with all particulars. We are in good condition; and what with wind and weather, and being hunted or so, little sleeping on deck, &c. are in tolerable seasoning for the country and circumstances. But I foresee that we shall have occasion for all the cash I can muster at Zante and elsewhere. Mr. Barff gave us 8000 and odd dollars; so there is still a balance in my favour. We are not quite certain that the vessels were Turkish which chased; but there is strong presumption that they were, and no news to the contrary. At Zante, every body, from the Resident downwards, were as kind as could be, especially your worthy and courteous partner.

"Tell our friends to keep up their spirits, and we may yet do well. I disembarked the boy and another Greek, who were in most terrible alarm — the boy, at least, from the Morea — on shore near Anatoliko, I believe, which put them in safety; and, as for me and mine, we must stick by our goods.

"I hope that Gamba's detention will only be temporary. As for the effects and monies, if we have them, — well; if otherwise, patience. I wish you a happy new year, and all our friends the same.

"Yours, &c."

During these adventures of Lord Byron, Count Gamba, having been brought to by the Turkish frigate, had been carried, with his valuable charge, into Patras, where the Commander of the Turkish fleet was stationed. Here, after an interview with the Pacha, by whom he was treated, during his detention, most courteously, he had the good fortune to procure the release of his vessel and freight; and, on the 4th of January, reached Missolonghi. To his surprise, however, he found that Lord Byron had not yet arrived; for,— as if every thing connected with this short voyage were doomed to deepen whatever ill bodings there were already in his mind,—on his Lordship's departure from Dragomestri, a violent gale of wind had come on; his vessel was twice driven on the rocks in the passage of the Scrofes, and, from the force of the wind, and the captain's ignorance of those shoals, the danger was by all on board considered to be most serious. "On the second time of striking," says Count Gamba, "the sailors, losing all hope of saving the vessel, began to think of their own safety. But Lord Byron persuaded them to remain; and by his firmness, and no small share of nautical skill, got them out of danger, and thus saved the vessel and several lives, with 25,000 dollars, the greater part in specie."

The wind still blowing right against their course to Missolonghi, they again anchored between two of the numerous islets by which this part of the coast is lined; and here Lord Byron, as well for refreshment as ablution, found himself tempted into an indulgence which, it is not improbable, may have had some share in producing the fatal illness that followed. Having put off in a boat to a small rock at some distance, he sent back a messenger for the nankeen trowsers which he usually wore in bathing; and, though the sea was rough and the night cold, it being then the 3d of January, swam back to the vessel. "I am fully persuaded," says his valet, in relating this imprudent freak, "that it injured my Lord's health. He certainly was not taken ill at the time, but in the course of two or three days his Lordship complained of a pain in all his bones, which continued more or less till the time of his death."

Setting sail again next morning with the hope of reaching Missolonghi before sunset, they were still baffled by adverse winds, and arriving late at night in the port, did not land till the morning of the 5th.

The solicitude, in the mean time, of all at Missolonghi, knowing that the Turkish fleet was out, and Lord Byron on his way, may without difficulty be conceived, and is most livelily depicted in a letter written during the suspense of that moment, by an eye-witness. "The Turkish fleet," says Colonel Stanhope, "has ventured out, and is, at this moment, blockading the port. Beyond these again are seen the Greek ships, and among the rest the one that was sent for Lord Byron. Whether he is on board or not is a question. You will allow that this is an eventful day." Towards the end of the letter, he adds, "Lord Byron's servants have just arrived; he himself will be here to-morrow. If he had not come, we had need have prayed for fair weather; for both fleet and army are hungry and inactive. Parry has not appeared. Should he also arrive to-morrow, all Missolonghi will go mad with pleasure."

The reception their noble visitor experienced on his arrival was such as, from the ardent eagerness with which he had been looked for, might be expected. The whole population of the place crowded to the shore to welcome him: the ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed; and all the troops and dignitaries of the place, civil and military, with the Prince Mavrocordato at their head, met him on his landing, and accompanied him, amidst the mingled din of

shouts, wild music, and discharges of artillery, to the house that had been prepared for him. "I cannot easily describe," says Count Gamba, "the emotions which such a scene excited. I could scarcely refrain from tears."

After eight days of fatigue such as Lord Byron had endured, some short interval of rest might fairly have been desired by him. But the scene on which he had now entered was one that precluded all thoughts of repose. He on whom the eyes and hopes of all others were centred, could but little dream of indulging any care for himself. There were, at this particular moment, too, collected within the precincts of that town as great an abundance of the materials of unquiet and misrule as had been ever brought together in so small a space. In every quarter, both public and private, disorganisation and dissatisfaction presented themselves. Of the fourteen brigs of war which had come to the succour of Missolonghi, and which had for some time actually protected it against a Turkish fleet double its number, nine had already, hopeless of pay, returned to Hydra, while the sailors of the remaining five, from the same cause of complaint, had just quitted their ships, and were murmuring idly on shore. The inhabitants, seeing themselves thus deserted or preyed upon by their defenders, with a scarcity of provisions threatening them, and the Turkish fleet before their eyes, were no less ready to break forth into riot and revolt; while, at the same moment, to complete the confusion, a General Assembly was on the point of being held in the town, for the purpose of organising the forces of Western Greece, and to this meeting all the wild mountain chiefs of the province, ripe, of course, for dissension, were now flocking with their followers. Mavrocordato himself, the President of the intended Congress, had brought in his train no less than 5000 armed men, who were at this moment in the town. Ill provided, too, with either pay or food by the Government, this large military mob were but little less discontented and destitute than the sailors; and, in short, in every direction, the entire population seems to have presented such a fermenting mass of insubordination and discord as was far more likely to produce warfare among themselves than with the enemy.

Such was the state of affairs when Lord Byron arrived at Missolonghi; — such the evils he had now to encounter, with the formidable consciousness that to him, and him alone, all looked for the removal of them.

Of his proceedings during the first weeks after his arrival, the following letters to Mr. Hancock (which by the great kindness of that gentleman I am enabled to give) will, assisted by a few explanatory notes, supply a sufficiently ample account.

LETTER 537. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

"Missolonghi, January 13. 1824.

"Dear Sir,

"Many thanks for yours of the fifth; ditto to Muir for his. You will have heard that Gamba and my vessel got out of the hands of the Turks safe and intact; nobody knows well how or why, for there's a mystery in the story somewhat melodramatic. Captain Valsamachi has, I take it, spun a long yarn by this time in Argostoli. I attribute their release entirely to Saint Dionisio, of Zante, and the Madonna of the Rock, near Cephalonia.

"The adventures of my separate luck were also not finished at Dragomestri: we were conveyed out by some Greek gun-boats, and found the Leonidas brig-of-war at sea to look after us. But blowing weather coming on, we were driven on the rocks *twice* in the passage of the Scrofes, and the dollars had another narrow escape. Two thirds of the crew got ashore over the bowsprit: the rocks were rugged enough, but water very deep close in-shore; so that she was, after much swearing and some exertion, got off again, and away we went with a third of our crew, leaving the rest on a desolate island, where they might have been now, had not one of the gun-boats taken them off, for we were in no condition to take them off again.

"Tell Muir that Dr. Bruno did not show much fight on the occasion; for besides stripping to his flannel waistcoat, and running about like a rat in an emergency, when I was talking to a Greek boy (the brother of the Greek girls in Argostoli), and telling him of the fact that there was no danger for the passengers, whatever there might be for the vessel, and assuring him that I could save both him and myself without difficulty[1] (though he can't swim), as the water, though deep, was not very rough, — the wind *not* blowing *right* on shore (it was a blunder of the Greeks who missed stays), — the Doctor exclaimed, 'Save *him*, indeed! by G—d! save *me* rather — I'll be first if I can' — a piece of egotism which he pronounced with such emphatic simplicity

[1] He meant to have taken the boy on his shoulders and swam with him to shore. This feat would have been but a repetition of one of his early sports at Harrow; where it was a frequent practice of his thus to mount one of the smaller boys on his shoulders, and, much to the alarm of the urchin, dive with him into the water.

as to set all who had leisure to hear him laughing[1], and in a minute after the vessel drove off again after striking twice. She sprung a small leak, but nothing further happened, except that the captain was very nervous afterwards.

"To be brief, we had bad weather almost always, though not contrary; slept on deck in the wet generally for seven or eight nights, but never was in better health (I speak personally) — so much so that I actually bathed for a quarter of an hour on the evening of the 4th instant in the sea (to kill the fleas, and other, &c.), and was all the better for it.

"We were received at Missolonghi with all kinds of kindness and honours; and the sight of the fleet saluting, &c. and the crowds and different costumes, was really picturesque. We think of undertaking an expedition soon, and I expect to be ordered with the Suliotes to join the army.

"All well at present. We found Gamba already arrived, and every thing in good condition. Remember me to all friends.

"Yours ever, N. B.

"P. S. — You will, I hope, use every exertion to realise the *assets*. For besides what I have already advanced, I have undertaken to maintain the Suliotes for a year, (and will accompany them either as a Chief, or whichever is most agreeable to the Government,) besides sundries. I do not understand Brown's '*letters of credit*.' I neither gave nor ordered a letter of credit that I know of; and though of course, if you have done it, I will be responsible, I was not aware of any thing, except that I would have backed his bills, which you said was unnecessary. As to *orders* — I ordered nothing but some *red cloth* and *oil cloths*, both of which I am ready to receive; but if Gamba has exceeded my commission, *the other things must be sent back, for I cannot permit any thing of the kind, nor will*. The servants' journey will of course be paid for, though *that* is exorbitant. As for Brown's letter, I do not know any thing more than I have said, and I really cannot defray the charges of half Greece and the Frank adventurers besides. Mr. Barff must send us some dollars soon, for the expenses fall on me for the present.

"January 14. 1824.

"P. S. — Will you tell Saint (Jew) Geronimo Corgialegno that I mean to draw for the balance of my credit with Messrs. Webb and Co. I shall draw for two thousand dollars (that being the amount, more or less); but, to facilitate the business, I shall make the draft payable also at Messrs. Ransom and Co., Pall-Mall East, London. I believe I already showed you my letters, (but if not, I have them to show,) by which, besides the credits now realising, you will have perceived that I am not limited to any particular amount of credit with my bankers. The Honourable Douglas, my friend and trustee, is a principal partner in that house, and having the direction of my affairs, is aware to what extent my present resources may go, and the letters in question were from him. I can merely say, that within the *current* year, 1824, besides the money already advanced to the Greek Government, and the credits now in your hands and your partner's (Mr. Barff), which are all from the income of 1823, I have anticipated nothing from that of the present year hitherto. I shall or ought to have at my disposition upwards of one hundred thousand dollars, (including my income, and the purchase-monies of a manor lately sold,) and perhaps more, without infringing on my income for 1825, and not including the remaining balance of 1823.

Yours ever, N. B."

LETTER 538. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

"Missolonghi, January 17. 1824.

"I have answered, at some length, your obliging letter, and trust that you have received my reply by means of Mr. Tindal. I will also thank you to remind Mr. Tindal that I would thank him to furnish you, on my account, with *an order of the Committee* for one hundred dollars, which I advanced to him on their account through Signor Corgialegno's agency at Zante on his arrival in October, as it is but fair that the said Committee should pay their own expenses. An order will be sufficient, as the money might

[1] In the Doctor's own account this scene is described, as might be expected, somewhat differently: — "Ma nel di lui passaggio marittimo una fregata Turca inseguì la di lui nave, obligandola di ricoverarsi dentro le *Scrofes*, dove per l'impeto dei venti fù gettata sopra i scogli: tutti i marinari dell' equipaggio saltarono a terra per salvare la loro vita: Milord solo col di lui Medico Dottr. Bruno rimasero sulla nave che ognuno vedeva colare a fondo: ma dopo qualche tempo non essendosi visto che ciò avveniva, le persone fuggite a terra respinsero la nave nell' acque: ma il tempestoso mare la ribastò una seconda volta contro i scogli, ed allora si aveva per certo che la nave coll' illustre personaggio, una grande quantità di denari, e molti preziosi effetti per i Greci anderebbero a fondo. Tuttavia Lord Byron non si perturbò per nulla; anzi disse al di lui medico che voleva gettarsi al nuoto onde raggiungere la spiaggia: 'Non abbandonate la nave finchè abbiamo forze per direggerla: allorchè saremo coperti dall' acque, allora gettatevi pure, che io vi salvo.'"

be inconvenient for Mr. T. at present to disburse.

"I have also advanced to Mr. Blackett the sum of fifty dollars, which I will thank Mr. Stevens to pay to you, on my account, from monies of Mr. Blackett now in his hands. I have Mr. B.'s acknowledgment in writing.

"As the wants of the State here are still pressing, and there seems very little specie stirring except mine, I will stand paymaster; and must again request you and Mr. Barff to forward by a *safe* channel (if possible) all the dollars you can collect upon the bills now negotiating. I have also written to Corgialegno for two thousand dollars, being about the balance of my separate letter from Messrs. Webb and Co., making the bills also payable at Ransom's in London.

"Things are going on better, if not well; there is some order, and considerable preparation. I expect to accompany the troops on an expedition shortly, which makes me particularly anxious for the remaining remittance, as 'money is the sinew of war,' and of peace, too, as far as I can see, for I am sure there would be no peace here without it. However, a little does go a good way, which is a comfort. The Government of the Morea and of Candia have written to me for a further advance from my own peculium of 20 or 30,000 dollars, to which I demur for the present, (having undertaken to pay the Suliotes as a free gift and other things already, besides the loan which I have already advanced,) till I receive letters from England, which I have reason to expect.

"When the expected credits arrive, I hope that you will bear a hand, otherwise I must have recourse to Malta, which will be losing time and taking trouble; but I do not wish you to do more than is perfectly agreeable to Mr. Barff and to yourself. I am very well, and have no reason to be dissatisfied with my personal treatment, or with the posture of public affairs — others must speak for themselves. Yours ever and truly, &c.

"P. S. — Respects to Colonels Wright and Duffie, and the officers civil and military; also to my friends Muir and Stevens particularly, and to Delladecima."

LETTER 539. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

"Missolonghi, January 19. 1824.

"Since I wrote on the 17th, I have received a letter from Mr. Stevens, enclosing an account from Corfu, which is so exaggerated in price and quantity, that I am at a loss whether most to admire Gamba's folly, or the merchant's knavery. All that *I* requested Gamba to order was red cloth enough to make a *jacket*, and some oil-skin for trowsers, &c. — the latter has not been sent — the whole could not have amounted to fifty dollars. The account is six hundred and forty-five!!! I will guarantee Mr. Stevens against any loss, of course, but I am not disposed to take the articles (which I never ordered), nor to pay the amount. I will take one hundred dollars' worth; the rest may be sent back, and I will make the merchant an allowance of so much per cent.; or, if that is not to be done, you must sell the whole by auction at what price the things may fetch; for I would rather incur the dead loss of *part*, than be encumbered with a quantity of things, to me at present superfluous or useless. Why, I could have maintained three hundred men for a month for the sum in Western Greece.

When the dogs, and the dollars, and the negro, and the horses, fell into the hands of the Turks, I acquiesced with patience, as you may have perceived, because it was the work of the elements of war, or of Providence: but this is a piece of mere human knavery or folly, or both, and I neither can nor will submit to it.[1] I have occasion for every dollar I can muster to keep the Greeks together, and I do not grudge any expense for the cause; but to throw away as much as would equip, or at least maintain, a corps of excellent ragamuffins with arms in their hands, to furnish Gamba and the Doctor with blank bills (see list), broad cloth, Hessian boots, and horsewhips (the *latter* I own that they have richly earned), is rather beyond my endurance, though a pacific person, as all the world knows, or at least my acquaintances. I pray you to try to help me

[1] We have here as striking an instance as could be adduced of that peculiar feature of his character which shallow or malicious observers have misrepresented as avarice, but which in reality was the result of a strong sense of justice and fairness, and an indignant impatience of being stultified or over-reached. Colonel Stanhope, in referring to the circumstance mentioned above, has put Lord Byron's angry feeling respecting it in the true light.

"He was constantly attacking Count Gamba, sometimes, indeed, playfully, but more often with the bitterest satire, for having purchased for the use of his family, while in Greece, 500 dollars' worth of cloth. This he used to mention as an instance of the Count's imprudence and extravagance. Lord Byron told me one day, with a tone of great gravity, that this 500 dollars would have been most serviceable in promoting the siege of Lepanto; and that he never would, to the last moment of his existence, forgive Gamba, for having squandered away his money in the purchase of cloth. No one will suppose that Lord Byron could be serious in such a denunciation: he entertained, in reality, the highest opinion of Count Gamba, who, both on account of his talents and devotedness to his friend, merited his Lordship's esteem. As to Lord Byron's generosity, it is before the world; he promised to devote his large income to the cause of Greece, and he honestly acted up to his pledge.

out of this damnable commercial speculation of Gamba's, for it is one of those pieces of impudence or folly which I don't forgive him in a hurry. I will of course see Stevens free of expense out of the transaction; — by the way, the Greek of a Corfiote has thought proper to draw a bill, and get it discounted at 24 dollars: if I had been there, it should have been *protested* also.

"Mr. Blackett is here ill, and will soon set out for Cephalonia. He came to me for some pills, and I gave him some reserved for particular friends, and which I never knew any body recover from under several months; but he is no better, and, what is odd, no worse; and as the doctors have had no better success with him than I, he goes to Argostoli, sick of the Greeks and of a constipation.

"I must reiterate my request for *specie*, and that speedily, otherwise public affairs will be at a stand-still here. I have undertaken to pay the Suliotes for a year, to advance in March 3000 dollars, besides, to the Government for a balance due to the troops, and some other smaller matters for the Germans, and the press, &c. &c. &c.; so that with these, and the expenses of my suite, which, though not extravagant, is expensive, with Gamba's d—d nonsense, I shall have occasion for all the monies I can muster; and I have credits wherewithal to face the undertakings, if realised, and expect to have more soon.

"Believe me ever and truly yours, &c."

CHAPTER LIV

1824.

MISSOLONGHI. — LORD BYRON'S LAST BIRTH-DAY. — STANZAS ON COMPLETING HIS THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR. — LETTERS TO HANCOCK, YUSSUF PACHA, BARFF, MAYER, AND DOUGLAS KINNAIRD. — ARRIVAL OF PARRY. — LORD BYRON TAKES FIVE HUNDRED SULIOTES INTO HIS PAY, AND ACTS AS THEIR COMMANDER. — HIS HUMANE POLICY. — PROJECTED ATTACK ON LEPANTO. — APPOINTED COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION. — DIFFICULTIES AND EMBARRASSMENTS. — LETTER TO LONDO. — COLONEL STANHOPE. — FREE PRESS. — RUPTURE WITH THE SULIOTES. — LORD BYRON'S FIRST ILLNESS. — RECOVERY. — SECURES THE RELEASE OF TWENTY-FOUR TURKISH WOMEN AND CHILDREN — AND SENDS THEM AT HIS OWN EXPENSE TO PREVESA.

On the morning of the 22d of January, his birthday, — the last my poor friend was ever fated to see, — he came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some others were assembled, and said with a smile, "You were complaining the other day that I never write any poetry now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something which, I think, is better than what I usually write." He then produced to them those beautiful stanzas, which, though already known to most readers, are far too affectingly associated with this closing scene of his life to be omitted among its details. Taking into consideration, indeed, every thing connected with these verses, — the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole, — there is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition, round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest.

"JANUARY 22D.

"ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

1.

"'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

2.

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

3.

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile!

4.

"The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

5.

"But 't is not *thus* — and 't is not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

6.

"The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

7.

"Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

8.

"Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

9.

"If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

10.

"Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

"We perceived," says Count Gamba, "from these lines, as well as from his daily conversations, that his ambition and his hope were irrevocably fixed upon the glorious objects of his expedition to Greece, and that he had made up his mind to 'return victorious, or return no more.' Indeed, he often said to me, 'Others may do as they please — they may go — but I stay here, *that is certain.*' The same determination was expressed in his letters to his friends; and this resolution was not unaccompanied with the very natural presentiment — that he should never leave Greece alive. He one day asked his faithful servant, Tita, whether he thought of returning to Italy? 'Yes,' said Tita: 'if your Lordship goes, I go.' Lord Byron smiled, and said, 'No, Tita, I shall never go back from Greece — either the Turks, or the Greeks, or the climate, will prevent that.'"

LETTER 540. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

"Missolonghi, February 5. 1824.

"Dr. Muir's letter and yours of the 23d reached me some days ago. Tell Muir that I am glad of his promotion for his sake, and of his remaining near us for all our sakes; though I cannot but regret Dr. Kennedy's departure, which accounts for the previous earthquakes and the present English weather in this climate. With all respect to my medical pastor, I have to announce to him, that amongst other fire-brands, our fire-master Parry (just landed) has disembarked an elect blacksmith, intrusted with three hundred and twenty-two Greek Testaments. I have given him all facilities in my power for his works spiritual and temporal; and if he can settle matters as easily with the Greek Archbishop and hierarchy, I trust that neither the heretic nor the supposed sceptic will be accused of intolerance.

"By the way, I met with the said Archbishop at Anatolico (where I went by invitation of the Primates a few days ago, and was received with a heavier cannonade than the Turks, probably,) for the second time (I had known him here before); and he and P. Mavrocordato, and the Chiefs and Primates and I, all dined together, and I thought the metropolitan the merriest of the party, and a very good Christian for all that. But Gamba (we got wet through on our way back) has been ill with a fever and colic; and Luke has been out of sorts too, and so have some others of the people, and I have been very well, — except that I caught cold yesterday, with swearing too much in the rain at the Greeks, who would not bear a hand in landing the Committee stores, and nearly spoiled our combustibles; but I turned out in person, and made such a row as set them in motion, blaspheming at them from the Government downwards, till they actually did *some* part of what they ought to have done several days before, and this is esteemed, as it deserves to be, a wonder.

"Tell Muir that, notwithstanding his remonstrances, which I receive thankfully, it is perhaps best that I should advance with the troops; for if we do not do something soon, we shall only have a third year of defensive operations and another siege, and all that. We hear that the Turks are coming down in force, and sooner than usual; and as these fellows do mind me a little, it is the opinion that I should go, — firstly, because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than one of their own people, out of native jealousies; secondly, because the Turks will sooner treat or capitulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank than a Greek; and, thirdly, because nobody else seems disposed to take the responsibility — Mavrocordato being very busy here, the foreign military men too young or not of authority enough to be obeyed by the natives, and the Chiefs (as aforesaid) inclined to obey any one except, or rather than, one of their own body. As for me, I am willing to do what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I neither seek nor shun that nor any thing else they may wish me to attempt: as for personal safety, besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as another; and, after all, he had better end with a bullet than bark in his body. If we are not taken off with the sword, we are like to march off with an ague in this mud basket; and to conclude with a very bad pun, to the ear rather than to the eye, better *martially* than *marsh-ally*; — the situation of Missolonghi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland when broken down are the Deserts of Arabia for dryness, in comparison.

"And now for the sinews of war. I thank you and Mr. Barff for your ready answers, which, next to ready money, is a pleasant thing. Besides the assets and balance, and the relics of the Corgialegno correspondence with Leghorn and Genoa, (I sold the dog flour, tell him, but not at *his* price,) I shall request and require, from the beginning of March ensuing, about five thousand dollars every two months, *i. e.* about twenty-five thousand within the current year, at regular intervals, independent of the sums now negotiating. I can show you documents to prove that these are considerably *within* my supplies for the year in more ways than one; but I do not like to tell the Greeks exactly what I *could* or would advance on an emergency, because otherwise, they will double and triple their demands (a disposition that they have already sufficiently shown): and though I am willing to do all I can *when* necessary, yet I do not see why they should not help a little; for they are not quite so bare as they pretend to be by some accounts.

"February 7. 1824.

"I have been interrupted by the arrival of Parry, and afterwards by the return of Hesketh, who has not brought an answer to my epistles, which rather surprises me. You will write soon, I suppose. Parry seems a fine rough subject, but will hardly be ready for the field these three weeks; he and I will (I think) be able to draw together, — at least, *I* will not interfere with or contradict him in his own department. He complains grievously of the mercantile and *enthusymusy* part of the Committee, but greatly praises Gordon and Hume. Gordon *would* have given three or four thousand pounds and come out *himself*, but Kennedy or somebody else disgusted him, and thus they have spoiled part of their subscription and cramped their operations. Parry says B * * * is a humbug, to which I say nothing. He sorely laments the printing and civilising expenses, and wishes that there was not a Sunday-school in the world, or *any* school *here* at present, save and except always an academy for artilleryship.

"He complained also of the cold, a little to my surprise; firstly, because, there being no chimneys, I have used myself to do without other warmth than the animal heat and one's cloak, in these parts; and, secondly, because I should as soon have expected to hear a volcano sneeze, as a firemaster (who is to burn a whole fleet) exclaim against the atmosphere. I fully expected that his very approach would have scorched up the town like the burning-glasses of Archimedes.

"Well, it seems that I am to be Commander-in-Chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure, for we are not what Major Sturgeon calls 'a set of the most amicable officers.' Whether we shall have 'a boxing bout between Captain Sheers and the Colonel,' I cannot tell; but, between Suliote chiefs, German barons, English volunteers, and adventurers of all nations, we are likely to form as goodly an allied army as ever quarrelled beneath the same banner.

"February 8. 1824.

"Interrupted again by business yesterday, and it is time to conclude my letter. I drew some time since on Mr. Barff for a thousand dollars, to complete some money wanted by the Government. The said Government got cash on that bill *here*, and at a profit; but the very same fellow who gave it to them, after proposing to give me money for other bills on Barff to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars, either could not, or thought better of it. I had written to Barff advising him, but had afterwards to write to tell him of the fellow's having not come up to time. You must really send me the balance soon. I have the artillerists and my Suliotes to pay, and Heaven knows what besides; and as every thing depends upon punctuality, all our operations will be at a stand-still unless you use despatch. I shall send to Mr. Barff or to you further bills on England for three thousand pounds, to be nogotiated as speedily as you can. I have already stated here and formerly the sums I can command at home within the year, — without including my credits, or the bills already negotiated or negotiating, as Corgialegno's balance of Mr. Webb's letter, — and my letters from my friends (received by Mr. Parry's vessel) confirm what I have already stated. How much I may require in the course of the year I can't tell, but I will take care that it shall not exceed the means to supply it.

"Yours ever, N. B.

"P. S. — I have had, by desire of a Mr. *Jerostati*, to draw on Demetrius Delladecima (is it our friend in ultima analise?) to pay the Committee expenses. I really do not understand what the Committee mean by some of their freedoms. Parry and I get on very well *hitherto:* how long this may last, Heaven knows, but I hope it will, for a good deal for the Greek service depends upon it; but he has already had some *miffs* with Col. S., and I do all I can to keep the peace amongst them. However, Parry is a fine fellow, extremely active, and of strong, sound, practical talents, by all accounts. Enclosed are bills for three thousand pounds, drawn

in the mode directed (*i. e.* parcelled out in smaller bills). A good opportunity occurring for Cephalonia to send letters on, I avail myself of it. Remember me to Stevens and to all friends. Also my compliments and every thing kind to the colonels and officers.

"February 9. 1824.

"P. S. — 2d or 3d. I have reason to expect a person from England directed with papers (on business) for me to sign, somewhere in the Islands, by and by: if such should arrive, would you forward him to me by a safe conveyance, as the papers regard a transaction with regard to the adjustment of a lawsuit, and a sum of several thousand pounds, which I, or my bankers and trustees for me, may have to receive (in England) in consequence. The time of the probable arrival I cannot state, but the date of my letters is the 2d Nov., and I suppose that he ought to arrive soon."

How strong were the hopes which even those who watched him most observingly conceived from the whole tenor of his conduct since his arrival at Missolonghi, will appear from the following words of Colonel Stanhope, in one of his letters to the Greek Committee: —

"Lord Byron possesses all the means of playing a great part in the glorious revolution of Greece. He has talent; he professes liberal principles; he has money, and is inspired with fervent and chivalrous feelings. He has commenced his career by two good measures: 1st, by recommending union, and declaring himself of no party; and, 2dly, by taking five hundred Suliotes into pay, and acting as their chief. These acts cannot fail to render his Lordship universally popular, and proportionally powerful. Thus advantageously circumstanced, his Lordship will have an opportunity of realising all his professions."

That the inspirer, however, of these hopes was himself far from participating in them, is a fact manifest from all he said and wrote on the subject, and but adds painfully to the interest which his position at this moment excites. Too well, indeed, did he both understand and feel the difficulties into which he was plunged to deceive himself into any such sanguine delusions. In one only of the objects to which he had looked forward with any hope, — that of endeavouring to humanise, by his example, the system of warfare on both sides, — had he yet been able to gratify himself. Not many days after his arrival an opportunity, as we have seen, had been afforded him of rescuing an unfortunate Turk out of the hands of some Greek sailors; and, towards the end of the month, having learned that there were a few Turkish prisoners in confinement at Missolonghi, he requested of the Government to place them at his disposal, that he might send them to Yussuff Pacha. In performing this act of humane policy, he transmitted with the rescued captives the following letter: —

LETTER 541. TO HIS HIGHNESS YUSSUFF PACHA.

"Missolonghi, January 23. 1824.

"Highness!

"A vessel, in which a friend and some domestics of mine were embarked, was detained a few days ago, and released by order of your Highness. I have now to thank you; not for liberating the vessel, which, as carrying a neutral flag, and being under British protection, no one had a right to detain; but for having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were in your hands.

"In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing to your Highness, I have requested the governor of this place to release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order to make as early a return as I could for your courtesy on the late occasion. These prisoners are liberated without any conditions: but should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I venture to beg that your Highness will treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity; more especially since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side. NOEL BYRON."

Another favourite, and, as it appeared for some time, practicable object, on which he had most ardently set his heart, was the intended attack upon Lepanto — a fortified town[1], which, from its command of the navigation of the Gulf of Corinth, is a position of the first importance. "Lord Byron," says Colonel Stanhope, in a letter dated January 14., "burns with military ardour and chivalry, and will accompany the expedition to Lepanto." The delay of Parry, the engineer, who had been for some months anxiously expected with the supplies necessary for the formation of a brigade of artillery, had hitherto paralysed the preparations for this important enterprise; though, in the mean time, whatever little could be effected, without his aid,

[1] The ancient Naupactus, called Epacto by the modern Greeks, and Lepanto by the Italians.

had been put in progress both by the appointment of a brigade of Suliotes to act under Lord Byron, and by the formation, at the joint expense of his Lordship and Colonel Stanhope, of a small corps of artillery.

It was towards the latter end of January, as we have seen, that Lord Byron received his regular commission from the Government, as Commander of the expedition. In conferring upon him full powers, both civil and military, they appointed, at the same time, a Military Council to accompany him, composed of the most experienced Chieftains of the army, with Nota Bozzari, the uncle of the famous warrior, at their head.

It had been expected that, among the stores sent with Parry, there would be a supply of Congreve rockets,—an instrument of warfare of which such wonders had been related to the Greeks as filled their imaginations with the most absurd ideas of its powers. Their disappointment, therefore, on finding that the engineer had come unprovided with these missiles was excessive. Another hope, too, — that of being enabled to complete an artillery corps by the accession of those Germans who had been sent for into the Morea, — was found almost equally fallacious ; that body of men having, from the death or retirement of those who originally composed it, nearly dwindled away ; and the few officers that now came to serve being, from their fantastic notions of rank and etiquette, far more troublesome than useful. In addition to these discouraging circumstances, the five Speziot ships of war which had for some time formed the sole protection of Missolonghi were now returned to their home, and had left their places to be filled by the enemy's squadron.

Perplexing as were all these difficulties in the way of the expedition, a still more formidable embarrassment presented itself in the turbulent and almost mutinous disposition of those Suliote troops on whom he mainly depended for success in his undertaking. Presuming as well upon his wealth and generosity as upon their own military importance, these unruly warriors had never ceased to rise in the extravagance of their demands upon him ; — the wholly destitute and homeless state of their families at this moment affording but too well-founded a pretext both for their exaction and discontent. Nor were their leaders much more amenable to management than themselves. "There were," says Count Gamba, "six heads of families among them, all of whom had equal pretensions both by their birth their and exploits ; and none of whom would obey any one of his comrades."

A serious riot to which, about the middle of January, these Suliotes had given rise, and in which some lives were lost, had been a source of much irritation and anxiety to Lord Byron, as well from the ill-blood it was likely to engender between his troops and the citizens, as from the little dependence it gave him encouragement to place upon materials so unmanageable. Notwithstanding all this, however, neither his eagerness nor his efforts for the accomplishment of this sole personal object of his ambition ever relaxed a single instant. To whatever little glory was to be won by the attack upon Lepanto, he looked forward as his only reward for all the sacrifices he was making. In his conversations with Count Gamba on the subject, "though he joked a good deal," says this gentleman, "about his post of 'Archistrategos,' or Commander-in-Chief, it was plain that the romance and the peril of the undertaking were great allurements to him." When we combine, indeed, his determination to stand, at all hazards, by the cause, with the very faint hopes his sagacious mind would let him indulge as to his power of serving it, I have little doubt that the "soldier's grave" which, in his own beautiful verses, he marked out for himself, was no idle dream of poetry ; but that, on the contrary, his "wish was father to the thought," and that to an honourable death, in some such achievement as that of storming Lepanto, he looked forward, not only as the sole means of redeeming worthily the great pledge he had now given, but as the most signal and lasting service that a name like his, — echoed, as it would then be, among the watch-words of Liberty, from age to age, — could bequeath to her cause.

In the midst of these cares he was much gratified by the receipt of a letter from an old friend of his, Andrea Londo, whom he had made acquaintance with in his early travels in 1809, and who was at that period a rich proprietor, under the Turks, in the Morea.[1] This patriotic Greek was one of the foremost to raise the standard of the Cross ; and at the present moment stood

[1] This brave Moriote, when Lord Byron first knew him, was particularly boyish in his aspect and manners, but still cherished, under this exterior, a mature spirit of patriotism which occasionally broke forth ; and the noble poet used to relate that, one day, while they were playing at draughts together, on the name of Riga being pronounced, Londo leaped from the table, and clapping violently his hands, began singing the famous song of that ill-fated patriot : —

"Sons of the Greeks, arise !
The glorious hour's gone forth."

distinguished among the supporters of the Legislative Body and of the new National Government. The following is a translation of Lord Byron's answer to his letter."

LETTER 542. TO LONDO.

"Dear Friend,

"The sight of your handwriting gave me the greatest pleasure. Greece has ever been for me, as it must be for all men of any feeling or education, the promised land of valour, of the arts, and of liberty; nor did the time I passed in my youth in travelling among her ruins at all chill my affection for the birthplace of heroes. In addition to this, I am bound to yourself by ties of friendship and gratitude for the hospitality which I experienced from you during my stay in that country, of which you are now become one of the first defenders and ornaments. To see myself serving, by your side and under your eyes, in the cause of Greece, will be to me one of the happiest events of my life. In the mean time, with the hope of our again meeting,

"I am, as ever, &c."

Among the less serious embarrassments of his position at this period, may be mentioned the struggle maintained against him by his colleague, Colonel Stanhope, — with a degree of conscientious perseverance which, even while thwarted by it, he could not but respect, on the subject of a Free Press, which it was one of the favourite objects of his fellow-agent to bring instantly into operation in all parts of Greece. On this important point their opinions differed considerably; and the following report, by Colonel Stanhope, of one of their many conversations on the subject, may be taken as a fair and concise statement of their respective views: —

"Lord Byron said that he was an ardent friend of publicity and the press; but that he feared it was not applicable to this society in its present combustible state. I answered that I thought it applicable to all countries, and essential here, in order to put an end to the state of anarchy which at present prevailed. Lord B. feared libels and licentiousness. I said that the object of a free press was to check public licentiousness, and to expose libellers to odium. Lord B. had mentioned his conversation with Mavrocordato[1] to show that the Prince was not hostile to the press. I declared that I knew

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[1] Lord Byron had, it seems, acknowledged, on the preceding evening, his having remarked to Prince Mavrocordato, that "if he were in his situation, he would have placed the press und
had replied, "No; th
by the Constitution."

er tyrants was his first and main object. He knew that slavery was the great bar to nowledge, and must be broken through be-re her light could come; that the work of e sword must therefore precede that of the en, and camps be the first schools of free-om.

With such sound and manly views of the ue exigencies of the crisis, it is not won-erful that he should view with impatience, nd something, perhaps, of contempt, all that remature apparatus of printing-presses, pe-agogues, &c. with which the Philhellenes f the London Committee were, in their rage r "utilitarianism," encumbering him. Nor ere some of the correspondents of this body uch more solid in their speculations than emselves; one intelligent gentleman having ggested, as a means of conferring signal dvantages on the cause, an alteration of the reek alphabet.

Though feeling, as strongly, perhaps, as ord Byron, the importance of the great bject of their mission, — that of rousing, nd, what was far more difficult, combining gainst the common foe, the energies of the ountry, — Colonel Stanhope was also one f those who thought that the lights of their reat master, Bentham, and the operations f a press unrestrictedly free, were no less ssential instruments towards the advance-ent of the struggle; and in this opinion, s we have seen, the poet and man of litera-ure differed from the soldier. But it was uch a difference as, between men of frank nd fair minds, may arise without either re-roach to themselves, or danger to their ause, — a strife of opinion which, though aintained with heat, may be remembered ithout bitterness, and which, in the pre-ent instance, neither prevented Byron, at e close of one of their warmest altercations, om exclaiming generously to his opponent, Give me that honest right hand," nor with-eld the other from pouring forth, at the ave of his colleague, a strain of eulogy[1] ot the less cordial for being discriminatingly aded with censure, nor less honourable to e illustrious dead for being the tribute of e who had once manfully differed with m.

Towards the middle of February, the defatigable activity of Mr. Parry having ought the artillery brigade into such a ate of forwardness as to be almost ready r service, an inspection of the Suliote corps ok place, preparatory to the expedition; d after much of the usual deception and unmanageableness on their part, every obstacle appeared to be at length surmounted. It was agreed that they should receive a month's pay in advance; — Count Gamba, with 300 of their corps, as a vanguard, was to march next day and take up a position under Lepanto, and Lord Byron with the main body and the artillery was speedily to follow.

New difficulties, however, were soon started by these untractable mercenaries; and under the instigation, as was discovered afterwards, of the great rival of Mavrocordato, Colocotroni, who had sent emissaries into Missolonghi for the purpose of seducing them, they now put forward their exactions in a new shape, by requiring of the Government to appoint, out of their number, two generals, two colonels, two captains, and inferior officers in the same proportion: — "in short," says Count Gamba, "that, out of three or four hundred actual Suliotes, there should be about one hundred and fifty above the rank of common soldiers." The audacious dishonesty of this demand, — beyond what he could have expected even from Greeks, — roused all Lord Byron's rage, and he at once signified to the whole body, through Count Gamba, that all negotiation between them and himself was at an end; that he could no longer have any confidence in persons so little true to their engagements; and that though the relief which he had afforded to their families should still be continued, all his agreements with them, as a body, must be thenceforward void.

It was on the 14th of February that this rupture with the Suliotes took place; and though, on the following day, in consequence of the full submission of their Chiefs, they were again received into his Lordship's service on his own terms, the whole affair, combined with the various other difficulties that now beset him, agitated his mind considerably. He saw with pain that he should but place in peril both the cause of Greece and his own character, by at all relying, in such an enterprise, upon troops whom any intriguer could thus seduce from their duty, and that, till some more regular force could be organised, the expedition against Lepanto must be suspended.

While these vexatious events were occurring, the interruption of his accustomed exercise by the rains but increased the irritability that such delays were calculated to excite; and the whole together, no doubt, concurred with whatever predisposing tendencies were already in his constitution, to bring on that convulsive fit, — the forerunner of his death, — which, on the evening of the

[1] Sketch of Lord Byron. — See Colonel Stanhope's Greece in 1823, 1824," &c. [See also BYRONIANA.]

15th of February, seized him. He was sitting, at about eight o'clock, with only Mr. Parry and Mr. Hesketh, in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope, — talking jestingly upon one of his favourite topics, the differences between himself and this latter gentleman, and saying that "he believed, after all, the author's brigade would be ready before the soldier's printing-press." There was an unusual flush in his face, and from the rapid changes of his countenance it was manifest that he was suffering under some nervous agitation. He then complained of being thirsty, and, calling for some cider, drank of it; upon which, a still greater change being observable over his features, he rose from his seat, but was unable to walk, and, after staggering forward a step or two, fell into Mr. Parry's arms. In another minute, his teeth were closed, his speech and senses gone, and he was in strong convulsions. So violent, indeed, were his struggles, that it required all the strength both of Mr. Parry and his servant Tita to hold him during the fit. His face, too, was much distorted; and, as he told Count Gamba afterwards, "so intense were his sufferings during the convulsion, that, had it lasted but a minute longer, he believed he must have died." The fit was, however, as short as it was violent; in a few minutes his speech and senses returned; his features, though still pale and haggard, resumed their natural shape, and no effect remained from the attack but excessive weakness. "As soon as he could speak," says Count Gamba, "he showed himself perfectly free from all alarm; but he very coolly asked whether his attack was likely to prove fatal. "Let me know,' he said: 'do not think I am afraid to die — I am not.'"

This painful event had not occurred more than half an hour, when a report was brought that the Suliotes were up in arms, and about to attack the seraglio, for the purpose of seizing the magazines. Instantly Lord Byron's friends ran to the arsenal; the artillery-men were ordered under arms; the sentinels doubled, and the cannon loaded and pointed on the approaches to the gates. Though the alarm proved to be false, the very likelihood of such an attack shows sufficiently how precarious was the state of Missolonghi at this moment, and in what a scene of peril, confusion, and uncomfort, the now nearly numbered days of England's poet were to close.

On the following morning he was found to be better, but still pale and weak, and complained much of a sensation of weight in his head. The doctors, therefore, thought it right to apply leeches to his temples; but found it difficult, on their removal, to stop the blood, which continued to flow so copiously, that from exhaustion he fainted. It must have been on this day that the scene thus described by Colonel Stanhope occurred:—

"Soon after his dreadful paroxysm, when, faint with over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliotes, covered with dirt and splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliotes raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime."

Another eyewitness, Count Gamba, bears similar testimony to the presence of mind with which he fronted this and all other such dangers. "It is impossible," says this gentleman, "to do justice to the coolness and magnanimity which he displayed upon every trying occasion. Upon trifling occasions he was certainly irritable; but the aspect of danger calmed him in an instant, and restored to him the free exercise of all the powers of his noble nature. A more undaunted man in the hour of peril never breathed."

The letters written by him during the few following weeks form, as usual, the best record of his proceedings, and, besides the sad interest they possess as being among the latest from his hand, are also precious, as affording proof that neither illness nor disappointment, neither a worn-out frame nor even a hopeless spirit, could lead him for a moment to think of abandoning the great cause he had espoused; while to the last, too, he preserved unbroken the cheerful spring of his mind, his manly endurance of all ills that affected but himself, and his ever-wakeful consideration for the wants of others.

LETTER 543. TO MR. BARFF.

"February 21.

"I am a good deal better, though of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it, but I have since been up daily, and out in boats or on horseback. To-day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as can well be, without any liquid but water, and without animal food.

"Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four-and-twenty women and children, and sent them at my own expense to Prevesa, that the English

Consul-General may consign them to their relations. I did this by their own desire. Matters here are a little embroiled with the Suliotes and foreigners, &c., but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause as long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful. [1]

"I am obliged to support the Government here for the present."

The prisoners mentioned in this letter as having been released by him and sent to Prevesa, had been held in captivity at Missolonghi since the beginning of the Revolution. The following was the letter which he forwarded with them to the English Consul at Prevesa.

LETTER 544. TO MR. MAYER.

"Sir,

"Coming to Greece, one of my principal objects was to alleviate as much as possible the miseries incident to a warfare so cruel as the present. When the dictates of humanity are in question, I know no difference between Turks and Greeks. It is enough that those who want assistance are men, in order to claim the pity and protection of the meanest pretender to humane feelings. I have found here twenty-four Turks, including women and children, who have long pined in distress, far from the means of support and the consolations of their home. The Government has consigned them to me; I transmit them to Prevesa, whither they desire to be sent. I hope you will not object to take care that they may be restored to a place of safety, and that the Governor of your town may accept of my present. The best recompence I can hope for would be to find that I had inspired the Ottoman commanders with the same sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks who may hereafter fall into their hands.

"I beg you to believe me, &c."

LETTER 545. TO THE HONOURABLE DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

"Missolonghi, February 21. 1824.

"I have received yours of the 2d of November. It is essential that the money should be paid, as I have drawn for it all, and more too, to help the Greeks. Parry is here, and he and I agree very well; and all is going on hopefully for the present, considering circumstances.

"We shall have work this year, for the Turks are coming down in force; and, as for me, I must stand by the cause. I shall shortly march (according to orders) against Lepanto, with two thousand men. I have been here some time, after some narrow escapes from the Turks, and also from being shipwrecked. We were twice upon the rocks; but this you will have heard, truly or falsely, through other channels, and I do not wish to bore you with a long story.

"So far I have succeeded in supporting the Government of Western Greece, which would otherwise have been dissolved. If you have received the eleven thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I have in hand, and my income for the current year, to say nothing of contingencies, will, or might, enable me to keep the 'sinews of war' properly strung. If the deputies be honest fellows, and obtain the loan, they will repay the 4000*l.* as agreed upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the whole machine — in this place, at least — at my own cost. But let the Greeks only succeed, and I don't care for myself.

"I have been very seriously unwell, but am getting better, and can ride about again; so pray quiet our friends on that score.

"It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could*, or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal son;' and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal. Yours, &c."

LETTER 546. TO MR. BARFF.

"February 23.

"My health seems improving, especially from riding and the warm bath. Six Englishmen will be soon in quarantine at Zante; they are artificers [2], and have had enough of Greece in fourteen days. If you could recommend them to a passage home, I would thank you; they are good men enough, but do not quite understand the little discrepancies in these countries, and are not used to see shooting and slashing in a domestic quiet way, or (as it forms here) a part of housekeeping.

[1] In a letter to the same gentleman, dated January 27., he had already said, "I hope that things here will go on well some time or other. I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists — first or second."

[2] The workmen who came out with Parry; and who, alarmed by the scene of confusion and danger they found at Missolonghi, had resolved to return home.

"If they should want any thing during their quarantine, you can advance them not more than a dollar a day (amongst them) for that period, to purchase them some little extras as comforts (as they are quite out of their element). I cannot afford them more at present."

CHAPTER LV.

1824.

MISSOLONGHI. — LORD BYRON'S LAST LETTER TO MURRAY. — REPORTED SATIRE ON GIFFORD. — LAWLESSNESS OF THE SULIOTES. — LETTERS TO MOORE, KENNEDY, PARRUCA, BARFF, AND HANCOCK. — MEASURES OF DEFENCE. — COLONEL STANHOPE AND THE GREEK CHRONICLE. — DR. MAYER. — INCREASING DIFFICULTIES. — DISSENSIONS BETWEEN MAVROCORDATA AND THE EASTERN CHIEFS. — TUMULTS. — CONSEQUENCES OF THE NON-ARRIVAL OF THE LOAN FROM ENGLAND.

THE following letter to Mr. Murray, — which it is most gratifying to have to produce, as the last completing link of a long friendship and correspondence which had been, but for a short time, and through the fault only of others, interrupted, — contains such a summary of the chief events now passing round Lord Byron, as, with the assistance of a few notes, will render any more detailed narrative unnecessary.

LETTER 547. TO MR. MURRAY.

"Missolonghi, February 25. 1824.

"I have heard from Mr. Douglas Kinnaird that you state 'a report of a satire on Mr. Gifford having arrived from Italy, *said* to be written by *me!* but that *you* do not believe it.' I dare say you do not, nor any body else, I should think. Whoever asserts that I am the author or abettor of any thing of the kind on Gifford lies in his throat. I always regarded him as my literary father, and myself as his prodigal son [1]; if any such composition exists, it is none of mine. You know as well as any body upon *whom* I have or have not written; and *you* also know whether they do or did not deserve that same. And so much for such matters.

"You will perhaps be anxious to hear some news from this part of Greece (which is the most liable to invasion); but you will hear enough through public and private channels. I will, however, give you the events of a week, mingling my own private peculiar with the public; for we are here jumbled a little together at present.

"On Sunday (the 15th, I believe,) I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack, which left me speechless, though not motionless — for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other *exy* or *epsy*, the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, &c.; but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday, they put leeches to my temples, no difficult matter, but the blood could not be stopped till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety), and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterise the orifice till after a hundred attempts.

"On Tuesday, a Turkish brig of war ran on shore. On Wednesday, great preparations being made to attack her, though protected by her consorts [2], the Turks burned her and retired to Patras. On Thursday a quarrel ensued between the Suliotes and the Frank guard at the arsenal: a Swedish officer [3] was killed, and a Suliote severely wounded, and a general fight expected, and with some difficulty prevented. On Friday, the officer was buried; and Captain Parry's English

[1] [In "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Lord Byron thus apostrophises the author of the Baviad and Mæviad —

"Why slumbers Gifford? once was ask'd in vain;
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd;
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed."

[2] "Early in the morning we prepared for our attack on the brig. Lord Byron, notwithstanding his weakness, and an inflammation that threatened his eyes, was most anxious to be of our party; but the physicians would not suffer him to go." — COUNT GAMBA's *Narrative*.

His Lordship had promised a reward for every Turk taken alive in the proposed attack on this vessel.

[3] Captain Sasse, an officer esteemed as one of the best and bravest of the foreigners in the Greek service. "This," says Colonel Stanhope, in a letter, February 18th, to the Committee, "is a serious affair. The Suliotes have no country, no home for their families; arrears of pay are owing to them; the people of Missolonghi hate and pay them exorbitantly. Lord Byron, who was to have led them to Lepanto, is much shaken by his fit, and will probably be obliged to retire from Greece. In short, all our hopes in this quarter are damped for the present. I am not a little fearful, too, that these wild warriors will not forget the blood that has been spilt. I this morning told Prince Mavrocordato and Lord Byron that they must come to some resolution about compelling the Suliotes to quit the place."

tificers mutinied, under pretence that their ves were in danger, and are for quitting the ountry: — they may.[1]

"On Saturday we had the smartest shock an earthquake which I remember, (and I ave felt thirty, slight or smart, at different eriods; they are common in the Mediterinean,) and the whole army discharged their ms, upon the same principle that savages eat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of e moon: — it was a rare scene altogether – if you had but seen the English Johnnies, ho had never been out of a cockney workop before! — or will again, if they can elp it — and on Sunday, we heard that the izier is come down to Larissa, with one undred and odd thousand men.

"In coming here, I had two escapes; one om the Turks, (*one* of my vessels was taken, ut afterwards released,) and the other from ipwreck. We drove twice on the rocks ear the Scrofes (islands near the coast).

"I have obtained from the Greeks the elease of eight-and-twenty Turkish prisonrs, men, women, and children, and sent em to Patras and Prevesa at my own harges. One little girl of nine years old, ho prefers remaining with me, I shall (if I ve) send, with her mother, probably, to taly, or to England, and adopt her. Her ame is Hato, or Hatagée. She is a very retty lively child. All her brothers were illed by the Greeks, and she herself and her other merely spared by special favour and wing to her extreme youth, she being then ut five or six years old.

"My health is now better, and I ride out again. My office here is no sinecure, many parties and difficulties of every kind; ut I will do what I can. Prince Mavrordato is an excellent person, and does all his power; but his situation is perplexing the extreme. Still we have great hopes the success of the contest. You will ear, however, more of public news from plenty of quarters: for I have little time to write.

"Believe me yours, &c. &c. N. BN."

The fierce lawlessness of the Suliotes had now risen to such a height that it became necessary, for the safety of the European population, to get rid of them altogether; and, by some sacrifices on the part of Lord Byron, this object was at length effected. The advance of a month's pay by him, and the discharge of their arrears by the Government, (the latter, too, with money lent for that purpose by the same universal paymaster,) at length induced these rude warriors to depart from the town, and with them vanished all hopes of the expedition against Lepanto.

LETTER 548. TO MR. MOORE.

"Missolonghi, Western Greece, March 4. 1824.

"My dear Moore,

"Your reproach is unfounded — I have received two letters from you, and answered both previous to leaving Cephalonia. I have not been 'quiet' in an Ionian island, but much occupied with business, as the Greek deputies (if arrived) can tell you. Neither have I continued 'Don Juan,' nor any other poem. You go, as usual, I presume, by some newspaper report or other.[2]

"When the proper moment to be of some use arrived, I came here; and am told that my arrival (with some other circumstances) *has* been of, at least, temporary advantage to the cause. I had a narrow escape from the Turks, and another from shipwreck, on my passage. On the 15th (or 16th) of February I had an attack of apoplexy, or epilepsy, — the physicians have not exactly decided which, but the alternative is agreeable. My constitution, therefore, remains between the two opinions, like Mahomet's sarcophagus between the magnets. All that I can say is,

[1] This was a fresh, and, as may be conceived, serious appointment to Lord Byron. "The departure of these en," says Count Gamba, "made us fear that our labotory would come to nothing; for if we tried to supply e place of the artificers with native Greeks, we should ake but little progress."

[2] Proceeding, as he here rightly supposes, upon newsper authority, I had in my letter made some allusion his imputed occupations, which, in his present sensieness on the subject of authorship, did not at all please m. To this circumstance Count Gamba alludes in a ssage of his Narrative; where, after mentioning a rerk of Byron's, that "Poetry should only occupy the e, and that in more serious affairs it would be ridilous," he adds — "Mr. Moore, at this time writing him, said, that he had heard that 'instead of pursuing roic and warlike adventures, he was residing in a dehtful villa, continuing Don Juan.' This offended him for the moment, and he was sorry that such a mistaken judgment had been formed of him."

It is amusing to observe that, while thus anxious, and from a highly noble motive, to throw his authorship into the shade while engaged in so much more serious pursuits, it was yet an author's mode of revenge that always occurred to him, when under the influence of any of these passing resentments. Thus, when a little angry with Colonel Stanhope one day, he exclaimed, "I will libel you in your own Chronicle;" and in this brief burst of humour I was myself the means of provoking in him, I have been told, on the authority of Count Gamba, that he swore to "write a satire" upon me.

Though the above letter shows how momentary was any little spleen he may have felt, there not unfrequently, I own, comes over me a short pang of regret to think that a feeling of displeasure, however slight, should have been among the latest I awakened in him.

that they nearly bled me to death, by placing the leeches too near the temporal artery, so that the blood could with difficulty be stopped, even with caustic. I am supposed to be getting better, slowly, however. But my homilies will, I presume, for the future, be like the Archbishop of Grenada's — in this case, 'I order you a hundred ducats from my treasurer, and wish you a little more taste.'

"For public matters I refer you to Colonel Stanhope's and Capt. Parry's reports, —and to all other reports whatsoever. There is plenty to do — war without, and tumult within — they 'kill a man a week,' like Bob Acres in the country. Parry's artificers have gone away in alarm, on account of a dispute in which some of the natives and foreigners were engaged, and a Swede was killed, and a Suliote wounded. In the middle of their fright there was a strong shock of an earthquake; so, between that and the sword, they boomed off in a hurry, in despite of all dissuasions to the contrary. A Turkish brig run ashore, &c. &c. &c.[1]

"You, I presume, are either publishing or meditating that same. Let me hear from and of you, and believe me, in all events,

"Ever and affectionately yours,

"N. B.

"P. S.—Tell Mr. Murray that I wrote to him the other day, and hope that he has received, or will receive, the letter."

LETTER 549. TO DR. KENNEDY.

"Missolonghi, March 4. 1824.

"My dear Doctor,

"I have to thank you for your two very kind letters, both received at the same time, and one long after its date. I am not unaware of the precarious state of my health, nor am, nor have been, deceived on that subject. But it is proper that I should remain in Greece; and it were better to die doing something than nothing. My presence here has been supposed so far useful as to have prevented confusion from becoming worse confounded, at least for the present. Should I become, or be deemed useless or superfluous, I am ready to retire; but in the interim I am not to consider personal consequences; the rest is in the hands of Providence, — as indeed are all things. I shall, however, observe your instructions, and indeed did so, as far as regards abstinence, for some time past.

"Besides the tracts, &c. which you have sent for distribution, one of the English artificers, (hight Brownbill, a tinman,) left to my charge a number of Greek Testaments, which I will endeavour to distribute properly. The Greeks complain that the translation is not correct, nor in *good* Romaic: Bambas can decide on that point. I am trying to reconcile the clergy to the distribution, which (without due regard to their hierarchy) they might contrive to impede or neutralise in the effect, from their power over their people. Mr. Brownbill has gone to the Islands, having some apprehension for his life, (not from the priests, however,) and apparently preferring rather to be a saint than a martyr, although his apprehensions of becoming the latter were probably unfounded. All the English artificers accompanied him, thinking themselves in danger on account of some troubles here, which have apparently subsided.

"I have been interrupted by a visit from Prince Mavrocordato and others since I began this letter, and must close it hastily, for the boat is announced as ready to sail. Your future convert, Hato, or Hatagée, appears to me lively, and intelligent, and promising, and possesses an interesting countenance. With regard to her disposition I can say little, but Millingen, who has the mother (who is a middle-aged woman of good character) in his house as a domestic (although their family was in good worldly circumstances previous to the Revolution), speaks well of both, and he is to be relied on. As far as I know, I have only seen the child a few times with her mother, and what I have seen is favourable, or I should not take so much interest in her behalf. If she turns out well, my idea would be to send her to my daughter in England (if not to respectable persons in Italy), and so to provide for her as to enable her to live with reputation either singly or in marriage, if she arrive at maturity. I will make proper arrangements about her expences through Messrs. Barff and Hancock, and the rest I leave to your discretion and to Mrs. K.'s, with a great sense of obligation for your kindness in undertaking her temporary superintendence.

"Of public matters here, I have little to add to what you will already have heard. We are going on as well as we can, and with the hope and the endeavour to do better. Believe me,

"Ever and truly, &c.

"N. B."

[1] What I have omitted here is but a repetition of the various particulars, respecting all that had happened since his arrival, which have already been given in the letters to his other correspondents.

LETTER 550. TO MR. BARFF.

"March 5. 1824.

"If Sisseni[1] is sincere, he will be treated with, and well treated; if he is not, the sin and the shame may lie at his own door. One great object is to heal those internal dissensions for the future, without exacting too rigorous an account of the past. Prince Mavrocordato is of the same opinion, and whoever is disposed to act fairly will be fairly dealt with. I *have* heard a *good deal* of Sisseni, but not a *deal* of *good:* however, I never judge from report, particularly in a Revolution. *Personally*, I am rather obliged to him, for he has been very hospitable to all friends of mine who have passed through his district. You may therefore assure him that any overture for the advantage of Greece and its internal pacification will be readily and sincerely met *here*. I hardly think that he would have ventured a deceitful proposition to me through *you*, because he must be sure that in such a case it would eventually be exposed. At any rate, the healing of these dissensions is so important a point, that something must be risked to obtain it."

LETTER 551. TO MR. BARFF.

"March 10.

"Enclosed is an answer to Mr. Parruca's letter, and I hope that you will assure him from me, that I have done and am doing all I can to re-unite the Greeks with the Greeks.

"I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country-house (as for all other kindness) in case that my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of any (even supposed) utility:—there is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. When I say this, I am at the same time aware of the difficulties and dissensions and defects of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people.

"My chief, indeed *nine tenths* of my expenses here are solely in advances to or on behalf of the Greeks[2], and objects connected with their independence."

The letter of Parruca, to which the foregoing alludes, contained a pressing invitation to Lord Byron to present himself in the Peloponnesus, where, it was added, his influence would be sure to bring about the union of all parties. So general, indeed, was the confidence placed in their noble ally, that, by every Chief of every faction, he seems to have been regarded as the only rallying point round which there was the slightest chance of their now split and jarring interests being united. A far more flattering, as well as more authorised, invitation soon after reached him, through an express envoy, from the Chieftain Colocotroni, recommending a National Council, where his Lordship, it was proposed, should act as mediator, and pledging this Chief himself and his followers to abide by the result. To this application an answer was returned similar to that which he sent to Parruca, and which was in terms as follows:—

LETTER 552. TO SR. PARRUCA.

"March 10. 1824.

"Sir,

"I have the honour of answering your letter. My first wish has always been to bring the Greeks to agree amongst themselves. I came here by the invitation of the Greek Government, and I do not think that I ought to abandon Roumelia for the Peloponnesus until that Government shall desire it; and the more so, as this part is exposed in a greater degree to the enemy. Nevertheless, if my presence can really be of any assistance in uniting two or more parties, I am ready to go any where, either as a mediator, or, if necessary, as a hostage. In these affairs I have neither private views, nor private dislike of any individual, but the sincere wish of deserving the name of the friend of your country, and of her patriots.

"I have the honour, &c."

LETTER 553. TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

"Missolonghi, March 10. 1824.

"Sir,

"I have sent by Mr. J. M. Hodges a bill drawn on Signor C. Jerostatti for three

[1] This Sisseni, who was the *Capitano* of the rich district about Gastouni, and had for some time held out against the General Government, was now, as appears by the above letter, making overtures, through Mr. Barff, of adhesion. As a proof of his sincerity, it was required by Lord Byron that he should surrender into the hands of the Government the fortress of Chiarenza.

[2] "At this time (February 14th)," says Mr. Parry, who kept the accounts of his Lordship's disbursements, "the expenses of Lord Byron in the cause of the Greeks did not amount to less than two thousand dollars per week in rations alone." In another place this writer says, "The Greeks seemed to think he was a mine from which they could extract gold at their pleasure. One person represented that a supply of 20,000 dollars would save the island of Candia from falling into the hands of the Pacha of Egypt; and there not being that sum in hand, Lord Byron gave him authority to raise it if he could in the Islands, and he would guarantee its repayment. I believe this person did not succeed." [See BYRONIANA.]

hundred and eighty-six pounds, on account of the Hon. the Greek Committee, for carrying on the service at this place. But Count Delladecima sent no more than two hundred dollars until he should receive instructions from C. Jerostatti. Therefore I am obliged to advance that sum to prevent a positive stop being put to the laboratory service at this place, &c. &c.

"I beg you will mention this business to Count Delladecima, who has the draft and every account, and that Mr. Barff, in conjunction with yourself, will endeavour to arrange this money account, and, when received, forward the same to Missolonghi.

"I am, Sir, yours very truly.

"So far is written by Captain Parry; but I see that I must continue the letter myself. I understand little or nothing of the business, saving and except that, like most of the present affairs here, it will be at a stand-still if monies be not advanced, and there are few here so disposed; so that I must take the chance, as usual.

"You will see what can be done with Delladecima and Jerostatti, and remit the sum, that we may have some quiet; for the Committee have somehow embroiled their matters, or chosen Greek correspondents more Grecian than ever the Greeks are wont to be.

"Yours ever, NL. BN.

"P. S. — A thousand thanks to Muir for his cauliflower, the finest I ever saw or tasted, and, I believe, the largest that ever grew out of Paradise, or Scotland. I have written to quiet Dr. Kennedy about the newspaper (with which I have nothing to do as a writer, please to recollect and say). I told the fools of conductors that their motto would play the devil; but, like all mountebanks, they persisted. Gamba, who is any thing but *lucky*, had something to do with it; and, as usual, the moment he had, matters went wrong.[1] It will be better, perhaps, in time. But I write in haste, and have only time to say, before the boat sails, that I am ever

"Yours, N. BN.

"P. S. — Mr. Findlay is here, and has received his money."

LETTER 554. TO DR. KENNEDY.

"Missolonghi, March 10. 1824.

"Dear Sir,

"You could not disapprove of the motto to the Telegraph more than I did, and do; but this is the land of liberty, where most people do as they please, and few as they ought.

"I have not written, nor am inclined to write, for that or for any other paper, but have suggested to them, over and over, a change of the motto and style. However, I do not think that it will turn out either an irreligious or a levelling publication, and they promise due respect to both churches and things, *i.e.* the editors do.

"If Bambas would write for the Greek Chronicle, he might have his own price for articles.

"There is a slight demur about Hato's voyage, her mother wishing to go with her, which is quite natural, and I have not the heart to refuse it; for even Mahomet made a law, that in the division of captives, the child should never be separated from the mother. But this may make a difference in the arrangement, although the poor woman (who has lost half her family in the war) is, as I said, of good character, and of mature age, so as to render her respectability not liable to suspicion. She has heard, it seems, from Prevesa, that her husband is no longer there. I have consigned your Bibles to Dr. Meyer; and I hope that the said Doctor may justify your confidence; nevertheless, I shall keep an eye upon him. You may depend upon my giving the Society as fair play as Mr. Wilberforce himself would; and any other commission for the good of Greece will meet with the same attention on my part.

"I am trying, with some hope of eventual success, to re-unite the Greeks, especially as the Turks are expected in force, and that shortly. We must meet them as we may, and fight it out as we can.

"I rejoice to hear that your school prospers, and I assure you that your good wishes are reciprocal. The weather is so much finer, that I get a good deal of moderate exercise in boats and on horseback, and am willing to hope that my health is not worse than when you kindly wrote to me. Dr. Bruno can tell you that I adhere to your regimen, and more, for I do not eat any meat, even fish.

"Believe me ever, &c.

"P. S. — The mechanics (six in number) were all pretty much of the same mind. Brownbill was but *one*. Perhaps they are less to blame than is imagined, since Colonel Stanhope is said to have told them, '*that he*

[1] He had a notion that Count Gamba was destined to be unfortunate, — that he was one of those ill-starred persons with whom every thing goes wrong. In speaking of this newspaper to Parry, he said, "I have subscribed to it to get rid of importunity, and, it may be, keep Gamba out of mischief. At any rate, he can mar nothing that is of less importance." [See BYRONIANA.]

ot positively say their lives were safe.' I like to know *where* our life *is* safe, here or any where else? With regard ıce of safety, at least such hermetically safety as these persons appeared to ate, it is not to be found in Greece, at e; but Missolonghi was supposed to place where they would be useful, and sk was no greater than that of others."

R 555. TO COLONEL STANHOPE.

"Missolonghi, March 19. 1824.

lear Stanhope,

Prince Mavrocordato and myself will Salona to meet Ulysses, and you may sure that P. M. will accept any pro- n for the advantage of Greece. Parry ıswer for himself on his own articles [1]: re to interfere with him, it would only ıe whole progress of his exertion; and eally doing all that can be done with- ore aid from the Government.

hat can be spared will be sent; but I ou to Captain Humphries's report, and ınt Gamba's letter for details upon all s.

the hope of seeing you soon, and de- much that will be said till then,

"Believe me ever, &c.

S.—Your two letters (to me) are Mr. Barff, as you desire. Pray re- r me particularly to Trelawney, whom be very much pleased to see again."

ER 556. TO MR. BARFF.

"March 19.

Count Mercati is under some appre- ns of a *direct* answer to *him* personally eek affairs, I reply (as you authorised you, who will have the goodness to unicate to him the enclosed. It is the nswer of Prince Mavrocordato and of , to Signor Georgio Sisseni's proposi- You may also add, both to him and ruca, that I am perfectly sincere in de- the most amicable termination of their al dissensions, and that I believe P. cordato to be so also; otherwise I not act with him, or any other, whether or foreigner.

Lord Guilford is at Zante, or, if he is Signor Tricupi is there, you would me by presenting my respects to one h, and by telling them, that from the very first I foretold to Col. Stanhope and to P. Mavrocordato that a Greek newspaper (or indeed any other), in *the present state* of Greece, might and probably *would* tend to much mischief and misconstruction, unless under some restrictions; nor have I ever had any thing to do with either, as a writer or otherwise, except as a pecuniary contributor to their support in the outset, which I could not refuse to the earnest request of the projectors. Col. Stanhope and myself had considerable differences of opinion on this subject, and (what will appear laughable enough) to such a degree, that he charged me with *despotic* principles, and I *him* with ultra radicalism.

"Dr. Meyer, the editor, with his unrestrained freedom of the press, and who has the freedom to exercise an unlimited discretion,—not allowing any article but his own and those like them to appear,—and in declaiming against restrictions, cuts, carves, and restricts (as they tell me) at his own will and pleasure. He is the author of an article against Monarchy, of which he may have the advantage and fame—but they (the editors) will get themselves into a scrape, if they do not take care.

"Of all petty tyrants, he is one of the pettiest, as are most demagogues, that ever I knew. He is a Swiss by birth, and a Greek by assumption, having married a wife and changed his religion.

"I shall be very glad, and am extremely anxious for some favourable result to the recent pacific overtures of the contending parties in the Peloponnese."

LETTER 557. TO MR. BARFF.

"March 23.

"If the Greek deputies (as seems probable) have obtained the Loan, the sums I have advanced may perhaps be repaid; but it would make no great difference, as I should still spend that in the cause, and more to boot—though I should hope to better purpose than paying off arrears of fleets that sail away, and Suliotes that won't march, which, they say, what has hitherto been advanced has been employed in. But that was not my affair, but of those who had the disposal of affairs, and I could not decently say to them, 'You shall do so and so, because, &c. &c. &c.'

"In a few days P. Mavrocordato and myself, with a considerable escort, intend to

ınel Stanhope had, at the instance of the Chief ıs, written to request that some stores from the ry at Missolonghi might be sent to Athens. Prince Mavrocordato, however, nor Lord Byron considered it prudent, at this time, to weaken their means for defending Missolonghi, and accordingly sent back by the messenger but a few barrels of powder. [See BYRONIANA.]

proceed to Salona at the request of Ulysses and the Chiefs of Eastern Greece, and take measures offensive and defensive for the ensuing campaign. Mavrocordato is *almost* recalled by the *new* Government to the Morea, (to take the lead, I rather think,) and they have written to propose to me to go either to the Morea with him, or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter — with General Londo, and any other I may choose, to form a council. A. Londo is my old friend and acquaintance, since we were lads in Greece together. It would be difficult to give a positive answer till the Salona meeting is over [1]; but I am willing to serve them in any capacity they please, either commanding or commanded — it is much the same to me, as long as I can be of any presumed use to them.

"Excuse haste; it is late, and I have been several hours on horseback in a country so miry after the rains, that every hundred yards brings you to a ditch, of whose depth, width, colour, and contents, both my horses and their riders have brought away many tokens."

LETTER 558. TO MR. BARFF.

"March 26.

"Since your intelligence with regard to the Greek loan, P. Mavrocordato has shown to me an extract from some correspondence of his, by which it would appear that three commissioners are to be named to see that the amount is placed in proper hands for the service of the country, and that my name is amongst the number. Of this, however, we have as yet only the report.

"This commission is apparently named by the Committee or the contracting parties in England. I am of opinion that such a commission will be necessary; but the office will be both delicate and difficult. The weather, which has lately been equinoctial, has flooded the country, and will probably retard our proceeding to Salona for some days, till the road becomes more practicable.

"You were already apprised that P. Mavrocordato and myself had been invited to a conference by Ulysses and the Chiefs of Eastern Greece. I hear (and am indeed consulted on the subject) that in case the remittance of the first advance of the Loan should not arrive immediately, the Greek General Government mean to try to raise some thousand dollars in the islands in the interim, to be repaid from the earliest instalments on their arrival. What prospect of success they may have, or on what conditions, you can tell better than I: I suppose, if the Loan be confirmed, something might be done by them, but subject of course to the usual terms. You can let them and me know your opinion. There is an imperious necessity for some national fund, and that speedily, otherwise what is to be done? The auxiliary corps of about two hundred men, paid by me, are, I believe, the sole regularly and properly furnished with the money, due to them weekly, and the officers monthly. It is true that the Greek Government give their rations; but we have had three mutinies, owing to the badness of the bread, which neither native nor stranger could masticate (nor dogs either), and there is still great difficulty in obtaining them even provisions of any kind.

"There is a dissension among the Germans about the conduct of the agents of *their* Committee, and an examination amongst themselves instituted. What the result may be cannot be anticipated, except that it will end in *a row*, of course, as usual.

"The English are all very amicable, as far as I know; we get on too with the Greeks very tolerably, always making allowance for circumstances; and we have no quarrels with the foreigners."

During the month of March there occurred but little, besides what is mentioned in these letters, that requires to be dwelt upon at any length, or in detail. After the failure of his design against Lepanto, the two great objects of his daily thoughts were, the repairs of the fortifications of Missolonghi [2], and the formation of a brigade; — the one, with a view to such defensive measures as were alone likely to be called for during the present campaign; and the other in preparation for those more active enterprises, which he still fondly flattered himself he should undertake in the next. "He looked forward (says Mr. Parry), for the recovery of his health and

[1] To this offer of the Government to appoint him Governor-General of Greece, (that is, of the enfranchised part of the continent, with the exception of the Morea and the Islands,) his answer was, that "he was first going to Salona, and that afterwards he would be at their commands; that he could have no difficulty in accepting any office, provided he could persuade himself that any good would result from it."

[2] The generous zeal with which he applied himself to this important object will be understood from the following statement: — "On reporting to Lord Byron what I thought might be done, he ordered me to draw up a plan for putting the fortifications in thorough repair, and to accompany it with an estimate of the expense. It was agreed that I should make the estimate only one third of what I thought would be the actual expense; and if that third could be procured from the magistrates, Lord Byron undertook secretly to pay the remainder." [See BYRONIANA.]

spirits, to the return of the fine weather, and the commencement of the campaign, when he proposed to take the field at the head of his own brigade, and the troops which the Government of Greece were to place under his orders."

With that thanklessness which too often waits on disinterested actions, it has been sometimes tauntingly remarked, and in quarters from whence a more generous judgment might be expected[1], that, after all, Lord Byron effected but little for Greece: — as if much *could* be effected by a single individual, and in so short a time, for a cause which, fought as it has been almost incessantly through the six years since his death, has required nothing less than the intervention of all the great Powers of Europe to give it a chance of success, and, even so, has not yet succeeded. That Byron himself was under no delusion as to the importance of his own solitary aid, — that he knew, in a struggle like this, there must be the same prodigality of means towards one great end as is observable in the still grander operations of nature, where individuals are as nothing in the tide of events, — that such was his at once philosophic and melancholy view of his own sacrifices, I have, I trust, clearly shown. But that, during this short period of action, he did not do well and wisely all that man could achieve in the time, and under the circumstances, is an assertion which the noble facts here recorded fully and triumphantly disprove. He knew that, placed as he was, his measures, to be wise, must be prospective, and from the nature of the seeds thus sown by him, the benefits that were to be expected must be judged. To reconcile the rude chiefs to the Government and to each other; — to infuse a spirit of humanity, by his example, into their warfare; — to prepare the way for the employment of the expected Loan, in a manner most calculated to call forth the resources of the country; — to put the fortifications of Missolonghi in such a state of repair as might, and eventually *did*, render it proof against the besieger; — to prevent those infractions of neutrality, so tempting to the Greeks, which brought their Government in collision with the Ionian authorities[2], and to restrain all such license of the Press as might indispose the Courts of Europe to their cause: — such were the important objects which he had proposed to himself to accomplish, and towards which, in this brief interval, and in the midst of such dissensions and hinderances, he had already made considerable and most promising progress. But it would be unjust to close even here the bright catalogue of his services. It is, after all, *not* with the span of mortal life that the good achieved by a name immortal ends. The charm acts into the future, — it is an auxiliary through all time; and the inspiring example of Byron, as a martyr of Liberty, is for ever freshly embalmed in his glory as a poet.

From the period of his attack in February he had been, from time to time, indisposed; and, more than once, had complained of vertigos, which made him feel, he said, as if intoxicated. He was also frequently affected with nervous sensations, with shiverings and tremors, which, though apparently the effects of excessive debility, he himself attributed to fulness of habit. Proceeding upon this notion, he had, ever since his arrival in Greece, abstained almost wholly from animal food, and ate of little else but dry toast, vegetables, and cheese. With the same fear of becoming fat, which had in his young days haunted him, he almost every morning measured himself round the wrist and waist, and whenever he found these parts, as he thought, enlarged, took a strong dose of medicine.

Exertions had, as we have seen, been made by his friends at Cephalonia, to induce him, without delay, to return to that island, and take measures, while there was yet time, for the re-establishment of his health. "But these entreaties (says Count Gamba) produced just the contrary effect; for in proportion as Byron thought his position more perilous, he the more resolved upon remaining where he was." In the midst of all this, too, the natural flow of his spirits in society seldom deserted him; and whenever a trick upon any of his attendants, or associates, suggested itself, he was as ready to play the mischief-loving boy as ever. His engineer, Parry, having been much alarmed by the earthquake they had experienced, and still continuing in constant apprehension of its return, Lord Byron contrived, as they were all sitting together one evening, to have some barrels full of cannon-balls trundled through the room above them; and laughed heartily, as he would have done when a Harrow boy at the ludicrous effect which this decep-

[1] Articles in the Times newspaper, Foreign Quarterly Review, &c.

[2] In a letter which he addressed to Lord Sidney Osborne enclosing one, on the subject of these infractions, from Prince Mavrocordato to Sir T. Maitland, Lord Byron says, — "You must all be persuaded how difficult it is, under existing circumstances, for the Greeks to keep up discipline, however they may be all disposed to do so. I am doing all I can to convince them of the necessity of the strictest observance of the regulations of the Islands, and, I trust, with some effect."

tion produced on the poor frightened engineer.

Every day, however, brought new trials both to his health and temper. The constant rains had rendered the swamps of Missolonghi almost impassable; — an alarm of plague, which, about the middle of March, was circulated, made it prudent, for some time, to keep within doors; and he was thus, week after week, deprived of his accustomed air and exercise. The only recreation he had recourse to was that of playing with his favourite dog, Lion; and, in the evening, going through the exercise of drilling with his officers, or practising at single-stick.

At the same time, the demands upon his exertions, personal and pecuniary, poured in from all sides, while the embarrassments of his public position every day increased. The chief obstacle in the way of his plan for the reconciliation of all parties had been the rivalry so long existing between Mavrocordato and the Eastern chiefs; and this difficulty was now not a little heightened by the part taken by Colonel Stanhope and Mr. Trelawney, who, having allied themselves with Odysseus, the most powerful of these Chieftains, were endeavouring actively to detach Lord Byron from Mavrocordato, and enlist him in their own views. This schism was, — to say the least of it, — ill-timed and unfortunate. For, as Prince Mavrocordato and Lord Byron were now acting in complete harmony with the Government, a co-operation of all the other English agents on the same side would have had the effect of assuring a preponderance to this party (which was that of the civil and commercial interests all through Greece), that might, by strengthening the hands of the ruling power, have afforded some hope of vigour and consistency in its movements. By this division, however, the English lost their casting weight; and not only marred whatever little chance they might have had of extinguishing the dissensions of the Greeks, but exhibited, most unseasonably, an example of dissension among themselves.

The visit to Salona, in which, though distrustful of the intended Military Congress, Mavrocordato had consented to accompany Lord Byron, was, as the foregoing letters have mentioned, delayed by the floods, — the river Fidari having become so swollen as not to be fordable. In the mean time, dangers, both from within and without, threatened Missolonghi. The Turkish fleet had again come forth from the Gulf, while, in concert, it was apprehended, with this resumption of the blockade, insurrectionary movements, instigated, as was afterwards known, by the malcontents of the Morea, manifested themselves formidably both in the town and its neighbourhood. The first cause for alarm was the landing, in canoes, from Anatolico, of a party of armed men, the followers of Cariascachi of that place, who came to demand retribution from the people of Missolonghi for some injury that, in a late affray, had been inflicted on one of their clan. It was also rumoured that 300 Suliotes were marching upon the town; and the following morning, news came that a party of these wild warriors had actually seized upon Basiladi, a fortress that commands the port of Missolonghi, while some of the soldiers of Cariascachi had, in the course of the night, arrested two of the Primates, and carried them to Anatolico. The tumult and indignation that this intelligence produced was universal. All the shops were shut, and the bazaars deserted. "Lord Byron," says Count Gamba, "ordered his troops to continue under arms; but to preserve the strictest neutrality, without mixing in any quarrel, either by actions or words."

During this crisis, the weather had become sufficiently favourable to admit of his paying the visit to Salona, which he had purposed. But, as his departure at such a juncture might have the appearance of abandoning Missolonghi, he resolved to wait the danger out. At this time the following letters were written.

LETTER 559. TO MR. BARFF.

"April 3.

"There is a quarrel, not yet settled, between the citizens and some of Cariascachi's people, which has already produced some blows. I keep my people quite neutral; but have ordered them to be on their guard.

"Some days ago we had an Italian private soldier drummed out for thieving. The German officers wanted to flog him; but I flatly refused to permit the use of the stick or whip, and delivered him over to the police.[1] Since then a Prussian officer rioted in his lodgings; and I put him under arrest,

[1] "Lord Byron declared that, as far as he was concerned, no barbarous usages, however adopted even by some civilised people, should be introduced into Greece; especially as such a mode of punishment would disgust rather than reform. We hit upon an expedient which favoured our military discipline: but it required not only all Lord Byron's eloquence, but his authority, to prevail upon our Germans to accede to it. The culprit had his uniform stripped off his back, in presence of his comrades, and was afterwards marched through the town with a label on his back, describing, both in Greek and Italian, the nature of his offence; after which he was given up to the

according to the order. This, it appears, did not please his German confederation: but I stuck by my text; and have given them plainly to understand, that those who do not choose to be amenable to the laws of the country and service, may retire; but that in all that I have to do, I will see them obeyed by foreigner or native.

"I wish something was heard of the arrival of part of the Loan, for there is a plentiful dearth of every thing at present."

LETTER 560. TO MR. BARFF.

"April 6.

"Since I wrote, we have had some tumult here with the citizens and Cariascachi's people, and all are under arms, our boys and all. They nearly fired on me and fifty of my lads [1], by mistake, as we were taking our usual excursion into the country. To-day matters are settled or subsiding; but, about an hour ago, the father-in-law of the landlord of the house where I am lodged (one of the Primates the said landlord is) was arrested for high treason.

"They are in conclave still with Mavrocordato; and we have a number of new faces from the hills, come to assist, they say. Gunboats and batteries all ready, &c.

"The row has had one good effect — it has put them on the alert. What is to become of the father-in-law, I do not know: nor what he has done, exactly [2]: but

"'T is a very fine thing to be father-in-law
To a very magnificent three-tail'd bashaw,'

as the man in Bluebeard says and sings. I wrote to you upon matters at length, some days ago; the letter, or letters, you will receive with this. We are desirous to hear more of the Loan; and it is some time since I have had any letters (at least of an interesting description) from England, excepting one of 4th February, from Bowring (of no great importance). My latest dates are of 9bre, or of the 6th 10bre, four months exactly. I hope you get on well in the islands: here most of us are, or have been, more or less indisposed, natives as well as foreigners."

LETTER 561. TO MR. BARFF.

"April 7.

"The Greeks here of the Government have been boring me for more money. [3] As I have the brigade to maintain, and the campaign is apparently now to open, and as I have already spent 30,000 dollars in three months upon them in one way or another, and more especially as their public loan has succeeded, so that they ought not to draw from individuals at that rate, I have given them a refusal, and — as they would not take *that*, — *another* refusal in terms of considerable sincerity.

"They wish now to try in the Islands for a few thousand dollars on the ensuing Loan. If you can serve them, perhaps you will, (in the way of information, at any rate,) and I will see that you have fair play; but still I do not *advise* you, except to act as you please. Almost every thing depends upon the arrival, and the speedy arrival, of a portion of the Loan to keep peace among themselves. If they can but have the sense to do this, I think that they will be a match and better for any force that can be brought against them for the present. We are all doing as well as we can."

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regular police. This example of severity, tempered by a humane spirit, produced the best effect upon our soldiers, as well as upon the citizens of the town. But it was very near causing a most disagreeable circumstance; for, in the course of the evening, some very high words passed on the subject between three Englishmen, two of them officers of our brigade, in consequence of which cards were exchanged, and two duels were to have been fought the next morning. Lord Byron did not hear of this till late at night: but he immediately ordered me to arrest both parties, which I accordingly did; and, after some difficulty, prevailed on them to shake hands." — COUNT GAMBA's *Narrative*.

[1] A corps of fifty Suliotes which he had, almost ever since his arrival at Missolonghi, kept about him as a body-guard. A large outer room of his house was appropriated to these troops; and their carbines were suspended along the walls. "In this room (says Mr. Parry), and among these rude soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk a great deal, particularly in wet weather, accompanied by his favourite dog, Lion."

When he rode out, these fifty Suliotes attended him on foot; and though they carried their carbines, "they were always," says the same authority, "able to keep up with the horses at full speed. The captain, and a certain number, preceded his Lordship, who rode accompanied one side by Count Gamba, and on the other by the Greek interpreter. Behind him, also on horseback, came two of his servants, — generally his black groom, and Tita, — both dressed like the chasseurs usually seen behind the carriages of ambassadors, and another division of his guard closed the cavalcade." — PARRY's *Last Days of Lord Byron*.

[2] This man had, it seems, on his way from Ioannina, passed by Anatolico, and held several conferences with Cariascachi. He had long been suspected of being a spy; and the letters found upon him confirmed the suspicion.

[3] In consequence of the mutinous proceedings of Cariascachi's people, most of the neighbouring chieftains hastened to the assistance of the Government, and had already with this view marched to Anatolico near 2000 men. But, however opportune the arrival of such a force, they were a cause of fresh embarrassment, as there was a total want of provisions for their daily maintenance. It was in this emergency that the Governor, Primates, and Chieftains had recourse, as here stated, to their usual source of supply.

CHAPTER LVI.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

It will be perceived from these letters, that besides the great and general interests of the cause, which were in themselves sufficient to absorb all his thoughts, he was also met on every side, in the details of his duty, by every possible variety of obstruction and distraction that rapacity, turbulence, and treachery could throw in his way. Such vexations, too, as would have been trying to the most robust health, here fell upon a frame already marked out for death; nor can we help feeling, while we contemplate this last scene of his life, that, much as there is in it to admire, to wonder at, and glory in, there is also much that awakens sad and most distressful thoughts. In a situation more than any other calling for sympathy and care, we see him cast among strangers and mercenaries, without either nurse or friend; — the self-collectedness of woman being, as we shall find, wanting for the former office, and the youth and inexperience of Count Gamba unfitting him wholly for the other. The very firmness with which a position so lone and disheartening was sustained, serves, by interesting us more deeply in the man, to increase our sympathy, till we almost forget admiration in pity, and half regret that he should have been great at such a cost.

The only circumstances that had for some time occurred to give him pleasure were, as regarded public affairs, the news of the successful progress of the Loan, and, in his personal relations, some favourable intelligence which he had received, after a long interruption of communication, respecting his sister and daughter. The former, he learned, had been seriously indisposed at the very time of his own fit, but had now entirely recovered. While delighted at this news, he could not help, at the same time, remarking, with his usual tendency to such superstitious feelings, how strange and striking was the coincidence.

To those who have, from his childhood, traced him through these pages, it must be manifest, I think, that Lord Byron was not formed to be long-lived. Whether from any hereditary defect in his organisation, — as he himself, from the circumstance of both his parents having died young, concluded, — or from those violent means he so early took to counteract the natural tendency of his habit, and reduce himself to thinness, he was, almost every year, as we have seen, subject to attacks of indisposition, by more than one of which his life was seriously endangered. The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet, — his long fastings, his expedients for the allayment of hunger, his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food, and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the use of spirituous beverages, — all this could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health; while his constant recourse to medicine, — daily, as it appears, and in large quantities, — both evinced, and, no doubt, increased, the derangement of his digestion. When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out, or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had — as he himself drearily expresses it — "an old feel." To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame, of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral, were sacrificed; — to present that grand and costly conflagration to the world's eyes, in which,

> "Glittering, like a palace set on fire,
> His glory, while it shone, but ruin'd him!"[1]

It was on the very day when, as I have mentioned, the intelligence of his sister's recovery reached him, that having been for the last three or four days prevented from taking exercise by the rains, he resolved, though the weather still looked threatening, to venture out on horseback. Three miles from Missolonghi Count Gamba and himself were overtaken by a heavy shower, and returned to the town walls wet through, and in a state of violent perspiration. It had been their usual practice to dismount at the walls and return to their house in a boat; but, on this day, Count Gamba, representing to Lord Byron how dangerous it would be, warm as he then was, to sit exposed so long to the rain in a boat, entreated of him to go back the whole way on horseback. To this, however, Lord Byron would not consent; but said, laughingly, "I should make a pretty soldier indeed, if I were to care for such a trifle." They accordingly dismounted and got into the boat as usual.

About two hours after his return home he was seized with a shuddering, and complained of fever and rheumatic pains. "At eight that evening," says Count Gamba, "I entered

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher.

his room. He was lying on a sofa restless and melancholy. He said to me, 'I suffer a great deal of pain. I do not care for death, but these agonies I cannot bear.'"

The following day he rose at his accustomed hour, — transacted business, and was even able to take his ride in the olive woods, accompanied, as usual, by his long train of Suliotes. He complained, however, of perpetual shudderings, and had no appetite. On his return home he remarked to Fletcher that his saddle, he thought, had not been perfectly dried since yesterday's wetting, and that he felt himself the worse for it. This was the last time he ever crossed the threshold alive. In the evening Mr. Finlay and Mr. Millingen called upon him. "He was at first (says the latter gentleman) gayer than usual; but on a sudden became pensive."

On the evening of the 11th his fever, which was pronounced to be rheumatic, increased; and on the 12th he kept his bed all day, complaining that he could not sleep, and taking no nourishment whatever. The two following days, though the fever had apparently diminished, he became still more weak, and suffered much from pains in the head.

It was not till the 14th that his physician, Dr. Bruno, finding the sudorifics which he had hitherto employed to be unavailing, began to urge upon his patient the necessity of being bled. Of this, however, Lord Byron would not hear. He had evidently but little reliance on his medical attendant; and from the specimens this young man has since given of his intellect to the world, it is, indeed, lamentable, — supposing skill to have been, at this moment, of any avail, — that a life so precious should have been intrusted to such ordinary hands. "It was on this day, I think," says Count Gamba, "that, as I was sitting near him, on his sofa, he said to me, 'I was afraid I was losing my memory, and, in order to try, I attempted to repeat some Latin verses with the English translation, which I have not endeavoured to recollect since I was at school. I remembered them all except the last word of one of the hexameters.'"

To the faithful Fletcher, the idea of his master's life being in danger seems to have occurred some days before it struck either Count Gamba or the physician. So little, according to his friend's narrative, had such a suspicion crossed Lord Byron's own mind, that he even expressed himself "rather glad of his fever, as it might cure him of his tendency to epilepsy." To Fletcher, however, it appears, he had professed, more than once, strong doubts as to the nature of his complaint being so slight as the physician seemed to suppose it, and on his servant renewing his entreaties that he would send for Dr. Thomas to Zante, made no further opposition; though still, out of consideration for those gentlemen, he referred him on the subject to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen. Whatever might have been the advantage or satisfaction of this step, it was now rendered wholly impossible by the weather, — such a hurricane blowing into the port that not a ship could get out. The rain, too, descended in torrents; and between the floods on the land-side and the sirocco from the sea, Missolonghi was, for the moment, a pestilential prison.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Millingen was, for the first time, according to his own account, invited to attend Lord Byron in his medical capacity,—his visit on the 10th being so little, as he states, professional, that he did not even, on that occasion, feel his Lordship's pulse. The great object for which he was now called in, and rather, it would seem, by Fletcher than Dr. Bruno, was for the purpose of joining his representations and remonstrances to theirs, and prevailing upon the patient to suffer himself to be bled, — an operation now become absolutely necessary from the increase of the fever, and which Dr. Bruno had, for the last two days, urged in vain.

Holding gentleness to be, with a disposition like that of Byron, the most effectual means of success, Mr. Millingen tried, as he himself tells us, all that reasoning and persuasion could suggest towards attaining his object. But his efforts were fruitless: — Lord Byron, who had now become morbidly irritable, replied angrily, but still with all his accustomed acuteness and spirit, to the physician's observations. Of all his prejudices, he declared, the strongest was that against bleeding. His mother had obtained from him a promise never to consent to being bled; and whatever argument might be produced, his aversion, he said, was stronger than reason. "Besides, is it not," he asked, "asserted by Dr. Reid, in his Essays, that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet—that minute instrument of mighty mischief!" On Mr. Millingen observing that this remark related to the treatment of nervous, but not of inflammatory complaints, he rejoined, in an angry tone, "Who is nervous, if I am not? And do not those other words of his, too, apply to my case, where he says that drawing blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the chords of a musical instrument, whose tones already fail for want of sufficient tension? Even before this

illness, you yourself know how weak and irritable I had become; — and bleeding, by increasing this state, will inevitably kill me. Do with me whatever else you like, but bleed me you shall not. I have had several inflammatory fevers in my life, and at an age when more robust and plethoric: yet I got through them without bleeding. This time, also, will I take my chance." [1]

After much reasoning and repeated entreaties, Mr. Millingen at length succeeded in obtaining from him a promise, that should he feel his fever increase at night, he would allow Dr. Bruno to bleed him.

During this day he had transacted business, and received several letters; particularly one that much pleased him from the Turkish Governor, to whom he had sent the rescued prisoners, and who, in this communication, thanked him for his humane interference and requested a repetition of it.

In the evening he conversed a good deal with Parry, who remained some hours by his bedside. "He sat up in his bed (says this officer), and was then calm and collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with himself and his family; he spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure; and though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from any thing I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution."

On revisiting his patient early next morning, Mr. Millingen learned from him, that having passed, as he thought, on the whole, a better night, he had not considered it necessary to ask Dr. Bruno to bleed him. What followed, I shall, in justice to Mr. Millingen, give in his own words. "I thought it my duty now to put aside all consideration of his feelings, and to declare solemnly to him how deeply I lamented to see him trifle thus with his life, and show so little resolution. His pertinacious refusal had already, I said, caused most precious time to be lost; — but few hours of hope now remained, and, unless he submitted immediately to be bled, we could not answer for the consequences. It was true, he cared not for life; but who could assure him that, unless he changed his resolution, the uncontrolled disease might not operate such disorganisation in his system as utterly and for ever to deprive him of reason? — I had now hit at last on the sensible chord; and, partly annoyed by our importunities, partly persuaded, he cast at us both the fiercest glance of vexation, and throwing out his arm, said, in the angriest tone, 'There, — you are, I see, a d—d set of butchers, — take away as much blood as you like, but have done with it.'

"We seized the moment (adds Mr. Millingen), and drew about twenty ounces. On coagulating, the blood presented a strong buffy coat; yet the relief obtained did not correspond to the hopes we had formed, and during the night the fever became stronger than it had been hitherto. The restlessness and agitation increased, and the patient spoke several times in an incoherent manner."

On the following morning, the 17th, the bleeding was repeated; for, although the rheumatic symptoms had been completely removed, the appearances of inflammation on the brain were now hourly increasing. Count Gamba, who had not for the last two days seen him, being confined to his own apartment by a sprained ankle, now contrived to reach his room. "His countenance," says this gentleman, "at once awakened in me the most dreadful suspicions. He was very calm; he talked to me in the kindest manner about my accident, but in a hollow, sepulchral tone. 'Take care of your foot,' said he; 'I know by experience how painful it must be.' I could not stay near his bed: a flood of tears rushed into my eyes, and I was obliged to withdraw." Neither Count Gamba, indeed, nor Fletcher, appear to have been sufficiently masters of themselves to do much else than weep during the remainder of this afflicting scene.

In addition to the bleeding, which was repeated twice on the 17th, it was thought right also to apply blisters to the soles of his feet. "When on the point of putting them on," says Mr. Millingen, "Lord Byron asked me whether it would answer the purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing immediately the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him that I would place them above the knees. 'Do so,' he replied."

It is painful to dwell on such details, — but we are now approaching the close. In addition to most of those sad varieties of wretchedness which surround alike the grandest and humblest deathbeds, there was also in the scene now passing around the dying Byron such a degree of confusion and un-

[1] It was during the same, or some similar conversation, that Dr. Bruno also reports him to have said, "If my hour is come, I shall die, whether I lose my blood or keep it." [See BYRONIANA.]

comfort as renders it doubly dreary to contemplate. There having been no person invested, since his illness, with authority over the household, neither order nor quiet was maintained in his apartment. Most of the comforts necessary in such an illness were wanting; and those around him, either unprepared for the danger, were, like Bruno, when it came, bewildered by it; or, like the kind-hearted Fletcher and Count Gamba, were by their feelings rendered no less helpless.

"In all the attendants," says Parry, "there was the officiousness of zeal; but, owing to their ignorance of each other's language, their zeal only added to the confusion. This circumstance, and the want of common necessaries, made Lord Byron's apartment such a picture of distress and even anguish, during the two or three last days of his life, as I never before beheld, and wish never again to witness."

The 18th being Easter day, — a holiday which the Greeks celebrate by firing off muskets and artillery, — it was apprehended that this noise might be injurious to Lord Byron; and, as a means of attracting away the crowd from the neighbourhood, the artillery brigade were marched out by Parry, to exercise their guns at some distance from the town; while, at the same time, the town-guard patrolled the streets, and informing the people of the danger of their benefactor, entreated them to preserve all possible quiet.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Lord Byron rose and went into the adjoining room. He was able to walk across the chamber, leaning on his servant Tita; and, when seated, asked for a book, which the servant brought him. After reading, however, for a few minutes, he found himself faint; and, again taking Tita's arm, tottered into the next room, and returned to bed.

At this time the physicians, becoming still more alarmed, expressed a wish for a consultation; and proposed calling in, without delay, Dr. Freiber, the medical assistant of Mr. Millingen, and Luca Vaya, a Greek, the physician of Mavrocordato. On hearing this, Lord Byron at first refused to see them; but being informed that Mavrocordato advised it, he said, — "Very well, let them come; but let them look at me and say nothing." This they promised, and were admitted; but when one of them, on feeling his pulse, showed a wish to speak — "Recollect," he said, "your promise, and go away."

[1] For Mr. Millingen's account of this consultation, see Appendix.

It was after this consultation of the physicians [1], that, as it appeared to Count Gamba, Lord Byron was, for the first time, aware of his approaching end. Mr. Millingen, Fletcher, and Tita had been standing round his bed; but the two first, unable to restrain their tears, left the room. Tita also wept; but, as Byron held his hand, could not retire. He, however, turned away his face; while Byron, looking at him steadily, said, half smiling, "Oh questa è una bella scena!" He then seemed to reflect a moment, and exclaimed, "Call Parry." Almost immediately afterwards, a fit of delirium ensued; and he began to talk wildly, as if he were mounting a breach in an assault, — calling out, half in English, half in Italian, "Forwards — forwards — courage — follow my example," &c. &c.

On coming again to himself he asked Fletcher, who had then returned into the room, "whether he had sent for Dr. Thomas, as he desired?" and the servant answering in the affirmative, he replied, "You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me." He had, a short time before, with that kind consideration for those about him which was one of the great sources of their lasting attachment to him, said to Fletcher, "I am afraid you and Tita will be ill with sitting up night and day." It was now evident that he knew he was dying; and between his anxiety to make his servant understand his last wishes, and the rapid failure of his powers of utterance, a most painful scene ensued. On Fletcher asking whether he should bring pen and paper to take down his words — "Oh no," he replied — "there is no time — it is now nearly over. Go to my sister — tell her — go to Lady Byron — you will see her, and say ——" Here his voice faltered, and became gradually indistinct; notwithstanding which he continued still to mutter to himself for nearly twenty minutes, with much earnestness of manner, but in such a tone that only a few words could be distinguished. These, too, were only names, — "Augusta," — "Ada," — "Hobhouse," — "Kinnaird." He then said, "Now, I have told you all." "My Lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your Lordship has been saying." — "Not understand me?" exclaimed Lord Byron, with a look of the utmost distress, "what a pity! — then it is too late; all is over." — "I hope not," answered Fletcher; "but the Lord's will be done!" — "Yes, not mine," said Byron. He then tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible except "my sister — my child."

The decision adopted at the consultation

had been, contrary to the opinion of Mr. Millingen and Dr. Freiber, to administer to the patient a strong antispasmodic potion, which, while it produced sleep, but hastened perhaps death. In order to persuade him into taking this draught, Mr. Parry was sent for [1], and, without any difficulty, induced him to swallow a few mouthfuls. "When he took my hand," says Parry, "I found his hands were deadly cold. With the assistance of Tita I endeavoured gently to create a little warmth in them; and also loosened the bandage which was tied round his head. Till this was done he seemed in great pain, clenched his hands at times, gnashed his teeth, and uttered the Italian exclamation of 'Ah Christi!' He bore the loosening of the band passively, and, after it was loosened, shed tears; then taking my hand again, uttered a faint good night, and sunk into a slumber."

In about half an hour he again awoke, when a second dose of the strong infusion was administered to him. "From those about him," says Count Gamba, who was not able to bear this scene himself, "I collected that, either at this time, or in his former interval of reason, he could be understood to say — 'Poor Greece! — poor town! — my poor servants!' Also, 'Why was I not aware of this sooner?' and 'My hour is come! — I do not care for death — but why did I not go home before I came here?' At another time he said, 'There are things which make the world dear to me [*Io lascio qualche cosa di caro nel mondo*]: for the rest, I am content to die.' He spoke also of Greece, saying, 'I have given her my time, my means, my health — and now I give her my life! — what could I do more?'" [2]

It was about six o'clock in the evening of this day when he said, "Now I shall go to sleep;" and then turning round fell into that slumber from which he never awoke. For the next twenty-four hours he lay incapable of either sense or motion, — with the exception of, now and then, slight symptoms of suffocation, during which his servant raised his head, — and at a quarter past six o'clock on the following day, the 19th, he was seen to open his eyes and immediately shut them again. The physicians felt his pulse — he was no more!

To attempt to describe how the intelligence of this sad event struck upon all hearts would be as difficult as it is superfluous. He, whom the whole world was to mourn, had on the tears of Greece peculiar claim, — for it was at her feet he now laid down the harvest of such a life of fame. To the people of Missolonghi, who first felt the shock that was soon to spread through all Europe, the event seemed almost incredible. It was but the other day that he had come among them, radiant with renown, — inspiring faith, by his very name, in those miracles of success that were about to spring forth at the touch of his ever-powerful genius. All this had now vanished like a short dream: — nor can we wonder that the poor Greeks, to whom his coming had been such a glory, and who, on the last evening of his life, thronged the streets, enquiring as to his state, should regard the thunder-storm which, at the moment he died, broke over the town, as a signal of his doom, and, in their superstitious grief, cry to each other, "The great man is gone!" [3]

Prince Mavrocordato, who of all best knew and felt the extent of his country's loss, and who had to mourn doubly the friend of Greece and of himself, on the evening of the 19th issued this melancholy proclamation: —

"PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF WESTERN GREECE.

"ART. 1185.

"The present day of festivity and rejoicing has become one of sorrow and of mourning. The Lord Noel Byron departed this life at six o'clock in the afternoon, after an illness of ten days; his death being caused by an inflammatory fever. Such was the effect of his Lordship's illness on the public mind, that all classes had forgotten their usual recreations of Easter, even before the afflicting event was apprehended.

"The loss of this illustrious individual is undoubtedly to be deplored by all Greece: but it must be more especially a subject of lamentation at Missolonghi, where his generosity has been so conspicuously displayed, and of which he had even become a citizen, with the further determination of participating in all the dangers of the war.

[1] From this circumstance, as well as from the terms in which he is mentioned by Lord Byron, it is plain that this person had, by his blunt, practical good sense, acquired far more influence over his Lordship's mind than was possessed by any of the other persons about him. [See BYRONIANA.]

[2] It is but right to remind the reader, that for the sayings here attributed to Lord Byron, however natural and probable they may appear, there is not exactly the same authority of credible witnesses by which all the other details I have given of his last hours are supported.

[3] Parry's "Last Days of Lord Byron." [See BYRONIANA.]

"Every body is acquainted with the beneficent acts of his Lordship, and none can cease to hail his name as that of a real benefactor.

"Until, therefore, the final determination of the National Government be known, and by virtue of the powers with which it has been pleased to invest me, I hereby decree, —

"1st, To-morrow morning, at daylight, thirty-seven minute guns will be fired from the Grand Battery, being the number which corresponds with the age of the illustrious deceased.

"2d, All the public offices, even the tribunals, are to remain closed for three successive days.

"3d, All the shops, except those in which provisions or medicines are sold, will also be shut; and it is strictly enjoined that every species of public amusement, and other demonstrations of festivity at Easter, shall be suspended.

"4th, A general mourning will be observed for twenty-one days.

"5th, Prayers and a funeral service are to be offered up in all the churches.

(Signed) "A. Mavrocordato.
"George Praidis, Secretary.

"Given at Missolonghi,
this 18th day of April, 1824."

Similar honours were paid to his memory at many other places through Greece. At Salona, where the Congress had assembled, his soul was prayed for in the Church; after which the whole garrison and the citizens went out into the plain, where another religious ceremony took place, under the shade of the olive trees. This being concluded, the troops fired; and an oration, full of the warmest praise and gratitude, was pronounced by the High Priest.

When such was the veneration shown towards him by strangers, what must have been the feelings of his near associates and attendants? Let one speak for all: — "He died (says Count Gamba) in a strange land, and amongst strangers; but more loved, more sincerely wept he never could have been, wherever he had breathed his last. Such was the attachment, mingled with a sort of reverence and enthusiasm, with which he inspired those around him, that there was not one of us who would not, for his sake, have willingly encountered any danger in the world."

Colonel Stanhope, whom the sad intelligence reached at Salona, thus writes to the Committee: — "A courier has just arrived from the Chief Scalza. Alas! all our fears are realised. The soul of Byron has taken its last flight. England has lost her brightest genius, Greece her noblest friend. To console them for the loss, he has left behind the emanations of his splendid mind. If Byron had faults, he had redeeming virtues too — he sacrificed his comfort, fortune, health, and life, to the cause of an oppressed nation. Honoured be his memory!"

Mr. Trelawney, who was on his way to Missolonghi at the time, describes as follows the manner in which he first heard of his friend's death: — "With all my anxiety I could not get here before the thid day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi. I had let them all pass me, ere I had resolution enough to enquire the news from Missolonghi. I then rode back, and demanded of a straggler the news. I heard nothing more than — Lord Byron is dead, — and I proceeded on in gloomy silence." The writer adds, after detailing the particulars of the poet's illness and death, "Your pardon, Stanhope, that I have thus turned aside from the great cause in which I am embarked. But this is no private grief. The world has lost its greatest man; I my best friend."

Among his servants the same feeling of sincere grief prevailed: — "I have in my possession (says Mr. Hoppner, in the Notices with which he has favoured me), a letter written by his gondolier Tita, who had accompanied him from Venice, giving an account to his parents of his master's decease. Of this event the poor fellow speaks in the most affecting manner, telling them that in Lord Byron he had lost a father rather than a master; and expatiating upon the indulgence with which he had always treated his domestics, and the care he expressed for their comfort and welfare."

His valet Fletcher, too, in a letter to Mr. Murray, announcing the event, says, "Please to excuse all defects, for I scarcely know what I either say or do; for, after twenty years' service with my Lord, he was more to me than a father, and I am too much distressed to give now a correct account of every particular."

In speaking of the effect produced on the friends of Greece by this event, Mr. Trelawney says, — "I think Byron's name was the great means of getting the Loan. A Mr. Marshall, with 8000*l.* per annum, was as far as Corfu, and turned back on hearing of Lord Byron's death. Thousands of people were flocking here: some had arrived as far as Corfu, and hearing of his death, con-

fessed they came out to devote their fortunes not to the Greeks, or from interest in the cause, but to the noble poet; and the 'Pilgrim of Eternity'[1] having departed, they turned back."[2]

The funeral ceremony, which, on account of the rains, had been postponed for a day, took place in the church of St. Nicholas, at Missolonghi, on the 22d of April, and is thus feelingly described by an eyewitness: —

"In the midst of his own brigade, of the troops of the Government, and of the whole population, on the shoulders of the officers of his corps, relieved occasionally by other Greeks, the most precious portion of his honoured remains were carried to the church, where lie the bodies of Marco Bozzari and of General Normann. There we laid them down: the coffin was a rude, ill-constructed chest of wood; a black mantle served for a pall; and over it we placed a helmet and a sword, and a crown of laurel. But no funeral pomp could have left the impression, nor spoken the feelings, of this simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself; the wild and half-civilised warriors around us; their deep-felt, unaffected grief; the fond recollections; the disappointed hopes; the anxieties and sad presentiments which might be read on every countenance; — all contributed to form a scene more moving, more truly affecting, than perhaps was ever before witnessed round the grave of a great man.

"When the funeral service was over, we left the bier in the middle of the church, where it remained until the evening of the next day, and was guarded by a detachment of his own brigade. The church was crowded without cessation by those who came to honour and to regret the benefactor of Greece. In the evening of the 23d, the bier was privately carried back by his officers to his own house. The coffin was not closed till the 29th of the month. Immediately after his death, his countenance had an air of calmness, mingled with a severity, that seemed gradually to soften; for when I took a last look of him, the expression, at least to my eyes, was truly sublime."

We have seen how decidedly, while in Italy, Lord Byron expressed his repugnance to the idea of his remains resting upon English ground; and the injunctions he so frequently gave to Mr. Hoppner on this point show his wishes to have been, — at least, during that period, — sincere. With one so changing, however, in his impulses, it was not too much to take for granted that the far more cordial feeling entertained by him towards his countrymen at Cephalonia would have been followed by a correspondent change in this antipathy to England as a last resting-place. It is, at all events, fortunate that by no such spleen of the moment has his native country been deprived of her natural right to enshrine within her own bosom one of the noblest of her dead, and to atone for any wrong she may have inflicted upon him, while living, by making his tomb a place of pilgrimage for her sons through all ages.

By Colonel Stanhope and others it was suggested that, as a tribute to the land he celebrated and died for, his remains should be deposited at Athens, in the Temple of Theseus; and the Chief Odysseus despatched an express to Missolonghi to enforce this wish. On the part of the town, too, in which he breathed his last, a similar request had been made by the citizens; and it was thought advisable so far to accede to their desires as to leave with them, for interment, one of the vessels, in which his remains after embalmment, were enclosed.

The first step taken, before any decision as to its ultimate disposal, was to have the body conveyed to Zante; and every facility having been afforded by the Resident, Sir Frederick Stoven, in providing and sending transports to Missolonghi for that purpose, on the morning of the 2d of May the remains were embarked, under a mournful salute from the guns of the fortress: — "How different," says Count Gamba, "from that which had welcomed the arrival of Byron only four months ago!"

At Zante, the determination was taken to send the body to England; and the brig Florida, which had just arrived there with the first instalment of the Loan, was engaged for the purpose. Mr. Blaquiere, under whose care this first portion of the Loan had

[1] The title given by Shelley to Lord Byron in his Elegy on the Death of Keats.

"The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow."

[2] Parry, too, mentions an instance to the same effect: — "While I was on the quarantine-house at Zante, a gentleman called on me, and made numerous enquiries as to Lord Byron. He said he was only one of fourteen English gentlemen, then at Ancona, who had sent him on to obtain intelligence, and only waited his return to come and join Lord Byron. They were to form a mounted guard for him, and meant to devote their personal services and their incomes to the Greek cause. On hearing of Lord Byron's death, however, they turned back."

come, was also the bearer of a commission for the due management of its disposal in Greece, in which Lord Byron was named as the principal Commissioner. The same ship, however, that brought this honourable mark of confidence, was to return with him a corpse. To Colonel Stanhope, who was then at Zante, on his way homeward, was intrusted the charge of his illustrious colleague's remains; and on the 25th of May he embarked with them on board the Florida for England.

In the letter which, on his arrival in the Downs, June 29th, this gentleman addressed to Lord Byron's executors, there is the following passage: — "With respect to the funeral ceremony, I am of opinion that his Lordship's family should be immediately consulted, and that sanction should be obtained for the public burial of his body either in the great Abbey or Cathedral of London." It has been asserted, and I fear too truly, that on some intimation of the wish suggested in this last sentence being conveyed to one of those Reverend persons who have the honours of the Abbey at their disposal, such an answer was returned as left but little doubt that a refusal would be the result of any more regular application.[1]

There is an anecdote told of the poet Hafiz, in Sir William Jones's Life, which, in reporting this instance of illiberality, recurs naturally to the memory. After the death of the great Persian bard, some of the religious among his countrymen protested strongly against allowing to him the right of sepulture, alleging, as their objection, the licentiousness of his poetry. After much controversy, it was agreed to leave the decision of the question to a mode of divination, not uncommon among the Persians, which consisted in opening the poet's book at random and taking the first verses that occurred. They happened to be these: —

> "Oh turn not coldly from the poet's bier,
> Nor check the sacred drops by Pity given;
> For though in sin his body slumbereth here,
> His soul, absolved, already wings to heaven."

These lines, says the legend, were looked upon as a divine decree; the religionists no longer enforced their objections, and the remains of the bard were left to take their quiet sleep by that "sweet bower of Mosellay" which he had so often celebrated in his verses.

Were our Byron's right of sepulture to be decided in the same manner, how few are there of his pages, thus taken at hazard, that would not, by some genial touch of sympathy with virtue, some glowing tribute to the bright works of God, or some gush of natural devotion more affecting than any homily, give him a title to admission into the purest temple of which Christian Charity ever held the guardianship.

Let the decision, however, of these Reverend authorities have been, finally, what it might, it was the wish, as is understood, of Lord Byron's dearest relative to have his remains laid in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead. On being landed from the Florida, the body had, under the direction of his Lordship's executors, Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Hanson, been removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull in Great George Street, Westminster, where it lay in state during Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th of July, and on the following Monday the funeral procession took place. Leaving Westminster at eleven o'clock in the morning, attended by most of his Lordship's personal friends, and by the carriages of several persons of rank, it proceeded through various streets of the metropolis towards the North Road. At Pancras Church, the ceremonial of the procession being at an end, the carriages returned; and the hearse continued its way, by slow stages, to Nottingham.

It was on Friday the 16th of July that, in the small village church of Hucknall, the last duties were paid to the remains of Byron, by depositing them, close to those of his mother, in the family vault. Exactly on the same day of the same month in the preceding year, he had said, it will be recollected, despondingly, to Count Gamba, "Where shall we be in another year?" The gentleman to whom this foreboding speech was addressed paid a visit, some months after the interment, to Hucknall, and was much struck, as I have heard, on approaching the village, by the strong likeness it seemed to him to bear to his lost friend's melancholy deathplace, Missolonghi.

On a tablet of white marble in the chancel of the Church of Hucknall is the following inscription: —

[1] A former Dean of Westminster went so far, we know, in his scruples as to exclude an epitaph from the Abbey, because it contained the name of Milton: — "a name, in his opinion," says Johnson, "too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion." — *Life of Milton*. [When the inscription for the monument of Philips, in which he was said to be *soli Miltono secundus*, was exhibited to Dr. Sprat, then Dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it. Atterbury, who succeeded him, and who was the writer of the inscription, permitted its reception.]

IN THE VAULT BENEATH,
WHERE MANY OF HIS ANCESTORS AND HIS MOTHER ARE BURIED,
LIE THE REMAINS OF
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
LORD BYRON, OF ROCHDALE,
IN THE COUNTY OF LANCASTER,
THE AUTHOR OF "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE."
HE WAS BORN IN LONDON ON THE
22D OF JANUARY, 1788.
HE DIED AT MISSOLONGI, IN WESTERN GREECE, ON THE
19TH OF APRIL, 1824,
ENGAGED IN THE GLORIOUS ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THAT
COUNTRY TO HER ANCIENT FREEDOM AND RENOWN.

HIS SISTER, THE HONOURABLE
AUGUSTA MARIA LEIGH,
PLACED THIS TABLET TO HIS MEMORY.

From among the tributes that have been offered, in prose and verse, and in almost every language of Europe, to his memory, I shall select two which appear to me worthy of peculiar notice, as being, one of them, — so far as my limited scholarship will allow me to judge, — a simple and happy imitation of those laudatory inscriptions with which the Greece of other times honoured the tombs of her heroes; and the other as being the production of a pen, once engaged controversially against Byron, but not the less ready, as these affecting verses prove, to offer the homage of a manly sorrow and admiration at his grave.

Εἰς
Τὸν ἐν τῇ Ἑλλάδι τηλευτήσαντα
Ποιητὴν.

Οὐ τὸ ζῆν ταναὸν βίον εὐκλεὲς, οὐδ' ἐναριθμεῖν
Ἀρχαίας προγόνων εὐγενέων ἀρετὰς·
Τὸν δ' εὐδαιμονίας μοῖρ' ἀμφέπει, ὅστις ἀπάντων
Αἰὲν ἀριστεύων γίγνεται ἀθάνατος. —
Εὔδεις οὖν σὺ, τέκνον, χαρίτων ἔαρ; οὐκ ἔτι θάλλει
Ἀκμαῖος μελέων ἡδυπνόων στέφανος; —
Ἀλλὰ τεὸν, τριπόθητε, μόρον πενθοῦσιν Ἀθήνη,
Μοῦσαι, πατρὶς, Ἄρης, Ἑλλὰς, ἐλευθερία.[1]

"CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

"BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

"So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage! —
Upon the shores of Greece he stood, and cried
'Liberty!' and those shores, from age to age
Renown'd, and Sparta's woods and rocks replied
'Liberty!' But a Spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking; — and its dart, uplifting high,
Smote him: — he sank to earth in life's fair pride;
Sparta! thy rocks then heard another cry,
And old Ilissus sigh'd — 'Die, generous exile, die!'

"I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died;
Still less, Childe Harold, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied;
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride: —
But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy grave.

"So Harold ends, in Greece, his pilgrimage! —
There fitly ending, — in that land renown'd,
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page, —
He, on the Muses' consecrated ground,
Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
With their unfading wreath! — To bands of mirth,
No more in Tempe let the pipe resound!
Harold, I follow to thy place of birth
The slow hearse—and thy last sad pilgrimage on earth.

"Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train, —
I mark the sad procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village fane,
Where, Harold, thy forefathers mouldering lie; —
There sleeps that mother, who with tearful eye,
Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy;
Her son, released from mortal labour's load,
Now comes to rest, with her, in the same still abode.

"Bursting Death's silence — could that mother speak —
(Speak when the earth was heap'd upon his head) —
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
She thus might give the welcome of the dead: —
'Here rest, my son, with me; — the dream is fled; —
The motley mask and the great stir is o'er:
Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.'"

By his Lordship's Will, a copy of which will be found in the Appendix, he bequeathed to his executors, in trust for the benefit of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, the monies arising from the sale of all his real estates at Rochdale and elsewhere, together with such part of his other property as was not settled upon Lady Byron and his daughter Ada, to be by Mrs. Leigh enjoyed, free from her husband's control, during her life, and, after her decease, to be inherited by her children.

CHAPTER LVII.

CONCLUSION.

We have now followed to its close a life which, brief as was its span, may be said, perhaps, to have comprised within itself a

[1] By John Williams, Esq. [Now, the Hon. Mr. Justice Williams, one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench.] — The following translation of this inscription will not be unacceptable to my readers: —

"Not length of life — not an illustrious birth,
Rich with the noblest blood of all the earth; —
Nought can avail, save deeds of high emprise,
Our mortal being to immortalise.
Sweet child of song, thou sleepest! — ne'er again
Shall swell the notes of thy melodious strain:
Yet, with thy country wailing o'er thy urn,
Pallas, the Muse, Mars, Greece, and Freedom mourn."
H. H. Joy.

greater variety of those excitements and interest which spring out of the deep workings of passion and of intellect than any that the pen of biography has ever before commemorated. As there still remain among the papers of my friend some curious gleanings which, though in the abundance of our materials I have not hitherto found a place for them, are too valuable towards the illustration of his character to be lost, I shall here, in selecting them for the reader, avail myself of the opportunity of trespassing, for the last time, on his patience with a few general remarks.

It must have been observed, throughout these pages, and by some perhaps with disappointment, that into the character of Lord Byron, as a poet, there has been little, if any, critical examination; but that content with expressing generally the delight which, in common with all, I derive from his poetry, I have left the task of analysing the sources from which this delight springs to others.[1] In thus evading, if it must be so considered, one of my duties as a biographer, I have been influenced no less by a sense of my own inaptitude for the office of critic than by recollecting with what assiduity, throughout the whole of the poet's career, every new rising of his genius was watched from the great observatories of Criticism, and the ever changing varieties of its course and splendour tracked out and recorded with a degree of skill and minuteness which has left but little for succeeding observers to discover. It is, moreover, into the character and conduct of Lord Byron, as a man, not distinct from, but forming, on the contrary, the best illustration of his character, as a writer, that it has been the more immediate purpose of these volumes to enquire; and if, in the course of them, any satisfactory clue has been afforded to those anomalies, moral and intellectual, which his life exhibited, — still more should it have been the effect of my humble labours to clear away some of those mists that hung round my friend, and show him, in most respects, as worthy of love as he was, in all, of admiration, then will the chief and sole aim of this work have been accomplished.

Having devoted to this object so large a portion of my own share of these pages, and, yet more fairly, enabled the world to form a judgment for itself, by placing the man, in his own person, and without disguise, before all eyes, there would seem to remain now but an easy duty in summing up the various points of his character, and, out of the features, already separately described, combining one complete portrait. The task, however, is by no means so easy as it may appear. There are few characters in which a near acquaintance does not enable us to discover some one leading principle or passion consistent enough in its operations to be taken confidently into account in any estimate of the disposition in which they are found. Like those points in the human face, or figure, to which all its other proportions are referable, there is in most minds some one governing influence, from which chiefly, — though, of course, biassed on some occasions by others, — all its various impulses and tendencies will be found to radiate. In Lord Byron, however, this sort of pivot of character was almost wholly wanting. Governed as he was at different moments by totally different passions, and impelled sometimes, as during his short access of parsimony in Italy, by springs of action never before developed in his nature, in him this simple mode of tracing character to its sources must be often wholly at fault; and if, as is not impossible, in trying to solve the strange variances of his mind, I should myself be found to have fallen into contradictions and inconsistencies, the extreme difficulty of analysing, without dazzle or bewilderment, such an unexampled complication of qualities must be admitted as my excuse.

So various, indeed, and contradictory, were his attributes, both moral and intellectual, that he may be pronounced to have been not one, but many: nor would it be any great exaggeration of the truth to say, that out of the mere partition of the properties of his single mind a plurality of characters, all different and all vigorous, might have been furnished. It was this multiform aspect exhibited by him that led the world, during his short wondrous career, to compare him with that medley host of personages, almost all

[1] It may be making too light of criticism to say with Gray, that "even a bad verse is as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it;" but there are surely few tasks that appear more thankless and superfluous than that of following, as Criticism sometimes does, in the rear of victorious genius (like the commentators on a field of Blenheim or of Waterloo), and either labouring to point out to us *why* it has triumphed, or still more unprofitably contending that it *ought* to have failed. The well-known passage of La Bruyère, which even Voltaire's adulatory application of it to some work of the King of Prussia has not spoiled for use, puts, perhaps, in its true point of view the very subordinate rank which Criticism must be content to occupy in the train of successful Genius: — "Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit et qu'elle vous inspire des sentimens nobles, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon et fait de main de l'ouvrier: La Critique, après ça, peut s'exercer sur les petites choses, relever quelques expressions, corriger des phrases, parler de syntaxe," &c. &c.

differing from each other, which he thus playfully enumerates in one of his Journals : —

" I have been thinking over the other day, on the various comparisons, good or evil, which I have seen published of myself in different journals, English and foreign. This was suggested to me by accidentally turning over a foreign one lately, — for I have made it a rule latterly never to *search* for any thing of the kind, but not to avoid the perusal, if presented by chance.

" To begin, then : I have seen myself compared, personally or poetically, in English, French, *German* (*as* interpreted to me), Italian, and Portuguese, within these nine years, to Rousseau, Goethe, Young, Aretine, Timon of Athens, Dante, Petrarch, 'an alabaster vase, lighted up within,' Satan, Shakspeare, Buonaparte, Tiberius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Harlequin, the Clown, Sternhold and Hopkins, to the phantasmagoria, to Henry the Eighth, to Chenier, to Mirabeau, to young R. Dallas (the schoolboy), to Michael Angelo, to Raphael, to a petit-maître, to Diogenes, to Childe Harold, to Lara, to the Count in Beppo, to Milton, to Pope, to Dryden, to Burns, to Savage, to Chatterton, to 'oft have I heard of thee, my Lord Biron,' in Shakspeare, to Churchill the poet, to Kean the actor, to Alfieri, &c. &c. &c.

" The likeness to Alfieri was asserted very seriously by an Italian who had known him in his younger days. It of course related merely to our apparent personal dispositions. He did not assert it to *me* (for we were not then good friends), but in society.

" The object of so many contradictory comparisons must probably be like something different from them all ; but what *that* is, is more than *I* know, or any body else."

It would not be uninteresting, were there either space or time for such a task, to take a review of the names of note in the preceding list, and show in how many points, though differing so materially among themselves, it might be found that each presented a striking resemblance to Lord Byron. We have seen, for instance, that wrongs and sufferings were, through life, the main sources of Byron's inspiration. Where the hoof of the critic struck, the fountain was first disclosed ; and all the tramplings of the world afterwards but forced out the stream stronger and brighter. The same obligations to misfortune, the same debt of the " oppressor's wrong," for having wrung out from bitter thoughts the pure essence of his genius, was due no less deeply by Dante ! — " quum illam sub amarâ cogitatione excitatam, occulti divinique ingenii vim exacuerit et inflammarit." [1]

In that contempt for the world's opinion, which led Dante to exclaim, " Lascia dir le genti," Lord Byron also bore a strong resemblance to that poet, — though far more, it must be confessed, in profession than reality. For, while scorn for the public voice was on his lips, the keenest sensitiveness to its every breath was in his heart ; and, as if every feeling of his nature was to have some painful mixture in it, together with the pride of Dante which led him to disdain public opinion, he combined the susceptibility of Petrarch which placed him shrinkingly at its mercy.

His agreement, in some other features of character, with Petrarch, I have already had occasion to remark [2] ; and if it be true, as is often surmised, that Byron's want of a due reverence for Shakspeare arose from some latent and hardly conscious jealousy of that poet's fame, a similar feeling is known to have existed in Petrarch towards Dante ; and the same reason assigned for it, — that from the living he had nothing to fear, while before the shade of Dante he might have reason to feel humbled, — is also not a little applicable [3] in the case of Lord Byron.

Between the dispositions and habits of Alfieri and those of the noble poet of England no less remarkable coincidences might be traced ; and the sonnet in which the Italian dramatist professes to paint his own character contains, in one comprehensive line, a portrait of the versatile author of Don Juan, —

" Or stimandome Achille, ed or Tersite."

By the extract just given from his Journal,

[1] Paulus Jovius. — Bayle, too, says of him, " Il fit entrer plus de feu et plus de force dans ses livres, qu'il n'y en eût mis s'il avoit joui d'une condition plus tranquille."

[2] Some passages in Foscolo's Essay on Petrarch may be applied, with equal truth, to Lord Byron. — For instance, " It was hardly possible with Petrarch to write a sentence without portraying himself " — " Petrarch, allured by the idea that his celebrity would magnify into importance all the ordinary occurrences of his life, satisfied the curiosity of the world," &c. &c. — and again, with still more striking applicability, — " In Petrarch's letters, as well as in his Poems and Treatises, we always identify the author with the man, who felt himself irresistibly impelled to develope his own intense feelings. Being endowed with almost all the noble, and with some of the paltry passions of our nature, and having never attempted to conceal them, he awakens us to reflection upon ourselves while we contemplate in him a being of our own species, yet different from any other, and whose originality excites even more sympathy than admiration."

[3] " Il Petrarca poteva credere candidamente ch'ei non pativa d'invidia solamente, perche fra tutti i viventi non v'era chi non s'arretrasse per cedergli il passo alla prima gloria, ch'ei non poteva sentirsi umiliato, fuorchè dall' ombra di Dante."

it will be perceived that, in Byron's own opinion, a character which, like his, admitted of so many contradictory comparisons, could not be otherwise than wholly undefinable itself. It will be found, however, on reflection, that this very versatility, which renders it so difficult to fix, "ere it change," the fairy fabric of his character, is, in itself, the true clue through all that fabric's mazes, — is in itself the solution of whatever was most dazzling in his might or startling in his levity, of all that most attracted and repelled, whether in his life or his genius. A variety of powers almost boundless, and a pride no less vast in displaying them, — a susceptibility of new impressions and impulses, even beyond the usual allotment of genius, and an uncontrolled impetuosity, as well from habit as temperament, in yielding to them, — such were the two great and leading sources of all that varied spectacle which his life exhibited; of that succession of victories achieved by his genius, in almost every field of mind that genius ever trod, and of all those sallies of character in every shape and direction that unchecked feeling and dominant self-will could dictate.

It must be perceived by all endowed with quick powers of association how constantly, when any particular thought or sentiment presents itself to their minds, its very opposite, at the same moment, springs up there also: — if any thing sublime occurs, its neighbour, the ridiculous, is by its side; — across a bright view of the present or the future, a dark one throws its shadow; — and, even in questions respecting morals and conduct, all the reasonings and consequences that may suggest themselves on the side of one of two opposite courses will, in such minds, be instantly confronted by an array just as cogent on the other. A mind of this structure, — and such, more or less, are all those in which the reasoning is made subservient to the imaginative faculty, — though enabled, by such rapid powers of association, to multiply its resources without end, has need of the constant exercise of a controlling judgment to keep its perceptions pure and undisturbed between the contrasts it thus simultaneously calls up; the obvious danger being that, where matters of taste are concerned, the habit of forming such incongruous juxtapositions — as that, for example, between the burlesque and sublime — should at last vitiate the mind's relish for the nobler and higher quality; and that, on the yet more important subject of morals, a facility in finding reasons for every side of a question may end, if not in the choice of the worst, at least in a sceptical indifference to all.

In picturing to oneself so awful an event as a shipwreck, its many horrors and perils are what alone offer themselves to ordinary fancies. But the keen, versatile imagination of Byron could detect in it far other details, and, at the same moment with all that is fearful and appalling in such a scene, could bring together all that is most ludicrous and low. That in this painful mixture he was but too true to human nature, the testimony of De Retz (himself an eye-witness of such an event) attests: — "Vous ne pouvez vous imaginer (says the Cardinal) l'horreur d'une grande tempête; — vous en pouvez imaginer aussi peu le ridicule." But, assuredly, a poet less wantoning in the variety of his power, and less proud of displaying it, would have paused ere he mixed up, thus mockingly, the degradation of humanity with its sufferings, and, content to probe us to the core with the miseries of our fellow-men, would have forborne to wring from us, the next moment, a bitter smile at their baseness.

To the moral sense so dangerous are the effects of this quality, that it would hardly, perhaps, be generalising too widely to assert that wheresoever great versatility of power exists, there will also be found a tendency to versatility of principle. The poet Chatterton, in whose soul the seeds of all that is good and bad in genius so prematurely ripened, said, in the consciousness of this multiple faculty, that he "held that man in contempt who could not write on both sides of a question;" and it was by acting in accordance with this principle himself that he brought one of the few stains upon his name which a life so short afforded time to incur. Mirabeau, too, when, in the legal warfare between his father and mother, he helped to draw up for each the pleadings against the other, was influenced less, no doubt, by the pleasure of mischief than by this pride of talent, and lost sight of the unnatural perfidy of the task in the adroitness with which he executed it.

The quality which I have here denominated versatility, as applied to *power*, Lord Byron has himself designated by the French word "mobility," as applied to *feeling* and *conduct;* and, in one of the cantos of Don Juan, has described happily some of its lighter features. After telling us that his hero had begun to doubt, from the great predominance of this quality in her, "how much of Adeline was *real*," he says, —

"So well she acted, all and every part,
By turns, — with that vivacious versatility,
Which many people take for want of heart.
They err — 'tis merely what is called mobility,
A thing of temperament and not of art,

Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
And false — though true; for surely they 're sincerest,
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest."

That he was fully aware not only of the abundance of this quality in his own nature, but of the danger in which it placed consistency and singleness of character, did not require the note on this passage, where he calls it "an unhappy attribute," to assure us. The consciousness, indeed, of his own natural tendency to yield thus to every chance impression, and change with every passing impulse, was not only for ever present in his mind, but, — aware as he was of the suspicion of weakness attached by the world to any retractation or abandonment of long professed opinions, — had the effect of keeping him in that general line of consistency, on certain great subjects, which, notwithstanding occasional fluctuations and contradictions as to the details of these very subjects, he continued to preserve throughout life. A passage from one of his manuscripts will show how sagaciously he saw the necessity of guarding himself against his own instability in this respect. "The world visits change of politics or change of religion with a more severe censure than a mere difference of opinion would appear to me to deserve. But there must be some reason for this feeling; — and I think it is that these departures from the earliest instilled ideas of our childhood, and from the line of conduct chosen by us when we first enter into public life, have been seen to have more mischievous results for society, and to prove more weakness of mind than other actions, in themselves, more immoral."

The same distrust in his own steadiness, thus keeping alive in him a conscientious self-watchfulness, concurred not a little, I have no doubt, with the innate kindness of his nature, to preserve so constant and unbroken the greater number of his attachments through life; — some of them, as in the instance of his mother, owing evidently more to a sense of duty than to real affection, the consistency with which, so creditably to the strength of his character, they were maintained.

But while in these respects, as well as in the sort of task-like perseverance with which the habits and amusements of his youth were held fast by him, he succeeded in conquering the variableness and love of novelty so natural to him, in all else that could engage his mind, in all the excursions, whether of his reason or his fancy, he gave way to this versatile humour without scruple or check, — taking every shape in which genius could manifest its power, and transferring himself to every region of thought where new conquests were to be achieved.

It was impossible but that such a range of will and power should be abused. It was impossible that, among the spirits he invoked from all quarters, those of darkness should not appear, at his bidding, with those of light. And here the dangers of an energy so multifold, and thus luxuriating in its own transformations, show themselves. To this one great object of displaying power, — various, splendid, and all-adorning power, — every other consideration and duty were but too likely to be sacrificed. Let the advocate but display his eloquence and art, no matter what the cause; — let the stamp of energy be but left behind, no matter with what seal. *Could* it have been expected that from such a career no mischief would ensue, or that among these cross-lights of imagination the moral vision could remain undisturbed? *Is* it to be at all wondered at that in the works of one thus gifted and carried away, we should find, — wholly, too, without any prepense design of corrupting on his side, — a false splendour given to Vice to make it look like Virtue, and Evil too often invested with a grandeur which belongs intrinsically but to Good?

Among the less serious ills flowing from this abuse of his great versatile powers, — more especially as exhibited in his most characteristic work, Don Juan, — it will be found that even the strength and impressiveness of his poetry is sometimes not a little injured by the capricious and desultory flights into which this pliancy of wing allures him. It must be felt, indeed, by all readers of that work, and particularly by those who, being gifted with but a small portion of such ductility themselves, are unable to keep pace with his changes, that the suddenness with which he passes from one strain of sentiment to another, — from the frolic to the sad, from the cynical to the tender, — begets a distrust in the sincerity of one or both moods of mind which interferes with, if not chills, the sympathy that a more natural transition would inspire.[1] In general such a suspicion would do him injustice; as, among the singular combinations which his mind present-

[1] [——— "'tis not
My cue for any time to be terrific;
For chequer'd as is seen our human lot
With good, and bad, and worse, alike prolific
Of melancholy merriment, to quote
Too much of one sort would be soporific; —
Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."
Don Juan, c. viii. st. 89.]

ed, that of uniting at once versatility and depth of feeling was not the least remarkable. But, on the whole, favourable as was all this quickness and variety of association to the extension of the range and resources of his poetry, it may be questioned whether a more select concentration of his powers would not have afforded a still more grand and precious result. Had the minds of Milton and Tasso been thus thrown open to the incursions of light, ludicrous fancies, who can doubt that those solemn sanctuaries of genius would have been as much injured as profaned by the intrusion? — and it is at least a question whether, if Lord Byron had not been so actively versatile, so totally under the dominion of

> "A fancy, like the air, most free,
> And full of mutability,"

he would not have been less wonderful, perhaps, but more great.

Nor was it only in his poetical creations that this love and power of variety showed itself: — one of the most pervading weaknesses of his life may be traced to the same fertile source. The pride of personating every description of character, evil as well as good, influenced but too much, as we have seen, his ambition, and, not a little, his conduct; and as, in poetry, his own experience of the ill effects of passion was made to minister materials to the workings of his imagination, so, in return, his imagination supplied that dark colouring under which he so often disguised his true aspect from the world. To such a perverse length, indeed, did he carry this fancy for self-defamation, that if (as sometimes, in his moments of gloom, he persuaded himself,) there was any tendency to derangement in his mental conformation [1], on this point alone could it be pronounced to have manifested itself.[2] In the early part of my acquaintance with him, when he most gave way to this humour, — for it was observable afterwards, when the world joined in his own opinion of himself, he rather shrunk from the echo, — I have known him more than once, as we have sat together after dinner, and he was, at the time, perhaps, a little under the influence of wine, to fall seriously into this sort of dark and self-accusing mood, and throw out hints of his past life with an air of gloom and mystery designed evidently to awaken curiosity and interest. He was, however, too promptly alive to the least approaches of ridicule not to perceive, on these occasions, that the gravity of his hearer was only prevented from being disturbed by an effort of politeness, and he accordingly never again tried this romantic mystification upon me. From what I have known, however, of his experiments

[1] We have seen how often, in his Journals and Letters, this suspicion of his own mental soundness is intimated. A similar notion, with respect to himself, seems to have taken hold also of the strong mind of Johnson, who, like Byron, too, was disposed to attribute to an hereditary tinge that melancholy which, as he said, "made him mad all his life, at least not sober." This peculiar feature of Johnson's mind has, in the late new edition of Boswell's Life of him, given rise to some remarks, pregnant with all the editor's well-known acuteness, which, as bearing on a point so important in the history of the human intellect, will be found worthy of all attention.* In one of the many letters of Lord Byron to myself, which I have thought right to omit, I find him tracing this supposed disturbance of his own faculties to the marriage of Miss Chaworth; — "a marriage," he says, "for which she sacrificed the prospects of two very ancient families, and a heart which was hers from ten years old, and a head which has never been quite right since."

[2] In his Diary of 1813 there is a passage (*antè*, p. 204.) which I had preserved solely for the purpose of illustrating this obliquity of his mind, intending, at the same time, to accompany it with an explanatory note. From some inadvertence, however, the note was omitted; and, thus left to itself, this piece of mystification has, with the French readers of the work, I see, succeeded most perfectly; there being no imaginable variety of murder which the votaries of the new romantic school have not been busily extracting out of the mystery of that passage.

* ["One of the most curious and important chapters in the history of the human mind," says Mr. Croker, "is still to be written, that of hereditary insanity. The symptomatic facts by which the disease might be traced are generally either disregarded from ignorance of their real cause and character, or, when observed, carefully suppressed by domestic or professional delicacy. This is natural, and even laudable; yet there are several important reasons why the obscurity in which such facts are usually buried may be regretted. *Morally*, we should wish to know, as far as may be permitted to us, the nature of our own intellect, its powers, and its weaknesses; — *medically*, it might be possible, by early and systematic treatment, to avert or mitigate the disease which, there is reason to suppose, is now often unknown or mistaken; — *legally*, it would be desirable to have any additional means of discriminating between guilt and misfortune, and of ascertaining, with more precision, the nice bounds which divide moral guilt from what may be called physical errors; — and in the highest and most important of all the springs of human thought or action, it would be consolatory and edifying to be able to distinguish, with greater certainty, rational faith and judicious piety from the enthusiastic confidence or the gloomy despondence of disordered imaginations. The memory of every man who has lived, not inattentively, in society, will furnish him with instances to which these considerations might have been usefully applied. But in reading the Life of Dr. Johnson (who was conscious of the disease and of its cause) they should be kept constantly in view; not merely as a subject of general interest, but as elucidating and explaining many of the errors, peculiarities, and weaknesses of that extraordinary man." — *Croker's* [*Boswell*, vol. i. p. 3.]

upon more impressible listeners, I have little doubt that, to produce effect at the moment, there is hardly any crime so dark or desperate of which, in the excitement of thus acting upon the imaginations of others, he would not have hinted that he had been guilty; and it has sometimes occurred to me that the occult cause of his lady's separation from him, round which herself and her legal adviser have thrown such formidable mystery, may have been nothing more, after all, than some imposture of this kind, some dimly hinted confession of undefined horrors, which, though intended by the relater but to mystify and surprise, the hearer so little understood him as to take in sober seriousness.

This strange propensity with which the man was, as it were, inoculated by the poet, re-acted back again upon his poetry, so as to produce, in some of his delineations of character, that inconsistency which has not unfrequently been noticed by his critics, — namely, the junction of one or two lofty and shining virtues with "a thousand crimes"[1] altogether incompatible with them; this anomaly being, in fact, accounted for by the two different sorts of ambition that actuated him, — the natural one, of infusing into his personages those high and kindly qualities he felt conscious of within himself; and the artificial one, of investing them with those crimes which he so boyishly wished imputed to him by the world.

Independently, however, of any such efforts towards blackening his own name, and even after he had learned from bitter experience the rash folly of such a system, there was still, in the openness and over-frankness of his nature, and that indulgence of impulse with which he gave utterance to, if not acted upon, every chance impression of the moment, more than sufficient to bring his character, in all its least favourable lights, before the world. Who is there, indeed, that could bear to be judged by even the best of those unnumbered thoughts that course each other, like waves of the sea, through our minds, passing away unuttered, and, for the most part, even unowned by ourselves? — Yet to such a test was Byron's character throughout his whole life exposed. As well from the precipitance with which he gave way to every impulse as from the passion he had for recording his own impressions, all those heterogeneous thoughts, fantasies, and desires that, in other men's minds, "come like shadows, so depart," were by him fixed and embodied as they presented themselves, and, at once, taking a shape cognizable by public opinion, either in his actions or his words, either in the hasty letter of the moment, or the poem for all time, laid open such a range of vulnerable points before his judges, as no one individual perhaps ever before, of himself, presented.

With such abundance and variety of materials for portraiture, it may easily be conceived how two professed delineators of his character, the one over partial and the other malicious, might, — the former, by selecting only the fairer, and the latter only the darker, features, — produce two portraits of Lord Byron, as much differing from each other as they would both be, on the whole, unlike the original.

Of the utter powerlessness of retention with which he promulged his every thought and feeling, — more especially if at all connected with the subject of self, — without allowing even a pause for the almost instinctive consideration whether by such disclosures he might not be conveying a calumnious impression of himself, a stronger instance could hardly be given than is to be found in a conversation held by him with Mr. Trelawney, as reported by this latter gentleman, when they were on their way together to Greece. After some remarks on the state of his own health[2], mental and bodily, he said, "I don't know how it is, but I am so cowardly at times, that if, this morning, you had come down and horsewhipped me, I should have submitted without opposition. Why is this? If one of these fits come over me when we are in Greece, what shall I do?" — "I told him (continues Mr. Trelawney) that it was the excessive debility of his nerves. He said, 'Yes, and of my head, too. I was very heroic when I left Genoa, but, like Acres, I feel my courage oozing out at my palms.'"

It will hardly, by those who know any thing of human nature, be denied that such misgivings and heart-sinkings as are here described may, under a similar depression of spirits, have found their way into the thoughts

[1] ["He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."
Works, p. 107.]

[2] "He often mentioned," says Mr. Trelawney, "that he thought he should not live many years, and said that he would die in Greece. This he told me at Cephalonia. He always seemed unmoved on these occasions, perfectly indifferent as to when he died, only saying that he could not bear pain. On our voyage we had been reading with great attention the Life and Letters of Swift edited by Scott, and we almost daily, or rather nightly, talked them over; and he more than once expressed his horror of existing in that state, and expressed some fears that it would be his fate. [See BYRONIANA.]

of some of the gallantest hearts that ever breathed; — but then, untold and unremembered, even by the sufferer himself, they passed off with the passing infirmity that produced them, leaving neither to truth to record them as proofs of want of health, nor to calumny to fasten upon them a suspicion of want of bravery. The assertion of some one, that all men are by nature cowardly, would seem to be countenanced by the readiness with which most men believe others so. "I have lived," says the Prince de Ligne, "to hear Voltaire called a fool, and the great Frederick a coward." The Duke of Marlborough in his own times, and Napoleon in ours, have found persons not only to assert but believe the same charge against them. After such glaring instances of the tendency of some minds to view greatness only through an inverting medium, it need little surprise us that Lord Byron's conduct in Greece should, on the same principle, have engendered a similar insinuation against him; nor should I have at all noticed the weak slander, but for the opportunity which it affords me of endeavouring to point out what appears to me the peculiar nature of the courage by which, on all occasions that called for it, he so strikingly distinguished himself.

Whatever virtue may be allowed to belong to personal courage, it is, most assuredly, they who are endowed by nature with the liveliest imaginations, and who have therefore most vividly and simultaneously before their eyes all the remote and possible consequences of danger, that are most deserving of whatever praise attends the exercise of that virtue. A bravery of this kind, which springs more out of mind than temperament, — or rather, perhaps, out of the conquest of the former over the latter, — will naturally proportion its exertion to the importance of the occasion; and the same person who is seen to shrink with an almost feminine fear from ignoble and every-day perils, may be found foremost in the very jaws of danger where honour is to be either maintained or won. Nor does this remark apply only to the imaginative class, of whom I am chiefly treating. By the same calculating principle, it will be found that most men whose bravery is the result not of temperament but reflection, are regulated in their daring. The wise De Wit, though negligent of his life on great occasions, was not ashamed, we are told, of dreading and avoiding whatever endangered it on others.

On the apprehensiveness that attends quick imaginations, Lord Byron had, of course, a considerable share, and in all situations of ordinary peril gave way to it without reserve. I have seldom seen any person, male or female, more timid in a carriage; and, in riding, his preparation against accidents showed the same nervous and imaginative fearfulness. "His bridle," says the late Lord Blessington, who rode frequently with him at Genoa, "had, besides cavesson and martingale, various reins; and whenever he came near a place where his horse was likely to shy, he gathered up these said reins and fixed himself as if he was going at a five-barred gate." None surely but the most superficial or most prejudiced observers could ever seriously found upon such indications of nervousness any conclusion against the real courage of him who was subject to them. The poet Ariosto, who was, it seems, a victim to the same fair-weather alarms, — who, when on horseback, would alight at the least appearance of danger, and on the water was particularly timorous, — could yet, in the action between the Pope's vessels and the Duke of Ferrara's, fight like a lion; and in the same manner the courage of Lord Byron, as all his companions in peril testify, was of that noblest kind which rises with the greatness of the occasion, and becomes but the more self-collected and resisting, the more imminent the danger.

In proposing to show that the distinctive properties of Lord Byron's character, as well moral as literary, arose mainly from those two great sources, the unexampled versatility of his powers and feelings, and the facility with which he gave way to the impulses of both, it had been my intention to pursue the subject still further in detail, and to endeavour to trace throughout the various excellences and defects, both of his poetry and his life, the operation of these two dominant attributes of his nature. "No man," says Cowper, in speaking of persons of a versatile turn of mind, "are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either." It would not be difficult to show that to this readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or the lights of our variegated existence, Lord Byron owed not only the great range of his influence as a poet, but those powers of fascination which he possessed as a man. This susceptibility, indeed, of immediate impressions, which in him was so active, lent a charm, of all others the most attractive, to his social intercourse, by giving to those who were, at the moment, present, such ascendant influence, that they alone for the time

occupied all his thoughts and feelings, and brought whatever was most agreeable in his nature into play.[1]

So much did this extreme mobility, — this readiness to be "strongly acted on by what was nearest," — abound in his disposition, that, even with the casual acquaintances of the hour, his heart was upon his lips[2], and it depended wholly upon themselves whether they might not become at once the depositories of every secret, if it might be so called, of his whole life. That in this convergence of all the powers of pleasing towards present objects, those absent should be sometimes forgotten, or, what is worse, sacrificed to the reigning desire of the moment, is unluckily one of the alloys attendant upon persons of this temperament, which renders their fidelity, either as lovers or confidants, not a little precarious. But of the charm which such a disposition diffuses through the manner there can be but little doubt, — and least of all among those who have ever felt its influence in Lord Byron. Neither are the instances in which he has been known to make imprudent disclosures of what had been said or written by others of the persons with whom he was conversing to be all set down to this rash overflow of the social hour. In his own frankness of spirit, and hatred of all disguise, this practice, pregnant as it was with inconvenience, and sometimes danger, in a great degree originated. To confront the accused with the accuser was, in such cases, his delight, — not only as a revenge for having been made the medium of what men durst not say openly to each other, but as a gratification of that love of small mischief which he had retained from boyhood, and which the confusion that followed such exposures was always sure to amuse. This habit, too, being, as I have before remarked, well known to his friends, their sense of prudence, if not their fairness, was put fully on its guard, and he himself was spared the pain of hearing what he could not, without inflicting still worse, repeat.

A most apt illustration of this point of his character is to be found in an anecdote told of him by Parry, who, though himself the victim, had the sense and good temper to perceive the source to which Byron's conduct was to be traced. While the Turkish fleet was blockading Missolonghi, his Lordship, one day, attended by Parry, proceeded in a small punt, rowed by a boy, to the mouth of the harbour, while in a large boat accompanying them were Prince Mavrocordato and his attendants. In this situation, an indignant feeling of contempt and impatience at the supineness of their Greek friends seized the engineer, and he proceeded to vent this feeling to Lord Byron in no very measured terms, pronouncing Prince Mavrocordato to be "an old gentlewoman," and concluding, according to his own statement, with the following words: — "If I were in their place, I should be in a fever at the thought of my own incapacity and ignorance, and should burn with impatience to attempt the destruction of those rascal Turks. But the Greeks and the Turks are opponents worthy, by their imbecility, of each other."

"I had scarcely explained myself fully," adds Mr. Parry, "when his Lordship ordered our boat to be placed alongside the other, and actually related our whole conversation to the Prince. In doing it, however, he took on himself the task of pacifying both the Prince and me; and though I was at first very angry, and the Prince, I believe very much annoyed, he succeeded. Mavrocordato afterwards showed no dissatisfaction with me, and I prized Lord Byron's regard too much, to remain long displeased with a proceeding which was only an unpleasant manner of reproving us both."

Into these and other such branches from the main course of his character, it might have been a task of some interest to investigate, — certain as we should be that, even in the remotest and narrowest of these windings, some of the brightness and strength of the original current would be perceptible. Enough however has been, perhaps, said to set other minds upon supplying what remains: — if the track of analysis here opened be the true one, to follow it in its further bearings will not be difficult. Already, indeed, I may be thought by some readers to

[1] In reference to his power of adapting himself to all sorts of society, and taking upon himself all varieties of character, I find a passage in one of my early letters to him (from Ireland) which, though it might be expressed, perhaps, in better taste, is worth citing for its truth: — "Though I have not written, I have seldom ceased to think of you; for you are that sort of being whom every thing, high or low, brings into one's mind. Whether I am with the wise or the waggish, among poets or among pugilists, over the book or over the bottle, you are sure to connect yourself transcendently with all, and come 'armed for every field' in my memory."

[2] It is curious to observe how, in all times, and all countries, what is called the poetical temperament has, in the great possessors, and victims, of that gift, produced similar effects. In the following passage, the biographer of Tasso has, in painting that poet, described Byron also: — "There are some persons of a sensibility so powerful, that whoever happens to be with them is, at that moment, to them the world; their hearts involuntarily open; they are prompted by a strong desire to please; and they thus make confidants of their sentiments people whom they in reality regard with indifference."

have occupied too large a portion of these pages, not only in tracing out such "nice dependencies" and gradations of my friend's character, but still more uselessly, as may be conceived, in recording all the various habitudes and whims by which the course of his every-day life was distinguished from that of other people. That the critics of the day should think it due to their own importance to object to trifles is naturally to be expected; but that, in other times, such minute records of a Byron will be read with interest, even such critics cannot doubt. To know that Catiline walked with an agitated and uncertain gait is, by no mean judge of human nature, deemed important as an indiation of character. But far less significant details will satisfy the idolaters of genius. To be told that Tasso loved malmsey and thought it favourable to poetic inspiration is a piece of intelligence, even at the end of three centuries, not unwelcome; while a still more amusing proof of the disposition of the world to remember little things of the great is, that the poet Petrarch's excessive fondness for turnips is one of the few traditions still preserved of him at Arquà.

The personal appearance of Lord Byron has been so frequently described, both by pen and pencil, that were it not the bounden duty of the biographer to attempt some such sketch, the task would seem superfluous. Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order, as combining at once regularity of features with the most varied and interesting expression. The same facility, indeed, of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them.

His eyes, though of a light grey, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness, from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. Of this latter passion, I had once an opportunity of seeing what fiery interpreters they could be, on my telling him, thoughtlessly enough, that a friend of mine had said to me — "Beware of Lord Byron; he will some day or other do something very wicked." — "Was it man or woman said so?" he exclaimed, suddenly turning round upon me with a look of such intense anger as, though it lasted not an instant, could not easily be forgot, and of which no better idea can be given than in the words of one who, speaking of Chatterton's eyes, says that "fire rolled at the bottom of them."

But it was in the mouth and chin that the great beauty as well as expression of his fine countenance lay. "Many pictures have been painted of him," says a fair critic of his features, "with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love." It would be injustice to the reader not to borrow from the same pencil a few more touches of portraiture. "This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly — I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment, brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forgot the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you, and gazed with intense curiosity — I had almost said — as if to satisfy yourself, that thus looked the god of poetry, the god of the Vatican, when he conversed with the sons and daughters of man."

His head was remarkably small [1], — so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having hair (to preserve it, he said,) shaved over the temples; while the glossy, dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features.

In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and — according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth — aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot [2], though an obstacle to grace,

[1] "Several of us, one day," says Colonel Napier, "tried on his hat; and in a party of twelve or fourteen, who were at dinner, *not one* could put it on, so exceedingly small was his head. My servant, Thomas Wells, who had the smallest head in the 90th regiment (so small that he could hardly get a cap to fit him, was the only person who could put on Lord Byron's hat, and him it fitted exactly." [See BYRONIANA.]

[2] In speaking of this lameness at the commencement of my work, I forbore, both from my own doubts on the subject and the great variance I found in the recollections

but little impeded the activity of his movements; and from this circumstance, as well as from the skill with which the foot was disguised by means of long trowsers, it would be difficult to conceive a defect of this kind less obtruding itself as a deformity; while the diffidence which a constant consciousness of the infirmity gave to his first approach and address made, in him, even lameness a source of interest.

In looking again into the Journal from which it was my intention to give extracts, the following unconnected opinions, or rather reveries, most of them on points connected with his religious opinions, are all that I feel tempted to select. To an assertion in the early part of this work, that "at no time of his life was Lord Byron a confirmed unbeliever," it has been objected, that many passages of his writings prove the direct contrary. This assumption, however, as well as the interpretation of most of the passages referred to in its support, proceed, as it appears to me, upon the mistake, not uncommon in conversation, of confounding together the meanings of the words unbeliever and sceptic, — the former implying decision of opinion, and the latter only doubt. I have myself, I find, not always kept the significations of the two words distinct, and in one instance have so far fallen into the notion of these objectors as to speak of Byron in his youth as "an unbelieving schoolboy," when the word "doubting" would have more truly expressed my meaning. With this necessary explanation, I shall here repeat my assertion; or rather—to clothe its substance in a different form — shall say that Lord Byron was, to the last, a sceptic, which, in itself, implies that he was, at no time, a confirmed unbeliever.

"If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were *for — not to have lived at all.*[1] All history and experience, and the rest, teaches us that the good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is most to be desired is an easy passage out of it. What can it give us but years? and those have little of good but their ending."

"Of the immortality of the soul it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body — in dreams, for instance; — incoherently and *madly*, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now that this should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass,' — a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains being material may be shaken off. How far our future life will be *individual*, or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our *present* existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable as that the body is not so. Of course I here venture upon the question without recurring to revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a solution of it as any other. A *material* resurrection seems strange, and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment which is to *revenge* rather than *correct* must be *morally wrong*; and *when the world is at an end*, what moral or warning purpose *can* eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here; — but the whole thing is inscrutable."

"It is useless to tell me *not* to *reason*, but to *believe*. You might as well tell a man not to wake, but *sleep*. And then to *bully* with torments, and all that! I cannot help thinking that the *menace* of hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity make villains."

"Man is born *passionate* of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of good in his main-spring of mind. But, God help us all! it is at present a sad jar of atoms."

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of others, from stating in *which* of his feet this lameness existed. It will, indeed, with difficulty be believed what uncertainty I found upon this point, even among those most intimate with him. Mr. Hunt, in his book, states it to have been the left foot that was deformed; and this, though contrary to my own impression, and, as it appears also, to the fact, was the opinion I found also of others who had been much in the habit of living with him. On applying to his early friends at Southwell and to the shoemaker of that town who worked for him, so little prepared were they to answer with any certainty on the subject, that it was only by recollecting that the lame foot "was the off one in going up the street," they at last came to the conclusion that his right limb was the one affected; and Mr. Jackson, his preceptor in pugilism, was, in like manner, obliged to call to mind whether his noble pupil was a right or left hand hitter before he could arrive at the same decision.

[1] Swift "early adopted," says Sir Walter Scott, "the custom of observing his birth-day, as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture, in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house 'that a man-child was born.'" — *Life of Swift.*

"Matter is eternal, always changing, but reproduced, and, as far as we can comprehend eternity, eternal; and why not *mind?* Why should not the mind act with and upon the universe, as portions of it act upon and with the congregated dust called mankind? See how one man acts upon himself and others, or upon multitudes! The same agency, in a higher and purer degree, may act upon the stars, &c. ad infinitum."

"I have often been inclined to materialism in philosophy, but could never bear its introduction into *Christianity*, which appears to me essentially founded upon the *soul*. For this reason Priestley's Christian Materialism always struck me as deadly. Believe the resurrection of the *body*, if you will, but *not without* a *soul*. The deuce is in it, if after having had a soul, (as surely the *mind*, or whatever you call it, *is*,) in this world, we must part with it in the *next*, even for an immortal materiality! I own my partiality for *spirit*."

"I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day, as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity and the kindler of this dark lantern of our external existence."

"The night is also a religious concern, and even more so when I viewed the moon and stars through Herschell's telescope, and saw that they were worlds." [1]

"If, according to some speculations, you could prove the world many thousand years older than the Mosaic chronology, or if you could get rid of Adam and Eve, and the apple, and serpent, still, what is to be put up in their stead? or how is the difficulty removed? Things must have had a beginning, and what matters it *when* or *how?*"

"I sometimes think that *man* may be the relic of some higher material being wrecked in a former world, and degenerated in the hardship and struggle through chaos into conformity, or something like it, — as we see Laplanders, Esquimaux, &c. inferior in the present state, as the elements become more inexorable. But even then this higher pre-Adamite suppositious creation must have had an origin and a *Creator* — for a *creation* is a more natural imagination than a fortuitous concourse of atoms: all things remount to a fountain, though they may flow to an ocean."

"Plutarch says, in his Life of Lysander, that Aristotle observes 'that in general great geniuses are of a melancholy turn, and instances Socrates, Plato, and Hercules (or Heraclitus), as examples, and Lysander, though not while young, yet as inclined to it when approaching towards age.' Whether I am a genius or not, I have been called such by my friends as well as enemies, and in more countries and languages than one, and also within a no very long period of existence. Of my genius, I can say nothing; but of my melancholy, that it is 'increasing, and ought to be diminished.' But how?

"I take it that most men are so at bottom, but that it is only remarked in the remarkable. The Duchesse de Broglio, in reply to a remark of mine on the errors of clever people, said that 'they were not worse than others, only, being more in view, more noted, especially in all that could reduce them to the rest, or raise the rest to them.' In 1816, this was.

"In fact (I suppose that) if the follies of fools were all set down like those of the wise, the wise (who seem at present only a better sort of fools) would appear almost intelligent."

"It is singular how soon we lose the impression of what ceases to be *constantly* before us: a year impairs; a lustre obliterates. There is little distinct left without an effort of memory. *Then*, indeed, the lights are rekindled for a moment; but who can be sure that imagination is not the torch-bearer? Let any man try at the end of *ten* years to bring before him the features, or the mind, or the sayings, or the habits of his best friend, or his *greatest* man, (I mean his favourite, his Buonaparte, his this, that, or t'other,) and he will be surprised at the extreme confusion of his ideas. I speak confidently on this point, having always passed for one who had a good, ay, an excellent memory. I except, indeed, our recollection of womankind; there is no forgetting *them* (and be d—d to them) any more than any other remarkable era, such as 'the revolution,' or 'the plague,' or, 'the invasion,' or 'the comet,' or, 'the war' of such and such an epoch, — being the favourite dates of mankind, who have so many *blessings* in their lot that they never

[1] ["Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars, —all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced and will receive the soul."
Don Juan, c. iii. st. 104.]

make their calendars from them, being too common. For instance, you see 'the great drought,' 'the Thames frozen over,' 'the seven years' war broke out,' 'the English, or French, or Spanish revolution commenced,' 'the Lisbon earthquake,' 'the Lima earthquake,' 'the earthquake of Calabria,' 'the plague of London,' ditto 'of Constantinople,' 'the sweating sickness,' 'the yellow fever of Philadelphia,' &c. &c. &c.; but you don't see 'the abundant harvest,' 'the fine summer,' 'the long peace,' 'the wealthy speculation,' 'the wreckless voyage,' recorded so emphatically! By the way, there has been a *thirty years' war* and a *seventy years' war*; was there ever a *seventy* or a *thirty years' peace?* or was there even a DAY's *universal* peace? except perhaps in China, where they have found out the miserable happiness of a stationary and unwarlike mediocrity. And is all this because nature is niggard or savage? or mankind ungrateful? Let philosophers decide. I am none."

"In general, I do not draw well with literary men; not that I dislike them, but I never know what to say to them after I have praised their last publication. There are several exceptions, to be sure; but then they have either been men of the world, such as Scott and Moore, &c. or visionaries out of it, such as Shelley, &c.: but your literary every-day man and I never went well in company, especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide; except Giordani, and — and — and — (I really can't name any other) — I don't remember a man amongst them whom I ever wished to see twice, except perhaps Mezzophanti, who is a monster of languages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking Polyglott and more, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter. He is indeed a marvel — unassuming also. I tried him in all the tongues of which I knew a single oath, (or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, cameldrivers, vetturini, post-masters, post-horses, post-houses, post every thing,) and egad! he astounded me — even to my English."

"'No man would live his life over again,' is an old and true saying which all can resolve for themselves.[1] At the same time there are probably *moments* in most men's lives which they would live over the rest of life to *regain*. Else why do we live at all? because Hope recurs to Memory, both false — but — but — but — but — and this *but* drags on till — what? I do not know; and who does? 'He that died o' Wednesday.'"

In laying before the reader these last extracts from the papers in my possession, it may be expected, perhaps, that I should say something, — in addition to what has been already stated on this subject, — respecting those Memoranda, or Memoirs, which, in the exercise of the discretionary power given to me by my noble friend, I placed, shortly after his death, at the disposal of his sister and executor, and which they, from a sense of what they thought due to his memory, consigned to the flames. As the circumstances, however, connected with the surrender of that manuscript, besides requiring much more detail than my present limits allow, do not, in any respect, concern the character of Lord Byron, but affect solely my own, it is not here, at least, that I feel myself called upon to enter into an explanation of them. The world will, of course, continue to think of that step as it pleases; but it is, after all, on a man's *own* opinion of his actions that his happiness chiefly depends, and I can only say that, were I again placed in the same circumstances, I would — even at ten times the pecuniary sacrifice which my conduct then cost me — again act precisely in the same manner.

For the satisfaction of those whose regret at the loss of that manuscript arises from some better motive than the mere disappointment of a prurient curiosity, I shall here add, that on the mysterious cause of the

[1] ["I maintained, that no man would choose to lead over again the life which he had experienced. Johnson acceded to that opinion in the strongest terms. I have heard Mr. Burke make use of a very ingenious and plausible argument on this subject: 'Every man,' said he, 'would lead his life over again; for every man is willing to go on and take an addition to his life, which, as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better, or even so good as what has preceded.' I imagine, however, the truth is that there is a deceitful hope that the next part of life will be free from the pains, and anxieties, and sorrows, which we have already felt. We are for wise purposes 'Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,' as Johnson finely says; and I may also quote the celebrated lines of Dryden, equally philosophical and poetical—

'When I consider life, 't is all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit—
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and, while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again;
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.'"
Boswell's Johnson, vol. viii. p. 304. ed. 1835.]

separation, it afforded no light whatever;—that, while some of its details could never have been published at all[1], and little, if any, of what it contained personal towards others could have appeared till long after the individuals concerned had left the scene, all that materially related to Lord Byron himself was (as I well knew when I made that sacrifice) to be found repeated in the various Journals and Memorandum-books, which, though not all to be made use of, were, as the reader has seen from the preceding pages, all preserved.

As far as suppression, indeed, is blameable, I have had, in the course of this task, abundantly to answer for it; having, as the reader must have perceived, withheld a large portion of my materials, to which Lord Byron, no doubt, in his fearlessness of consequences, would have wished to give publicity, but which, it is now more than probable, will never meet the light.

There remains little more to add. It has been remarked by Lord Orford[1], as "strange, that the writing a man's life should in general make the biographer become enamoured of his subject, whereas one should think that the nicer disquisition one makes into the life of any man, the less reason one should find to love or admire him." On the contrary, may we not rather say that, as knowledge is ever the parent of tolerance, the more insight we gain into the springs and motives of a man's actions, the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, and the influences and temptations under which he acted, the more allowance we may be inclined to make for his errors, and the more approbation his virtues may extort from us?

The arduous task of being the biographer of Byron is one, at least, on which I have not obtruded myself: the wish of my friend that I should undertake that office having been more than once expressed, at a time when none but a boding imagination like his could have foreseen much chance of the sad honour devolving to me. If in some instances I have consulted rather the spirit than the exact letter of his injunctions, it was with the view solely of doing him more justice than he would have done himself, there being no hands in which his character could have been less safe than his own, nor any greater wrong offered to his memory than the substitution of what he affected to be for what he was. Of any partiality, however, beyond what our mutual friendship accounts for and justifies, I am by no means conscious; nor would it be in the power, indeed, of even the most partial friend to allege any thing more convincingly favourable of his character than is contained in the few simple facts with which I shall here conclude,—that, through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend;—that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last;—that the woman, to whom he gave the love of his maturer years, idolises his name; and that, with a single unhappy exception, scarce an instance is to be found of any one, once brought, however briefly, into relations of amity with him, that did not feel towards him a kind regard in life, and retain a fondness for his memory.

I have now done with the subject, nor shall be easily tempted to recur to it. Any mistakes or misstatements I may be proved to have made shall be corrected;—any new facts which it is in the power of others to produce will speak for themselves. To mere opinions I am not called upon to pay attention—and still less to insinuations or mysteries. I have here told what I myself know and think concerning my friend; and now leave his character, moral as well as literary, to the judgment of the world.

[1] This description applies only to the Second Part of the Memoranda; there having been but little unfit for publication in the First Part, which was indeed read, as is well known, by many of the noble author's friends.

[2] In speaking of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life of Henry VIII.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

TWO EPISTLES FROM THE ARMENIAN VERSION.[1]

[*See* p. 348.]

THE EPISTLE OF THE CORINTHIANS TO ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.[2]

1 STEPHEN[3], and the elders with him, Dabnus, Eubulus, Theophilus, and Xinon, to Paul, our father and evangelist, and faithful master in Jesus Christ, health.[4]

2 Two men have come to Corinth, Simon by name, and Cleobus[5], who vehemently disturb the faith of some with deceitful and corrupt words;

3 Of which words thou shouldst inform thyself:

4 For neither have we heard such words from thee, nor from the other apostles:

5 But we know only that what we have heard from thee and from them, that we have kept firmly.

6 But in this chiefly has our Lord had compassion, that, whilst thou art yet with us in the flesh, we are again about to hear from thee.

7 Therefore do thou write to us, or come thyself amongst us quickly.

8 We believe in the Lord, that, as it was revealed to Theonas, he hath delivered thee from the hands of the unrighteous.[6]

9 But these are the sinful words of these impure men, for thus do they say and teach:

10 That it behoves not to admit the Prophets.[7]

11 Neither do they affirm the omnipotence of God:

12 Neither do they affirm the resurrection of the flesh:

13 Neither do they affirm that man was altogether created by God:

14 Neither do they affirm that Jesus Christ was born in the flesh from the Virgin Mary:

15 Neither do they affirm that the world was the work of God, but of some one of the angels.

16 Therefore do thou make haste[8] to come amongst us.

17 That this city of the Corinthians may remain without scandal.

18 And that the folly of these men may be made manifest by an open refutation. Fare thee well.[9]

The deacons Thereptus and Tichus[10] received and conveyed this Epistle to the city of the Philippians.[11]

When Paul received the Epistle, although he was then in chains on account of Stratonice[12], the wife of Apofolanus[13], yet as it were forgetting his bonds, he mourned over these words, and said, weeping: "It were better for me to be dead, and with the Lord. For while I am in this body, and hear the wretched words of such false doctrine, behold, grief arises upon grief, and my trouble adds a weight to my chains; when I behold this calamity, and progress of the machinations of Satan, who searcheth to do wrong."

And thus, with deep affliction, Paul composed his reply to the Epistle.[14]

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[1] [On a copy of these Epistles, in the possession of Mr. Moore, Lord Byron has written—"Done into English by me, January—February 1817, at the Convent of St. Lazaro, with the aid and exposition of the Armenian text by the Father Paschal Aucher, Armenian Friar.—BYRON. Venice, April 10. 1817. I had also the Latin text, but it is in many places very corrupt, and with great omissions." See *antè*, p. 348.]

[2] Some MSS. have the title thus: *Epistle of Stephen the Elder to Paul the Apostle, from the Corinthians.*

[3] In the MSS. the marginal verses published by the Whistons are wanting.

[4] In some MSS. we find, *The elders Numenus, Eubulus, Theophilus, and Nomeson, to Paul their brother, health!*

[5] Others read, *There came certain men, . . . and Clobeus, who vehemently shake.*

[6] Some MSS. have, *We believe in the Lord that his presence was made manifest; and by this hath the Lord delivered us from the hands of the unrighteous.*

[7] Others read, *To read the Prophets.*

[8] Some MSS. have, *Therefore, brother, do thou make haste.*

[9] Others read, *Fare thee well in the Lord.*

[10] Some MSS. have, *The deacons Thereptus and Tichus.*

[11] The Whistons have, *To the city of Phœnicia:* but in all the MSS. we find, *To the city of the Philippians.*

[12] Others read, *On account of Onotice.*

[13] The Whistons have, *Of pollophanus:* but in all the MSS. we read, *Apofolanus.*

[14] In the text of this Epistle there are some other variations in the words, but the sense is the same.

EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS. [1]

1 Paul, in bonds for Jesus Christ, disturbed by so many errors, to his Corinthian brethren, health.

2 I nothing marvel that the preachers of evil have made this progress.

3 For because the Lord Jesus is about to fulfil his coming, verily on this account do certain men pervert and despise his words.

4 But I, verily, from the beginning, have taught you that only which I myself received from the former apostles, who always remained with the Lord Jesus Christ.

5 And I now say unto you, that the Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, who was of the seed of David,

6 According to the annunciation of the Holy Ghost, sent to her by our Father from heaven;

7 That Jesus might be introduced into the world [3], and deliver our flesh by his flesh, and that he might raise us up from the dead:

8 As in this also he himself became thee example:

9 That it might be made manifest that man was created by the Father,

10 He has not remained in perdition unsought; [4]

11 But he is sought for, that he might be revived by adoption.

12 For God, who is the Lord of all, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who made heaven and earth, sent, firstly, the Prophets to the Jews:

13 That he would absolve them from their sins, and bring them to his judgment.

14 Because he wished to save, firstly, the house of Israel, he bestowed and poured forth his Spirit upon the Prophets;

15 That they should, for a long time, preach the worship of God, and the nativity of Christ.

16 But he who was the prince of evil, when he wished to make himself God, laid his hand upon them,

17 And bound all men in sin, [5]

18 Because the judgment of the world was approaching.

19 But Almighty God, when he willed to justify, was unwilling to abandon his creature;

20 But when he saw his affliction, he had compassion upon him:

21 And at the end of a time he sent the Holy Ghost into the Virgin foretold by the Prophets.

22 Who, believing readily [6], was made worthy to conceive, and bring forth our Lord Jesus Christ.

24 That from this perishable body, in which the evil spirit was glorified, he should be cast out, and it should be made manifest

24 That he was not God: For Jesus Christ, in his flesh, had recalled and saved this perishable flesh, and drawn it into eternal life by faith.

25 Because in his body he would prepare a pure temple of justice for all ages;

26 In whom we also, when we believe, are saved.

27 Therefore know ye that these men are not the children of justice, but the children of wrath;

28 Who turn away from themselves the compassion of God;

29 Who say that neither the heavens nor the earth were altogether works made by the hand of the Father of all things. [7]

30 But these cursed men [8] have the doctrine of the serpent.

31 But do ye, by the power of God, withdraw yourselves far from these, and expel from amongst you the doctrine of the wicked.

32 Because you are not the children of rebellion [9], but the sons of the beloved church.

33 And on this account the time of the resurrection is preached to all men.

34 Therefore they who affirm that there is no resurrection of the flesh, they indeed shall not be raised up to eternal life;

35 But to judgment and condemnation shall the unbeliever arise in the flesh:

36 For to that body which denies the resurrection of the body, shall be denied the resurrection: because such are found to refuse the resurrection.

37 But you also, Corinthians! have known, from the seeds of wheat, and from other seeds,

38 That one grain falls [10] dry into the earth, and within it first dies,

39 And afterwards rises again, by the will of the Lord, endued with the same body;

40 Neither indeed does it arise with the same simple body, but manifold, and filled with blessing.

41 But we produce the example not only from seeds, but from the honourable bodies of men. [11]

42 Ye have also known Jonas, the son of Amittai. [12]

43 Because he delayed to preach to the Nine-

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[1] Some MSS. have, *Paul's Epistle from prison, for the instruction of the Corinthians.*

[2] Others read, *Disturbed by various compunctions.*

[3] Some MSS. have, *That Jesus might comfort the world.*

[4] Others read, *He has not remained indifferent.*

[5] Some MSS. have, *Laid his hand, and them and all body bound in sin.*

[6] Others read, *Believing with a pure heart.*

[7] Some MSS. have, *Of God the Father of all things.*

[8] Others read, *They curse themselves in this thing.*

[9] Others read, *Children of the disobedient.*

[10] Some MSS. have, *That one grain falls not dry into the earth.*

[11] Others read, *But we have not only produced from seeds, but from the honourable body of man.*

[12] Others read, *The son of Ematthius.*

vites, he was swallowed up in the belly of a fish for three days and three nights:

44 And after three days God heard his supplication, and brought him out of the deep abyss;

45 Neither was any part of his body corrupted; neither was his eyebrow bent down. [1]

46 And how much more for you, oh men of little faith;

47 If you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, will he raise you up, even as he himself hath arisen.

48 If the bones of Elisha the prophet, falling upon the dead, revived the dead,

49 By how much more shall ye, who are supported by the flesh and the blood and the Spirit of Christ, arise again on that day with a perfect body?

50 Elias the prophet, embracing the widow's son, raised him from the dead:

51 By how much more shall Jesus Christ revive you, on that day, with a perfect body, even as he himself hath arisen?

52 But if ye receive other things vainly, [2]

53 Henceforth no one shall cause me to travail; for I bear on my body these fetters, [3]

54 To obtain Christ; and I suffer with patience these afflictions to become worthy of the resurrection of the dead.

55 And do each of you, having received the law from the hands of the blessed Prophets and the holy gospel [4], firmly maintain it;

56 To the end that you may be rewarded in the resurrection of the dead, and the possession of the life eternal.

57 But if any of ye, not believing, shall trespass, he shall be judged with the misdoers, and punished with those who have false belief.

58 Because such are the generation of vipers, and the children of dragons and basilisks.

59 Drive far from amongst ye, and fly from such, with the aid of our Lord Jesus Christ.

60 And the peace and grace of the beloved Son be upon you. [5] Amen.

No. II.

REMARKS ON MR. MOORE'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

BY LADY BYRON.

[See *antè*, p. 461.]

"I HAVE disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorised friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention: if, however, they *are* so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view.

"Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersion on my mother's character (p. 294.): — 'My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the *contagion of its grandmother's society.*' The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy (p. 293.), 'A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and *spy of Lady N.*'s), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be — by the learned — very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies.' The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract (p. 294.), with the words immediately following it, — 'Her nearest relatives are a ——— ;' where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of 'officious spies' employed by them. [6]

"From the following part of the narrative (p. 291.) it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. 'It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore), that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness, — she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection, on the road; and imme-

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[1] Others add, *Nor did a hair of his body fall therefrom.*

[2] Some MSS. have, *Ye shall not receive other things in vain.*

[3] Others finished here thus, *Henceforth no one can trouble me further, for I bear in my body the sufferings of Christ. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit, my brethren. Amen.*

[4] Some MSS. have, *Of the holy evangelist.*

[5] Others add, *Our Lord be with ye all. Amen.*

[6] "The officious spies of his privacy," p. 296.

description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully yours, STEPH. LUSHINGTON.

"'*Great George-street, Jan.* 31. 1830.'

"I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's Life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me. A. I. NOEL BYRON.

"*Hanger Hill, Feb.* 19. 1830."

No. III.

LETTER OF MR. TURNER.

Referred to at p. 498.

"EIGHT months after the publication of my 'Tour in the Levant,' there appeared in the London Magazine, and subsequently in most of the newspapers, a letter from the late Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.

"I naturally felt anxious at the time to meet a charge of error brought against me in so direct a manner: but I thought, and friends whom I consulted at the time thought with me, that I had better wait for a more favourable opportunity than that afforded by the newspapers of vindicating my opinion, which even so distinguished an authority as the letter of Lord Byron left unshaken, and which, I will venture to add, remains unshaken still.

"I must ever deplore that I resisted my first impulse to reply immediately. The hand of Death has snatched Lord Byron from his kingdom of literature and poetry, and I can only guard myself from the illiberal imputation of attacking the mighty dead, whose living talent I should have trembled to encounter, by scrupulously confining myself to such facts and illustrations as are strictly necessary to save me from the charges of error, misrepresentation, and presumptuousness, of which every writer must wish to prove himself undeserving.

"Lord Byron began by stating, 'The *tide* was *not* in our favour;' and added, 'neither I nor any person on board the frigate had any notion of a difference of the current on the Asiatic side; I never heard of it till this moment.' His Lordship had probably forgotten that Strabo distinctly describes the difference in the following words: —

"'Διὸ καὶ εὐπετέστερον ἐκ τῆς Ἀηστοῦ διαίρουσι παραλλαξάμενοι μικρὸν ἐπὶ τὸν τῆς Ἡροῦς πύργον, κἀκεῖθεν ἀφιέντες τὰ πλοῖα συμπράττοντος τοῦ ῥοῦ πρὸς τὴν περαίωσιν. Τοῖς δ' ἐξ Ἀβύδου περαιουμένοις παραλλακτέον ἐστὶν εἰς τἀναντία, ὀκτώ που σταδίους ἐπὶ πύργον τινὰ κατ' ἀντικρὺ τῆς Ἀηστοῦ, ἔπειτα διαίρειν πλάγιον, καὶ μὴ τελέως ἔχουσιν ἐναντίον τὸν ῥοῦν.' — 'Ideoque *facilius a Sesto, trajiciunt* paululum deflexâ navigatione ad Herus turrim, atque inde *navigia dimittentes adjuvante etiam fluxu trajectum.* Qui ab Abydo trajiciunt, in contrarium flectunt partem ad octo stadia ad turrim quandam e regione Sesti: hinc *oblique* trajiciunt, non *prorsus* contrario fluxu.'[1]

"Here it is clearly asserted, that the current assists the crossing from Sestos, and the words 'ἀφιέντες τὰ πλοῖα,' — '*navigia dimittentes,*' — '*letting the vessels go of themselves,*' prove how considerable the assistance of the current was; while the words 'πλάγιον,' — '*oblique,*' and 'τελέως,' — '*prorsus,*' show distinctly that those who crossed from Abydos were obliged to do so in an *oblique* direction, or they would have the current *entirely* against them.

"From this ancient authority, which, I own, appears to me unanswerable, let us turn to the moderns. Baron de Tott, who, having been for some time resident on the spot, employed as an engineer in the construction of batteries, must be supposed well cognisant of the subject, has expressed himself as follows: —

"'La surabondance des eaux que la Mer Noire reçoit, et qu'elle ne peut évaporer, versée dans la Méditerranée par le Bosphore de Thrace et La Propontide, forme aux Dardanelles des courans si violens, que souvent les batimens, toutes voiles dehors, ont peine à les vaincre. Les

[1] "Strabo, book xiii. Oxford Edition."

pilotes doivent encore observer, lorsque le vent suffit, de diriger leur route de manière à présenter le moins de résistance possible à l'effort des eaux. On sent que cette étude a pour base la direction des courans, qui, *renvoyés d'une pointe à l'autre*, forment des obstacles à la navigation, et feroient courir les plus grands risques si l'on negligeoit ces connoissances hydrographiques.' — *Mémoires de Tott*, 3me *partie*.

"To the above citations, I will add the opinion of Tournefort, who, in his description of the strait, expresses with ridicule his disbelief of the truth of Leander's exploit; and to show that the latest travellers agree with the earlier, I will conclude my quotation with a statement of Mr. Madden, who is just returned from the spot. 'It was from the European side Lord Byron swam *with* the current, which runs about four miles an hour. But I believe he would have found it totally impracticable to have crossed from Abydos to Europe.' — *Madden's Travels*, vol. i.

"There are two other observations in Lord Byron's letter on which I feel it necessary to remark.

"'Mr. Turner says, "Whatever is thrown into the stream on this part of the European bank *must* arrive at the Asiatic shore." This is so far from being the case, that it *must* arrive in the Archipelago, if left to the current, although a strong wind from the Asiatic[1] side might have such an effect occasionally.'

"Here Lord Byron is right, and I have no hesitation in confessing that I was wrong. But I was wrong only in the letter of my remark, not in the spirit of it. Any *thing* thrown into the stream on the European bank would be swept into the Archipelago, because, after arriving so near the Asiatic shore as to be almost, if not quite, within a man's depth, it would be again floated off from the coast by the current that is dashed from the Asiatic promontory. But this would not affect a swimmer, who, being so near the land, would of course, if he could not actually walk to it, reach it by a slight effort.

"Lord Byron adds, in his P.S., 'The strait is, however, not extraordinarily wide, even where it broadens above and below the forts.' From this statement I must venture to express my dissent, with diffidence indeed, but with diffidence diminished by the ease with which the fact may be established. The strait is widened so considerably above the forts by the Bay of Maytos, and the bay opposite to it on the Asiatic coast, that the distance to be passed by a swimmer in crossing higher up would be, in my poor judgment, too great for any one to accomplish from Asia to Europe, having such a current to stem.

"I conclude by expressing it as my humble opinion that no one is bound to believe in the possibility of Leander's exploit, till the passage has been performed by a swimmer, at least from Asia to Europe. The sceptic is even entitled to exact, as the condition of his belief, that the strait be crossed, as Leander crossed it, both ways within at most fourteen hours.

"W. Turner."

[1] "This is evidently a mistake of the writer or printer. His Lordship must here have meant a strong wind from the European side, as no wind from the Asiatic side could have the effect of driving an object to the Asiatic shore."

I think it right to remark, that it is Mr. Turner himself who has here originated the inaccuracy of which he accuses others; the words used by Lord Byron being, not as Mr. Turner says, "from the Asiatic side," but "in the Asiatic direction." — T. M.

No. IV.

MR. MILLINGEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE CONSULTATION.

Referred to at p. 637.

As the account given by Mr. Millingen of this consultation differs totally from that of Dr. Bruno, it is fit that the reader should have it in Mr. Millingen's own words: —

"In the morning (18th) a consultation was proposed, to which Dr. Lucca Vega and Dr. Freiber, my assistants, were invited. Dr. Bruno and Lucca proposed having recourse to antispasmodics and other remedies employed in the last stage of typhus. Freiber and I maintained that they could only hasten the fatal termination; that nothing could be more empirical than flying from one extreme to the other; that if, as we all thought, the complaint was owing to the metastatis of rheumatic inflammation, the existing symptoms only depended on the rapid and extensive progress it had made in an organ previously so weakened and irritable. Antiphlogistic means could never prove hurtful in this case; they would become useless only if disorganisation were already operated; but then, since all hopes were gone, what means would not prove superfluous? We recommended the application of numerous leeches to the temples, behind the ears, and along the course of the jugular vein; a large blister between the shoulders, and sinapisms to the feet, as affording, though feeble, yet the last hopes of success. Dr. B., being the patient's physician, had the casting vote, and prepared the antispasmodic potion which Dr. Lucca and he had agreed upon; it was a strong infusion of valerian and ether, &c. After its administration, the convulsive movement, the delirium increased; but, notwithstanding my representations, a second dose was given half an hour after. After articulating confusedly a few broken phrases, the patient sunk shortly after into a comatose sleep, which the next day terminated in death. He expired on the 19th of April, at six o'clock in the afternoon."

No. V.

THE WILL OF LORD BYRON.

Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

THIS is the last will and testament of me, George Gordon, Lord Byron, Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, as follows: — I give and devise all that my manor or lordship of Rochdale, in the said county of Lancaster, with all its rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, and all my lands, tenements, hereditaments, and premises situate, lying, and being within the parish, manor, or lordship of Rochdale aforesaid, and all other my estates, lands, hereditaments, and premises whatsoever and wheresoever, unto my friends John Cam Hobhouse, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, Esquire, and John Hanson, of Chancery-lane, London, Esquire, to the use and behoof of them, their heirs and assigns, upon trust that they the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, and the survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, do and shall, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, sell and dispose of all my said manor and estates for the most money that can or may be had or gotten for the same, either by private contract or public sale by auction, and either together or in lots, as my said trustees shall think proper; and for the facilitating such sale and sales, I do direct that the receipt and receipts of my said trustees, and the survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, shall be a good and sufficient discharge and good and sufficient discharges to the purchaser or purchasers of my said estates, or any part or parts thereof, for so much money as in such receipt or receipts shall be expressed or acknowledged to be received; and that such purchaser or purchasers, his, her, or their heirs, and assigns, shall not afterwards be in any manner answerable or accountable for such purchase-moneys, or be obliged to see to the application thereof: And I do will and direct that my said trustees shall stand possessed of the moneys to arise by the sale of my said estates upon such trusts and for such intents and purposes as I have hereinafter directed of and concerning the same: And whereas I have by certain deeds of conveyance made on my marriage with my present wife conveyed all my manor and estate of Newstead, in the parishes of Newstead and Limby, in the county of Nottingham, unto trustees, upon trust to sell the same, and apply the sum of sixty thousand pounds, part of the money to arise by such sale, upon the trusts of my marriage settlement: Now I do hereby give and bequeath all the remainder of the purchase-money to arise by sale of my said estate at Newstead, and all the whole of the said sixty thousand pounds, or such part thereof as shall not become vested and payable under the trusts of my said marriage settlement, unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, their executors, administrators, and assigns, upon such trusts, and for such ends, intents, and purposes as hereinafter directed of and concerning the residue of my personal estate. I give and bequeath unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson the sum of one thousand pounds each. I give and bequeath all the rest, residue, and remainder of my personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever unto the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, their executors, administrators, and assigns, upon trust that they my said trustees, and the survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, do and shall stand possessed of all such rest and residue of my said personal estate, and the money to arise by sale of my real estates hereinbefore devised to them for sale, and such of the moneys to arise by sale of my said estate at Newstead as I have power to dispose of, after payment of my debts and legacies hereby given, upon the trusts, and for the ends, intents, and purposes hereinafter mentioned and directed of and concerning the same; that is to say, upon trust that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, do and shall lay out and invest the same in the public stocks or funds, or upon government or real security at interest, with power from time to time to change, vary, and transpose such securities, and from time to time during the life of my sister Augusta Mary Leigh, the wife of George Leigh, Esquire, pay, receive, apply, and dispose of the interest, dividends, and annual produce thereof, when and as the same shall become due and payable, into the proper hands of the said Augusta Mary Leigh, to and for her sole and separate use and benefit, free from the control, debts, or engagements, of her present or any future husband, or unto such person or persons as she my said sister shall from time to time, by any writing under her hand, notwithstanding her present or any future coverture, and whether covert or sole, direct or appoint; and from and immediately after the decease of my said sister, then upon trust, that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, his executors or administrators, do and shall assign and transfer all my said personal estate and other the trust property hereinbefore mentioned, or the stocks, funds, or securities wherein or upon which the same shall or may be placed out or invested, unto and among all and every the child and children of my said sister, if more than one, in such parts, shares, and proportions, and to become a vested interest, and to be paid and transferred at such time and times, and in such manner, and with, under, and subject to such provisions, conditions, and restrictions, as my said sister, at any time during her life, whether covert or sole, by any deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, in writing, with or without power of revocation, to be sealed and delivered in the presence of two or more credible witnesses, or by her last will and testament in writing, or any

writing of appointment in the nature of a will, shall direct or appoint; and in default of any such appointment, or in case of the death of my said sister in my lifetime, then upon trust that they my said trustees and the survivor of them, his executors, administrators, and assigns, do and shall assign and transfer all the trust property and funds unto and among the children of my said sister, if more than one, equally to be divided between them, share and share alike; and if only one such child, then to such only child the share and shares of such of them as shall be a son or sons, to be paid and transferred unto him and them when and as he or they shall respectively attain his or their age or ages of twenty-one years; and the share and shares of such of them as shall be a daughter or daughters, to be paid and transferred unto her or them when and as she or they shall respectively attain her or their age or ages of twenty-one years, or be married, which shall first happen; and in case any of such children shall happen to die, being a son or sons, before he or they shall attain the age of twenty-one years, or being a daughter or daughters, before she or they shall attain the said age of twenty-one, or be married, then it is my will and I do direct that the share and shares of such of the said children as shall so die shall go to the survivor or survivors of such children, with the benefit of further accruer in case of the death of any such surviving children before their shares shall become vested. And I do direct that my said trustees shall pay and apply the interest and dividends of each of the said children's shares in the said trust funds for his, her, or their maintenance and education during their minorities, notwithstanding their shares may not become vested interests, but that such interest and dividends as shall not have been so applied shall accumulate, and follow, and go over with the principal. And I do nominate, constitute, and appoint the said John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson executors of this my will. And I do will and direct that my said trustees shall not be answerable the one of them for the other of them, or for the acts, deeds, receipts, or defaults of the other of them, but each of them for his own acts, deeds, receipts, and wilful defaults only, and that they my said trustees shall be entitled to retain and deduct out of the moneys which shall come to their hands under the trusts aforesaid all such costs, charges, damages, and expenses which they or any of them shall bear, pay, sustain, or be put unto, in the execution and performance of the trusts herein reposed in them. I make the above provision for my sister and her children, in consequence of my dear wife Lady Byron, and any children I may have, being otherwise amply provided for; and, lastly, I do revoke all former wills by me at any time heretofore made, and do declare this only to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have to this my last will, contained in three sheets of paper, set my hand to the first two sheets thereof, and to this third and last sheet my hand and seal this 29th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1815. BYRON (L.S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Lord Byron, the testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

THOMAS JONES MAWSE,
EDMUND GRIFFIN,
FREDERICK JERVIS,
Clerks to Mr. Hanson, Chancery-lane.

CODICIL.—This is a Codicil to the last will and testament of me, the Right Honourable George Gordon, Lord Byron. I give and bequeath unto Allegra Biron, an infant of about twenty months old, by me brought up, and now residing at Venice, the sum of five thousand pounds, which I direct the executors of my said will to pay to her on her attaining the age of twenty-one years, or on the day of her marriage, on condition that she does not marry with a native of Great Britain, which shall first happen. And I direct my said executors, as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, to invest the said sum of five thousand pounds upon government or real security, and to pay and apply the annual income thereof in or towards the maintenance and education of the said Allegra Biron, until she attains her said age of twenty-one years, or shall be married as aforesaid; but in case she shall die before attaining the said age and without having been married, then I direct the said sum of five thousand pounds to become part of the residue of my personal estate; and in all other respects I do confirm my said will, and declare this to be a codicil thereto. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at Venice, this 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1818. BYRON (L.S.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Lord Byron, as and for a codicil to his will, in the presence of us, who, in his presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses.

NEWTON HANSON,
WILLIAM FLETCHER.

Proved at London (with a Codicil), 6th of July, 1824, before the Worshipful Stephen Lushington, Doctor of Laws, and surrogate, by the oaths of John Cam Hobhouse and John Hanson, Esquires, the executors, to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

NATHANIEL GOSTLING,
GEORGE JENNER,
CHARLES DYNELEY,
Deputy Registrars.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN PROSE.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN PROSE.

W OF WORDSWORTH'S OEMS, 2 Vols. 1807.[1]

nthly Literary Recreations," for August, 1807.)

es before us are by the author of lads, a collection which has not unde- t with a considerable share of public The characteristics of Mr. Words- se are simple and flowing, though inharmonious verse; strong, and resistible appeals to the feelings, with able sentiments. Though the present ot equal his former efforts, many of ossess a native elegance, natural and totally devoid of the tinsel embel- d abstract hyperboles of several con- onneteers. The last sonnet in the , p. 152., is perhaps the best, without in the sentiments, which we hope to every Briton at the present cri- ce and expression is that of a genuine ; as he writes: —

ar! another deadly blow!
ghty empire overthrown!
left, or shall be left, alone —
t dares to struggle with the foe.
— from this day forward we shall know
selves our safety must be sought,
own right-hands it must be wrought;
st stand unprop'd, or be laid low.
whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
ult, if they who rule the land
hold its many blessings dear,
ht, valiant, not a venal band,
judge of danger which they fear,
which they do not understand."

at the Feast of Brougham Castle, Sisters, the Affliction of Margaret ———, possess all the beauties, he defects, of this writer: the follow- m the last are in his first style: —

tle doth the young one dream,
ull of play and childish cares,
ower hath e'en his wildest scream,
y his mother unawares:
ws it not, he cannot guess:
o a mother bring distress,
not make her love the less."

The pieces least worthy of the author are those entitled "Moods of my own Mind." We certainly wish these "Moods" had been less frequent, or not permitted to occupy a place near works which only make their deformity more obvious; when Mr. W. ceases to please, it is by "abandoning" his mind to the most commonplace ideas, at the same time clothing them in language not simple, but puerile. What will any reader or auditor, out of the nursery, say to such namby-pamby as "Lines written at the Foot of Brother's Bridge?"

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter.
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest,
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
There heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one.
Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill,
On the top of the bare hill."

"The ploughboy is whooping anon, anon," &c. &c. is in the same exquisite measure. This appear to us neither more nor less than an imitation of such minstrelsy as soothed our cries in the cradle, with the shrill ditty of

"Hey de diddle,
The cat and the fiddle:
The cow jump'd over the moon,
The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

On the whole, however, with the exception of the above, and other innocent odes of the same cast, we think these volumes display a genius worthy of higher pursuits, and regret that Mr. W. confines his muse to such trifling subjects. We trust his motto will be in future "Paulo majora canamus." Many, with inferior abilities, have acquired a loftier seat on Parnassus, merely by attempting strains in which Mr. Wordsworth is more qualified to excel.[2]

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een a reviewer. In 1807, in a Magazine thly Literary Recreations," I reviewed s trash of that time. In the Monthly Re- some articles which were inserted. This ter part of 1811. — Byron.]

attempt of Lord Byron at reviewing is remarkable only as showing how plausibly he could assume the established tone and phraseology of these minor judgment-seats of criticism. If Mr. Wordsworth ever chanced to cast his eye over this article, how little could he have expected that under that dull prosaic mask lurked one who, in five short years from thence, would rival even *him* in poetry! — Moore.

REVIEW OF GELL'S GEOGRAPHY OF ITHACA, AND ITINERARY OF GREECE.

(From the "Monthly Review" for August, 1811.)

THAT laudable curiosity concerning the remains of classical antiquity, which has of late years increased among our countrymen, is in no traveller or author more conspicuous than in Mr. Gell. Whatever difference of opinion may yet exist with regard to the success of the several disputants in the famous Trojan controversy[1], or, indeed, relating to the present author's merits as an inspector of the Troad, it must universally be acknowledged that any work, which more forcibly impresses on our imaginations the scenes of heroic action, and the subjects of immortal song, possesses claims on the attention of every scholar.

Of the two works which now demand our report, we conceive the former to be by far the most interesting to the reader, as the latter is indisputably the most serviceable to the traveller. Excepting, indeed, the running commentary which it contains on a number of extracts from Pausanias and Strabo, it is, as the title imports, a mere itinerary of Greece, or rather of Argolis only, in its present circumstances. This being the case, surely it would have answered every purpose of utility much better by being printed as a pocket road-book of that part of the Morea; for a quarto is a very unmanageable travelling companion. The maps[2] and drawings, we shall be told, would not permit such an arrangement: but as to the drawings, they are not in general to be admired as specimens of the art; and several of them, as we have been assured by eye-witnesses of the scenes which they describe, do not compensate for their mediocrity in point of execution, by any extraordinary fidelity of representation. Others, indeed, are more faithful, according to our informants. The true reason, however, for this costly mode of publication is in course to be found in a desire of gratifying the public passion for large margins, and all the luxury of typography; and we have before expressed our dissatisfaction with Mr. Gell's aristocratical mode of communicating a species of knowledge, which ought to be accessible to a much greater portion of classical students than can at present acquire it by his means: — but, as such expostulations are generally useless, we shall be thankful for what we can obtain, and that in the manner in which Mr. Gell has chosen to present it.

The former of these volumes, we have observed, is the most attractive in the closet. It comprehends a very full survey of the far-famed island which the hero of the Odyssey has immortalised; for we really are inclined to think that the author has established the identity of the modern *Theaki* with the *Ithaca* of Homer. At all events, if it be an illusion, it is a very agreeable deception, and is effected by an ingenious interpretation of the passages in Homer that are supposed to be descriptive of the scenes which our traveller has visited. We shall extract some of these adaptations of the ancient picture to the modern scene, marking the points of resemblance which appear to be strained and forced, as well as those which are more easy and natural; but we must first insert some preliminary matter from the opening chapter. The following passage conveys a sort of general sketch of the book, which may give our readers a tolerably adequate notion of its contents: —

"The present work may adduce, by a simple and correct survey of the island, coincidences in its geography, in its natural productions, and moral state, before unnoticed. Some will be directly pointed out; the fancy or ingenuity of the reader may be employed in tracing others; the mind familiar with the imagery of the Odyssey will recognise with satisfaction the scenes themselves; and this volume is offered to the public, not entirely without hopes of vindicating the poem of Homer from the scepticism of those critics who imagine that the Odyssey is a mere poetical composition, unsupported by history, and unconnected with the localities of any particular situation.

"Some have asserted that, in the comparison of places now existing with the descriptions of Homer, we ought not to expect coincidence in minute details; yet it seems only by these that the kingdom of Ulysses, or any other, can be identified, as, if such an idea be admitted, every small and rocky island in the Ionian Sea, containing a good port, might, with equal plausibility, assume the appellation of Ithaca.

"The Venetian geographers have in a great degree contributed to raise those doubts which have existed on the identity of the modern with the ancient Ithaca, by giving, in their charts, the name of Val di Compare to the island. That name is, however, totally unknown in the country, where the isle is invariably called Ithaca by the upper ranks, and Theaki by the vulgar. The Venetians have equally corrupted the name of almost every place in Greece; yet, as the natives of Epactos or Naupactos never heard of Lepanto, those of Zacynthos of Zante, or the Athenians of Settines, it would be as unfair to rob Ithaca of its name, on such authority, as it would be to assert that no such island existed, because no tolerable representation of its form can be found in the Venetian surveys.

"The rare medals of the Island, of which three are represented in the title-page, might be adduced as a proof that the name of Ithaca was not lost during the reigns of the Roman emperors. They have the head of Ulysses, recognised by the pileum, or pointed cap, while the reverse of one presents the figure of a cock, the emblem of his vigilance, with the legend ΙΘΑΚΩΝ. A few of

[1] We have it from the best authority that the venerable leader of the Anti-Homeric sect, Jacob Bryant, several years before his death, expressed regret for his ungrateful attempt to destroy some of the most pleasing associations of our youthful studies. One of his last wishes was — *Trojaque nunc stares*," &c.

[2] Or, rather, *Map*; for we have only one in the volume, and that is on too small a scale to give more than a general idea of the relative position of places. The excuse about a larger map not folding well is trifling; see, for instance, the author's own map of Ithaca.

these medals are preserved in the cabinets of the curious, and one also, with the cock, found in the island, is in the possession of Signor Zavo, of Bathi. The uppermost coin is in the collection of Dr. Hunter; the second is copied from Newman, and the third is the property of R. P. Knight, Esq.

"Several inscriptions, which will be hereafter produced, will tend to the confirmation of the idea that Ithaca was inhabited about the time when the Romans were masters of Greece; yet there is every reason to believe that few, if any, of the present proprietors of the soil are descended from ancestors who had long resided successively in the island. Even those who lived, at the time of Ulysses, in Ithaca, seem to have been on the point of emigrating to Argos, and no chief remained, after the second in descent from that hero, worthy of being recorded in history. It appears that the isle has been twice colonised from Cephalonia in modern times, and I was informed that a grant had been made by the Venetians, entitling each settler in Ithaca to as much land as his circumstances would enable him to cultivate."

Mr. Gell then proceeds to invalidate the authority of previous writers on the subject of Ithaca. Sir George Wheeler and M. le Chevalier fall under his severe animadversion; and, indeed, according to his account, neither of these gentleman had visited the island, and the description of the latter is "absolutely too absurd for refutation." In another place, he speaks of M. le C. "disgracing a work of such merit by the introduction of such fabrications;" again, of the inaccuracy of the author's maps; and, lastly, of his inserting an island at the southern entry of the Channel between Cephalonia and Ithaca, which has no existence. This observation very nearly approaches to the use of that monosyllable which Gibbon [1], without expressing it, so adroitly applied to some assertion of his antagonist, Mr. Davies. In truth, our traveller's words are rather bitter towards his brother tourist: but we must conclude that their justice warrants their severity.

In the second chapter, the author describes his landing in Ithaca, and arrival at the rock Korax and the fountain Arethusa, as he designates it with sufficient positiveness. — This rock, now known by the name of Korax, or Koraka Petra, he contends to be the same with that which Homer mentions as contiguous to the habitation of Eumæus, the faithful swine-herd of Ulysses. — We shall take the liberty of adding to our extracts from Mr. Gell some of the passages in Homer to which he *refers* only, conceiving this to be the fairest method of exhibiting the strength or the weakness of his argument. "Ulysses," he observes, "came to the extremity of the isle to visit Eumusæ, and that extremity was the most southern; for Telemachus, coming from Pylos, touched at the first south-eastern part of Ithaca with the same intention."

Και τοτε δη ρ' 'Οδυσηα κακος ποθεν ἠγαγε δαιμων
Αγρυ ἐπ' ἐσχατιην, ὁθι δωματα ναιε συβωτης·
'Ενθ' ἠλθεν φιλος υἱος 'Οδυσσηος θειοιο,
'Εκ Πυλυ ἠμαθοεντος ἰων συν νηι μελαινῃ·
Οδυσσει· Ω.

Αυταρ ἐπην πρωτην ἀκτη 'Ιθακης ἀφικηαι,
Νηα μεν ἐς πολιν ὀτρυναι και παντας ἑταιρους·
'Αυτος δε πρωτιστα συβωτην ἐισαφικεσθαι,
κ. τ. λ. 'Οδυσσει· Ο.

These citations, we think, appear to justify the author in his attempt to identify the situation of his rock and fountain with the place of those mentioned by Homer. But let us now follow him in the closer description of the scene. — After some account of the subjects in the plate affixed, Mr. Gell remarks: "It is impossible to visit this sequestered spot without being struck with the recollection of the Fount of Arethusa and the rock Korax, which the poet mentions in the same line, adding, that there the swine ate the *sweet* [2] acorns, and drank the black water."

Δηεις τον γε συεσσι παρημενον· αἱ δε νεμονται
Παρ Κορακος πέτρη, ἐπι τε κρηνῃ 'Αρεθουσῃ,
Εσθουσαι βαλανον μενοεικεα, και μελαν ὑδωρ
Πινουσαι. 'Οδυσσεὶ· Ν.

"Having passed some time at the fountain, taken a drawing, and made the necessary observations on the situation of the place, we proceeded to an examination of the precipice, climbing over the terraces above the source among shady fig-trees, which, however, did not prevent us from feeling the powerful effects of the mid-day sun. After a short but fatiguing ascent, we arrived at the rock, which extends in a vast perpendicular semicircle, beautifully fringed with trees, facing to the south-east. Under the crag we found two caves of inconsiderable extent, the entrance of one of which, not difficult of access, is seen in the view of the fount. They are still the resort of sheep and goats, and in one of them are small natural receptacles for the water, covered by a stalagmatic incrustation.

"These caves, being at the extremity of the curve formed by the precipice, open toward the south, and present us with another accompaniment of the fount of Arethusa, mentioned by the poet, who informs us that the swineherd Eumæus left his guests in the house, whilst he, putting on a thick garment, went to sleep near the herd, under the hollow of the rock, which sheltered him from the northern blast. Now we know that the herd fed near the fount; for Minerva tells Ulysses that he is to go first to Eumæus, whom he should find with the swine, near the rock Korax and the fount of Arethusa. As the swine then fed at the fountain, so it is necessary that a cavern should be found in its vicinity; and this seems to coincide, in distance and situation, with that of the poem. Near the fount also was the fold or stathmos of Eumæus; for the goddess informs Ulysses that he should find his faithful servant at or above the fount.

"Now the hero meets the swineherd close to the fold, which was consequently very near that source. At the top of the rock, and just above the spot where the waterfall shoots down the precipice, is at this day a stagni or pastoral dwelling, which the herdsmen of Ithaca still inhabit, on account of the water necessary for their cattle. One of these people walked on the verge of the precipice at the time of our visit to the place, and seemed so

[1] See his Vindication of the 15th and 16th chapters of the Decline and Fall, &c.

[2] "*Sweet* acorns." Does Mr. Gell translate from the Latin? To avoid similar cause of mistake, μενοεικεα should not be rendered *suavem*, but *gratam*, as Barnes has given it.

anxious to know how we had been conveyed to the spot, that his inquiries reminded us of a question probably not uncommon in the days of Homer, who more than once represents the Ithacences demanding of strangers what ship had brought them to the island, it being evident they could not come on foot. He told us that there was, on the summit where he stood, a small cistern of water, and a kalybea, or shepherd's hut. There are also vestiges of ancient habitations, and the place is now called Amaráthia.

"Convenience, as well as safety, seems to have pointed out the lofty situation of Amaráthia as a fit place for the residence of the herdsmen of this part of the island from the earliest ages. A small source of water is a treasure in these climates; and if the inhabitants of Ithaca now select a rugged and elevated spot, to secure them from the robbers of the Echinades, it is to be recollected that the Taphian pirates were notless formidable, even in the days of Ulysses, and that a residence in a solitary part of the island, far from the fortress, and close to a celebrated fountain, must at all times have been dangerous, without some such security as the rocks of Korax. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the house of Eumæus was on the top of the precipice; for Ulysses, in order to evince the truth of his story to the swineherd, desires to be thrown from the summit if his narration does not prove correct.

"Near the bottom of the precipice is a curious natural gallery, about seven feet high, which is expressed in the plate. It may be fairly presumed, from the very remarkable coincidence between this place and the Homeric account, that this was the scene designated by the poet as the fountain of Arethusa, and the residence of Eumæus; and, perhaps, it would be impossible to find another spot which bears, at this day, so strong a resemblance to a poetic description composed at a period so very remote. There is no other fountain in this part of the island, nor any rock which bears the slightest resemblance to the Korax of Homer.

"The stathmos of the good Eumæus appears to have been little different, either in use or construction, from the stagni and kalybea of the present day. The poet expressly mentions that other herdsmen drove their flocks into the city at sunset,—a custom which still prevails throughout Greece during the winter, and that was the season in which Ulysses visited Eumæus. Yet Homer accounts for this deviation from the prevailing custom, by observing that he had retired from the city to avoid the suitors of Penelope. These trifling occurrences afford a strong presumption that the Ithaca of Homer was something more than the creature of his own fancy, as some have supposed it; for though the grand outline of a fable may be easily imagined, yet the consistent adaptation of minute incidents to a long and elaborate falsehood is a task of the most arduous and complicated nature."

After this long extract, by which we have endeavoured to do justice to Mr. Gell's argument, we cannot allow room for any farther quotations of such extent; and we must offer a brief and imperfect analysis of the remainder of the work.

In the third chapter the traveller arrives at the capital, and in the fourth he describes it in an agreeable manner. We select his account of the mode of celebrating a Christian festival in the Greek church: —

"We were present at the celebration of the feast of the Ascension, when the citizens appeared in their gayest dresses, and saluted each other in the streets with demonstrations of pleasure. As we sate at breakfast in the house of Zignor Zavo, we were suddenly roused by the discharge of a gun, succeeded by a tremendous crash of pottery, which fell on the tiles, steps, and pavements, in every direction. The bells of the numerous churches commenced a most discordant jingle; colours were hoisted on every mast in the port, and a general shout of joy announced some great event. Our host informed us that the feast of the Ascension was annually commemorated in this manner at Bathi, the populace exclaiming ανεστη ο Χριστος, αληθινος ο Θεος, Christ is risen, the true God."

In another passage, he continues this account as follows: —"In the evening of the festival, the inhabitants danced before their houses; and at one we saw the figure which is said to have been first used by the youths and virgins of Delos, at the happy return of Theseus from the expedition of the Cretan Labyrinth. It has now lost much of that intricacy which was supposed to allude to the windings of the habitation of the Minotaur," &c. &c. This is rather too much for even the inflexible gravity of our censorial muscles. When the author talks, with all the *reality* (if we may use the expression) of a Lempriere, on the stories of the fabulous ages, we cannot refrain from indulging a momentary smile; nor can we seriously accompany him in the learned architectural detail by which he endeavours to give us, from the Odyssey, the ground-plot of the house of Ulysses,—of which he actually offers a plan in drawing! "showing how the description of the house of Ulysses in the Odyssey may be supposed to correspond with the foundations yet visible on the hill of Aito!"—Oh, Foote! Foote! why are you lost to such inviting subjects for your ludicrous pencil!—In his account of this celebrated mansion, Mr. Gell says, one side of the court seems to have been occupied by the Thalamos, or sleeping apartments of the men, &c. &c.; and, in confirmation of this hypothesis, he refers to the 10th Odyssey, line 340. On examining his reference, we read,

Ἐς θαλαμον τ' ιεναι, και στρες ξυνευνασεαι ἑοιῆς

where Ulysses records an invitation which he received from Circe to take a part of her bed. How this illustrates the above conjecture, we are at a loss to divine: but we suppose that some numerical error has occurred in the reference, as we have detected a trifling mistake or two of the same nature.

Mr. G. labours hard to identify the cave of Dexia near Bathi (the capital of the island), with the grotto of the Nymphs described in the 13th Odyssey. We are disposed to grant that he has succeeded; but we cannot here enter into the proofs by which he supports his opinion; and we can only extract one of the concluding sentences of the chapter, which appears to us candid and judicious: —

"Whatever opinion may be formed as to the identity of the cave of Dexia with the grotto of the Nymphs, it is fair to state, that Strabo positively asserts that no such cave as that described by Homer existed in his time, and that geographer thought it better to assign a physical change, rather than ignorance in Homer, to account for

a difference which he imagined to exist between the Ithaca of his time and that of the poet. But Strabo, who was an uncommonly accurate observer with respect to countries surveyed by himself, appears to have been wretchedly misled by his informers on many occasions.

"That Strabo had never visited this country is evident, not only from his inaccurate account of it, but from his citation of Apollodorus and Scepsius, whose relations are in direct opposition to each other on the subject of Ithaca, as will be demonstrated on a future opportunity."

We must, however, observe that "demonstration" is a strong term.—In his description of the Leucadian Promontory (of which we have a pleasing representation in the plate), the author remarks that it is "celebrated for the *leap* of Sappho, and the *death* of Artemisia." From this variety in the expression, a reader would hardly conceive that both the ladies perished in the same manner: in fact, the sentence is as proper as it would be to talk of the decapitation of Russell, and the death of Sidney. The view from this promontory includes the island of Corfu; and the name suggests to Mr. Gell the following note, which, though rather irrelevant, is of a curious nature, and we therefore conclude our citations by transcribing it:—

"It has been generally supposed that Corfu, or Corcyra, was the Phæacia of Homer; but Sir Henry Englefield thinks the position of that island inconsistent with the voyage of Ulysses as described in the Odyssey. That gentleman has also observed a number of such remarkable coincidences between the courts of Alcinous and Solomon, that they may be thought curious and interesting. Homer was familiar with the names of Tyre, Sidon, and Egypt; and, as he lived about the time of Solomon, it would not have been extraordinary if he had introduced some account of the magnificence of that prince into his poem. As Solomon was famous for wisdom, so the name of Alcinous signifies strength of knowledge; as the gardens of Solomon were celebrated, so are those of Alcinous (Od. 7. 112.); as the kingdom of Solomon was distinguished by twelve tribes under twelve princes (1 Kings, ch. 4.), so that of Alcinous (Od. 8. 390.) was ruled by an equal number; as the throne of Solomon was supported by lions of gold (1 Kings, ch. 10.), so that of Alcinous was placed on dogs of silver and gold (Od. 7. 91.); as the fleets of Solomon were famous, so were those of Alcinous. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that Neptune sate on the mountains of the SOLYMI, as he returned from Æthiopia to Ægæ, while he raised the tempest which threw Ulysses on the coast of Phæacia; and that the Solymi of Pamphylia are very considerably distant from the route.—The suspicious character, also, which Nausicaa attributes to her countryman agrees precisely with that which the Greeks and Romans gave of the Jews."

The seventh chapter contains a description of the Monastery of Kathara, and several adjacent places. The eighth, among other curiosities, fixes on an imaginary site for the Farm of Laertes: but this is the agony of conjecture indeed!—and the ninth chapter mentions another Monastery, and a rock still called the School of Homer. Some sepulchral inscriptions of a very simple nature are included.—The tenth and last chapter brings us round to the Port of Schœnus, near Bathi; after we have completed, seemingly in a very minute and accurate manner, the tour of the island.

We can certainly recommend a perusal of this volume to every lover of classical scene and story. If we may indulge the pleasing belief that Homer sang of a real kingdom, and that Ulysses governed it, though we discern many feeble links in Mr. Gell's chain of evidence, we are on the whole induced to fancy that this is the Ithaca of the bard and of the monarch. At all events, Mr. Gell has enabled every future traveller to form a clearer judgment on the question than he could have established without such a "Vademecum to Ithaca," or a "Have with you, to the House of Ulysses," as the present. With Homer in his pocket, and Gell on his sumpter-horse or mule, the Odyssean tourist may now make a very classical and delightful excursion; and we doubt not that the advantages accruing to the Ithacences, from the increased number of travellers who will visit them in consequence of Mr. Gell's account of their country, will induce them to confer on that gentleman any heraldic honours which they may have to bestow, should he ever look in upon them again.—*Baron Bathi* would be a pretty title:—

"*Hoc* Ithacus *velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ.*"
VIRGIL.

For ourselves, we confess that all our old Grecian feelings would be alive on approaching the fountain of Melainudros, where, as the tradition runs, or as the priests relate, Homer was restored to sight.

We now come to the "Grecian Patterson," or "Cary," which Mr. Gell has begun to publish; and really he has carried the epic rule of concealing the person of the author to as great a length as either of the above-mentioned heroes of itinerary writ. We hear nothing of his "hairbreadth 'scapes" by sea or land; and we do not even know, for the greater part of his journey through Argolis, whether he relates what he has seen or what he has heard. From other parts of the book, we find the former to be the case: but, though there have been tourists and "strangers" in other countries, who have kindly permitted their readers to learn rather too much of their sweet selves, yet it is possible to carry delicacy, or cautious silence, or whatever it may be called, to the contrary extreme. We think that Mr. Gell has fallen into this error, so opposite to that of his numerous brethren. It is offensive, indeed, to be told what a man has eaten for dinner, or how pathetic he was on certain occasions; but we like to know that there is a being yet living who describes the scenes to which he introduces us; and that it is not a mere translation from Strabo or Pausanias which we are reading, or a commentary on those authors. This reflection leads us to the concluding remark in Mr. Gell's preface (by much the most interesting part of his book) to his Itinerary of Greece, in which he thus expresses himself:—

"The confusion of the modern with the ancient name of places in this volume is absolutely unavoidable; they

since the passport of the Pacha is absolute within his territory (according to Mr. G.'s own admission), and much more effectual than a firman. — "Money," he remarks, "is easily procured at Salonica, or Patrass, where the English have consuls." It is much better procured, we understand, from the Turkish governors, who never charge discount. The consuls for the English are not of the most magnanimous order of Greeks, and far from being so liberal, generally speaking; although there are, in course, some exceptions, and Strune of Patrass has been more honourably mentioned. — After having observed that "horses seem the best mode of conveyance in Greece," Mr. Gell proceeds: "Some travellers would prefer an English saddle; but a saddle of this sort is always objected to by the owner of the horse, *and not without reason*," &c. This, we learn, is far from being the case; and, indeed, for a very simple reason, an English saddle must seem to be preferable to one of the country, because it is much lighter. When, too, Mr. Gell calls the *postillion* "Menzilgi," he mistakes him for his betters: *Serrugees* are postillions; *Menzilgis* are postmasters. — Our traveller was fortunate in his Turks, who are hired to walk by the side of the baggage-horses. They "are certain," he says, "of performing their engagement without grumbling." We apprehend that this is by no means certain: — but Mr. Gell is perfectly right in preferring a Turk to a Greek for this purpose; and in his general recommendation to take a Janissary on the tour: who, we may add, should be suffered to act as he pleases, since nothing is to be done by gentle means, or even by offers of money, at the places of accommodation. A courier, to be sent on before to the place at which the traveller intends to sleep, is indispensable to comfort: but no tourist should be misled by the author's advice to suffer the Greeks to gratify their curiosity, in permitting them to remain for some time about him on his arrival at an inn. They should be removed as soon as possible; for, as to the remark that "no stranger would think of intruding when a room is pre-occupied," our informants were not so well convinced of that fact.

Though we have made the above exceptions to the accuracy of Mr. Gell's information, we are most ready to do justice to the general utility of his directions, and can certainly concede the praise which he is desirous of obtaining, — namely, "of having facilitated the researches of future travellers, by affording that local information which it was before impossible to obtain." This book, indeed, is absolutely necessary to any person who wishes to explore the Morea advantageously; and we hope that Mr. Gell will continue his Itinerary over that and over every other part of Greece. He allows that his volume "is only calculated to become a book of reference, and not of general entertainment:" but we do not see any reason against the compatibility of both objects in a survey of the most celebrated country of the ancient world. To that country, we trust, the attention not only of our travellers, but of our legislators, will hereafter be directed. The greatest caution will, indeed, be required, as we have premised, in touching on so delicate a subject as the amelioration of the possessions of an ally: but the field for the exercise of political sagacity is wide and inviting in this portion of the globe; and Mr. Gell, and all other writers who interest us, however remotely, in its extraordinary *capabilities*, deserve well of the British empire. We shall conclude by an extract from the author's work: which, even if it fails of exciting that general interest which we hope most earnestly it may attract, towards its important subject, cannot, as he justly observes, "be entirely uninteresting to the scholar;" since it is a work "which gives him a faithful description of the remains of cities, the very existence of which was doubtful, as they perished before the æra of authentic history." The subjoined quotation is a good specimen of the author's minuteness of research as a topographer; and we trust that the credit which must accrue to him from the present performance will ensure the completion of his Itinerary: —

"The inaccuracies of the maps of Anacharsis are in many respects very glaring. The situation of Phlius is marked by Strabo as surrounded by the territories of Sicyon, Argos, Cleonæ, and Stymphalus. Mr. Hawkins observed, that Phlius, the ruins of which still exist near Agios Giorgios, lies in a direct line between Cleonæ and Stymphalus, and another from Sicyon to Argos; so that Strabo was correct in saying that it lay between those four towns; yet we see Phlius, in the map of Argolis by M. Barbie du Bocage, placed ten miles to the north of Stymphalus, contradicting both history and fact. D'Anville is guilty of the same error.

"M. du Bocage places a town named Phlius, and by him Phlionte, on the point of land which forms the port of Drepano; there are not at present any ruins there. The maps of D'Anville are generally more correct than any others where ancient geography is concerned. A mistake occurs on the subject of Tiryns, and a place named by him Vathia, but of which nothing can be understood. It is possible that Vathi, or the profound valley, may be a name sometimes used for the valley of Barbitsa, and that the place named by D'Anville Claustra may be the outlet of that valley called Kleisoura, which has a corresponding signification.

"The city of Tiryns is also placed in two different positions, once by its Greek name, and again as Tirynthus. The mistake between the islands of Sphæria and Calaura has been noticed in page 135. The Pontinus, which D'Anville represents as a river, and the Erasinus, are equally ill placed in his map. There was a place called Creopolis, somewhere toward Cynouria; but its situation is not easily fixed. The ports called Bucephalium and Piræus seem to have been nothing more than little bays in the country between Corinth and Epidaurus. The town called Athenæ, in Cynouria, by Pausanias, is called Anthena by *Thucydides*, book 5. 41.

"In general, the map of D'Anville will be found more accurate than those which have been published since his time; indeed, the mistakes of that geographer are in general such as could not be avoided without visiting the country. Two errors of D'Anville may be mentioned,

lest the opportunity of publishing the itinerary of Arcadia should never occur. The first is, that the rivers Malætas and Mylaon, near Methydrium, are represented as running toward the south, whereas they flow northwards to the Ladon; and the second is, that the Aroanius, which falls into the Erymanthus at Psophis, is represented as flowing from the lake of Pheneos; a mistake which arises from the ignorance of the ancients themselves who have written on the subject. The fact is that the Ladon receives the waters of the lakes of Orchomenos and Pheneos; but the Aroanius rises at a spot not two hours distant from Psophis."

In furtherance of our principal object in this critique, we have only to add a wish that some of our Grecian tourists, among the fresh articles of information concerning Greece which they have lately imported, would turn their minds to the language of the country. So strikingly similar to the ancient Greek is the modern Romaic as a written language, and so dissimilar in sound, that even a few general rules concerning pronunciation would be of most extensive use.

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.

DEBATE ON THE FRAME-WORK BILL, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY 27. 1812.[1]

The order of the day for the second reading of this Bill being read,

Lord Byron rose, and (for the first time) addressed their Lordships as follows: —

My Lords, — The subject now submitted to your Lordships for the first time, though new to the House, is by no means new to the country. I believe it had occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons, long before its introduction to the notice of that legislature, whose interference alone could be of real service. As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your Lordships' indulgence, whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested.

To enter into any detail of the riots would be superfluous: the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence; and on the day I left the county I was informed that forty frames had been broken the preceding evening, as usual, without resistance and without detection.

Such was then the state of that county, and such I have reason to believe it to be at this moment. But whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist to an alarming extent, it cannot be denied that they have arisen from circumstances of the most unparalleled distress: the perseverance of these miserable men in their proceedings tends to prove that nothing but absolute want could have driven a large, and once honest and industrious, body of the people, into the commission of excesses so hazardous to themselves, their families, and the community. At the time to which I allude, the town and county were burdened with large detachments of the military; the police was in motion, the magistrates assembled; yet all the movements, civil and military, had led to — nothing. Not a single instance had occurred of the apprehension of any real delinquent actually taken in the fact, against whom there existed legal evidence sufficient for conviction. But the police, however useless, were by no means idle: several notorious delinquents had been detected, — men, liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of poverty; men, who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times! they were unable to maintain. Considerable injury has been done to the proprietors of the improved frames. These machines were to them an advantage, inasmuch as they superseded the necessity of employing a number of workmen, who were left in consequence to starve. By the adoption of one species of frame in particular, one man performed the work of many, and the superfluous labourers were thrown out of employment. Yet it is to be observed, that the work thus executed was inferior in quality; not marketable at home, and merely hurried over with a view to exportation. It was called, in the cant of the trade, by the name of "Spider-work." The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing at these improvements in arts so beneficial to mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. In the foolishness of

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[1] [Lord Byron's immediate impressions with respect to the success of his first speech in parliament may be collected from the following passage in a letter to his friend Hodgson: — "Lords Holland and Grenville, particularly the latter, paid me some high compliments in the course of their speeches. I have had many marvellous eulogies repeated to me since, in person and by proxy, from divers persons *ministerial* — yea, *ministerial!* as well as oppositionists; of them I shall only mention Sir Francis Burdett. *He* says it is the best speech by a *lord* since the Lord knows when. Lord H. tells me I shall beat them all if I persevere; and Lord G. remarked that the construction of some of my periods are very like *Burke's!!* And so much for vanity. I spoke very violent sentences with a sort of modest impudence, abused every thing and every body, and put the Lord Chancellor" (Eldon) "very much out of humour. As to my delivery, loud and fluent enough, perhaps a little theatrical."]

their hearts they imagined that the maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor were objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement, in the implements of trade, which threw the workmen out of employment, and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire. And it must be confessed that although the adoption of the enlarged machinery in that state of our commerce which the country once boasted might have been beneficial to the master without being detrimental to the servant; yet, in the present situation of our manufactures, rotting in warehouses, without a prospect of exportation, with the demand for work and workmen equally diminished, frames of this description tend materially to aggravate the distress and discontent of the disappointed sufferers. But the real cause of these distresses and consequent disturbances lies deeper. When we are told that these men are leagued together not only for the destruction of their own comfort, but of their very means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter policy, the destructive warfare of the last eighteen years, which has destroyed their comfort, your comfort, all men's comfort? That policy, which, originating with "great statesmen now no more," has survived the dead to become a curse on the living, unto the third and fourth and generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless, worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you, then, wonder that in times like these, when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony are found in a station not far beneath that of your Lordships, the lowest, though once most useful portion of the people, should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic, who is famished into guilt. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands: they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them: their own means of subsistence were cut off, all other employments pre-occupied; and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be subject of surprise.

It has been stated that the persons in the temporary possession of frames connive at their destruction; if this be proved upon inquiry, it were necessary that such material accessories to the crime should be principals in the punishment. But I did hope, that any measure proposed by his Majesty's goverment for your Lordships' decision, would have had conciliation for its basis; or, if that were hopeless, that some previous inquiry, some deliberation, would have been deemed requisite; not that we should have been called at once, without examination and without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants blindfold. But, admitting that these men had no cause of complaint; that the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless; that they deserved the worst; what inefficiency, what imbecility has been evinced in the method chosen to reduce them! Why were the military called out to be made a mockery of, if they were to be called out at all? As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon; and, indeed, the whole proceedings, civil and military, seemed on the model of those of the mayor and corporation of Garratt. — Such marchings and countermarchings!—from Nottingham to Bullwell, from Bullwell to Banford, from Banford to Mansfield! And when at length the detachments arrived at their destination, in all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," they came just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators, to collect the "*spolia opima*" in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children. Now, though, in a free country, it were to be wished that our military should never be too formidable, at least to ourselves, I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous. As the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last. In this instance it has been the first; but providentially as yet only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots, had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the county. At present the county suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving population. In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now for the first time the House has been officially apprised of these disturbances? All this has been transacting within 130 miles of London; and yet we, "good easy men, have deemed full sure our greatness was a ripening," and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self-congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and your executioners must be let loose against your fellow-citizens.—You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the "*Bellua multorum capitum*" is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It

is the mob that labour in your fields and serve in your houses, — that man your navy, and recruit your army, — that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair! You may call the people a mob; but do not forget that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark, with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence or — the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened, from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed, to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity began abroad it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admit without inquiry) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief; though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding,—the warm water of your mawkish police, and the lancets of your military,—these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to Heaven and testify against you? How will you carry the bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prisons? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation? place the county under martial law? depopulate and lay waste all around you? and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown, in its former condition of a royal chase and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporising, would not be without its advantages in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporise and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the bill under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian lawgiver whose edicts were said to be written not in ink but in blood. But suppose it passed; suppose one of these men, as I have seen them, — meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your Lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame; — suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support; — suppose this man, and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims, dragged into court, to be tried for this new offence, by this new law; still, there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him; and these are, in my opinion, — twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jefferies for a judge!

DEBATE ON THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE'S MOTION FOR A COMMITTEE ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS, APRIL 21, 1812.[1]

Lord Byron rose and said: —

My Lords, — The question before the House has been so frequently, fully, and ably discussed,

[1] [Lord Byron's display, on this occasion, seems to have been less promising than his first essay. His delivery was thought mouthing and theatrical, being infected, I take for granted (having never heard him speak in parliament,) with the same chanting tone that disfigured his recitation of poetry, — a tone contracted at most of the public schools, but more particularly, perhaps, at Harrow, and encroaching just enough on the

and never perhaps more ably than on this night that it would be difficult to adduce new arguments for or against it. But with each discussion difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding thus much, however, a new objection is started; it is not the time, say they, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough yet. In some degree I concur with those who say it is not the time exactly; that time is past; better had it been for the country that the Catholics possessed at this moment their proportion of our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils, than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had indeed been better —

" Non tempore tali
" Cogere concilium cum muros obsidet hostis."

The enemy is without, and distress within. It is too late to cavil on doctrinal points, when we must unite in defence of things more important than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is indeed singular, that we are called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we are agreed; not about the king we obey, for to him we are loyal; but how far a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how far believing not too little, but too much (the worst that can be imputed to the Catholics), how far too much devotion to their God may incapacitate our fellow-subjects from effectually serving their king.

Much has been said, within and without doors, of church and state; and although those venerable words have been too often prostituted to the most despicable of party purposes, we cannot hear them too often: all, I presume, are the advocates of church and state, — the church of Christ, and the state of Great Britain; but not a state of exclusion and despotism; not an intolerant church; not a church militant, which renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish communion, and in a greater degree, for the Catholic merely withholds its spiritual benediction (and even that is doubtful), but our church, or rather our churchmen, not only refuse to the Catholic their spiritual grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a " parliamentary king and a parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary God and a parliamentary religion." The interval of a century has not weakened the force of the remark. It is indeed time that we should leave off these petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries, whether our "eggs are best broken at the broad or narrow end."

The opponents of the Catholics may be divided into two classes; those who assert that the Catholics have too much already, and those who allege that the lower orders, at least, have nothing more to require. We are told by the former, that the Catholics never will be contented: by the latter, that they are already too happy. The last paradox is sufficiently refuted by the present as by all past petitions: it might as well be said, that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated; but this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many from their task-masters to a contrary effect; and for myself, when I consider this, I pity the Catholic peasantry for not having the good fortune to be born black. But the Catholics are contented, or at least ought to be, as we are told; I shall, therefore, proceed to touch on a few of those circumstances which so marvellously contribute to their exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their religion in the regular army; the Catholic soldier cannot absent himself from the service of the Protestant clergyman; and unless he is quartered in Ireland, or in Spain, where can he find eligible opportunities of attending his own? The permission of Catholic chaplains to the Irish militia regiments was conceded as a special favour, and not till after years of remonstrance, although an act, passed in 1793, established it as a right. But are the Catholics properly protected in Ireland? Can the church purchase a rood of land whereon to erect a chapel? No! all the places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the laity, easily broken, and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish, any casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened continually, but in no instance more glaringly than at the town of Newton-Barry, in the county of Wexford. The Catholics enjoying no regular chapel, as a temporary expedient hired two barns; which, being thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time, there was quartered opposite to the spot an officer whose mind appears to have been deeply imbued with those prejudices which the Protestant petitions now on the table prove to have been fortunately eradicated from the more rational portion of the people; and when the Catholics were assembled on the Sabbath as usual, in peace and good-will towards men, for the worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed, and were told that if they did not immediately retire (and they were told this by a yeoman officer and a magistrate), the riot act should be read, and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet! This was complained of to the middle-man of government, the secretary at the Castle in 1806, and the answer was (in lieu of redress), that he would cause a letter to be written to the colonel, to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact no very great stress need be laid; but it tends to prove that while the Ca-

boundaries of song to offend those ears most by which song is best enjoyed and understood.—MOORE.]

tholic church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the laws for its protection are of no avail. In the mean time, the Catholics are at the mercy of every "pelting petty officer," who may choose to play his "fantastic tricks before high heaven," to insult his God, and injure his fellow-creatures.

Every schoolboy, any footboy (such have held commissions in our service), any footboy who can exchange his shoulder-knot for an epaulette, may perform all this and more against the Catholic by virtue of that very authority delegated to him by his sovereign for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between Catholic and Protestant.

Have the Irish Catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have until they are permitted to share the privilege of serving as sheriffs and under-sheriffs. Of this a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a Catholic named Macvournagh: three respectable, uncontradicted witnesses, deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at, and kill the said Macvournagh. This was properly commented on by the judge; but, to the astonishment of the bar, and indignation of the court, the Protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality, that Mr. Justice Osborne felt it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved assassin, in large recognizances; thus for a time taking away his licence to kill Catholics.

Are the very laws passed in their favour observed? They are rendered nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late act, Catholic chaplains are permitted in gaols; but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presenting a suspended clergyman for the office, thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respectable magistrate named Fletcher to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented Catholic!

It has been asked, in another place, Why do not the rich Catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are all such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, peculating interference of the Orange commissioners for charitable donations?

As to Maynooth college, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble Lord (Camden), at the head of the Irish administration, did appear to interest himself in its advancement, and during the government of a noble Duke (Bedford), who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend of freedom and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the Catholics from the number of his fellow-creatures; with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was indeed a time when the Catholic clergy were conciliated, while the Union was pending, that Union which could not be carried without them, while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the Catholic counties; then they were cajoled and caressed, feared and flattered, and given to understand that "the Union would do every thing;" but the moment it was passed, they were driven back with contempt into their former obscurity.

In the conduct pursued towards Maynooth college, every thing is done to irritate and perplex — every thing is done to efface the slightest impression of gratitude from the Catholic mind; the very hay made upon the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true, this economy in miniature cannot sufficiently be commended, particularly at a time when only the insect defaulters of the Treasury, your Hunts and your Chinnerys, when only those "gilded bugs" can escape the microscopic eye of ministers. But when you come forward, session after session, as your paltry pittance is wrung from you with wrangling and reluctance, to boast of your liberality, well might the Catholic exclaim, in the words of Prior: —

> "To John I owe some obligation,
> But John unluckily thinks fit
> To publish it to all the nation,
> So John and I are more than quit."

Some persons have compared the Catholics to the beggar in Gil Blas: who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their ancestors? And cannot you relieve the beggar when your fathers have made him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, cannot you do it without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant Charter Schools; to them you have lately granted 41,000*l.*: thus are they supported, and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes on the English constitution, that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the historian describes the policy of the Germans, and adds, "This beautiful system was taken from the woods;" so in speaking of the charter schools, it may be observed, that this beautiful system was taken from the gipsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the Janissaries at the time of their enrolment under Amurath, and the gipsies of the present day, with stolen children, with children decoyed and kidnapped from their Catholic connections by their rich and powerful Protestant neighbours: this is notorious, and one instance may suffice to show in what manner: — The sister of a Mr. Carthy (a Catholic gentleman of very considerable property) died, leaving two girls, who were immediately marked out as proselytes, and conveyed to the charter school of Coolgreny; their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his nieces, offering to settle an independence

on these his relations; his request was refused, and not till after five years' struggle, and the interference of very high authority, could this Catholic gentleman obtain back his nearest of kindred from a charity charter school. In this manner are proselytes obtained, and mingled with the offspring of such Protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are they taught? A catechism is put into their hands, consisting of, I believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the Protestant religion; one of these queries is, "Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?" Answer, "In the Gospel." The remaining forty-four pages and a half regard the damnable idolatry of Papists!

Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training up a child in the way which he should go? Is this the religion of the Gospel before the time of Luther? that religion which preaches "Peace on earth, and glory to God?" Is it bringing up infants to be men or devils? Better would it be to send them any where than teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might more humanely learn to become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that they were brought up to devour the dead, than persecute the living. Schools do you call them? call them rather dunghills, where the viper of intolerance deposits her young, that when their teeth are cut and their poison is mature, they may issue forth, filthy and venomous, to sting the Catholic. But are these the doctrines of the Church of England, or of churchmen? No, the most enlighted churchmen are of a different opinion. What says Paley? "I perceive no reason why men of different religious persuasions should not sit upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious opinions upon any controverted topic of natural history, philosophy, or ethics." It may be answered, that Paley was not strictly orthodox; I know nothing of his orthodoxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the church, to human nature, to Christianity?

I shall not dwell upon the grievance of tithes, so severely felt by the peasantry; but it may be proper to observe, that there is an addition to the burden, a per-centage to the gatherer, whose interest it thus becomes to rate them as highly as possible, and we know that in many large livings in Ireland the only resident Protestants are the tithe proctor and his family.

Amongst many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation, there is one in the militia not to be passed over, — I mean the existence of Orange lodges amongst the privates. Can the officers deny this? And if such lodges do exist, do they, can they tend to promote harmony amongst the men, who are thus individually separated in society, although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution to be permitted; or is it to be believed that with such a system the Catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are, they belie human nature; they are then, indeed, unworthy to be any thing but the slaves you have made them. The facts stated are from most respectable authority, or I should not have dared in this place, or any place, to hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty as willing, as I believe them to be unable, to disprove them. Should it be objected that I never was in Ireland, I beg leave to observe, that it is as easy to know something of Ireland, without having been there, as it appears with some to have been born, bred, and cherished there, and yet remain ignorant of its best interests.

But there are who assert that the Catholics have already been too much indulged. See (cry they) what has been done: we have given them one entire college; we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and lives to offer; and yet they are never to be satisfied! — Generous and just declaimers! To this, and to this only, amount the whole of your arguments, when stript of their sophistry. Those personages remind me of a story of a certain drummer, who, being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high, he did — to flog low, he did — to flog in the middle, he did, — high, low, down the middle, and up again, but all in vain; the patient continued his complaints with the most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his scourge, claiming, "The devil burn you, there's no pleasing you, flog where one will!" Thus it is, you have flogged the Catholic high, low, here, there, and every where, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true that time, experience, and that weariness which attends even the exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently; but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue, till perhaps the rod may be wrested from your hands, and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity.

It was said by somebody in a former debate, (I forget by whom, and am not very anxious to remember,) if the Catholics are emancipated, why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the Catholic, what is it but the language of Shylock transferred from his daughter's marriage to Catholic emancipation—

> "Would any of the tribe of Barabbas
> Should have it rather than a Christian."

I presume a Catholic is a Christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews.

It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson,

(whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr. Duigenan,) that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the church in these times, would have "cried fire in the deluge." This is more than a metaphor; for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted (so any doctor will inform your Lordships), for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been), it is impossible to convince these poor creatures that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves is nothing but an *ignis fatuus* of their own drivelling imaginations. What rhubarb, senna, or "what purgative drug can scour that fancy thence?"—It is impossible, they are given over,—theirs is the true

"Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris."

These are your Protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against Catholic petitions, Protestant petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice, and common sense can urge against the delusions of their absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse; they are the mice who conceive themselves in labour with mountains.

To return to the Catholics: suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities; suppose them capable of such a bull as not to desire deliverance, ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted? What talents have been lost by the selfish system of exclusion? You already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment the defence of England is intrusted to the Irish militia; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But till equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction. Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an Irish general: it is true he is not a Catholic; had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions: but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents or diminished his patriotism; though, in that case, he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army.

But he is fighting the battles of the Catholics abroad; his noble brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric; whilst a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against his Catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests, and dispersions;—all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your Lordships will doubtless divide new honours between the Saviour of Portugal, and the Dispenser of Delegates. It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if Catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful king of the one Sicily, (of which, by the by, you have lately deprived him,) stand in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our Popish allies. But let four millions of fellow-subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labour in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens; and although their "father's house has many mansions," there is no resting-place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand VII., who certainly is a fool, and, consequently, in all probability a bigot? and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interest better than you know your own; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who are in worse durance than the prison of a usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body?

Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claims of the petitioners, I shall not expatiate; you know them, you will feel them, and your children's children when you are passed away. Adieu to that Union so called, as "*Lucus a non lucendo*," a Union from never uniting, which in its first operation gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called a Union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic.

And now, my Lords, before I sit down, will his Majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms? The esteem in which they are held has been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct and that of noble lords on this side of the House.

What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends (if such I may presume to call them), I shall not pretend to ascertain; but that of his Majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind, "no one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth;" but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the kingdom, even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there will they be greeted by the manufacturers, with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of those who so simply, yet ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to Johnny Groat's, every where will they receive similar marks of approbation. If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four Catholic millions, to whom their vote of this night is about to endear them for ever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they cannot escape the acclamations of the livery, and the more tremulous, but not less sincere, applause, the blessings, "not loud but deep," of bankrupt merchants and doubting stock-holders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of nightshade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren! It is true, there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion; but a "cloud of witnesses" are gone above from that gallant army which they so generously and piously despatched, to recruit the "noble army of martyrs."

What if in the course of this triumphal career (in which they will gather as many pebbles as Caligula's army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own,) they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honour of their benefactors; what although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favour of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature, or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted into effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures, and, above all, their conduct to the Catholics, must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Bonaparte than Catholic emancipation; no line of conduct more propitious to his projects than that which has been pursued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the Catholics? It is on the basis of your tyranny Napoleon hopes to build his own. So grateful must oppression of the Catholics be to his mind, that doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse) the next cartel will convey to this country cargoes of Sevres china and blue ribands, (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment,) blue ribands of the Legion of Honour for Dr. Duigenan and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves, and so useless to our allies; of those singular inquiries, so exculpatory to the accused, and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honourable, as we are told, to the British name, and so destructive to the best interests of the British nation: above all, such is the reward of a conduct pursued by ministers towards the Catholics.

I have to apologise to the House, who will, I trust, pardon one not often in the habit of intruding upon their indulgence, for so long attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my vote will be, in favour of the motion.

DEBATE ON MAJOR CARTWRIGHT'S PETITION, JUNE 1. 1813.[1]

Lord Byron rose and said: —

My Lords, — The petition which I now hold for the purpose of presenting to the House is one which, I humbly conceive, requires the particular attention of your Lordships, inasmuch as, though signed but by a single individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved) demand most serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains is neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his own only, for it has been and is still felt by numbers. No one without these walls, nor indeed within, but may to-morrow be made liable to the same insult and obstruction, in the discharge of an imperious duty for the restoration of the true constitution of these realms, by petitioning for reform in parliament. The petitioner, my Lords, is a man whose long life has been spent in one unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject, against that undue influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on his age, but still unimpaired in talent, and unshaken in spirit — "*frangas non flectes*" — he has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult, of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no dis-

[1] [See Mr. Moore's account of Lord Byron's visit to him after the delivery of this his last speech in Parliament, *antè*, p. 184.]

honour. The petition is signed by John Cartwright; and it was in behalf of the people and parliament, in the lawful pursuit of that reform in the representation which is the best service to be rendered both to parliament and people, that he encountered the wanton outrage which forms the subject-matter of his petition to your Lordships. It is couched in firm, yet respectful language — in the language of a man, not regardless of what is due to himself, but at the same time, I trust, equally mindful of the deference to be paid to this House. The petitioner states, amongst other matter of equal, if not greater importance, to all who are British in their feelings, as well as blood and birth, that on the 21st January, 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and six other persons, who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil force, and kept in close custody for several hours, subjected to gross and abusive insinuation from the commanding officer, relative to the character of the petitioner; that he (the petitioner) was finally carried before a magistrate, and not released till an examination of his papers proved that there was not only no just, but not even statutable charge against him; and that, notwithstanding the promise and order from the presiding magistrates of a copy of the warrant against your petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never until this hour been granted. The names and condition of the parties will be found in the petition. To the other topics touched upon in the petition I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your Lordships to its general contents — it is in the cause of the parliament and people that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated, and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid to the House, that to your justice, rather than by appeal to any inferior court, he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly stating the obstruction to which the subject is liable, in the prosecution of the most lawful and imperious of his duties, the obtaining by petition reform in parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint; the petitioner has more fully expressed it. Your Lordships will, I hope, adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him, and not him alone, but the whole body of the people, insulted and aggrieved in his person, by the interposition of an abused civil and unlawful military force between them and their right of petition to their own representatives.

His Lordship then presented the petition from Major Cartwright, which was read, complaining of the circumstances at Huddersfield, and of interruptions given to the right of petitioning in several places in the northern parts of the kingdom, and which his Lordship moved should be laid on the table.

Several lords having spoken on the question, Lord Byron replied, that he had, from motives of duty, presented this petition to their Lordships' consideration. The noble Earl had contended that it was not a petition, but a speech; and that, as it contained no prayer, it should not be received. What was the necessity of a prayer? If that word were to be used in its proper sense, their Lordships could not expect that any man should pray to others. He had only to say, that the petition, though in some parts expressed strongly perhaps, did not contain any improper mode of address, but was couched in respectful language towards their Lordships; he should therefore trust their Lordships would allow the petition to be received.[1]

A FRAGMENT.[2]

June 17, 1816.

In the year 17—, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate

[1] [In his Diary for November, 1813, Lord Byron says, "I am sick of Parliamentary mummeries. I have spoken thrice; but I doubt my ever becoming an orator. My first was liked; the second and third — I don't know whether they succeeded or not. I have never yet set to it *con amore*; — one must have some excuse to one's-self for laziness, or inability, or both, and this is mine."]

[2] [During a week of rain at Diodati, in the summer of 1816, the party having amused themselves with reading German ghost stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs. Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the Vampire; and, having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening; — but, from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact, was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of Frankenstein. — Moore.

"I began it," says Lord Byron, "in an old account-book of Miss Milbanke's, which I kept because it contains the word 'Household,' written by her twice on the inside blank page of the covers; being the only two scraps I have in the world in her writing, except her name to the Deed of Separation."

["In the summer of 1816, we visited Switzerland, and became the neighbours of Lord Byron. At first we spent our pleasant hours on the lake, or wandering on its shores; and Lord Byron, who was writing the third canto of Childe Harold, was the only one among us who put his thoughts upon paper. These, as he brought them successively to us, clothed in all the light and harmony of poetry, seemed to stamp as divine the glories of heaven and earth, whose influences we partook with him. But it proved a wet, ungenial summer, and incessant rain often confined us for days to the house. Some volumes of ghost stories, translated from the German into French, fell into our hands. There was the History of the Im-

by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family; advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date: we had been educated at the same schools and university; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my novitiate. While thus engaged, I heard much both of his past and present life; and, although in these accounts there were many and irreconcileable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be concentred: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing; for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them: still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another, in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover: there were circumstances alleged which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other — and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness: but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every-day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively; and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me; it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise — he consented; and, after the requisite arrangement, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue; yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition — but in vain: there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer — and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

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constant Lover, who, when he thought to clasp the bride to whom he had pledged his vows, found himself in the arms of the pale ghost of her whom he had deserted. There was the tale of the sinful founder of his race, whose miserable doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house, just when they reached the age of promise. His gigantic, shadowy form, clothed like the ghost in Hamlet, in complete armour, but with the beaver up, was seen at midnight, by the moon's fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls; but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the blooming youths, cradled in healthy sleep. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and kissed the foreheads of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapped upon the stalk! We will each write a ghost story, said Lord Byron; and his proposition was acceded to."— MRS. SHELLEY.]

We had passed halfway towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana — the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques — when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even cottage was within sight or hope, and this "city of the dead" appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose: — contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age: — upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency: but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, "Suleiman, verbana su," (i. e. bring some water,) and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, "How did you know this?" — He replied, "From our situation; you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs: I have also been here before."

"You have been here before! — How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?"

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent — and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

"This is the end of my journey, and of my life; — I came here to die: but I have a request to make, a command — for such my last words must be. — You will observe it?"

"Most certainly; but have better hopes."

"I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this — conceal my death from every human being."

"I hope there will be no occasion; that you will recover, and ——"

"Peace! — it must be so: promise this."

"I do."

"Swear it, by all that" —— He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.

"There is no occasion for this — I will observe your request; and to doubt me is ——"

"It cannot be helped, — you must swear."

I took the oath: it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded —

"On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely (what month you please, but this must be the day), you must fling this ring into the salt springs which run into the Bay of Eleusis: the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait one hour."

"Why?"

"You will see."

"The ninth day of the month, you say?"

"The ninth."

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sat, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be steadfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled — he spoke — I know not whether to himself or to me — but the words were only, "'T is well!"

"What is well? what do you mean?"

"No matter: you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions."

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, "You perceive that bird?"

"Certainly."

"And the serpent writhing in her beak?"

"Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it."

He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, "It is not yet time!" As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment — it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead!

I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken — his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportu-

nity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless. [1]

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LETTER

TO JOHN MURRAY, ESQ.

ON THE

REV. W. L. BOWLES'S STRICTURES

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF POPE. [2]

"I'll play at *Bowls* with the sun and moon."—OLD SONG.

"My mither's auld, Sir, and she has rather forgotten hersel in speaking to my Leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit (as I ken nobody likes it, if they could help themsels)."

TALES OF MY LANDLORD, *Old Mortality*, vol. ii. p. 163.

Ravenna, February 7. 1821.

Dear Sir,

IN the different pamphlets which you have had the goodness to send me, on the Pope and Bowles controversy, I perceive that my name is occasionally introduced by both parties. Mr. Bowles refers more than once to what he is pleased to consider "a remarkable circumstance," not only in his letter to Mr. Campbell, but in his reply to the Quarterly. The Quarterly also and Mr. Gilchrist have conferred on me the dangerous honour of a quotation; and Mr. Bowles indirectly makes a kind of appeal to me personally [3], by saying, "Lord Byron, *if he remembers* the circumstance, will *witness*"—(*witness* IN ITALICS, an ominous character for a testimony at present).

I shall not avail myself of a "non mi ricordo," even after so long a residence in Italy;—I *do* "remember the circumstance,"—and have no reluctance to relate it (since called upon so to do), as correctly as the distance of time and the impression of intervening events will permit me. In the year 1812, more than three years after the publication of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," I had the honour of meeting Mr. Bowles in the house of our venerable host of "Human Life," &c. the last Argonaut of classic English poetry, and the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets. Mr. Bowles calls this "soon after" the publication; but to me three years appear a considerable segment of the immortality of a modern poem. I recollect nothing of "the rest of the company going into another room,"—nor, though I well remember the topography of our host's elegant and classically furnished mansion, could I swear to the very room where the conversation occurred, though the "taking *down* the poem" seems to fix it in the library. Had it been "taking *up*," it would probably have been in the drawing-room. I presume also that the "remarkable circumstance" took place *after* dinner; as I conceive that neither Mr. Bowles's politeness nor appetite would have allowed him to detain "the rest of the company" standing round their chairs in the "other room," while we were discussing "the Woods of Madeira," instead of circulating its vintage. Of Mr. Bowles's "good humour" I have a full and not ungrateful recollection; as also of his gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation. I speak of the *whole*, and not of particulars; for whether he did or did not use the precise words printed in the pamphlet, I cannot say, nor could he with accuracy. Of "the tone of seriousness" I certainly recollect nothing: on the contrary, I thought Mr. Bowles rather disposed to treat

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[1] [From his remembrance of this sketch, Polidori afterwards vamped up his strange novel of the Vampire, which, under the supposition of its being Lord Byron's, was received with such enthusiasm in France.—MOORE.]

[2] ["I mean to plunge thick into the contest upon Pope, and to lay about me like a dragon till I make manure of Bowles for the top of Parnassus."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, Dec. 9. 1820.]

[3] [In a pamphlet entitled "The Invariable Principles of Poetry, in a Letter addressed to Thomas Campbell, Esq., occasioned by some Critical Observations in his Specimens of British Poets, particularly relating to the Poetical Character of Pope." The following is the passage referred to:—"Soon after Lord Byron had published his vigorous satire called 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in which, alas! *pars magna fui*, I met his Lordship at our common friend's house, the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' and the still more beautiful poem, 'Human Life.' As the rest of the company were going into another room, I said I wished to speak one word to his Lordship. He came back with much apparent courtesy. I then said to him, in a tone of seriousness, but that of perfectly good humour, 'My Lord, I should not have thought of making any observations on whatever you might be pleased to give to the world as your opinion of any part of my writings; but I think if I can show that you have done me a palpable and public wrong, by charging me with having written what I never wrote or thought of, your own principles of justice will not allow the impression to remain.' I then spoke of a particular couplet which he had introduced into his satire—

'Thy woods, Madeira, trembled with a kiss,'—

and taking down the poem, which was at hand, I pointed out the passage," &c.]

the subject lightly; for he said (I have no objection to be contradicted if incorrect), that some of his good-natured friends had come to him and exclaimed, "Eh! Bowles! how came you to make the Woods of Madeira?" &c. &c.; and that he had been at some pains and pulling down of the poem to convince them that he had never made "the Woods" do any thing of the kind. He was right, and *I was wrong*, and have been wrong still up to this acknowledgment; for I ought to have looked twice before I wrote that which involved an inaccuracy capable of giving pain. The fact was, that, although I had certainly before read "the Spirit of Discovery," I took the quotation from the review. But the mistake was mine, and not the *review*'s, which quoted the passage correctly enough, I believe. I blundered — God knows how — into attributing the tremors of the lovers to "the Woods of Madeira," by which they were surrounded.[1] And I hereby do fully and freely declare and asseverate, that the Woods did *not* tremble to a kiss, and that the lovers did. I quote from memory —

——— "A kiss
Stole on the listening silence, &c. &c.
They [the lovers] trembled, even as if the power," &c.

And if I had been aware that this declaration would have been in the smallest degree satisfactory to Mr. Bowles, I should not have waited nine years to make it, notwithstanding that "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had been suppressed some time previously to my meeting him at Mr. Rogers's. Our worthy host might indeed have told him as much, as it was at his representation that I suppressed it. A new edition of that lampoon was preparing for the press, when Mr. Rogers represented to me, that "I was *now* acquainted with many of the persons mentioned in it, and with some on terms of intimacy;" and that he knew "one family in particular to whom its suppression would give pleasure." I did not hesitate one moment, — it was cancelled instantly; and it is no fault of mine that it has ever been republished. When I left England, in April, 1816, with no very violent intentions of troubling that country again, and amidst scenes of various kinds to distract my attention, — almost my last act, I believe, was to sign a power of attorney, to yourself, to prevent or suppress any attempts (of which several had been made in Ireland) at a republication. It is proper that I should state, that the persons with whom I was subsequently acquainted, whose names had occurred in that publication, were made my acquaintances at their own desire, or through the unsought intervention of others. I never, to the best of my knowledge, sought a personal introduction to any. Some of them to this day I know only by correspondence; and with one of those it was begun by myself, in consequence, however, of a polite verbal communication from a third person.

I have dwelt for an instant on these circumstances, because it has sometimes been made a subject of bitter reproach to me to have endeavoured to *suppress* that satire. I never shrunk, as those who know me know, from any personal consequences which could be attached to its publication. Of its subsequent suppression, as I possessed the copyright, I was the best judge and the sole master. The circumstances which occasioned the suppression I have now stated; of the motives, each must judge according to his candour or malignity. Mr. Bowles does me the honour to talk of "noble mind," and "generous magnanimity;" and all this because "the circumstance would have been explained had not the book been suppressed." I see no "nobility of mind" in an act of simple justice; and I hate the word "*magnanimity*," because I have sometimes seen it applied to the grossest of impostors by the greatest of fools; but I would have "explained the circumstance," notwithstanding "the suppression of the book," if Mr. Bowles had expressed any desire that I should. As the "gallant Galbraith" says to "Baillie Jarvie," "Well, the devil take the mistake, and all that occasioned it." I have had as great and greater mistakes made about me personally and poetically, once a month for these last ten years, and never cared very much about correcting one or the other, at least after the first eight and forty hours had gone over them.

I must now, however, say a word or two about Pope, of whom you have my opinion more at large in the unpublished letter *on* or *to* (for I forget which) the editor of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine;" — and here I doubt that Mr. Bowles will not approve of my sentiments.

Although I regret having published "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that *he* would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and are quite as severe and much more poetical than my own in the second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, and replaced them with my own, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles. I have stated this in the preface to the second edition. It is many years since I have read that poem; but the Quarterly Review, Mr.

[1] [On casually meeting with a copy of the poem in 1816, while at Diodati, Byron wrote against the passage — "Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally. It was not the 'woods,' but the people in them, who trembled — why Heaven only knows, unless they were overheard making the prodigious smack."]

Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr. Bowles himself, have been so obliging as to refresh my memory, and that of the public. I am grieved to say, that in reading over those lines[1], I repent of their having so far fallen short of what I meant to express upon the subject of Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Mr. Bowles says, that "Lord Byron *knows* he does *not* deserve this character." I know no such thing. I have met Mr. Bowles occasionally, in the best society in London; he appeared to me an amiable, well-informed, and extremely able man. I desire nothing better than to dine in company with such a mannered man every day in the week: but of "his character" I know nothing personally; I can only speak to his manners, and these have my warmest approbation. But I never judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha.[2] Of Mr. Bowles's "*character*" I will not do him the *injustice* to judge from the edition of Pope, if he prepared it heedlessly; nor the *justice* should it be otherwise, because I would neither become a literary executioner or a personal one. Mr. Bowles the individual, and Mr. Bowles the editor, appear the two most opposite things imaginable.

"And he himself one —— antithesis."

I won't say "vile," because it is harsh; nor "mistaken," because it has two syllables too many: but every one must fill up the blank as he pleases.[3]

What I saw of Mr. Bowles increased my surprise and regret that he should ever have lent his talents to such a task. If he had been a fool, there would have been some excuse for him; if he had been a needy or a bad man, his conduct would have been intelligible: but he is the opposite of all these; and thinking and feeling as I do of Pope, to me the whole thing is unaccountable.[4] However, I must call things by their right names. I cannot call his edition of Pope a "candid" work; and I still think that there is an affectation of that quality not only in those volumes, but in the pamphlets lately published.

"Why *yet* he doth *deny* his prisoners."

Mr. Bowles says that "he has seen passages in his letters to Martha Blount which were never published by me, and I *hope never will* be by others; which are so *gross* as to imply the *grossest* licentiousness."[5] Is this fair play? It may, or it may not be that such passages exist; and that Pope, who was not a monk, although a Catholic, may have occasionally sinned in word and deed with woman in his youth: but is this a sufficient ground for such a sweeping denunciation? Where is the unmarried Englishman of a certain rank of life, who (provided he has not taken orders) has not to reproach himself between the ages of sixteen and thirty with far more licentiousness than has ever yet been traced to Pope? Pope lived in the public eye from his youth upwards; he had all the dunces of his own time for his enemies, and, I am sorry to say, some, who have not the apology of dulness for detraction, since his death; and yet to what

[1] [The following are the lines which refer to Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope —

"Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to the sonnets, man! — at least they sell.
But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet did for hire.
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme;
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead;
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains."
See *Works*, p. 426.]

[2] ["Ali reclined, a man of war and woes:
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace." *Childe Harold*, c. ii. st. 62.]

[3] ["His wit all seesaw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis." — Pope.]

[4] ["Every part of Mr. Bowles's performance is pervaded by a spirit so decidedly hostile, that we know not how to account for its being felt towards a man who has been dead nearly a century, and towards a fame so resplendent, that even the fondest aspirations of Mr. Bowles's youthful muse could never have hoped to eclipse it. We repeat, that we cannot account for it. But there the evil spirit is — evinced in the festive delight with which he seizes on every thing that can vilify the man or depreciate his works; in conjecturing what he cannot find, and insinuating what he dares not assert." — *Quart. Rev.* (1825.) vol. xxxii. p. 266.]

[5] ["The most lover-like epistles are those where both ladies are addressed in one letter; and even Mr. Bowles will hardly venture to suggest the depravity of two sisters jointly carrying on an intrigue with the same man at the same time. Yet when one sister, in the name of both, writes thus — 'Sir, my sister and I shall be at home all day. If any company come that you do not like, I'll go up into any room with you,' — Mr. Bowles's note is, 'This letter, it has been observed, is very short, but very much *to the purpose*.' And this letter Pope thought so little to any *purpose* requiring concealment, that it is now in the British Museum with some lines of his Homer scribbled on the back of it." — *Ib.* vol. xxxii. p. 285.]

do all their accumulated hints and charges amount? — to an equivocal *liaison* with Martha Blount, which might arise as much from his infirmities as from his passions; to a hopeless flirtation with Lady Mary W. Montagu; to a story of Cibber's; and to two or three coarse passages in his works. *Who* could come forth clearer from an invidious inquest on a life of fifty-six years? Why are we to be officiously reminded of such passages in his letters, provided that they exist? Is Mr. Bowles aware to what such rummaging among "letters" and "stories" might lead? I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe that they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange is, that some of these are couched as *postscripts* to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses, of the most hyperbolical indecency. He himself says, that if "obscenity (using a much coarser word) be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly cannot be saved." These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself; but would his *editor* have been "*candid*" in even alluding to them? Nothing would have even provoked *me*, an indifferent spectator, to allude to them, but this further attempt at the depreciation of Pope.

What should we say to an editor of Addison, who cited the following passage from Walpole's letters to George Montagu? "Dr. Young has published a new book, &c. Mr. Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; unluckily he died of *brandy*: nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath where you are."[1] Suppose the editor introduced it with this preface, "One circumstance is mentioned by Horace Walpole, which, if true, was indeed *flagitious*. Walpole informs Montagu that Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, when dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; but unluckily he died drunk," &c. &c. Now, although there might occur on the subsequent, or on the same page, a faint show of disbelief, seasoned with the expression of "the *same candour*" (the *same* exactly as throughout the book), I should say that this editor was either foolish or false to his trust; such a story ought not to have been admitted, except for one brief mark of crushing indignation, unless it were *completely proved*. Why the words "*if true?*" that "*if*" is not a peacemaker. Why talk of "Cibber's testimony" to his licentiousness? To what does this amount? that Pope, when very young, was *once* decoyed by some noblemen and the player to a house of carnal recreation. Mr. Bowles was not always a clergyman; and when he was a very young man, was he never seduced into as much? If I were in the humour for story-telling, and relating little anecdotes, I could tell a much better story of Mr. Bowles than Cibber's, upon much better authority, viz. that of Mr. Bowles himself. It was not related by *him* in my presence, but in that of a third person, whom Mr. Bowles names oftener than once in the course of his replies. This gentleman related it to me as a humorous and witty anecdote; and so it was, whatever its other characteristics might be. But should I, for a youthful frolic, brand Mr. Bowles with a "libertine sort of love," or with "licentiousness?" Is he the less now a pious or a good man, for not having always been a priest? No such thing; I am willing to believe him a good man, almost as good a man as Pope, but no better.

The truth is, that in these days the grand "*primum mobile*" of England is *cant*; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always cant, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the time. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided amongst themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum. This hysterical horror of poor Pope's not very well ascertained, and never fully proved amours (for even Cibber owns that he prevented the somewhat perilous adventure in which Pope was embarking), sounds very virtuous in a controversial pamphlet: but all men of the world who know what life is, or at least what it was to them in their youth, must laugh at such a ludicrous foundation of the charge of a "libertine sort of love;" while the more serious will look upon those who bring forward such charges upon an insulated fact as fanatics or hypocrites, perhaps both. The two are sometimes compounded in a happy mixture.

Mr. Octavius Gilchrist speaks rather irreverently of a "second tumbler of *hot* white-wine negus." What does he mean? Is there any harm in negus? or is it the worse for being *hot?* or does Mr. Bowles drink negus? I had a better opinion of him. I hoped that whatever wine he drank was neat; or, at least, that, like the ordinary in Jonathan Wild, "he preferred *punch*, the rather as there was nothing against it in Scripture." I should be sorry to believe that Mr. Bowles was fond of negus; it is such a "candid" liquor, so like a wishy-washy compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water. But different writers have divers tastes. Judge Blackstone composed his

[1] [See "Correspondence of Horace Walpole." The title of Dr. Young's new book was "Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison." A review of this work by Goldsmith will be found in the new edition of his Miscellaneous Works.

"Commentaries" (he was a poet too in his youth) with a bottle of port before him. Addison's conversation was not good for much till he had taken a similar dose. Perhaps the prescription of these two great men was not inferior to the very different one of a soi-disant poet of this day, who, after wandering amongst the hills, returns, goes to bed, and dictates his verses, being fed by a bystander with bread and butter during the operation.

I now come to Mr. Bowles's "invariable principles of poetry." These Mr. Bowles and some of his correspondents pronounce "unanswerable;" and they are "unanswered," at least by Campbell, who seems to have been astounded by the title: the sultan of the time being offered to ally himself to a king of France because "he hated the word league;" which proves that the Padishan understood French. Mr. Campbell has no need of my alliance, nor shall I presume to offer it; but I do hate that word "*invariable*." What is there of *human*, be it poetry, philosophy, wit, wisdom, science, power, glory, mind, matter, life, or death, which is "*invariable?*" Of course I put things divine out of the question. Of all arrogant baptisms of a book, this title to a pamphlet appears the most complacently conceited. It is Mr. Campbell's part to answer the contents of this performance, and especially to vindicate his own "Ship," which Mr. Bowles most triumphantly proclaims to have struck to his very first fire.

> "Quoth he there was a *Ship;*
> Now let me go, thou grey-haired loon,
> Or my staff shall make thee skip."

It is no affair of mine; but having once begun, (certainly not by my own wish, but called upon by the frequent recurrence to my name in the pamphlets,) I am like an Irishman in a "row," "any body's customer." I shall therefore say a word or two on the "Ship."

Mr. Bowles asserts that Campbell's "Ship of the Line"[1] derives all its poetry, not from "*art*," but from "*nature*." "Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, &c. &c., *one* will become a stripe of blue bunting; and the other a piece of coarse canvass on three tall poles." Very true; take away the "waves," "the winds," and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical, but for any other purpose; and take away "the sun," and we must read Mr. Bowles's pamphlet by candlelight. But the "poetry" of the "Ship" does *not* depend on "the waves," &c.; on the contrary, the "Ship of the Line" confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens *theirs*. I do not deny, that the "waves and winds," and above all "the sun," are highly poetical; we know it to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse: but if the waves bore only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the sea-weed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical? I think not: the poetry is at least reciprocal. Take away "the Ship of the Line" "swinging round" the "calm water," and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at, particularly if not transparently *clear;* witness the thousands who pass by without looking on it at all. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch? They might have seen the poetical "calm water" at Wapping, or in the "London Dock," or in the Paddington Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase. They might have heard the poetical winds howling through the chinks of a pigsty, or the garret window; they might have seen the sun shining on a footman's livery, or on a brass warming pan; but could the "calm water," or the "wind," or the "sun," make all, or any of these "poetical?" I think not. Mr. Bowles admits "the Ship" to be poetical, but only from those accessaries: now if they *confer* poetry so as to make one thing poetical, they would make other things poetical; the more so, as Mr. Bowles calls a "ship of the line" without them, — that is to say, its "masts and sails and streamers," — "blue bunting," and "coarse canvass," and "tall poles." So it is; and porcelain is clay, and man is dust, and flesh is grass, and yet the two latter at least are the subjects of much poesy.

Did Mr. Bowles ever gaze upon the sea? I presume that he has, at least upon a sea-piece. Did any painter ever paint the sea *only*, without the addition of a ship, boat, wreck, or some such adjunct? Is the sea itself a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with or without a vessel, breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony? Is a storm more poetical without a ship? or, in the poem of the Shipwreck, is it the storm or the ship which most interests? both *much* undoubtedly; but without the vessel, what should we care for the tempest? It would sink into mere descriptive poetry, which in itself was never esteemed a high order of that art.

I look upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets: — with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers, I have *swam* more

[1] ["Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. — I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being." — CAMPBELL'S Specimens of British Poets, vol. 1. p. 265.]

miles than all the rest of them together now living ever *sailed*, and have lived for months and months on shipboard; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the Ocean[1]: besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine that the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr. Hobhouse and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most "*poetical*" of all at the moment, were the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to "cut and run" before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the main, and some it might be for eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly *white* sails, (the Levant sails not being of "*coarse canvass*," but of white cotton,) skimming along as quickly, but less safely than the sea-mews which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *littleness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers (she was built in India) creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more "poetical" than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours; and yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more "poetical" by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more; for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine[2], I stood upon the Symplegades — I stood by the broken altar still exposed to the winds upon one of them — I felt all the "*poetry*" of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of Medea; but would not that "poetry" have been heightened by the *Argo*?[3] It was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from Odessa. But Mr. Bowles says, "Why bring your ship off the stocks?" for no reason that I know, except that ships are built to be launched. The water, &c. undoubtedly HEIGHTENS the poetical associations, but it does not *make* them; and the ship amply repays the obligation: they aid each other; the water is more poetical with the ship — the ship less so without the water. But even a ship laid up in dock is a grand and a poetical sight. Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon the barren sand, is a "poetical" object, (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washing-tub and a blind boy, may tell you so as well as I,) whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water, without the boat, would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published.

What makes the poetry in the image of the "*marble waste of Tadmor*," or Grainger's "Ode to Solitude," so much admired by Johnson?[4] Is it the "*marble*" or the "*waste*," the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The "waste" is like all other *wastes*; but the "*marble*" of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.

The beautiful but barren Hymettus, — the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, &c. &c. —

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[1] ["And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror — 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here."
Childe Harold, c. iv. st. 184.]

[2] ["The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;
'T is a grand sight from off the 'Giant's Grave'
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease;
There 's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine."
Don Juan, c. v. st. 5.]

[3] ["I scrambled up the Cyanean Symplegades with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their boy. Your emember the nurse's dole in the Medea, of which I beg you to take the following translation done on the summit: —

"Oh how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,
Had never pass'd the Azure rocks;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damm'd business for my Miss Medea,'" &c. &c.
Lord Byron to Mr. H. Drury, June 1810.]

[4] ["Dr. Johnson praised Grainger's 'Ode to Solitude' in Dodsley's collection, and repeated with great energy the exordium —

'O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb;
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide;
Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep;
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble waste survey,' —

observing, 'This, Sir, is very noble.'"
Boswell, vol. vii. p. 18.]

are in themselves poetical, and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the "nature" of Attica would be *more* poetical without the "art" of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical, — the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself?[1] The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's *ship* was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the "*art*," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them, the *spots* of earth would be unnoticed and unknown; buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were *capable* of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and the Memnon's head, *there* they would still exist in the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art.

Mr. Bowles contends again that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of "the association with boundless deserts," and that a "pyramid of the same dimensions" would not be sublime in "Lincoln's Inn Fields:" not *so* poetical certainly; but take away the "pyramids," and what is the "*desert?*" Take away Stone-henge from Salisbury Plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow Heath, or any other unenclosed down. It appears to me that St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Palatine, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus di Medicis, the Hercules, the Dying Gladiator, the Moses of Michael Angelo, and all the higher works of Canova, (I have already spoken of those of ancient Greece, still extant in that country, or transported to England,) are as *poetical* as Mont Blanc or Mount Ætna, perhaps still more so, as they are direct manifestations of mind, and *presuppose* poetry in their very conception; and have, moreover, as being such, a something of actual life, which cannot belong to any part of inanimate nature, unless we adopt the system of Spinosa, that the world is the Deity. There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the city of Venice; does this depend upon the sea, or the canals? —

"The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice rose?"

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the "Bridge of Sighs," which connects them, that renders it poetical? Is it the "Canal Grande," or the Rialto which arches it, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself? Mr. Bowles will say, perhaps, that the Rialto is but marble, the palaces and churches only stone, and the gondolas a "coarse" black cloth, thrown over some planks of carved wood, with a shining bit of fantastically formed iron at the prow, "*without*" the water. And I tell him that without these, the water would be nothing but a clay-coloured ditch; and whoever says the contrary, deserves to be at the bottom of that, where Pope's heroes are embraced by the mud nymphs. There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts above mentioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea, and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city.

The very Cloaca of Tarquin at Rome are as poetical as Richmond Hill; many will think more so: take away Rome, and leave the Tibur and the seven hills, in the nature of Evander's time. Let Mr. Bowles, or Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Southey, or any of the other "naturals," make a poem upon them, and then see which is most poetical, — their production, or the commonest guide-book, which tells you the road from St. Peter's to the Coliseum, and informs you what you will see by the way. The ground interests in Virgil, because it *will* be *Rome*, and not because it is Evander's rural domain.

Mr. Bowles then proceeds to press Homer into his service, in answer to a remark of Mr. Campbell's, that "Homer was a great describer of works of art."[2] Mr. Bowles contends, that all his great power, even in this, depends upon their connection with nature. The "shield of Achilles derives its poetical interest from the subjects described on it." And from what does the *spear* of Achilles derive its interest? and the helmet and the mail worn by Patroclus, and the celestial armour, and the very brazen greaves

[1] ["In all Attica," says Lord Byron, in a note to the second canto of Childe Harold, "if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher the supposed scene of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over 'Isles that crown the Ægean deep;' but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell —

'Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'"]

[2] [Mr. Bowles's epithet is not *great*, but "minute."]

of the well-booted Greeks? Is it solely from the legs, and the back, and the breast, and the human body, which they enclose? In that case, it would have been more poetical to have made them fight naked; and Gulley and Gregson, as being nearer to a state of nature, are more poetical boxing in a pair of drawers than Hector and Achilles in radiant armour, and with heroic weapons.

Instead of the clash of helmets, and the rushing of chariots, and the whizzing of spears, and the glancing of swords, and the cleaving of shields, and the piercing of breast-plates, why not represent the Greeks and Trojans like two savage tribes, tugging and tearing, and kicking and biting, and gnashing, foaming, grinning, and gouging, in all the poetry of martial nature, unencumbered with gross, prosaic, artificial arms; an equal superfluity to the natural warrior and his natural poet? Is there any thing unpoetical in Ulysses striking the horses of Rhesus with *his bow* (having forgotten his thong), or would Mr. Bowles have had him kick them with his foot, or smack them with his hand, as being more unsophisticated?

In Gray's Elegy, is there an image more striking than his "shapeless sculpture?"[1] Of sculpture in general, it may be observed, that it is more poetical than nature itself, inasmuch as it represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual nature. This at least is the general opinion. But, always excepting the Venus di Medicis, I differ from that opinion, at least as far as regards female beauty; for the head of Lady Charlemont (when I first saw her nine years ago) seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal. I recollect seeing something of the same kind in the head of an Albanian girl, who was actually employed in mending a road in the mountains, and in some Greek, and one or two Italian, faces. But of *sublimity*, I have never seen any thing in human nature at all to approach the expression of sculpture, either in the Apollo, the Moses, or other of the sterner works of ancient or modern art.

Let us examine a little further this "babble of green fields" and of bare nature in general as superior to artificial imagery, for the poetical purposes of the fine arts. In landscape painting, the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature, in her natural aspect, does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires. Even where he presents you with some famous city, or celebrated scene from mountain or other nature, it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance, &c. as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of nature alone, *exactly* as she appears, is not sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the *portrait* of the sky of nature; it is a composition of different *skies*, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any *particular* day. And why? Because nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered, and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, and gathered with difficulty.

Of sculpture I have just spoken. It is the great scope of the sculptor to heighten nature into heroic beauty; *i. e.* in plain English, to surpass his model. When Canova forms a statue, he takes a limb from one, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape, it may be, from a fourth, probably at the same time improving upon all, as the Greek of old did in embodying his Venus.

Ask a portrait painter to describe his agonies in accommodating the faces with which nature and his sitters have crowded his painting-room to the principles of his art: with the exception of perhaps ten faces in as many millions, there is not one which he can venture to give without shading much and adding more. Nature, exactly, simply, barely nature, will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet — the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists in his very essence. With regard to natural imagery, the poets are obliged to take some of their best illustrations from *art*. You say that a "fountain is as clear or clearer than *glass*," to express its beauty: —

> "O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro!"

In the speech of Mark Antony, the body of Cæsar is displayed, but so also is his *mantle*: —

> "You all do know this *mantle*," &c.
>
> — — — —
>
> "Look! in this place ran Cassius' *dagger* through."

If the poet had said that Cassius had run his *fist* through the rent of the mantle, it would have had more of Mr. Bowles's "nature" to help it; but the artificial *dagger* is more poetical than any natural *hand* without it. In the sublime of sacred poetry, "Who is this that cometh from Edom? with *dyed garments* from Bozrah?" Would "the comer" be poetical without his "*dyed garments?*" which strike and startle the spectator, and identify the approaching object.

The mother of Sisera is represented listening for the "*wheels of his chariot.*" Solomon, in his Song, compares the nose of his beloved to "a tower," which to us appears an eastern exaggeration. If he had said, that her stature was like that of a "tower's," it would have been as poetical as if he had compared her to a tree.

> "The virtuous Marcia *towers* above her sex."

is an instance of an artificial image to express a *moral* superiority. But Solomon, it is probable,

[1] ["Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and *shapeless sculpture* deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."]

did not compare his beloved's nose to a "tower" on account of its length, but of its symmetry; and making allowance for eastern hyperbole, and the difficulty of finding a discreet image for a female nose in nature, it is perhaps as good a figure as any other.

Art is *not* inferior to nature for poetical purposes. What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the *art* and artificial symmetry of their position and movements. A Highlander's plaid, a Mussulman's turban, and a Roman toga, are more poetical than the tattooed or untattooed buttocks of a New Sandwich savage, although they were described by William Wordsworth himself like the "idiot in his glory."

I have seen as many mountains as most men, and more fleets than the generality of landsmen; and, to my mind, a large convoy with a few sail of the line to conduct them is as noble and as poetical a prospect as all that inanimate nature can produce. I prefer the "mast of some great ammiral," with all its tackle, to the Scotch fir or the alpine tamen; and think that *more* poetry *has been* made out of it. In what does the infinite superiority of "Falconer's Shipwreck" over all other shipwrecks consist? In his admirable application of the terms of his art; in a poet-sailor's description of the sailor's fate. These *very terms*, by his application, make the strength and reality of his poem. Why? because he was a poet, and in the hands of a poet *art* will not be found less ornamental than nature. It is precisely in general nature, and in stepping out of his element, that Falconer fails; where he digresses to speak of ancient Greece, and "such branches of learning."

In Dyer's Grongar Hill, upon which his fame rests, the very appearance of nature herself is moralised into an artificial image:

> "Thus is nature's *vesture* wrought,
> To instruct our wandering thought;
> Thus she *dresses green and gay*,
> To disperse our cares away."

And here also we have the telescope: the misuse of which, from Milton, has rendered Mr. Bowles so triumphant over Mr. Campbell: —

> "So we mistake the future's face,
> Eyed through Hope's deluding *glass*."

And here a word en passant to Mr. Campbell: —

> "As yon summits, soft and fair,
> Clad in colours of the air,
> Which to those who journey near
> Barren, brown, and rough appear,
> Still we tread the same coarse way —
> The present's still a cloudy day."

Is not this the original of the far-famed —

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue?"

To return once more to the sea. Let any one look on the long wall of Malamocco, which curbs the Adriatic, and pronounce between the sea and its master. Surely that Roman work (I mean *Roman* in conception and performance), which says to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further," and is obeyed, is not less sublime and poetical than the angry waves which vainly break beneath it.

Mr. Bowles makes the chief part of a ship's poesy depend upon the "*wind*:" then why is a ship under sail more poetical than a hog in a high wind? The hog is all nature, the ship is all art, "coarse canvass," "blue bunting," and "tall poles;" both are violently acted upon by the wind, tossed here and there, to and fro, and yet nothing but excess of hunger could make me look upon the pig as the more poetical of the two, and then only in the shape of a griskin.

Will Mr. Bowles tell us that the poetry of an aqueduct consist in the *water* which it conveys? Let him look on that of Justinian, on those of Rome, Constantinople, Lisbon, and Elvas, or even at the remains of that in Attica.

We are asked, "What makes the venerable towers of Westminster Abbey more poetical, as objects, than the tower for the manufactory of patent shot, surrounded by the same scenery?" I will answer — the *architecture*. Turn Westminster Abbey or Saint Paul's into a powder magazine, their poetry, as objects, remains the same; the Parthenon was actually converted into one by the Turks, during Morosini's Venetian siege, and part of it destroyed in consequence. Cromwell's dragoons stalled their steeds in Worcester cathedral; was it less poetical as an object than before? Ask a foreigner on his approach to London, what strikes him as the most poetical of the towers before him: he will point out Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey, without, perhaps, knowing the names or associations of either, and pass over the "tower for patent shot," — not that, for any thing he knows to the contrary, it might not be the mausoleum of a monarch, or a Waterloo column, or a Trafalgar monument, but because its architecture is obviously inferior.

To the question, "Whether the description of a game of cards be as poetical, supposing the execution of the artists equal, as a description of a walk in a forest?" it may be answered, that the *materials* are certainly not equal; but that "the *artist*," who has rendered the "game of cards poetical," is *by far the greater* of the two. But all this "ordering" of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr. Bowles. There may or may not be, in fact, different "orders" of poetry, but the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art.

Tragedy is one of the highest presumed orders. Hughes has written a tragedy[1], and a very suc-

[1] [The "Siege of Damascus." It was first represented February 17. 1720; on which day the author died. "He was," says Pope, "a good humble-spirited man, a great admirer of Addison, and but a poor writer, except his play; that is very well."]

cessful one; Fenton another[1]; and Pope none. Did any man, however, — will even Mr. Bowles himself, — rank Hughes and Fenton as poets above *Pope?* Was even Addison (the author of Cato), or Rowe (one of the higher order of dramatists as far as success goes), or Young, or even Otway and Southerne, ever raised for a moment to the same rank with Pope in the estimation of the reader or the critic, before his death or since? If Mr. Bowles will contend for classifications of this kind, let him recollect that descriptive poetry has been ranked as among the lowest branches of the art, and description as a mere ornament, but which should never form the "subject" of a poem. The Italians, with the most poetical language, and the most fastidious taste in Europe, possess now five *great* poets, they say, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and, lastly, Alfieri[2]; and whom do they esteem one of the highest of these, and some of them the very highest? Petrarch the *sonneteer:* it is true that some of his Canzoni are *not less* esteemed, but *not* more; who ever dreams of his Latin Africa?

Were Petrarch to be ranked according to the "order" of his compositions, where would the best of sonnets place him? with Dante and the others? no; but, as I have before said, the poet who *executes* best is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem.

Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory: without it, his odes would be insufficient for his fame. The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenious boast,

> "That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
> But *stoop'd* to truth, and moralised his song."

He should have written "rose to truth." In my mind, the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth — his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the "forests" that ever were "walked for their "description," and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly*, even a finer poem than the Æneid. Virgil knew this; he did not order *them* to be burnt.

> "The proper study of mankind is man."

It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call "imagination" and "invention," the two commonest of qualities: an Irish peasant with a little whiskey in his head will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem. If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect; his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious.

In speaking of artificial objects, I have omitted to touch upon one which I will now mention. Cannon may be presumed to be as highly poetical as art can make her objects. Mr. Bowles will, perhaps, tell me that this is because they resemble that grand natural article of sound in heaven, and simile upon earth — thunder. I shall be told triumphantly, that Milton made sad

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[1] [Mariamne. It came out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1735, and met with considerable success.]

[2] Of these there is one ranked with the others for his SONNETS, and *two* for compositions which belong to *no class* at all? Where is Dante? His poem is not an *epic;* then what is it? He himself calls it a "divine comedy;" and why? This is more than all his thousand commentators have been able to explain. Ariosto's is not an *epic* poem; and if poets are to be *classed* according to the *genus* of their poetry, where is he to be placed? Of these five, Tasso and Alfieri only come within Aristotle's arrangement, and Mr. Bowles's class-book. But the whole position is false. Poets are classed by the power of their performance, and not according to its rank in a gradus. In the contrary case, the forgotten epic poets of all countries would rank above Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, Burns, Gray, Dryden, and the highest names of various countries. Mr. Bowles's title of "*invariable* principles of poetry," is, perhaps, the most arrogant ever prefixed to a volume. So far are the principles of poetry from being "*invariable*," that they never were nor ever will be settled. These "principles" mean nothing more than the predilections of a particular age; and every age has its own, and a different from its predecessor. It is now Homer, and now Virgil; once Dryden, and since Walter Scott; now Corneille, and now Racine; now Crebillon, now Voltaire. The Homerists and Virgilists in France disputed for half a century. Not fifty years ago the Italians neglected Dante — Bettinelli reproved Monti for reading "that barbarian;" at present they adore him. Shakspeare and Milton have had their rise, and they will have their decline. Already they have more than once fluctuated, as must be the case with all the dramatists and poets of a living language. This does not depend upon their merits, but upon the ordinary vicissitudes of human opinions. Schlegel and Madame de Stael have endeavoured also to reduce poetry to two systems, classical and romantic. The effect is only beginning.

work with his artillery, when he armed his devils therewithal. He did so; and this artificial object must have had much of the sublime to attract his attention for such a conflict. He *has* made an absurd use of it; but the absurdity consists in not using *cannon* against the angels of God, but any *material* weapon. The thunder of the clouds would have been as ridiculous and vain in the hands of the devils, as the "villanous saltpetre:" the angels were as impervious to the one as to the other. The thunderbolts become sublime in the hands of the Almighty, not as such, but because *he* deigns to use them as a means of repelling the rebel spirits; but no one can attribute their defeat to this grand piece of natural electricity: the Almighty willed, and they fell; his word would have been enough; and Milton is as absurd, (and, in fact, *blasphemous*,) in putting material lightnings into the hands of the Godhead, as in giving him hands at all.

The artillery of the demons was but the first step of his mistake, the thunder the next, and it is a step lower. It would have been fit for Jove, but not for Jehovah. The subject altogether was essentially unpoetical; he has made more of it than another could, but it is beyond him and all men.

In a portion of his reply, Mr. Bowles asserts that Pope "envied Phillips," because he quizzed his pastorals in the Guardian, in that most admirable model of irony, his paper on the subject. If there was any thing enviable about Phillips, it could hardly be his pastorals. They were despicable, and Pope expressed his contempt. If Mr. Fitzgerald published a volume of sonnets, or a "Spirit of Discovery," or a "Missionary," and Mr. Bowles wrote in any periodical journal an ironical paper upon them, would this be "envy?" The authors of the "Rejected Addresses" have ridiculed the sixteen or twenty "first living poets" of the day, but do they "envy" them? "Envy" writhes, it don't laugh. The authors of the Rejected Addresses may despise some, but they can hardly "envy" any of the persons whom they have parodied; and Pope could have no more envied Phillips than he did Welsted, or Theobald, or Smedley, or any other given hero of the Dunciad. He could not have envied him, even had he himself *not* been the greatest poet of his age. Did Mr. Ings "*envy*" Mr. Phillips when he asked him, "How came your Pyrrhus to drive oxen and say, I am *goaded* on by love?" This question silenced poor Phillips; but it no more proceeded from "envy" than did Pope's ridicule. Did he envy Swift? Did he envy Bolingbroke? Did he envy Gay the unparalleled success of his "Beggar's Opera?" We may be answered that these were his friends — true: but does *friendship* prevent *envy?* Study the first woman you meet with, or the first scribbler, let Mr. Bowles himself (whom I acquit fully of such an odious quality) study some of his own poetical intimates: the most envious man I ever heard of is a poet, and a high one; besides, it is an *universal* passion. Goldsmith envied not only the puppets for their dancing, and broke his shins in the attempt at rivalry, but was seriously angry because two pretty women received more attention than he did. *This is envy;* but where does Pope show a sign of the passion? In that case Dryden envied the hero of his Mac Flecknoe. Mr. Bowles compares, when and where he can, Pope with Cowper — (the same Cowper whom in his edition of Pope he laughs at for his attachment to an old woman, Mrs. Unwin; search and you will find it [1]; I remember the passage, though not the page); in particular he requotes Cowper's Dutch delineation of a wood, drawn up, like a seedsman's catalogue [2], with an affected imitation of Milton's

[1] ["Poor Cowper, being disgusted with the world, fell in love with the first venerable gentlewoman he saw at Huntingdon, and wondered all the world was not like her; when probably he would have met with a being just as good in the first respectable old lady he saw on a Sunday going to church at Brentford!" — BOWLES, *Pope's Works*, vol. ix. p. 60.]

[2] I will submit to Mr. Bowles's own judgment a passage from another poem of Cowper's, to be compared with the same writer's Sylvan Sampler. In the lines to Mary, —

"Thy *needles*, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary,"

contain a simple, household, "*indoor*," artificial, and ordinary image; I refer Mr. Bowles to the stanza, and ask if these three lines about "*needles*" are not worth all the boasted twaddling about trees, so triumphantly requoted? and yet, in *fact*, what do they convey? A homely collection of images and ideas, associated with the darning of stockings, and the hemming of shirts, and the mending of breeches; but will any one deny that they are eminently poetical and pathetic as addressed by Cowper to his nurse? The trash of trees reminds me of a saying of Sheridan's. Soon after the "Rejected Address" scene in 1812, I met Sheridan. In the course of dinner, he said, "Lord Byron, did you know that, amongst the writers of addresses, was Whitbread himself?" I answered by an enquiry of what sort of an address he had made. "Of that," replied Sheridan, "I remember little, except that there was a *phœnix* in it." — "A phœnix!! Well, how did he describe it?" — "*Like a poulterer*," answered Sheridan: "It was green, and yellow, and red, and blue; he did not let us off for a single feather." And just such as this poulterer's account of a phœnix is Cowper's stick-picker's detail of a wood, with all its petty minutiæ of this, that, and the other.

One more poetical instance of the power of art, and even its *superiority* over nature, in poetry; and I have done: — the bust of *Antinous!* Is there any thing in nature like this marble, excepting the Venus? Can there be more *poetry* gathered into existence than in that wonderful creation of perfect beauty? But the poetry of this bust is in no respect derived from nature, nor from any association of moral exaltedness; for what is there in common with moral nature, and the male minion of Adrian? The very execution is *not natural*, but *super*-natural, or rather *super-artificial*, for nature has never done so much.

style, as burlesque as the "Splendid Shilling." These two writers, for Cowper is no poet, come into comparison in one great work, the translation of Homer. Now, with all the great, and manifest, and manifold, and reproved, and acknowledged, and uncontroverted faults of Pope's translation, and all the scholarship, and pains, and time, and trouble, and blank verse of the other, who can ever read Cowper? and who will ever lay down Pope, unless for the original? Pope's was "not Homer, it was Spondanus;" but Cowper's is not Homer either, it is not even Cowper. As a child I first read Pope's Homer with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford, and children are not the worst judges of their own language. As a boy I read Homer in the original, as we have all done, some of us by force, and a few by favour; under which description I come is nothing to the purpose, it is enough that I read him. As a man I have tried to read Cowper's version, and I found it impossible. Has any human reader ever succeeded?

And now that we have heard the Catholic reproached with envy, duplicity, licentiousness, avarice — what was the Calvinist? He attempted the most atrocious of crimes in the Christian code, viz. suicide — and why? because he was to be examined whether he was fit for an office which he seems to wish to have made a sinecure. His connection with Mrs. Unwin was pure enough, for the old lady was devout, and he was deranged; but why then is the infirm and then elderly Pope to be reproved for his connection with Martha Blount? Cowper was the almoner of Mrs. Throgmorton; but Pope's charities were his own, and they were noble and extensive, far beyond his fortune's warrant. Pope was the tolerant yet steady adherent of the most bigoted of sects; and Cowper the most bigoted and despondent sectary that ever anticipated damnation to himself or others. Is this harsh? I know it is, and I do not assert it as my opinion of Cowper *personally*, but to *show what might* be said, with just as great an appearance of truth and candour, as all the odium which has been accumulated upon Pope in similar speculations. Cowper was a good man, and lived at a fortunate time for his works.

Mr. Bowles, apparently not relying entirely upon his own arguments, has, in person or by proxy, brought forward the names of Southey and Moore. Mr. Southey "agrees entirely with Mr. Bowles in his *invariable* principles of poetry." The least that Mr. Bowles can do in return is to approve the "invariable principles of Mr. Southey." I should have thought that the word "*invariable*" might have stuck in Southey's throat, like Macbeth's "Amen!" I am sure it did in mine, and I am not the least consistent of the two, at least as a voter. Moore (*et tu, Brute!*) also approves, and a Mr. J. Scott. There is a letter also of two lines from a gentleman in asterisks, who, it seems, is a poet of "the highest rank:" — who *can* this be? not my friend Sir Walter, surely. Campbell it can't be; Rogers it won't be.

"You have *hit the nail in* the head, and**** [Pope, I presume] *on* the head also.

"I *remain* yours, affectionately,

"(Five *Asterisks.*)"

And in asterisks let him remain. Whoever this person may be, he deserves, for such a judgment of Midas, that "the nail" which Mr. Bowles has "hit *in* the head," should be driven through his own ears; I am sure that they are long enough. [1]

The attempt of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Aristides; they are tired of hearing him always called "the Just." They are also fighting for life; for, if he maintains his station, they will reach their own by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior, and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that amongst those I *have* been (or it may be still *am*) conspicuous — true, and I am ashamed of it. I *have* been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but *never* amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of "Schools" and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

> "Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,
> Befringe the rails of Bedlam, or Soho!"

There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion, not only in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published,

Away, then, with this cant about nature, and "invariable principles of poetry!" A great artist will make a block of stone as sublime as a mountain, and a good poet can imbue a pack of cards with more poetry than inhabits the forests of America. It is the business and the proof of a poet to give the lie to the proverb, and sometimes to "*make a silken purse out of a sow's ear;*" and to conclude with another homely proverb, "a good workman will not find fault with his tools."

[1] ["How the deuce was I to suppose that the first four asterisks meant 'Campbell' and not Pope, and that the blank signature meant 'Thomas Moore?' You see what comes of being familiar with parsons."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore.* See *antè*, p. 513.]

has or has not been the same. I look upon this as the declining age of English poetry; no regard for others, no selfish feeling, can prevent me from seeing this, and expressing the truth. There can be no worse sign for the taste of the times than the depreciation of Pope. It would be better to receive for proof Mr. Cobbett's rough but strong attack upon Shakspeare and Milton, than to allow this smooth and "candid" undermining of the reputation of the most *perfect* of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground as an *ethical* poet: in the former, none excel; in the mock heroic and the ethical, none equal him; and, in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse*, which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true "*poet*" in its real sense, "the *maker*," the *creator*," — why must this mean the "liar," the "feigner," the "tale-teller?" A man may make and create better things than these.

I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakspeare and Milton, though his enemy, Warton, places him immediately under them.[1] I would no more say this than I would assert in the mosque (once Saint Sophia's), that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed

> "To rival all but Shakspeare's name below."

I say nothing against this opinion. But of what "*order*," according to the poetical aristocracy, are Burns's poems? There are his *opus magnum*, "Tam O'Shanter," a *tale*; the Cotter's Saturday Night, a descriptive sketch; some others in the same style: the rest are songs. So much for the *rank* of his *productions*; the *rank* of *Burns* is the very first of his art. Of Pope I have expressed my opinion elsewhere, as also of the effect which the present attempts at poetry have had upon our literature. If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country in such sort as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all, the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice;— an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British Epic and Tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakspeare and Milton; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilisation; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent, and contemplate their variety: — pastoral, passion, mock heroic, translation, satire, ethics, — all excellent, and often perfect. If his great charm be his *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translations? But I have made this letter too long. Give my compliments to Mr. Bowles.

Yours ever, very truly,

BYRON.

To
John Murray, Esq.

Post Scriptum. —Long as this letter has grown, I find it necessary to append a postscript; if possible, a short one. Mr. Bowles denies that he has accused Pope of "a sordid money-getting passion;" but, he adds, "if I had ever done so, I should be glad to find any testimony that might show he was *not* so." This testimony he may find to his heart's content in Spence and elsewhere. First, there is Martha Blount, who, Mr. Bowles charitably says, "probably thought he did not save enough for her, as legatee." Whatever she *thought* upon this point, her words are in Pope's favour. Then there is Alderman Barber; see Spence's Anecdotes.[2] There is Pope's cold answer to Halifax when he proposed a pension[3]; his behaviour to Craggs and to Addison upon like occasions, and his own two lines —

> "And, thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
> Indebted to no prince or peer alive;"

written when princes would have been proud to

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[1] If the opinions cited by Mr. Bowles, of Dr. Johnson *against* Pope, are to be taken as decisive authority, they will also hold good against Gray, Milton, Swift, Thomson, and Dryden: in that case what becomes of Gray's poetical, and Milton's moral character? even of Milton's *poetical* character, or, indeed, of *English* poetry in general? for Johnson strips many a leaf from every laurel. Still Johnson's is the finest critical work extant, and can never be read without instruction and delight.

[2] ["Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in this desire, and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much; but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness."— SPENCE, p. 308.]

[3] ["I wrote to Lord Halifax to thank him for his most obliging offer; saying, that I had considered the matter over fully, and that all the difference I could find in having or not having a pension was, that if I had one I might live more at large in town; and that if I had not, I might live happily enough in the country. So the thing dropped, and I had my liberty without a coach." — POPE, in *Spence*, p. 305.]

pension, and peers to promote him, and when the whole army of dunces were in array against him, and would have been but too happy to deprive him of this boast of independence. But there is something a little more serious in Mr. Bowles's declaration, that he "*would* have spoken" of his "noble generosity to the outcast Richard Savage," and other instances of a compassionate and generous heart, "*had they occurred to his recollection when he wrote.*"[1] What! is it come to this? Does Mr. Bowles sit down to write a minute and laboured life and edition of a great poet? Does he anatomise his character, moral and poetical? Does he present us with his faults and with his foibles? Does he sneer at his feelings, and doubt of his sincerity? Does he unfold his vanity and duplicity? and then omit the good qualities which might, in part, have "covered this multitude of sins?" and then plead that "*they did not occur to his recollection?*" Is this the frame of mind and of memory with which the illustrious dead are to be approached? If Mr. Bowles, who must have had access to all the means of refreshing his memory, did not recollect these facts, he is unfit for his task; but if he *did* recollect and omit them, I know not what he is fit for, but I know what would be fit for him. Is the plea of "not recollecting" such prominent facts to be admitted? Mr. Bowles has been at a public school, and, as I have been publicly educated also, I can sympathise with his predilection. When we were in the third form even, had we pleaded on the Monday morning that we had not brought up the Saturday's exercise, because "we had forgotten it," what would have been the reply? And is an excuse, which would not be pardoned to a schoolboy, to pass current in a matter which so nearly concerns the fame of the first poet of his age, if not of his country? If Mr. Bowles so readily forgets the virtues of others, why complain so grievously that others have a better memory for his own faults?[2] They are but the faults of an author; while the virtues he omitted from his catalogue are essential to the justice due to a man.

Mr. Bowles appears, indeed to be susceptible beyond the privilege of authorship. There is a plaintive dedication to Mr. Gifford, in which *he* is made responsible for all the articles of the Quarterly. Mr. Southey, it seems, "the most able and eloquent writer in that Review," approves of Mr. Bowles's publication. Now it seems to me the more impartial, that notwithstanding that "the great writer of the Quarterly" entertains opinions opposite to the able article on Spence, nevertheless that essay was permitted to appear. Is a review to be devoted to the opinions of any *one* man? Must it not vary according to circumstances, and according to the subjects to be criticised? I fear that writers must take the sweets and bitters of the public journals as they occur, and an author of so long a standing as Mr. Bowles might have become accustomed to such incidents; he might be angry, but not astonished. I have been reviewed in the Quarterly almost as often as Mr. Bowles, and have had as pleasant things said, and some *as unpleasant*, as could be well pronounced. In the review of "The Fall of Jerusalem," it is stated, that I have devoted "my powers, &c. to the worst parts of Manicheism;" which, being interpreted, means that I worship the devil. Now, I have neither written a reply, nor complained to Gifford. I believe that I observed in a letter to you, that I thought "that the critic might have praised Milman without finding it necessary to abuse me;" but did I not add at the same time, or soon after (àpropos, of the note in the book of Travels), that I would not, if it were even in my power, have a single line cancelled on my account in that nor in any other publication? Of course, I reserve to myself the privilege of response when necessary. Mr. Bowles seems in a whimsical state about the author of the article on Spence. You know very well that I am not in your confidence, nor in that of the conductor of the journal. The moment I saw that article, I was morally certain that I knew the author "by his style." You will tell me that I do *not know* him: that is all as it should be; keep the secret, so shall I, though no one has ever intrusted it to me. He is not the person whom Mr. Bowles denounces. Mr. Bowles's extreme sensibility reminds me of a circumstance which occurred on board of a frigate in which I was a passenger and guest of the captain's for a considerable time. The surgeon on board, a very gentlemanly young man, and remarkably able in his profession, wore a *wig*. Upon this ornament he was extremely tenacious. As naval jests are sometimes a little rough, his brother officers made occasional allusions to this delicate appendage to the doctor's person. One day a young lieutenant, in the course of a facetious discussion, said, "Suppose now, doctor, I should take off your *hat*." — "Sir," replied the doctor, "I shall talk no longer with you; you grow *scurrilous*." He would not even admit so near an approach as to the hat which protected it. In like manner, if any body approaches Mr. Bowles's laurels, even in his outside capacity of an *editor*, "they grow *scurrilous*." You say that you are about to prepare an edition of Pope; you cannot do better for your own credit as a publisher, nor for the redemption of Pope from Mr. Bowles, and of the public taste from rapid degeneracy.

[1] ["Mr. Pope desired Dr. Young to forward five guineas to poor Savage, when he was in Newgate for the death of Sinclair; the doctor was so good as to carry it himself, and Mr. Pope afterwards told him that if Savage should be in want of necessaries he had five more ready at his service." — SPENCE, p. 356.]

[2] ["The memory of Mr. Bowles is of a peculiar nature: if it be defective as to one class of ideas, it is remarkably retentive of another; like a sieve, letting the fine slip away, but retaining whatever is coarse and offensive." — *Quart. Rev.* vol. xxxii. p. 278.]

OBSERVATIONS UPON "OBSERVATIONS."

A SECOND LETTER TO JOHN MURRAY, ESQ.

ON THE

REV. W. L. BOWLES'S STRICTURES

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF POPE.[1]

Ravenna, March 25. 1821.

Dear Sir,

In the further "Observations" of Mr. Bowles, in rejoinder to the charges brought against his edition of Pope, it is to be regretted that he has lost his temper. Whatever the language of his antagonists may have been, I fear that his replies have afforded more pleasure to them than to the public. That Mr. Bowles should not be pleased is natural, whether right or wrong; but a temperate defence would have answered his purpose in the former case — and, in the latter, no defence, however violent, can tend to any thing but his discomfiture. I have read over this third pamphlet, which you have been so obliging as to send me, and shall venture a few observations, in addition to those upon the previous controversy.

Mr. Bowles sets out with repeating his "*confirmed conviction*," that "what he said of the moral part of Pope's character was, generally speaking, true; and that the principles of *poetical* criticism which he has laid down are *invariable* and *invulnerable*," &c.; and that he is the *more* persuaded of this by the "*exaggerations* of his opponents." This is all very well, and highly natural and sincere. Nobody ever expected that either Mr. Bowles, or any other author, would be convinced of human fallibility in their own persons. But it is nothing to the purpose — for it was not what Mr. Bowles thinks, but what is to be thought of Pope, that is the question. It is what he has asserted or insinuated against a name which is the patrimony of posterity, that is to be tried; and Mr. Bowles, as a party, can be no judge. The more *he* is persuaded, the better for himself, if it give him any pleasure; but he can only persuade others by the proofs brought out in his defence.

After these prefatory remarks of "conviction," &c. Mr. Bowles proceeds to Mr. Gilchrist; whom he charges with "slang" and "slander," besides a small subsidiary indictment of "abuse, ignorance, malice," and so forth. Mr. Gilchrist has, indeed, shown some anger; but it is an honest indignation, which rises up in defence of the illustrious dead. It is a generous rage which interposes between our ashes and their disturbers. There appears also to have been some slight personal provocation. Mr. Gilchrist, with a chivalrous disdain of the fury of an incensed poet, put his name to a letter avowing the production of a former essay in defence of Pope, and consequently of an attack upon Mr. Bowles. Mr. Bowles appears to be angry with Mr. Gilchrist for four reasons: — firstly, because he wrote an article in "The London Magazine;" secondly, because he afterwards avowed it; thirdly, because he was the author of a still more extended article in "The Quarterly Review;" and, fourthly, because he was NOT the author of the said Quarterly article, and had the audacity to disown it— for no earthly reason but because he had NOT written it.

Mr. Bowles declares, that "he will not enter into a particular examination of the pamphlet," which by a *misnomer* is called "Gilchrist's Answer to Bowles," when it should have been called "Gilchrist's Abuse of Bowles." On this error in the baptism of Mr. Gilchrist's pamphlet, it may be observed, that an answer may be abusive and yet no less an answer, though indisputably a temperate one might be the better of the two: but if *abuse* is to cancel all pretensions to reply, what becomes of Mr. Bowles's answers to Mr. Gilchrist?

Mr. Bowles continues: — "But, as Mr. Gilchrist derides my *peculiar sensitiveness to criticism*, before I show how *destitute of truth is this representation*, I will here explicitly declare the only grounds," &c. &c. &c. — Mr. Bowles's sensibility in denying his "sensitiveness to criticism" proves, perhaps, too much. But if he has been so charged, and truly — what then? There is no moral turpitude in such acuteness of feeling: it has been, and may be, combined with many good and great qualities. Is Mr. Bowles a poet, or is he not? If he be, he must, from his very essence, be sensitive to criticism; and even if he be not, he need not be ashamed of the common repugnance to being attacked. All that is to be wished is, that he had considered how disagreeable a thing it is, before he assailed the greatest moral poet of any age, or in any language.

Pope himself "sleeps well," — nothing can touch him further; but those who love the honour of their country, the perfection of her literature, the glory of her language — are not to be expected to permit an atom of his dust to be stirred in his tomb, or a leaf to be stripped from the laurel which grows over it.

Mr. Bowles assigns several reasons why and when "an author is justified in appealing to every *upright* and *honourable* mind in the kingdom." If Mr. Bowles limits the perusal of his defence to the "upright and honourable" only, I greatly fear that it will not be extensively circulated. I should rather hope that some of the downright and dishonest will read and be converted or convicted. But the whole of his reasoning is here superfluous — "*an author is justified in appealing*," &c. when and why he pleases. Let him make out a tolerable case, and few of his readers will quarrel with his motives.

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[1] [First published in 1835.]

Mr. Bowles "will now plainly set before the literary public all the circumstances which have led to *his name* and Mr. Gilchrist's being brought together," &c. Courtesy requires, in speaking of others and ourselves, that we should place the name of the former first — and not "*Ego* et Rex meus." Mr. Bowles should have written "Mr. Gilchrist's name and his."

This point he wishes "particularly to address to those *most respectable characters*, who have the direction and management of the periodical critical press." That the press may be, in some instances, conducted by respectable characters is probable enough; but if they are so, there is no occasion to tell them of it; and if they are not, it is a base adulation. In either case, it looks like a kind of flattery, by which those gentry are not very likely to be softened; since it would be difficult to find two passages in fifteen pages more at variance, than Mr. Bowles's prose at the beginning of this pamphlet, and his verse at the end of it. In page 4. he speaks of "those most respectable characters who have the direction, &c. of the periodical press," and in page 10. we find —

> "Ye *dark inquisitors*, a monk-like band,
> Who o'er some shrinking victim-author stand,
> A solemn, secret, and *vindictive brood*,
> *Only* terrific in your cowl and hood."

And so on—to "bloody law" and "red scourges," with other similar phrases, which may not be altogether agreeable to the above-mentioned "most respectable characters." Mr. Bowles goes on, "I concluded my observations in the last Pamphleteer, with feelings *not unkind* towards Mr. Gilchrist, or" [it should be *nor*] "to the author of the review of Spence, be he whom he might." — "I was in hopes, *as I always have been ready to admit any errors* I might have been led into, or prejudice I might have entertained, that even Mr. Gilchrist might be disposed to a more *amicable* mode of discussing what I had advanced in regard to Pope's moral character." As Major Sturgeon observes, "There never was a set of more *amicable* officers — with the exception of a boxing-bout between Captain Shears and the Colonel."

A page and a half — nay only a page before — Mr. Bowles re-affirms his conviction, that "what he has said of Pope's moral character is (*generally speaking*) *true*, and that his "poetical principles are *invariable* and *invulnerable*." He has also published three pamphlets, — ay, four of the same tenour, — and yet, with this declaration and these declamations staring him and his adversaries in the face, he speaks of his "readiness to admit errors or to abandon prejudices!!!" His use of the word "amicable" reminds me of the Irish Institution (which I have somewhere heard or read of) called the "*Friendly* Society," where the president always carried pistols in his pocket, so that when one amicable gentleman knocked down another, the difference might be adjusted on the spot, at the harmonious distance of twelve paces.

But Mr. Bowles "has since read a publication by him (Mr. Gilchrist) containing such vulgar slander, affecting private life and character," &c. &c.; and Mr. Gilchrist has also had the advantage of reading a publication by Mr. Bowles sufficiently imbued with personality; for one of the first and principal topics of reproach is that he is a *grocer*, that he has a "pipe in his mouth, ledger-book, green canisters, dingy shop-boy, half a hogshead of brown treacle," &c. Nay, the same delicate raillery is upon the very title-page. When controversy has once commenced upon this footing, as Dr. Johnson said to Dr. Percy, "Sir, there is an end of politeness — we are to be as rude as we please — Sir, you said that I was *short-sighted*."[1] As a man's profession is generally no more in his own power than his person — both having been made out for him — it is hard that he should be reproached with either, and still more that an honest calling should be made a reproach. If there is any thing more honourable to Mr. Gilchrist than another, it is, that being engaged in commerce he has had the taste, and found the leisure, to become so able a proficient in the higher literature of his own and other countries. Mr. Bowles, who will be proud to own Glover, Chatterton, Burns, and Bloomfield for his peers, should hardly have quarrelled with Mr. Gilchrist for his critic. Mr. Gilchrist's station, however, which might conduct him to the highest civic honours, and to boundless wealth, has nothing to require apology; but even if it had, such a reproach was not very gracious on the part of a clergyman, nor graceful on that of a gentleman. The allusion to "*Christian* criticism" is not particularly happy, especially where Mr. Gilchrist is accused of having "*set the first example of this mode in Europe*." What *Pagan* criticism may have been, we know but little; the names of Zoilus and Aristarchus survive, and the works of Aristotle, Longinus, and Quintilian: but of "Christian criticism" we have already had some specimens in the works of Philelphus, Poggius, Scaliger, Milton, Salmasius, the Cruscanti (versus Tasso), the French Academy (against the Cid), and the antagonists of Voltaire and of Pope — to say nothing of some articles in most of the reviews, since their earliest institution in the person of their respectable and still prolific parent, "The Monthly." Why, then, is Mr. Gilchrist to be singled out "as having set the first example?" A sole page of Milton or Salmasius contains more abuse — rank, rancorous, *unleavened* abuse — than all

[1] ["Hold, Sir!" said Johnson; "don't talk of rudeness: remember, Sir, you told me," puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent, "I was short-sighted. We have done with civility. We are to be as rude as we please." — *Boswell*, vol. vii. p. 111.]

that can be raked forth from the whole works of many recent critics. There are some, indeed, who still keep up the good old custom; but fewer English than foreign. It is a pity that Mr. Bowles cannot witness some of the Italian controversies, or become the subject of one. He would then look upon Mr. Gilchrist as a panegyrist.

In the long sentence quoted from the article in "The London Magazine," there is one coarse image, the justice of whose application I shall not pretend to determine: — "The pruriency with which his nose is laid to the ground" is an expression which, whether founded or not, might have been omitted. But the "anatomical minuteness" appears to me justified even by Mr. Bowles's own subsequent quotation. To the point: — "*Many facts* tend to prove the peculiar susceptibility of his passions; nor can we implicitly believe that the connexion between him and Martha Blount was of a nature so pure and innocent as his panegyrist Ruffhead would have us believe," &c.— "At *no time* could she have regarded *Pope personally* with attachment," &c.—"But the most extraordinary circumstance in regard to his connexion with female society, was the strange mixture of *indecent* and even *profane* levity which his conduct and language often exhibited. The cause of this particularity may be sought, perhaps, in his consciousness of physical defect, which made him affect a character uncongenial, and a language opposite to the truth."—If this is not "minute moral anatomy," I should be glad to know what is! It is dissection in all its branches. I shall, however, hazard a remark or two upon this quotation.

To me it appears of no very great consequence whether Martha Blount was or was not Pope's mistress, though I could have wished him a better. She appears to have been a cold-hearted, interested, ignorant, disagreeable woman, upon whom the tenderness of Pope's heart in the desolation of his latter days was cast away, not knowing whither to turn as he drew towards his premature old age, childless and lonely, — like the needle which, approaching within a certain distance of the pole, becomes helpless and useless, and, ceasing to tremble, rusts. She seems to have been so totally unworthy of tenderness, that it is an additional proof of the kindness of Pope's heart to have been able to love such a being. But we must love something. I agree with Mr. B. that *she* "could at no time have regarded *Pope personally* with attachment," because she was incapable of attachment; but I deny that Pope could not be regarded with personal attachment by a worthier woman. It is not probable, indeed, that a woman would have fallen in love with him as he walked along the Mall, or in a box at the opera, nor from a balcony, nor in a ball-room; but in society he seems to have been as amiable as unassuming, and, with the greatest disadvantages of figure, his head and face were remarkably handsome, especially his eyes. He was adored by his friends — friends of the most opposite dispositions, ages, and talents — by the old and wayward Wycherley, by the cynical Swift, the rough Atterbury, the gentle Spence, the stern attorney-bishop Warburton, the virtuous Berkeley, and the "cankered Bolingbroke." Bolingbroke wept over him like a child[1]; and Spence's description of his last moments is at least as edifying as the more ostentatious account of the deathbed of Addison. The soldier Peterborough and the poet Gay, the witty Congreve and the laughing Rowe, the eccentric Cromwell and the steady Bathurst, were all his intimates. The man who could conciliate so many men of the most opposite description, not one of whom but was a remarkable or a celebrated character, might well have pretended to all the attachment which a reasonable man would desire of an amiable woman.

Pope, in fact, wherever he got it, appears to have understood the sex well. Bolingbroke, "a judge of the subject," says Warton, thought his "Epistle on the Characters of Women" his "masterpiece." And even with respect to the grosser passion, which takes occasionally the name of "*romantic*," accordingly as the degree of sentiment elevates it above the definition of love by Buffon[2], it may be remarked, that it does not always depend upon personal appearance, even in a woman. Madame Cottin was a plain woman, and might have been virtuous, it may be presumed, without much interruption. Virtuous she was, and the consequences of this inveterate virtue were that two different admirers (one an elderly gentleman) killed themselves in despair (see Lady Morgan's "France"). I would not, however, recommend this rigour to plain women in general, in the hope of securing the glory of two suicides apiece. I believe that there are few men who, in the course of their observations on life, may not have perceived that it is not the greatest female beauty who forms the longest and the strongest passions.

But, apropos of Pope.—Voltaire tells us that the Marechal Luxembourg (who had precisely Pope's figure) was not only somewhat too

[1] ["'O great God! what is man?' said Lord Bolingbroke, looking on Mr. Pope, and repeating it several times, interrupted with sobs. He then added, 'I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. I have known him for these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love than——' Sinking his head, and losing his voice in tears."—SPENCE.]

[2] ["Amour," exclaims Buffon, in his Discours sur la Nature des Animaux, "pourquoi fais-tu l'etat-heureux de tous les êtres, et le malheur de l'homme? c'est qu'il n'y a que le physique de cette passion qui soit bon; c'est que, malgré ce que peuvent dire les gens épris, le moral n'en vaut rien."]

amatory for a great man, but fortunate in his attachments. La Valière, the passion of Louis XIV., had an unsightly defect. The Princess of Eboli, the mistress of Philip II. of Spain, and Maugiron, the minion of Henry III. of France, had each of them lost an eye; and the famous Latin epigram was written upon them, which has, I believe, been either translated or imitated by Goldsmith [1]: —

"Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Et potis est forma vincere uterque Deos;
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorrori,
Sic tu cæcus Amor, ic erit illa Venus."

Wilkes, with his ugliness, used to say that "he was but a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England;" and this vaunt of his is said not to have been disproved by circumstances. Swift, when neither young, nor handsome, nor rich, nor even amiable, inspired the two most extraordinary passions upon record, Vanessa's and Stella's.

"Vanessa, aged scarce a score,
Sighs for a gown of *forty-four*."

He requited them bitterly; for he seems to have broken the heart of the one, and worn out that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of servants.

For my own part, I am of the opinion of Pausanias, that success in love depends upon Fortune. [2] "They particularly renounce Celestial Venus, into whose temple, &c.&c.&c. I remember, too, to have seen a building in Ægina in which there is a statue of Fortune, holding a horn of Amalthea; and near her there is a winged Love. The meaning of this is, that the success of men in love affairs depends more on the assistance of Fortune than the charms of beauty. I am persuaded, too, with Pindar (to whose opinion I submit in other particulars), that Fortune is one of the Fates, and that in a certain respect she is more powerful than her sisters."— See Pausanias, Achaics, book vii. chap. 26. p. 246. Taylor's "Translation."

Grimm has a remark of the same kind on the different destinies of the younger Crebillon and Rousseau. The former writes a licentious novel, and a young English girl of some fortune and family (a Miss Strafford) runs away, and crosses the sea to marry him; while Rousseau, the most tender and passionate of lovers, is obliged to espouse his chambermaid. If I recollect rightly, this remark was also repeated in the Edinburgh Review of Grimm's Correspondence, seven or eight years ago.

In regard "to the strange mixture of indecent, and sometimes *profane* levity, which his conduct and language *often* exhibited," and which so much shocks Mr. Bowles, I object to the indefinite word "*often*;" and in extenuation of the occasional occurrence of such language, it is to be recollected that it was less the tone of *Pope* than the tone of the *time*. With the exception of the correspondence of Pope and his friends, not many private letters of the period have come down to us; but those, such as they are — a few scattered scraps from Farquhar and others — are more indecent and coarse than any thing in Pope's letters. The comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Cibber, &c., which naturally attempted to represent the manners and conversation of private life, are decisive upon this point; as are also some of Steele's papers, and even Addison's. We all know what the conversation of Sir R. Walpole, for seventeen years the prime minister of the country, was at his own table, and his excuse for his licentious language, viz. "that every body understood *that*, but few could talk rationally upon less common topics." The refinement of latter days, — which is perhaps the consequence of vice, which wishes to mask and soften itself, as much as of virtuous civilisation, — had not yet made sufficient progress. Even Johnson, in his "London," has two or three passages which cannot be read aloud, and Addison's "Drummer" some indelicate allusions.

The expression of Mr. Bowles, "his consciousness of physical defect," is not very clear. It may mean deformity, or debility. If it alludes to Pope's deformity, it has been attempted to be shown that this was no insuperable objection to his being beloved. If it alludes to debility, as a consequence of Pope's peculiar conformation, I believe that it is a physical and known fact that hump-backed persons are of strong and vigorous passions. Several years ago, at Mr. Angelo's fencing rooms, when I was a pupil of him and of Mr. Jackson, who had the use of his rooms in Albany on the alternate days, I recollect a gentleman named B—ll—gh—t, remarkable for his strength, and the fineness of his figure. His skill was not inferior, for he could stand up to the great Captain Barclay himself, with the muffles on; — a task neither easy nor agreeable to a pugilistic aspirant. As the by-standers were one day admiring his athletic proportions, he remarked to us, that he had five brothers as tall and strong as himself, and that their *father and mother were both crooked, and of very small stature*; — I think he said, neither of them five feet high. It would not be difficult to adduce similar instances; but I abstain, because the

[1] [Goldsmith's epigram, "On a Beautiful Youth struck Blind with Lightning," professes to be an imitation from the Spanish —

"Sure 'twas by Providence design'd
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate."

Works, vol. i. p. 8. ed. 1837.]

[2] [—— "were I to ponder to infinity,
The more I should believe in her divinity.
She rules the present, past, and all to be yet;
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage;
I cannot say that she's done much for me yet,
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage," &c.

Works, p. 130.]

subject is hardly refined enough for this immaculate period, this moral millenium of expurgated editions in books, manners, and royal trials of divorce.

This laudable delicacy — this crying-out elegance of the day — reminds me of a little circumstance which occurred when I was about eighteen years of age. There was then (and there may be still) a famous French "entremetteuse," who assisted young gentlemen in their youthful pastimes. We had been acquainted for some time, when something occurred in her line of business more than ordinary, and the refusal was offered to me (and doubtless to many others), probably because I was in cash at the moment, having taken up a decent sum from the Jews, and not having spent much above half of it. The adventure on the tapis, it seems, required some caution and circumspection. Whether my venerable friend doubted my politeness I cannot tell; but she sent me a letter couched in such English as a short residence of sixteen years in England had enabled her to acquire. After several precepts and instructions, the letter closed. But there was a postscript. It contained these words: — "Remember, Milor, that *delicaci ensure* everi succés." The *delicacy* of the day is exactly, in all its circumstances, like that of this respectable foreigner. "It ensures every *succés*," and is not a whit more moral than, and not half so honourable as, the coarser candour of our less polished ancestors.

To return to Mr. Bowles. "If what is here extracted can excite in the mind (I will not say of any 'layman,' of any 'Christian,' but) of any *human being*," &c. &c. Is not Mr. Gilchrist a "human being?" Mr. Bowles asks "whether in *attributing* an article," &c. &c. "to the critic, he had *any reason* for distinguishing him with that courtesy," &c. &c. But Mr. Bowles was wrong in "attributing the article" to Mr. Gilchrist at all; and would not have been right in calling him a dunce and a grocer, if he had written it.

Mr. Bowles is here "peremptorily called upon to speak of a circumstance which gives him the greatest pain, — the mention of a letter he received from the editor of 'The London Magazine.'" Mr. Bowles seems to have embroiled himself on all sides; whether by editing, or replying, or attributing, or quoting, — it has been an awkward affair for him.

Poor Scott is now no more. In the exercise of his vocation, he contrived at last to make himself the subject of a coroner's inquest. But he died like a brave man, and he lived an able one. I knew him personally, though slightly. Although several years my senior, we had been schoolfellows together at the "grammar-schule" (or, as the Aberdonians pronounce it, "*squeel*") of New Aberdeen. He did not behave to me quite handsomely in his capacity of editor a few years ago, but he was under no obligation to behave otherwise. The moment was too tempting for many friends and for all enemies. At a time when all my relations (save one) fell from me like leaves from the tree in autumn winds, and my few friends became still fewer, — when the whole periodical press (I mean the daily and weekly, *not* the *literary* press) was let loose against me in every shape of reproach, with the two strange exceptions (from their usual opposition) of "The Courier" and "The Examiner," — the paper of which Scott had the direction was neither the last nor the least vituperative. Two years ago I met him at Venice, when he was bowed in griefs by the loss of his son, and had known, by experience, the bitterness of domestic privation. He was then earnest with me to return to England; and on my telling him, with a smile, that he was once of a different opinion, he replied to me, "that he and others had been greatly misled; and that some pains, and rather extraordinary means, had been taken to excite them." Scott is no more, but there are more than one living who were present at this dialogue. He was a man of very considerable talents, and of great acquirements. He had made his way, as a literary character, with high success, and in a few years. Poor fellow! I recollect his joy at some appointment which he had obtained, or was to obtain, through Sir James Mackintosh, and which prevented the further extension (unless by a rapid run to Rome) of his travels in Italy. I little thought to what it would conduct him. Peace be with him! — and may all such other faults as are inevitable to humanity be as readily forgiven him, as the little injury which he had done to one who respected his talents, and regrets his loss.

I pass over Mr. Bowles's page of explanation, upon the correspondence between him and Mr. S——. It is of little importance in regard to Pope, and contains merely a re-contradiction of a contradiction of Mr. Gilchrist's. We now come to a point where Mr. Gilchrist has, certainly, rather exaggerated matters; and, of course, Mr. Bowles makes the most of it. Capital letters, like Kean's name, "large upon the bills," are made use of six or seven times to express his sense of the outrage. The charge is, indeed, very boldly made; but, like "Ranold of the Mist's" practical joke of putting the bread and cheese into a dead man's mouth, is, as Dugald Dalgetty says, "somewhat too wild and salvage, besides wasting the good victuals."

Mr. Gilchrist charges Mr. Bowles with "suggesting" that Pope "attempted" to commit "a rape" upon Lady M. Wortley Montague. There are two reasons why this could not be true. The first is, that like the chaste Letitia's prevention of the intended ravishment by Fireblood (in Jonathan Wild), it might have been impeded by a timely compliance. The second is, that however this might be, Pope was probably the less robust of the two; and (if the Lines on Sappho were really intended for this lady) the asserted consequences of her acquiescence in his wishes would have been a sufficient punishment. The passage which Mr. Bowles quotes, however,

insinuates nothing of the kind; it merely charges her with encouragement, and him with wishing to profit by it, — a slight attempt at seduction, and no more. The phrase is, "a step beyond decorum." Any physical violence is so abhorrent to human nature, that it recoils in cold blood from the very idea. But, the seduction of a woman's mind as well as person is not, perhaps, the least heinous sin of the two in morality. Dr. Johnson commends a gentleman who having seduced a girl who said, "I am afraid we have done wrong," replied, "Yes, we *have* done wrong," — "for I would not *pervert* her mind also." Othello would not "kill Desdemona's *soul*." Mr. Bowles exculpates himself from Mr. Gilchrist's charge; but it is by substituting another charge against Pope. "A step beyond decorum" has a soft sound, but what does it express? In all these cases, "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute." Has not the Scripture something upon "the lusting after a woman" being no less criminal than the crime? "A step beyond decorum," in short, any step beyond the instep, is a step from a precipice to the lady who permits it. For the gentleman who makes it it is also rather hazardous if he does not succeed, and still more so if he does.

Mr. Bowles appeals to the "Christian reader!" upon this "*Gilchristian* criticism." Is not this play upon such words "a step beyond decorum" in a clergyman? But I admit the temptation of a pun to be irresistible.

But "a hasty pamphlet was published, in which some personalities respecting Mr. Gilchrist were suffered to appear." If Mr. Bowles will write "hasty pamphlets," why is he so surprised on receiving short answers? The grand grievance to which he perpetually returns is a charge of "*hypochondriacism*," asserted or insinuated in the Quarterly. I cannot conceive a man in perfect health being much affected by such a charge, because his complexion and conduct must amply refute it. But were it true, to what does it amount? — to an impeachment of a liver complaint. "I will tell it to the world," exclaimed the learned Smelfungus. — "You had better," said I, "tell it to your physician." There is nothing dishonourable in such a disorder, which is more peculiarly the malady of students. It has been the complaint of the good, and the wise, and the witty, and even of the gay. Regnard, the author of the last French comedy after Molière, was atrabilious; and Molière himself, saturnine. Dr. Johnson, Gray, and Burns, were all more or less affected by it occasionally. It was the prelude to the more awful malady of Collins, Cowper, Swift, and Smart; but it by no means follows that a partial affliction of this disorder is to terminate like theirs. But even were it so, —

> "Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee;
> Folly — Folly's only free." PENROSE.

If this be the criterion of exemption, Mr. Bowles's last two pamphlets form a better certificate of sanity than a physician's. Mendehlson and Bayle were at times so overcome with this depression, as to be obliged to recur to seeing "puppet-shows, and counting tiles upon the opposite houses," to divert themselves. Dr. Johnson at times "would have given a limb to recover his spirits." Mr. Bowles, who is (strange to say) fond of quoting Pope, may perhaps answer, —

> "Go on, obliging creatures, let me see
> All which disgraced my betters met in me."

But the charge, such as it is, neither disgraces them nor him. It is easily disproved if false; and even if proved true, has nothing in it to make a man so very indignant. Mr. Bowles himself appears to be little ashamed of his "hasty pamphlet;" for he attempts to excuse it by the "great provocation;" that is to say, by Mr. Bowles's supposing that Mr. Gilchrist was the writer of the article in the Quarterly, which he was *not*.

"But, in extenuation, not only the *great* provocation should be remembered, but it ought to be said, that orders were sent to the London booksellers, that the most direct personal passages should be *omitted entirely*," &c. This is what the proverb calls "breaking a head and giving a plaster;" but, in this instance, the plaster was not spread in time, and Mr. Gilchrist does not seem at present disposed to regard Mr. Bowles's courtesies like the rust of the spear of Achilles, which had such "skill in surgery."

But "Mr. Gilchrist has *no right* to object, as the reader will see." I am a reader, a "gentle reader," and I see nothing of the kind. Were I in Mr. Gilchrist's place, I should object exceedingly to being abused; firstly, for what I *did* write, and, secondly, for what I did *not* write; merely because it is Mr. Bowles's will and pleasure to be as angry with me for having written in the London Magazine, as for not having written in the Quarterly Review.

"Mr. Gilchrist has had ample revenge; for he has, in his answer, said so and so," &c. &c. There is no great revenge in all this; and I presume that nobody either seeks or wishes it. What revenge? Mr. Bowles calls names, and he is answered. But Mr. Gilchrist and the Quarterly Reviewer are not poets, nor pretenders to poetry; therefore they can have no envy nor malice against Mr. Bowles: they have no acquaintance with Mr. Bowles, and can have no personal pique; they do not cross his path of life, nor he theirs. There is no political feud between them. What, then, can be the motive of their discussion of his deserts as an editor? — veneration for the genius of Pope, love for his memory, and regard for the classic glory of their country. Why would Mr. Bowles edite? Had he limited his honest endeavours to poetry, very little would have been said upon the subject, and nothing at all by his present antagonists.

Mr. Bowles calls the pamphlet a "mud-cart," and the writer a "scavenger." Afterward he

asks, "Shall he fling dirt and receive *rose-water?*" This metaphor, by the way, is taken from Marmontel's Memoirs; who, lamenting to Chamfort the shedding of blood during the French revolution, was answered, "Do you think that revolutions are to be made with *rose-water?*"

For my own part, I presume that "rose-water" would be infinitely more graceful in the hands of Mr. Bowles than the substance which he has substituted for that delicate liquid. It would also more confound his adversary, supposing him a "scavenger." I remember, (and do you remember, reader, that it was in my earliest youth, "Consule Planco,") — on the morning of the great battle, (the second) — between Gulley and Gregson, — *Cribb*, who was matched against Horton for the second fight, on the same memorable day, awaking me (a lodger at the inn in the next room) by a loud remonstrance to the waiter against the abomination of his towels, which had been laid in *lavender*. Cribb was a coal-heaver — and was much more discomfited by this odoriferous effeminacy of fine linen, than by his adversary Horton, whom he "finished in style," though with some reluctance; for I recollect that he said, "he disliked hurting him, he looked so pretty," — Horton being a very fine fresh-coloured young man.

To return to "rose-water" — that is, to gentle means of rebuke. Does Mr. Bowles know how to revenge himself upon a hackney-coachman, when he has overcharged his fare? In case he should not, I will tell him. It is of little use to call him "a rascal, a scoundrel, a thief, an impostor, a blackguard, a villain, a ragamuffin, a — what you please;" all that he is used to — it is his mother-tongue, and probably his mother's. But look him steadily and quietly in the face, and say — "Upon my word, I think you are the *ugliest fellow* I ever saw in my life," and he will instantly roll forth the brazen thunders of the charioteer Salmoneus as follows: — "*Hugly!* what the h—ll are *you?* *You* a *gentleman!* Why ——!" So much easier it is to *provoke* — and therefore to vindicate — (for passion punishes him who *feels* it more than those whom the passionate would excruciate) — by a few quiet words the aggressor, than by retorting violently. The "coals of fire" of the Scripture are *benefits;* — but they are not the less "coals of *fire*."

I pass over a page of quotation and reprobation — "Sin up to my song" — "Oh let my little bark" — "Arcades ambo" — "Writer in the Quarterly Review and himself" — "In-door avocations, indeed" — "Kings of Brentford" — "One nosegay" — "Perennial nosegay" — "Oh Juvenes," — and the like.

Page 12. produces "more reasons," — (the task ought not to have been difficult, for as yet there were none) — "to show why Mr. Bowles attributed the critique in the Quarterly to Octavius Gilchrist." All these "reasons" consist of *surmises* of Mr. Bowles, upon the presumed character of his opponent. "He did not suppose there could exist a man in the kingdom so *impudent*, &c. &c. except Octavius Gilchrist." — "He did not think there was a man in the kingdom who would *pretend ignorance*, &c. &c. except Octavius Gilchrist." — "He did not conceive that one man in the kingdom would utter such stupid flippancy, &c. &c. except Octavius Gilchrist." — "He did not think there was one man in the kingdom who, &c. &c. could so utterly show his ignorance, *combined with conceit*, &c. as Octavius Gilchrist." — "He did not believe there was a man in the kingdom so perfect in Mr. Gilchrist's 'old lunes,'" &c. &c. — "He did not think the *mean mind* of any one in the kingdom," &c. and so on; always beginning with "any one in the kingdom," and ending with "Octavius Gilchrist," like the word in a catch. I am not "in the kingdom," and have not been much in the kingdom since I was one and twenty, (about five years in the whole, since I was of age,) and have no desire to be in the kingdom again, whilst I breathe, nor to sleep there afterwards; and I regret nothing more than having ever been "in the kingdom" at all. But though no longer a man "in the kingdom," let me hope that when I have ceased to exist, it may be said, as was answered by the master of Clanronald's henchman, the day after the battle of Sheriff-Muir, when he was found watching his chief's body. He was asked, "who that was?" he replied — "it was a man yesterday." And in this capacity, "in or out of the kingdom," I must own that I participate in many of the objections urged by Mr. Gilchrist. I participate in his love of Pope, and in his not understanding, and occasionally finding fault with, the last editor of our last truly great poet.

One of the reproaches against Mr. Gilchrist is, that he is (it is sneeringly said) an F. S. *A.* If it will give Mr. Bowles any pleasure, I am not an F. S. A., but a Fellow of the Royal Society at his service, in case there should be any thing in that association also which may point a paragraph.

"There are some other reasons," but "the author is now *not* unknown." Mr. Bowles has so totally exhausted himself upon Octavius Gilchrist, that he has not a word left for the real quarterer of his edition, although now "deterré."

The following page refers to a mysterious charge of "duplicity, in regard to the publication of Pope's letters." Till this charge is made in proper form, we have nothing to do with it: Mr. Gilchrist hints it — Mr. Bowles denies it; there it rests for the present. Mr. Bowles professes his dislike to "Pope's duplicity, *not* to Pope" — a distinction apparently without a difference. However, I believe that I understand him. We have a great dislike to Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope, but *not* to Mr. Bowles; nevertheless, he takes up the subject as warmly as if it was personal. With regard to the fact of "Pope's duplicity," it remains to be proved — like Mr. Bowles's benevolence towards his memory.

In page 14. we have a large assertion, that "the 'Eloisa' alone is sufficient to convict him of *gross licentiousness*." Thus, out it comes at last. Mr. Bowles *does* accuse Pope of "*gross* licentiousness," and grounds the charge upon a poem. The *licentiousness* is a "grand peut-être," according to the turn of the times being. The grossness I deny. On the contrary, I do believe that such a subject never was, nor ever could be, treated by any poet with so much delicacy, mingled with, at the same time, such true and intense passion. Is the "Atys" of Catullus *licentious?* No, nor even gross; and yet Catullus is often a coarse writer. The subject is nearly the same, except that Atys was the suicide of his manhood, and Abelard the victim.

The "licentiousness" of the story was *not* Pope's — it was a fact. All that it had of gross, he has softened; — all that it had of indelicate, he has purified — all that it had of passionate, he has beautified; — all that it had of holy, he has hallowed. Mr. Campbell has admirably marked this in a few words (I quote from memory), in drawing the distinction between Pope and Dryden, and pointing out where Dryden was wanting. "I fear," says he, "that had the subject of 'Eloisa' fallen into his (Dryden's) hands, that he would have given us but a *coarse* draft of her passion." Never was the delicacy of Pope so much shown as in this poem. With the facts and the letters of "Eloisa" he has done what no other mind but that of the best and purest of poets could have accomplished with such materials. Ovid, Sappho (in the Ode called hers) — all that we have of ancient, all that we have of modern poetry, sinks into nothing compared with him in this production.

Let us hear no more of this trash about "licentiousness." Is not "Anacreon" taught in our schools? — translated, praised, and edited? Are not his Odes the amatory praises of a boy? Is not Sappho's Ode on a girl? Is not this sublime and (according to Longinus) fierce love for one of her own sex? And is not Phillips's translation of it in the mouths of all your women? And are the English schools or the English women the more corrupt for all this? When you have thrown the ancients into the fire it will be time to denounce the moderns. "Licentiousness!" — there is more real mischief and sapping licentiousness in a single French prose novel, in a Moravian hymn, or a German comedy, than in all the actual poetry that ever was penned or poured forth, since the rhapsodies of Orpheus. The sentimental anatomy of Rousseau and Mad. de S. are far more formidable than any quantity of verse. They are so, because they sap the principles, by *reasoning* upon the *passions;* whereas poetry is in itself passion, and does not systematise. It assails, but does not argue; it may be wrong, but it does not assume pretensions to Optimism.

Mr. Bowles now has the goodness "to point out the difference between a *traducer* and him who sincerely states what he sincerely believes." He might have spared himself the trouble. The one is a liar, who lies knowingly; the other (I speak of a scandal-monger of course) lies, charitably believing that he speaks truth, and very sorry to find himself in falsehood; — because he

> "Would rather that the dean should die,
> Than his prediction prove a lie."

After a definition of a "traducer," which was quite superfluous (though it is agreeable to learn that Mr. Bowles so well understands the character), we are assured, that "he feels equally indifferent, Mr. Gilchrist, for what your malice can invent, or your impudence utter." This is indubitable; for it rests not only on Mr. Bowles's assurance, but on that of Sir Fretful Plagiary, and nearly in the same words, — "and I shall treat it with exactly the some calm indifference and philosophical contempt, and so your servant."

"One thing has given Mr. Bowles concern." It is "a passage which might seem *to reflect* on the patronage a young man has received." MIGHT seem!! The passage alluded to expresses, that if Mr. Gilchrist be the reviewer of "a certain poet of nature," his praise and blame are equally contemptible." — Mr. Bowles, who has a peculiarly ambiguous style, where it suits him, comes off with a "*not* to the *poet*, but the critic," &c. In my humble opinion, the passage referred to both. Had Mr. Bowles really meant fairly, he would have said so from the first — he would have been eagerly transparent. — "A certain poet of nature" is not the style of commendation. It is the very prologue to the most scandalous paragraphs of the newspapers, when

> "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike."

"A certain high personage," — "a certain peeress," — "a certain illustrious foreigner," — what do these words ever precede, but defamation? Had he felt a spark of kindling kindness for John Clare, he would have named him. There is a sneer in the sentence as it stands. How a favourable review of a deserving poet can "rather injure than promote his cause" is difficult to comprehend. The article denounced is able and amiable, and it *has* "served" the poet, as far as poetry can be served by judicious and honest criticism.

With the two next paragraphs of Mr. Bowles's pamphlet it is pleasing to concur. His mention of "Pennie," and his former patronage of "Shoel," do him honour. I am not of those who may deny Mr. Bowles to be a benevolent man. I merely assert, that he is not a candid editor.

Mr. Bowles has been "a writer occasionally upwards of thirty years," and never wrote one word in reply in his life "to criticisms, merely *as* criticisms." This is Mr. Lofty in Goldsmith's Good-natured Man; "and I vow by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm, — that is, *as mere men*."

"The letter to the editor of the newspaper" is owned; but "it was not on account of the

criticism. It was because the criticism came down in a frank *directed* to Mrs. Bowles!!!"—(the italics and three notes of admiration appended to Mrs. Bowles are copied verbatim from the quotation), and Mr. Bowles was not displeased with the criticism, but with the frank and the address. I agree with Mr. Bowles that the intention was to annoy him; but I fear that this was answered by his notice of the reception of the criticism. An anonymous letter-writer has but one means of knowing the effect of his attack. In this he has the superiority over the viper; he knows that his poison has taken effect, when he hears the victim cry; — the adder is *deaf*. The best reply to an anonymous intimation is to take no notice directly nor indirectly. I wish Mr. Bowles could see only one or two of the thousand which I have received in the course of a literary life, which, though begun early, has not yet extended to a third part of his existence as an author. I speak of *literary* life only. Were I to add *personal*, I might double the amount of *anonymous* letters. If he could but see the violence, the threats, the absurdity of the whole thing, he would laugh, and so should I, and thus be both gainers.

To keep up the farce, — within the last month of this present writing (1821), I have had my life threatened in the same way which menaced Mr. Bowles's fame, — excepting that the anonymous denunciation was addressed to the Cardinal Legate of Romagna, instead of to Mrs. Bowles. The Cardinal is, I believe, the elder lady of the two. I append the menace in all its barbaric but literal Italian, that Mr. Bowles may be convinced; and as this is the only "promise to pay," which the Italians ever keep, so my person has been at least as much exposed to a "shot in the gloaming," from "John Heatherblutter" (see Waverley), as ever Mr. Bowles's glory was from an editor. I am, nevertheless, on horseback and lonely for some hours (*one* of them twilight) in the forest daily; and this, because it was my "custom in the afternoon," and that I believe if the tyrant cannot escape amidst his guards (should it be so written?), so the humbler individual would find precautions useless.

Mr. Bowles has here the humility to say, that "he must succumb; for with Lord Byron turned against him, he has no chance," — a declaration of self-denial not much in unison with his "promise," five lines afterwards, that "for every twenty-four lines quoted by Mr. Gilchrist, or his friend, to greet him with as many from the 'Gilchrisiad'; " but so much the better. Mr. Bowles has no reason to "succumb" but to Mr. Bowles. As a poet, the author of "The Missionary" may compete with the foremost of his cotemporaries. Let it be recollected that all my previous opinions of Mr. Bowles's poetry were *written* long before the publication of his last and best poem; and that a poet's *last* poem should be his best, is his highest praise. But, however, he may duly and honourably rank with his living rivals. There never was so complete a proof of the superiority of Pope, as in the lines with which Mr. Bowles closes his "*to be concluded in our next.*"

Mr. Bowles is avowedly the champion and the poet of nature. Art and the arts are dragged some before, and others behind his chariot. Pope, where he deals with passion, and with the nature of the naturals of the day, is allowed even by themselves to be sublime; but they complain that too soon —

> "He stoop'd to truth and moralised his song,"

and *there* even *they* allow him to be unrivalled. He has succeeded, and even surpassed them, when he chose, in their own *pretended* province. Let us see what their Coryphœus effects in Pope's. But it is too pitiable, it is too melancholy, to see Mr. Bowles "*sinning*" not "*up*" but "*down*" as a poet to his lowest depth as an editor. By the way, Mr. Bowles is always quoting Pope. I grant that there is no poet — not Shakspeare himself — who can be so often quoted, with reference to life; — but his editor is so like the devil quoting Scripture, that I could wish Mr. Bowles in his proper place, quoting in the pulpit.

And now for his lines. But it is painful — painful — to see such a suicide, though at the shrine of Pope. I can't copy them all: —

> "Shall the rank, loathsome miscreant of the age,
> Sit, like a night-mare, grinning o'er a page."

> "Whose pye-bald character so aptly suit
> The two extremes of Bantam and of Brute,
> Compound grotesque of sullenness and show,
> The chattering magpie, and the croaking crow."

> "Whose heart contends with thy Saturnian head,
> A root of hemlock, and a lump of lead.
> Gilchrist, proceed," &c. &c.

> "And thus stand forth, spite of thy venom'd foam,
> To give thee *bite for bite*, or lash thee limping home."

With regard to the last line, the only one upon which I shall venture for fear of infection, I would advise Mr. Gilchrist to keep out of the way of such reciprocal morsure — unless he has more faith in the "Ormskirk medicine" than most people, or may wish to anticipate the pension of the recent German professor, (I forget his name, but it is advertised and full of consonants,) who presented his memoir of an infallible remedy for the hydrophobia to the German diet last month, coupled with the philanthropic condition of a large annuity, provided that his cure cured. Let him begin with the editor of Pope, and double his demand.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

To John Murray, Esq.

P. S. — Amongst the above-mentioned lines there occurs the following, *applied* to Pope —

> "The assassin's vengeance, and the coward's lie."

And Mr. Bowles persists that he is a well-wisher to Pope!!! He has, then, edited an "assassin"

and a "coward" wittingly, as well as lovingly. In my former letter I have remarked upon the editor's forgetfulness of Pope's benevolence. But where he mentions his faults it is "with sorrow" — his tears drop, but they do not blot them out. The "recording angel" differs from the recording clergyman. A fulsome editor is pardonable though tiresome, like a panegyrical son whose pious sincerity would demi-deify his father. But a detracting editor is a parricide. He sins against the nature of his office, and connection — he murders the life to come of his victim. If his author is not worthy to be mentioned, do not edit at all: if he be, edit honestly, and even flatteringly. The reader will forgive the weakness in favour of mortality, and correct your adulation with a smile. But to sit down "mingere in patrios cineres," as Mr. Bowles has done, merits a reprobation so strong, that I am as incapable of expressing as of ceasing to feel it.

Further Addenda.

It is worthy of remark that, after all this outcry about "*in-door* nature" and "artificial images," Pope was the principal inventor of that boast of the English, *Modern Gardening*. He divides this honour with Milton. Hear Warton: — "It hence appears that this *enchanting* art of modern gardening, in which this kingdom claims a preference over every nation in Europe, chiefly owes *its origin* and its improvements to two great poets, Milton and *Pope*."

Walpole (no friend to Pope) asserts that Pope formed *Kent*'s taste, and that Kent was the artist to whom the English are chiefly indebted for diffusing "a taste in laying out grounds." The design of the Prince of Wales's garden was copied from *Pope*'s at Twickenham. Warton applauds "his singular effort of art and taste, in impressing so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres." Pope was the *first* who ridiculed the "formal, French, Dutch, false and unnatural taste in gardening," both in *prose* and verse. (See, for the former, "The Guardian.") [1]

"Pope has given not only some of our *first* but *best* rules and observations on *Architecture* and *Gardening*." (See Warton's Essay, vol. ii. p. 237, &c. &c.)

Now, is it not a shame, after this, to hear our Lakers in "Kendal Green," and our Bucolical Cockneys, crying out (the latter in a wilderness of bricks and mortar) about "Nature" and Pope's "artificial in-door habits?" Pope had seen all of nature that *England* alone can supply. He was bred in Windsor Forest, and amidst the beautiful scenery of Eton; he lived familiarly and frequently at the country seats of Bathurst, Cobham, Burlington, Peterborough, Digby, and Bolingbroke; amongst whose seats was to be numbered *Stowe*. He made his own little "five acres" a model to princes, and to the first of our artists who imitated nature. Warton thinks "that the most engaging of *Kent*'s works was also planned on the model of Pope's — at least in the opening and retiring shades of Venus's Vale."

It is true that Pope was infirm and deformed; but he could walk, and he could ride (he rode to Oxford from London at a stretch), and he was famous for an exquisite eye. On a tree at Lord Bathurst's is carved "Here Pope sang," — he composed beneath it. Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, represents them both writing in the hay-field. No poet ever admired Nature more, or used her better, than Pope has done, as I will undertake to prove from his works, *prose* and *verse*, if not anticipated in so easy and agreeable a labour. I remember a passage in Walpole, somewhere, of a gentleman who wished to give directions about some willows to a man who had long served Pope in his grounds: "I understand, sir," he replied, "you would have them hang down, sir, *somewhat poetical*." Now, if nothing existed but this little anecdote, it would suffice to prove Pope's taste for *Nature*, and the impression which he had made on a common-minded man. But I have already quoted Warton and Walpole (*both* his enemies), and, were it necessary, I could amply quote Pope himself for such tributes to NATURE [2] as no poet of the present day has even approached.

His various excellence is really wonderful: architecture, painting, *gardening*, all are alike subject to his genius. Be it remembered that English *gardening* is the purposed perfectioning of niggard *Nature*, and that without it England is but a hedge-and-ditch, double-post-and-rail, Hounslow Heath and Clapham Common sort of country, since the principal forests have been

[1] [No. 173., on laying out Gardens. This paper, which abounds with wit as well as taste, ends with a ridiculous catalogue of various figures cut in evergreen. Here follow a few of the items —

"Adam and Eve in yew: Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

"The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

"Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

"A laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berry.

"An old maid of honour in wormwood.

"A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

"Divers eminent modern poets in bags, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a penny-worth.

"A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

"A lavender pig with sage growing in the belly," &c. &c.]

[2] ["To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terras, or to sink the grot,
In all let NATURE never be forgot.
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds."
POPE, *Epistle* iv.]

felled. It is, in general, far from a picturesque country. The case is different with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; and I except also the lake counties and Derbyshire, together with Eton, Windsor, and my own dear Harrow on the Hill, and some spots near the coast. In the present rank fertility of "great poets of the age," and "schools of poetry" — a word which, like "schools of eloquence" and of "philosophy," is never introduced till the decay of the art has increased with the number of its professors — in the present day, then, there have sprung up two sorts of Naturals; — the Lakers [1], who whine about Nature because they live in Cumberland; and their *under-sect* (which some one has maliciously called the "Cockney School"), who are enthusiastical for the country because they live in London. It is to be observed, that the rustical founders are rather anxious to disclaim any connexion with their metropolitan followers, whom they ungraciously review, and call cockneys atheists, foolish fellows, bad writers, and other hard names not less ungrateful than unjust. I can understand the pretensions of the aquatic gentlemen of Windermere to what Mr. Braham terms "*entusiamusy*," for lakes, and mountains, and daffodils, and buttercups; but I should be glad to be apprised of the foundation of the London propensities of their imitative brethren to the same "high argument." Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge have rambled over half Europe, and seen Nature in most of her varieties (although I think that they have occasionally not used her very well); but what on earth — of earth, and sea, and Nature — have the others seen? Not a half, nor a tenth part so much as Pope. While they sneer at his Windsor Forest, have they ever seen any thing of Windsor except its *brick*

The most rural of these gentlemen is my friend Leigh Hunt, who lives at Hampstead. I believe that I need not disclaim any personal or poetical hostility against that gentleman. A more amiable man in society I know not; nor (when he will allow his sense to prevail over his sectarian principles) a better writer. When he was writing his "Rimini," I was not the last to discover its beauties, long before it was published. Even then I remonstrated against its vulgarisms; which are the more extraordinary, because the author is any thing but a vulgar man. Mr. Hunt's answer was, that he wrote them upon principle; they made part of his "*system!!*" I then said no more. When a man talks of his system, it is like a woman's talking of her *virtue*. I let them talk on. Whether there are writers who could have written "Rimini," as it might have been written, I know not; but Mr. Hunt is, probably, the only poet who could have had the heart to spoil his own Capo d'Opera.

With the rest of his young people I have no acquaintance, except through some things of theirs (which have been sent out without my desire), and I confess that till I had read them I was not aware of the full extent of human absurdity. Like Garrick's "Ode to Shakspeare," *they* "*defy criticism.*" These are of the personages who decry Pope. One of them, a Mr. John Ketch, has written some lines against him, of which it were better to be the subject than the author. Mr. Hunt redeems himself by occasional beauties; but the rest of these poor creatures seem so far gone that I would not "march through Coventry with them, that's flat!" were I in Mr. Hunt's place. To be sure, he has "led his ragamuffins where they will be well peppered;" but a system-maker must receive all sorts of proselytes. When they have really seen life — when they have felt it — when they have travelled beyond the far distant boundaries of the wilds of Middlesex — when they have overpassed the Alps of Highgate, and traced to its sources the Nile of the New River — then, and not till then, can it properly be permitted to them to despise Pope; who had, if not *in Wales*, been *near* it, when he described so beautifully the "*artificial*" works of the Benefactor of Nature and mankind, the "Man of Ross [2]; " whose picture, still suspended in the parlour of the inn, I have so often contemplated with reverence for his memory, and admiration of the poet, without whom even his own still existing good works could hardly have preserved his honest renown.

I would also observe to my friend Hunt, that I shall be very glad to see him at Ravenna, not only for my sincere pleasure in his company, and the advantage which a thousand miles or so of travel might produce to a "natural" poet, but also to point out one or two little things in "Rimini," which he probably would not have placed in his opening to that poem, if he had ever seen Ravenna; — unless, indeed, it made "part of his system!!" I must also crave his indulgence for having spoken of his disciples — by no means an agreeable or self-sought subject. If they had said nothing of *Pope*, they might have remained "alone with their glory" for aught I should have said or thought about them or their nonsense. But if they interfere with the "little Nightingale" of Twickenham, they

[1] ["Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a Lake,
And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake;
Then print your book, once more return to town,
And boys shall hunt your bardship up and down."
English Bards, &c.]

[2] ["Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
'The man of Ross!' each lisping babe replies."
Epistle iii.]

may find others who will bear it — *I* won't. Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him, who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed to me to attain it), he may be the consolation of my age. His poetry is the Book of Life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, "that of all the members of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a *great poet*, there may be a *thousand* born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in story." Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry: it is honourable to him, and to the art. Such a "poet of a thousand years" was *Pope*. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature. But it can *want* them — he himself is a literature. [1]

One word upon his so brutally abused translation of Homer. "Dr. Clarke, whose critical exactness is well known, has *not been* able to point out above three or four mistakes *in the sense* through the whole Iliad. The real faults of the translation are of a different kind." So says Warton, himself a scholar. It appears by this, then, that he avoided the chief fault of a translator. As to its other faults, they consist in his having made a beautiful English poem of a sublime Greek one. It will always hold. Cowper and all the rest of the blank pretenders may do their best and their worst: they will never wrench Pope from the hands of a single reader of sense and feeling.

The grand distinction of the vulgar forms of the new school of poets is their *vulgarity*. By this I do not mean that they are *coarse*, but "shabby-genteel," as it is termed. A man may be *coarse* and yet not *vulgar*, and the reverse. Burns is often coarse, but never *vulgar*. Chatterton is never vulgar, nor Wordsworth, nor the higher of the Lake school, though they treat of low life in all its branches. It is in their *finery* that the new under school are *most* vulgar, and they may be known by this at once; as what we called at Harrow "a Sunday blood" might be easily distinguished from a gentleman, although his clothes might be the better cut, and his boots the best blackened, of the two: — probably because he made the one, or cleaned the other, with his own hands.

In the present case, I speak of writing, not of persons. Of the latter I know nothing; of the former, I judge as it is found. Of my friend Hunt, I have already said, that he is any thing but vulgar in his manners; and of his disciples, therefore, I will not judge of their manners from their verses. They may be honourable and *gentlemanly* men, for what I know; but the latter quality is studiously excluded from their publications. They remind me of Mr. Smith and the Miss Broughtons at the Hampstead Assembly, in "Evelina." In these things (in private life, at least,) I pretend to some small experience; because, in the course of my youth, I have seen a little of all sorts of society, from the Christian prince and the Mussulman sultan and pacha, and the higher ranks of their countries, down to the London boxer, the "*flash and the swell*," the Spanish muleteer, the wandering Turkish dervise, the Scotch highlander, and the Albanian robber; — to say nothing of the curious varieties of Italian social life. Far be it from me to presume that there ever was, or can be, such a thing as an *aristocracy* of *poets*; but there *is* a nobility of thought and of style, open to all stations, and derived partly from talent, and partly from education, — which is to be found in Shakspeare, and Pope, and Burns, no less than in Dante and Alfieri, but which is nowhere to be perceived in the mock birds and bards of Mr. Hunt's little chorus. If I were asked to define what this gentlemanliness is, I should say that it is only to be defined by *examples* — of those who have it, and those who have it not. In *life*, I should say that most *military* men have it, and few *naval*; — that several men of rank have it, and few lawyers; — that it is more frequent among authors than divines (when they are not pedants); that *fencing*-masters have more of it than dancing-masters, and singers than players; and that (if it be not an Irishism to say so) it is far more generally diffused among women than among men. In poetry, as well as writing in general, it will never *make* entirely a poet or a poem; but neither poet nor poem will ever be good for any thing without it. It is the *salt* of society, and the seasoning of composition. *Vulgarity* is far worse than downright *blackguardism*; for the latter comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense at times; while the former is a sad abortive attempt at all things, "signifying nothing." It does not depend upon low themes, or even low language, for Fielding revels in both; — but is he ever *vulgar*? No. You see the man of education, the gentleman, and the scholar, sporting with his subject, — its master,

[1] [—— "O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song!
O injured Bard! accept the grateful strain
That I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay!
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage!
While canker'd Weston *, and his loathsome rhymes
Stink in the nose of all succeeding times."
GIFFORD, *Baviad*.]

* A scribbler who, for a series of years, had been attacking the moral character of Pope, in the Gentleman's Magazine, "with all the virulence of Gildon, all the impudence of Smedley, and all the ignorance of Curl and his associates."

not its slave. Your vulgar writer is always most vulgar the higher his subject, as the man who showed the menagerie at Pidcock's was wont to say, — "This, gentlemen, is the *eagle* of the *sun*, from Archangel, in Russia; the *otterer* it is the *igherer* he flies." But to the proofs. It is a thing to be felt more than explained. Let any man take up a volume of Mr. Hunt's subordinate writers, read (if possible) a couple of pages, and pronounce for himself, if they contain not the kind of writing which may be likened to "shabby-genteel" in actual life. When he has done this, let him take up Pope; and when he has laid him down, take up the cockney again — if he can.

Note to the passage in page 396. *relative to Pope's lines upon Lady Mary W. Montague.*] I think that I could show, if necessary, that Lady Mary W. Montague was also greatly to blame in that quarrel, *not* for having rejected, but for having encouraged him: but I would rather decline the task — though she should have remembered her own line, "*He comes too near that comes to be denied.*" I admire her so much — her beauty, her talents — that I should do this reluctantly. I, besides, am so attached to the very name of *Mary*, that, as Johnson once said, "If you called a dog *Hervey*(1), I should love him;" so if you were to call a female of the same species "Mary," I should love it better than others (biped or quadruped) of the same sex with a different appellation. She was an extraordinary woman: she could translate *Epictetus*, and yet write a song worthy of Aristippus. The lines,

"And when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet, with champaigne and a chicken, at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear!
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud.
Till," &c. &c.

There, Mr. Bowles! — what say you to such a supper with such a woman? and her own description too? Is not her "*champaigne and chicken*" worth a forest or two? Is it not poetry? It appears to me that this stanza contains the "*purée*" of the whole philosophy of Epicurus: — I mean the *practical* philosophy of his school, not the precepts of the master; for I have been too long at the university not to know that the philosopher was himself a moderate man. But, after all, would not some of us have been as great fools as Pope? For my part, I wonder that, with his quick feelings, her coquetry, and his disappointment, he did no more, — instead of writing some lines, which are to be condemned if false, and regretted if true.

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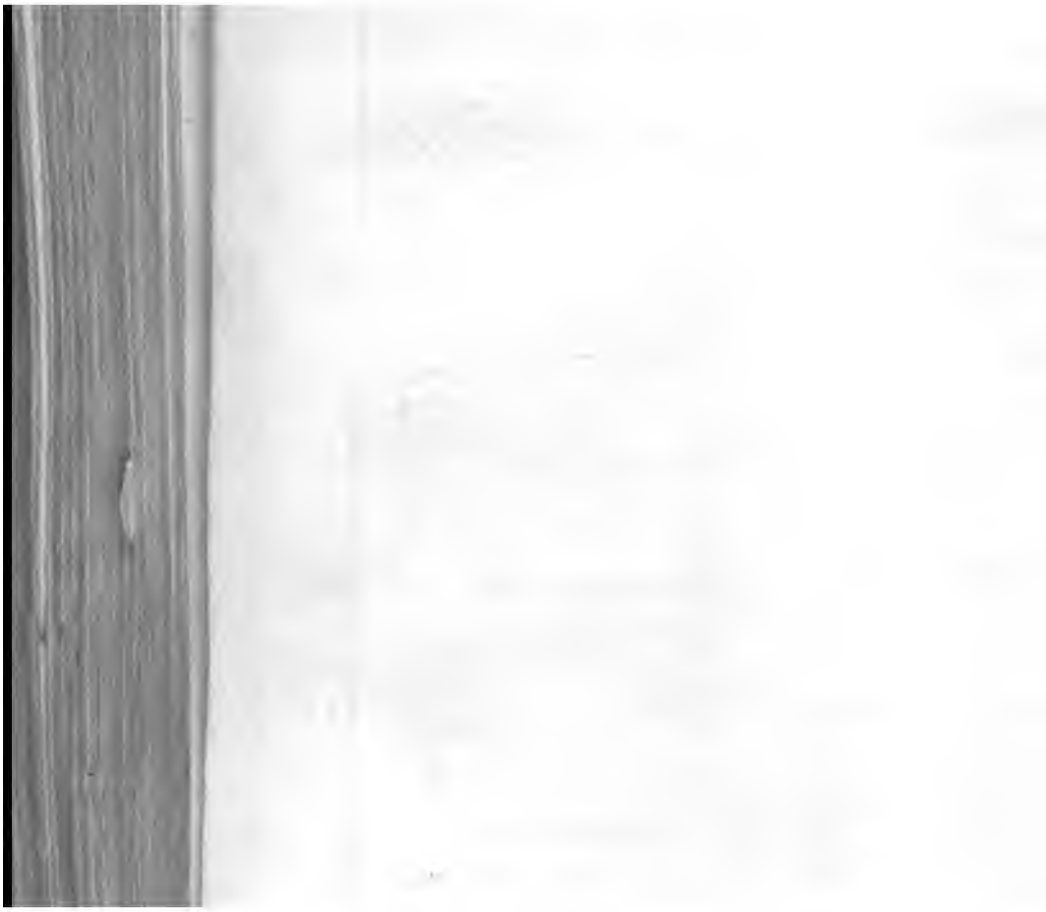
1 [The Hon. Henry Hervey, third son of the first Earl of Bristol, from whom Johnson, in the early part of his London life, received great kindness.]



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Byron, Admiral John (grandfather of the Poet), 3.

Byron, William, fifth Lord (grand-uncle of the Poet), 3. His trial for killing Mr. Chaworth in a duel, 3. His death, 10. His eccentric and unsocial habits, 10.

Byron, John (father of the Poet), his elopement with Lady Carmarthen, 3. His marriage with Miss Catherine Gordon, 3. His death at Valenciennes, 6.

Byron, Mrs. (mother of the Poet), descended from the Gordons of Gight, 2. Vehemence of her feelings, 2. Ballad on the occasion of her marriage, 3. Her fortune, 4. Separation from her husband, 4. Her capricious excesses of fondness and of anger, 4. 13. Her death, 127. Lord Byron's letters to, 71. 73. 77. 88. 95. 103. 107. 110, 111. 114, 115, 116. 126. See also, 33, 34, 35, 36. 113. 127, 128, 129.

Byron, Honourable Augusta (sister of the Poet), 3. See Leigh, Honourable Augusta.

BYRON (George-Gordon-Byron), sixth Lord —

1788. Born Jan. 22., in Holles Street, London, 4.

1790—1791. Taken by his mother to Aberdeen, 4. Impetuosity of his temper, 5. Affectionate sweetness and playfulness of his disposition, 5. The malformation of his foot a source of pain and uneasiness to him, 5. His early acquaintance with the Sacred Writings, 5. Instances of his quickness and energy, 6. Death of his father, 6.

1792—1795. Sent to a day-school at Aberdeen, 6. His own account of the progress of his infantine studies, 6. His sports and exercises, 7.

1796—1797. Removed into the Highlands, 7. His visits to Lachin-y-gair, 7. First awakening of his poetic talent, 8. His early love of mountain scenery, 9. Attachment for Mary Duff, 9.

1798. Succeeds to the title, 10. Made a ward of Chancery, under the guardianship of the Earl of Carlisle, and removed to Newstead, 11. Placed under the care of an empiric at Nottingham for the cure of his lameness, 14.

1799. First symptom of a tendency towards rhyming, 14. Removed to London, and put under the care of Dr. Baillie, 15. Becomes the pupil of Dr. Glennie, at Dulwich, 15.

1800—1804. His boyish love for his cousin, Margaret Parker, 17. His 'first dash into poetry,' 17. Is sent to Harrow, 17. Notices of his school life, 20. His first Harrow verses, 20. His school friendships, 22. His mode of life as a schoolboy, 25. Accompanies his mother to Bath, 26. His early attachment to Miss Chaworth, 26. Heads a rebelling at Harrow, 29. Passes the vacation at Southwell, 30.

1805. Removed to Cambridge, 30. His college friendships, 31.

1806. Aug. — Nov., prepares a collection of his poems for the press, 37. His visit to Harrowgate, 37. Southwell private theatricals, 38. Prints a volume of his poems; but, at the entreaty of Mr. Becher, commits the edition to the flames, 39.

1807. Publishes 'Hours of Idleness,' 43. List of historical writers whose works he had perused at the age of nineteen, 46. Reviews Wordsworth's Poems, 56. Begins 'Bosworth Field,' an epic, 56. Writes part of a novel, 58.

1808. His early scepticism, 58. Effect produced on his mind by the critique on 'Hours of Idleness,' in the Edinburgh Review, 67. Passes his time between the dissipations of London and Cambridge, 69. Takes up his residence at Newstead, 71. Forms the design of visiting Ithaca, 73. Prepares 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' for the press, 74.

1809. His coming of age celebrated at Newstead, 75. Takes his seat in the House of Lords, 78. Loneliness of his position at this period, 80. Sets out on his travels, 83. State of mind in which he took leave of England, 83. Visits Lisbon, Seville, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, Prevesa, Zitza, Tepaleen, 91—95. Is introduced to Ali Pacha, 95. Begins 'Childe Harold' at Ioannina, in Albania, 96. Visits Actium, Nicopolis; nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war; proceeds through Acarnania and Ætolia towards the Morea, 99. Reaches Missolonghi, 99. Visits Patras, Vostizza, Mount Parnassus, Delphi, Lepanto, Thebes, Mount Cithæron, 99. Arrives, on Christmas-day, at Athens, 100.

1810. Spends ten weeks in visiting the monuments of Athens; makes excursions to several parts of Attica, 100. The Maid of Athens, 101. Leaves Athens for Smyrna, 102. Visits ruins of Ephesus, 102. Concludes, at Smyrna, the second canto of 'Childe Harold,' 102. April, leaves Smyrna for Constantinople, 103. Visits the Troad, 103. Swims from Sestos to Abydos, 103. May, arrives at Constantinople, 105. June, expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, 106. July, visits Corinth, 111. Aug.—Sept., makes a tour of the Morea, 111. Returns to Athens, 113.

1811. Writes 'Hints from Horace,' and 'Curse of Minerva,' 114. Returns to England, 115. Effect of travel on the general character of his mind and disposition, 117. His first connection with Mr. Murray, 126. Death of his mother, 127. Of his college friends Matthews and Wingfield, 129. 134. And of 'Thyrza,' 140. Origin of his acquaintance with Mr. Moore, 142. Act of generosity towards Mr. Hodgson, 150.

1812. Feb. 27., makes his first speech in the House of Lords, 154. Feb. 29., publishes the first and second cantos of 'Childe Harold,' 157. Presents the copyright of the poem to Mr. Dallas, 159. Although far advanced in a fifth edition of 'English Bards,' determines to commit it to the flames, 162. Presented to the Prince Regent, 164. Writes the Address for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, 166.

1813. April, brings out anonymously 'The Waltz,' 177. May, publishes the 'Giaour,' 178. His acquaintance, through Mr. Moore, with Mr. Leigh Hunt, 183. Makes preparations for a voyage to the East, 187. Projects a a journey to Abyssinia, 192. Dec., publishes the 'Bride of Abydos,' 217. Is an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Miss Milbanke, 225.

1814. Jan., publishes the 'Corsair,' 235. April, writes 'Ode on the Fall of Napoleon Buonaparte,' 247. Comes to the resolution not only of writing no more, but of suppressing all he had ever written, 250. May, writes 'Lara,' 256. Makes a second proposal for the hand of Miss Milbanke, and is accepted, 263. Dec., writes 'Hebrew Melodies,' 273.

1815. Jan. 2., marries Miss Milbanke, 272. April, becomes personally acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, 279. May, becomes a member of the sub-committee of Drury Lane Theatre, 282. Pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, 289. July, writes 'Siege of Corinth,' 290. Sept., writes 'Parisina,' 290.

1816. Jan., Lady Byron adopts the resolution of separating from him, 292. Samples of the abuse lavished on him, 297. March, writes 'Fare thee well,' and 'A Sketch,' 302. April, leaves England, 305. His route — Brussels, Waterloo, &c., 307. Takes up his abode at the Campagne Diodati, 308. Finishes, June 27., the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' 308. Writes, June 28., 'Prisoner of Chillon,' 321. Writes, in July, 'Monody on the Death of Sheridan,' the 'Dream,' 'Darkness,' 'Epistle to Augusta,' 'Churchill's Grave,' 'Prometheus,' 'Could I remount,' 'Sonnet to Lake Leman,' and part of 'Manfred,' 321. August, unsuccessful negotiation for a domestic reconciliation, 321. Sept., makes a tour of the Bernese Alps, 311. His intercourse with Mr. Shelley, 315. Oct., proceeds to Italy — route, Martigny, the Simplon, Milan, Verona, 324—328. Nov., takes up his residence at Venice, 328. Mariana Segati, 329. Studies the Armenian language, 329.

1817. Feb., finishes 'Manfred,' 340.

March, translates from the Armenian a correspondence between St. Paul and the Corinthians, 347. April, visits Ferrara, and writes 'Lament of Tasso,' 353. Makes a short visit to Rome, and writes there a new third act to 'Manfred,' 354. July, writes, at Venice, the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' 362. Oct., writes 'Beppo,' 368.

1818. The Fornarina, Margarita Cogni, 383. July, writes 'Ode on Venice,' 387. Nov., finishes 'Mazeppa,' 391. And first canto of 'Don Juan,' 391.

1819. Jan., finishes second canto of 'Don Juan,' 392. April, beginning of his acquaintance with Countess Guiccioli, 393. June, writes 'Stanzas to the Po,' 396. Aug., writes 'Letter to the Editor of my Grandmother's Review,' 406. Dec., completes the third and fourth cantos of 'Don Juan,' 429. Removes to Ravenna, 431.

1820. Jan., domesticated with Countess Guiccioli, 432. Feb., translates first canto of the 'Morgante Maggiore,' 434. March, finishes 'Prophecy of Dante,' 438. Translates 'Francesa di Rimini,' 439. And writes 'Observations upon an Article in Blackwood's Magazine,' 443. April — July, writes 'Marino Faliero,' 451. Oct. — Nov., writes fifth canto of 'Don Juan,' 465.

1821. Feb., writes 'Letter on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life of Pope,' 487. March, 'Second Letter,' &c. 501. May, finishes 'Sardanapalus,' 512. July, 'The Two Foscari,' 155. Sept., 'Cain,' 528. Oct., writes 'Heaven and Earth, a Mystery,' 541.; and 'Vision of Judgment,' 535. Removes to Pisa, 537—541.

1822. Jan., finishes 'Werner,' 551. July, writes sixth, seventh, and eight cantos of 'Don Juan,' 563. Finishes the 'Deformed Transformed,' 556. Death of his natural daughter, Allegra, 557. His habits of life while at Pisa, 565. Sept., removes to Genoa, 565. His coalition with Mr. Hunt in the 'Liberal,' 570—574.

1823. Jan., writes 'Age of Bronze.' Feb., writes the 'Island,' and some more cantos of 'Don Juan.' March, commences an epic entitled the 'Conquest.' April, turns his views towards Greece, 586. Receives a communication from the London committee, 588. May, offers to proceed to Greece, and to devote his resources to the object in view, 588. Preparations for his departure, 589. July 14., sails for Greece, 591. Reaches Argostoli, 594. Excursion to Ithaca, 595. Waits, at Cephalonia, the arrival of the Greek fleet, 598. His conversations on religion with Dr. Kennedy at Mataxata, 599. His letters to Madame Guiccioli, 601. His address to the Greek Government, 602. And remonstrance to Prince Mavrocordati, 602. Testimonies to the benevolence and soundness of his views, 607. Instances of his humanity and generosity while at Cephalonia, 607.

1824, Jan. 5., arrives at Missolonghi, 611. Writes 'Lines on completing my Thirty-sixth Year,' 615. Intended attack upon Lepanto, 618. Is made commander-in-chief of the expedition, 619. Rupture with the Suliotes, 621. The expedition suspended, 621. His last Illness, 622. His Death, 637. His Funeral, 641. Inscription on his Monument, 642. His Will, 665. His person, 45. 72. 650. His sensitiveness on the subject of his lameness, 5. 13. 45. 74. 84. 180. 219. 240. 306. 576. His abstemiousness, 113. 202. 214. 319. 463. His habitual melancholy, 87. 163. 295. 473. 531. 536. 653. His tendency to make the worst of his own obliquities, 62. 159. 438. 473. 476. His generosity and kind-heartedness, 45. 84. 92. 150. 203. 224. 235. 286. 420. 482. 484. 521. 538. 595. 607. 614. His politics, 217. 224. 238. 280. His religious opinions, 152. 280. His tendency to superstition, 45. Portraits of him, 174, 175. 178. 207. 221. 258. 260. 262. 272, 273. 352. 358. 377. 516. 555. 559. 562. 565. 571. 581.

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